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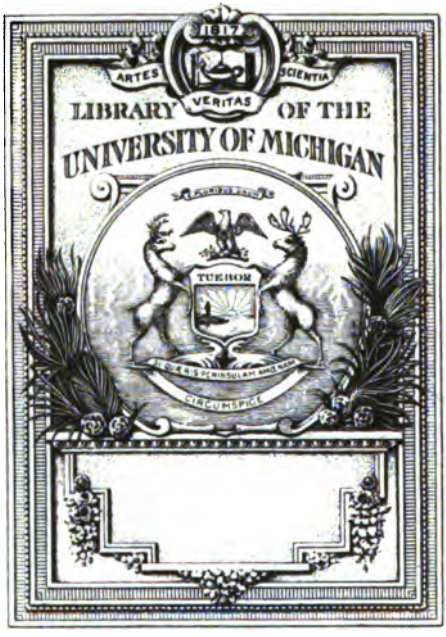


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Ben Muhlenberg

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NEW YORK:

HENRY G. LANGLEY, 8 ASTOR HOUSE.

1845.

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THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

"THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XVI.

NEW YORK:

HENRY G. LANGLEY, 8 ASTOR HOUSE.

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THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XVI. JANUARY, 1845. No. LXXIX.

## THE ABOLITIONISTS.

ABOLITIONISM has certainly grown now into an important political Fact, to whose demands upon our notice, if to neither its entreaties nor its arguments, we cannot refuse, at least an anxious, if neither an admiring nor approving attention. It is not to be denied, that at the late election—partly from accidental circumstances, and partly from its own strength—yet still practically as a fact—it has been able to hold quivering in its mad hand the balance of power between the two great parties of the country. It was strong enough to attract to itself that court which the selfishness of politics addresses only to important political elements of power. It saw itself flattered, besieged, importuned, all but knelt to, by one of the two contending parties; and though the other held sternly aloof from it, yet even that other did not affect to regard its decision without apprehension. Special missions were sent to it, of high personal weight and influence, and almost officially recognized and accredited—by private letters, whatever public disavowals "our friend John Speed Smith" may have concurred with others in deeming indispensable. And when all failed—or rather resulted in only that partial success which was practically equivalent to failure—when the main bulk of the Democratic portion of Abolitionism, and a portion of its Whig constituent parts, refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, *and vote for Clay*, so that 15,000 of its votes in the balance State, New York, were still cast for their own candidate, an excess of 10,000 beyond that by which the Democracy succeeded in carrying the State, and with it the Union—how were they not assailed by the defeated party as *having done it!* Has it indeed come to this? Has Abolitionism held in its power the arbitrament of this great national issue? Has it been first imploringly courted to elect one President, and then resentfully reproached with having elected another? Verily, then, small as is the respect we have accorded, or are disposed to accord it—verily, Political Abolitionism is no joke. It is a Something, even though it be only a wild bull loose in the streets. When we recall some of the recollections of the late canvass, we cannot refuse to confess how narrowly we have escaped being fatally gored by its horn. *Should* we have thus escaped if Mr. Clay had not published his Alabama pro-Texas Letters? It is a question never now to be answered; but one on which when Mr. Clay himself sometimes reflects, how deeply may he not deplore the fatal kindness of his mistaken parents, in ever teaching him to make his first infantine pothook!

Nor is New York the only State in which, as between the two great existing political divisions of the people, Abolitionism holds the balance of power. It is true also of Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont—perhaps we might add others. In the recent election, it is certain that it has not shown its full strength. It has been divided, one of the principal issues involved being of a

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character to draw off a large section of its Whig portion—(and a considerable majority of it is undoubtedly Whig in its origin and continued sympathies)—and to give it to Clay. And this was the source of the interest with which we of the Democratic Party looked on as we stood by, and witnessed all the intense effort made by our opponents to carry off the whole body of the Abolitionists on the strength of the anti-slavery elements which they, and unfortunately the Administration, had managed to mix up into the Texas question. We only feared lest they should carry off *the whole*, both the Whig and Democratic portions. Had they not succeeded to the extent to which they did with the former (and perhaps a small number of the latter), our majority in this State would have been larger. Their vote at the election of November, 1843, was upwards of 17,000 in the State of New York. They counted confidently on a vote of at least 25,000 this year. The difference between those numbers is but a reasonable allowance for the growth which has undoubtedly taken place in their strength within the past year. Full 10,000 of their general number—of those who must hereafter and will be considered as their own—must have voted with the Whig party at the late election.

Such a "third party," as a political fact, is, we repeat, no joke. It may be condemned, but it cannot be laughed at—it may be detested, but it can neither be despised nor disregarded. What shall be done with it? Why is it?—Whence?—above all, *Whither?*

The last is a question we begin now, for the first time, to look upon with some solicitude;—slight, indeed; yet still not to be entirely silenced, even by the best reasonings or best hopes we can indulge in the matter. Not that it presents anything formidable, so long as reason and patriotism shall not have quite taken leave of the mind and heart of the American people; yet still involving elements, possibly susceptible of development into seeds of evil too fearful to be contemplated with any degree of calmness.

The present position of Abolitionism, as a political idea and a practical political power, is the result of a long series of mutual mistakes and mutual wrongs, on the part of both its own fanatic friends and its little less fanatic foes. Good and bad, right and wrong, have been so confusedly mixed up in it and about it, that many minds, unquestionably of a high order, both in point of intelligence and integrity of purpose, have been led into the opposite extremes of opinion and corresponding action in regard to it. Each seeing only the right on his own side, and blind to all but the wrong on the other, have been led into these conflicting fanaticisms of mutual hate, which, unless arrested in their fast progressive tendency, threaten consequences incompatible with the permanent harmony, or even cohesion of our national system. This must no longer be. The danger, the evil, has already grown to a height which must awaken the alarm of all the considerate, the calm and the patriotic amongst us. It is time now that *they* should rescue the question from the hands of its antagonist zealots, and without further delay apply some effectual remedy, to arrest its continued agitation in the spirit and in the manner which have characterized its agitation for the past ten or dozen years.

The Abolitionists have made great mistakes; the Southern slave-holders have made great mistakes; the two political parties in the North have made great mistakes, in regard to it.

We have no reference to the merits of the general question of the Abolition of Slavery, pro or con. Abolition and Abolitionism are two wholly distinct things. Many persons, both at the North and at the South, look with favor upon the former, and earnest desire for its earliest practicable attainment, who nevertheless are foremost in their opposition to the latter. They stand opposed to the latter, indeed, for the very reason that they, dispassionately and calmly, favor the former. There is many a Southerner, who, *as* a Southerner, and if the question were left wholly *to* Southerners, would anxiously favor any and all feasible or likely modes of ridding themselves of Slavery; yet who, so long as the agitation of the question is kept up in the spirit which has characterized the movement, moral and political, of Abolitionism, will never cease to oppose to it the sternest, and even a highly resentful, resistance. Where it was their policy to conciliate by brotherly kindness, they have preferred to exasperate by the worst outrages of insult. Be

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it borne in mind, that Abolitionism, not Abolition, is the subject of the present article.

Independently, then, of whatever of truth or error may reside in the fundamental doctrine from which they derive the name they have so much discredited,—truth as seen from the one point of view, error as from the other,—the Abolitionists have throughout committed the fatal mistake of urging a purely moral cause by means, not only foreign to that character, but hostile to it, incompatible with it. Where they had to persuade, they have undertaken to force. Where love was the spirit in which they should have approached the task, they have done it in that of hate. Anti-Christ has been made the animating and presiding influence of a movement purporting a purely Christian character, and having no other possibility of attaining its professed object than by Christian means. We do not say this of all—far from it!—but the number has been neither small nor backward in activity and loudness among them, who have made it perfectly apparent to every disinterested observer, that it was much more the slaveholder, than slavery, that they had brought themselves to *hate*—much more themselves, with their own angry passions, their own one-idea'd partizanship, and inflamed bitterness of fanaticism, that they had come to *love*, than the slave who served at once for their text and their pretext. God will not be served in the livery of the Devil. The weapons that go on crusades, should be blessed before they start.

And now what good have they done? Have they made any advance toward the attainment of the object of giving liberty to the slave of the South? Is the political importance, as a balancing party, to which they have risen, or rather to which they have *been raised*, any such advance? Far indeed from it. They might go on, and if the same influences were unwisely continued which alone have ministered to their progressive strength, and they might first make the Union intolerable to live in, and then might effect an angry and hostile disruption of it. But meanwhile, as for any of that influence on the Southern mind—on either the reason of the slaveholder or his heart—from which alone can proceed any chance or means of effecting the professed object of their fierce labors, every day of *such* contest tends only to remove farther and farther its attainment, if ever it may be attained. Without adopting all the extreme principles of the Peace Societies or of the Non-Resistance doctrine, yet of this truth at least every hour's experience in life affords fresh confirmation, namely, that the principle of *Force* is not only of the earth, earthy, but we are half tempted to say of the Devil, devilish. It is the principle of Evil and not of Good; and the less of it we call into service, in all matters of moral government or management of men, the better. It rarely fails to do absolutely and immediately more harm than good; and even in many of its applications where the present expedient good appears most to predominate, it is attended with so much incidental or eventual evil which might have been avoided by patient time or by the employment of the gentler arts of Christian love, that even that apparent good is far, far too dearly bought. Abolitionism has committed this fatal and suicidal error,—suicidal, we mean, to its true moral vitality. It had made mistakes bad enough and many enough before; it has made none worse than this last one, of converting itself into a political party, with a view to compel the legislation of the country into the channel of its own peculiar single idea, by means which in their ultimate analysis all resolve themselves down into this bad and false principle of physical Force.

The principal point we had in view in alluding to the participation of the two political parties of the North, in the general tissue of mistakes in which an unhappy fatality seems to have involved this subject, was this—namely, the popular persecution which at one period they both vied with each other in inflicting, upon its legitimate agitation and discussion at the North, for the purpose of conciliating the good-will of the South in our Presidential contests. Who has forgotten the time when each strove so earnestly to disclaim and to disprove for itself the character which each strove so earnestly to fasten upon other, that of being Abolitionist in spirit and tendency? Hence the rivalry of persecution directed, not merely against Abolition*ism*, but Abolition*ists*; not only in the bad enough form of newspaper violence and abuse, but the still worse one of popular violence; which mobbed the

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preachers and lecturers, and burned the newspaper-offices and halls of discussion, of the obnoxious doctrine—doctrine to a certain degree, indeed, obnoxious in itself, but still more obnoxious from the danger supposed to exist that the whole Southern Presidential vote would go *en masse* against the party less forward than the other in this race of mutual disgrace. The persecutions of this character which attended the earlier years of Abolitionism at the North, gave it early a moral vigor and vitality which started it powerfully on the career of its destined "mission." This has served, from the outset, to attach to it the attractive character of a doctrine, pure, philanthropic and liberal in its professed aims, yet persecuted, seemingly, in the worst spirit, and by the worst means of intolerance, brutality and cruelty. These mob-persecutions were equally disgraceful in themselves, and injurious to the very object of their design. They nurtured the infancy of Abolitionism into a hardy energy of youth, to which every day was calculated to add increased force, progress, and boldness. It is the world-old story of persecution over again, which so rarely fails of defeating its own very purpose, whether it be directed against a nascent truth and good, or a nascent lie and evil. When, when will the human race learn this innumerably repeated lesson? Never, we fear, so long as the axiom remains, in private as in public affairs, that *experience is but the stern-light of a ship, which illumines only its wake.*

The South, too, shared fully in that very fanaticism on this subject against which it had itself so loudly declaimed. They may have had much to provoke, but not enough to justify, all they have done—to justify, we mean, on the grounds of prudence and policy, independently of all others. We say nothing of their own local modes of action on the subject, both in respect to their legislation, and to all they have both talked and done in a thousand modes, public and private, in a spirit of retaliatory fierceness and violence, surpassing all that awakened it. Of all this we say nothing. It lies out of the path of our present discussion, and of the general range of topic heretofore observed, and still to be observed, in this Review, designed as it is for no sectional, but for broad national circulation and objects. We will simply remark in passing, that no man is to be harshly judged in matters which he regards as involving the question whether to-morrow morning's sun may not rise upon the spectacle of his own throat cut from ear to ear, his infant's brains spattered on his door-post, and before his own hearth-stone his wife and daughter visited with a fate a thousand-fold worse than either. It is of the course pursued by the South in its Federal legislative action on the subject, that we speak—when we declare the conviction long universal elsewhere and frequent among themselves, that it has been the most injudicious they could have adopted. We allude particularly to the position assumed and maintained by them, in regard to the treatment of the class of Abolition petitions. Not that there has been in it any violation either of the Constitutional provision on the subject, or of any great principle of Liberty and Popular Rights. The "great principle" of the "right of petition," as it has been agitated of late years, is a "great humbug"—under a system of institutions founded, as ours is, on the right of *dictation* residing in the people, and accompanied with unrestricted facilities for its exercise. The provision of the Constitution on the subject is satisfied when Congress abstains from passing any "law abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." The action to be had by either House of Congress on any of these petitions when brought into its hall, is a matter of its own internal proceedure, to be regulated by itself in the modes it shall judge most effectual for the despatch of its proper functions and duties, and the promotion of the general public weal. If clear in the conviction that it has no power to act at all on any given subject—or even that it is highly inexpedient at the present time to act in any way upon it—it has a clear right to pass collectively upon a whole class of petitions asking for the action against which it has thus resolved, and to declare in advance, once for all, that it will not take any legislative action upon them,—that it will not allow its time to be taken up, or the tranquillity of its deliberations disturbed, perhaps its assemblage dissolved, by receiving and discussing the class of petitions in ques-

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tion. All this it has a perfect constitutional right to do, if, in its broad discretion on the subject, it shall so determine. Whether in the actual case referred to, that discretion has been wisely exercised, not many are left now seriously to contend—proving their sincerity by their practical conduct. The alleged violation of the "right of petition," like many a less plausible idea, has at least served as an excellent handle for influence on the public mind, in the section of the Union against which it could be said to be directed. Following on the heels of those former really unjustifiable modes of persecution, against the obnoxious doctrine and its advocates, which have been referred to above, it was no difficult matter to attach to it, in popular estimation, the bequeathed inheritance of the character which had indeed belonged to them.

The famous "twenty-first," afterward the "twenty-fifth rule," thus therefore naturally became the object of a prejudice by no means its just or proper due. The Democratic party in Congress it was which stood by the South in the establishment and maintenance of that rule of internal procedure, with no small difficulty and no small danger, yet faithfully and firmly. The secret of this resides simply in the fact of the *State-Rights* character of its general doctrine, conduct and men. *They* could regard the action sought by the petitions in question as indeed beyond the true constitutional authority of Congress, while the party of Federal latitudinarianism could not. They could therefore consistently and honorably sustain their habitual Southern friends on this point, especially when equally clear in the conviction that these petitions were practically as injurious to the very cause of that freedom in whose name they purported to run, as they were theoretically at variance with the true principles of the sacred Constitutional Compact. It was the South's own peculiar affair. The position in question was constitutional and legitimate, however impolitic and dangerous, and the Northern Democracy undertook serious risks of domestic popularity in thus supporting the South in it. They, at the same time, gave the latter, both publicly and privately, ample warning of the mistaken policy they were pursuing, and of its probable tendency, at the same time that they fraternally yielded their judgment to the appeals of those more directly interested, nay, almost solely interested. The Rule was adopted and sustained. The consequence has been, not only that the Northern Democrats have been to a considerable extent forced into a position seriously false, difficult, and hazardous—not only that they have had to bear, and have generously and patiently borne, a great deal of unjust obloquy, not easy to repel without long and profound explanations; but also that it has acted upon the Abolitionism of the North, as the spur to the horse, the whip to the top, the fan to the flame, the dam to the accumulating weight of the waters. The consequence, in a word, has been that the Abolitionists have not only been converted into a political party strong enough to hold the balance of power in the most important Presidential election perhaps held under our government, but that the country, South, North, and all, has escaped more narrowly than we pray may ever again be the case, the calamity of their deciding that long trembling balance *against* the Democratic Party.

The unhappy Rule in question has now been rescinded. And the manner in which it was done and acquiesced in, both in Congress and throughout the country, proves undeniably the universal conviction of the impolicy of the Rule, and the irresistible necessity of its abrogation. That it can ever again be re-enacted, there is probably no single man, woman or child, in the Union, who will even pretend to believe, whether it be with the belief of hope or fear.

This was a sad blunder on the part of the South. Would that it had been the last—would that it had been the worst! *That which it has committed within the past year, in the persons of some of its peculiar representatives in the present administration, is a far worse one.*

We refer to the manner in which the Texas question has been managed, and the ground on which the policy of Annexation has been placed and so strenuously urged.

For us to declare our exalted admiration, respect, and even attachment, for Mr. Calhoun, would be superfluous enough, after the evidences of it with which former pages of this Review have abounded—going back even to a period before the general reception of that great, powerful, and noble cham-

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pion of some of the political principles most dear to us, back into that full communion with the Democratic party, which he had for a time lost, by his long protracted relation of opposition to it, during General Jackson's administration. No personal considerations are entitled to any place in dealing with such questions as are involved in this subject, in such times as these. Mr. Calhoun has been led, by the too fixed and narrowed intensity of one leading idea, into a course fatally replete with mischief, not only to the particular measure thus unhappily mismanaged—not only to the country at large—but peculiarly so to the South. As powerful for ill, when unhappily in a path of even the most uprightly intended error, as he is for good, on those other occasions which constitute the *rule* of his life, the mistake being the *exception*, he has thus done more, far more, to extend and strengthen at the North that Abolitionism against which his Democratic friends have so self-sacrificingly stood by the constitutional rights of the South, than Abolitionism could ever have done for itself. We still look on with amazement! We cannot understand—we can only deplore! What has become of the Southern doctrine—what, of the Northern Democratic position—that the institution of slavery, whether a good or an evil, was a local and not a national, a municipal and not a federal institution—with which the Free States had nothing to do—for which they were in nowise responsible, either to their own conscience or to the judgment of the world, even though it existed on the common ground of the District of Columbia? What has become of this position, after a Southern President and a Southern Secretary of State—and that Secretary, *John C. Calhoun*, of all men living!—have so nationalized, so federalized, the question, as we have lately seen done? When that has been not only acted upon, but avowed, argued, vehemently urged—*that, and that almost exclusively*—as the ground for a large and momentous measure of national policy!—involving the annexation of territory enough for a kingdom!—the assumption of at least a menaced war!—a war possibly to be backed by England!—in an unascertained condition of the public sentiment of our own country!—in certain disregard of the earnest objection of at least a very large minority among ourselves!—the whole done, moreover, in a manner of most unusual volunteer precipitation, soliciting even with threats the compliance of Texas itself!—and actually pledging the military intervention of the country, by simple unconstitutional Executive promise, to plunge directly into war with Mexico, if she should execute her threat of immediate invasion of Texas!—and this while Congress, the sole war-making authority under the Constitution, is in session! Nay, more—what shall be said of our volunteer discussion of the essential merits of this peculiar local institution—through the peculiar organ of our collective nationality, for which, if for anything, the Union, and the whole Union, is emphatically responsible—in public diplomatic papers, addressed to England, to France, to the whole civilized world!

If all this can be done by great Southern statesmen, on the avowed ground, the almost exclusively avowed ground of strengthening and preserving the institution of Slavery; what, we repeat, becomes of the above stated position of the State-Rights party at North and South—the Democratic party of Strict Constitutional Construction? Why, at one fell blow, we find our whole ground knocked from beneath our feet! What concern can be *more* national—*more* a subject of collective and universal responsibility—if such doctrine as this, advanced from such quarters, and illustrated by such formidable national executive action, is sound? Cannot as much be done by indirect influence to destroy, as by direct action to defend?—to argue for the one side as for the other of a confessedly two-sided question?—to shake off national responsibility, as to assume and justify it? Such are some of the questions that immediately spring up out of the seeds scattered broadcast by these late events. Why, such doctrine as this would abolitionize three-fourths, at least, of the population of every free State in the Union, and abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, in two years from the date of its promulgation in the South, and reception by the public mind of the North!

Let it not be forgotten that we are warm friends of the immediate annexation of Texas (though on very different grounds!) recognizing no obligation to

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wait longer for Mexican consent—devoted in support of the State-Rights theory of the Constitution—and little enough disposed to favor Abolitionism. From this point of view, and in this capacity it is, that we look with so much astonishment and regret on the unfortunate mistake we have here signalized; and in doing so we know full well, that we represent nothing sectional, nothing partial, but not only the general Democratic—nay, the general American sentiment on the subject—but the general Southern sentiment itself also.

To repair the moral mischief which has thus been wrought, will be no long task. For the Democratic party of the North to maintain its ground on a difficult and delicate question, like the one under consideration, when thus tripped up—disarmed—pinioned—by the very friends for whom it has done so much, borne so much, perilled so much, and whose rights under the most favorable circumstances it finds it so hard to defend—to do it too in the face of a party elated and high-strung as Abolitionism is by its recent demonstration of political power—is no child's play. Perseverance in similar courses, in a similar spirit of administration, would inevitably result in arraying the Free and the Slave States in irreconcilable antagonism, and in a violent disruption of the Union. God avert such consequences of our own infatuation!

We have room in the present article for but a few words more. Now that the Twenty-Fifth Rule has been rescinded—now that Abolitionists feel themselves thus strengthened and stimulated—now that the overthrow of the Whigs has disengaged such vast numbers of persons from their former relations and objects, who constitute natural recruiting material for that party—and now that the subject of Slavery has been thus nationalized by its own very friends, in a mode obnoxious in so many ways to the public sentiment of the Free States—there can be no doubt that more vehement and powerful agitation of Abolitionism will take place than has yet been known. It will pour and press on the next Congress, in the form of a demand for action more or less direct as the subject of Slavery in the District of Columbia. It will call for its abolition there—for the abolition of the slave trade—for the prohibition of the introduction of slaves into the District. These demands will be urged with a force that has never yet attached to them, in consequence of that collective *national responsibility* for the institution, in the eyes of the whole world, which has lately been spread over the whole North, East and West, by the South itself. We see but one way of quieting or avoiding this agitation, of which that miserable poverty-stricken little Ten Miles Square must continue the fatal ground, opportunity and excuse. *Let it be given back to Virginia and Maryland.* It is perfectly useless to the Federal Government. If thought by any desirable, Congress could still retain sufficient contingent authority to serve for its own protection againt mobs, if such danger should ever arise. It could retain the ownership of all public buildings and property, with ample guarantees of its own independence, against any possible dangers that could ever assail it. No constitutional amendment is needed for this purpose. The action of Congress, in compact with the two States in question, is all that is needed. It would restore the District to some degree of decent local government. It would relieve the Federal government from a constant drain upon its Treasury and its time. It would settle to general satisfaction this whole question of national responsibility for slavery in this common national territory. It would heal an issue which will else long continue to bleed, perhaps fatally; and it would do more than any other act that could be done, to quiet this weary and dangerous agitation. It has often been talked of, with more or less earnestness. The time has now come to do it. Who can oppose any rational objection to the reasons which now so powerfully recommend it?

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# THE GHOST OF NEW YORK.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

WHOEVER has sailed up or down the East River in a fog, or driven to Hallet's Cove, Long Island, on a dusty day, or walked on the Third Avenue in the moonlight, has been beset by the vision of a great white tower, rising, ghost-like, in the air, and holding all the neighborhood in subjection to its repose and supernatural port. The Shot-Tower is a strange old fellow, to be sure! 'Spite of that incessant buzzing in his head, he holds himself as high and grandly, as though he hadn't the trouble of making shot for the six-and-twenty United States. He never dozes or nods, even in the summer noon; nor does he fall asleep in the most crickety nights, but winks, with that iron top of his, at all the stars, as they come up, one by one; and outwatches them all. There he is, gaunt and clean, as a ghost in a new shroud, every day in the year. Build as you may, old Gotham! Hammer and ding and trowel on all sides of him, if you choose,—you cannot stir him an inch, nor sully the whiteness in which he sees himself clothed, in that pure glass of his of Kipp's Bay! If you have seen him once, you know him always. A sturdy Shot-Tower to be sure!—and go where you will, you carry him with you. He is the Ghost of New York, gone into the suburbs to meditate on the wickedness of mankind, and haunt the Big City, in many a dream of war, and gun-shot wounds, and pattering carnage, when she falls asleep.

And can you see him from the back steps of the City-Hall? Not with the naked eye: but Lankey Fogle standing there, once on a time, had him present to him, and shook at the very thought. He had just come down from the witness-stand, within, and was pausing at the porch, when he was of a sudden smitten on the shoulder, and he heard, audibly, a voice say to him:

"Meet me by the Shot-Tower, at twelve to-night!"

A voice, but nobody; for he looked about promptly, and down the steps, and back through the Hall. No one visible; but he knew the voice, and had a mind—yes, he was forced to have a mind, to obey it. Lankey Fogle had the Shot-Tower in fear; but he must go. His hat pressed close upon his eyes—eye-brow and brim were part each of the other; a faded blue coat, out at elbows, the broad wrists hanging over his hand; shuffling shoes; and Lankey a little man, withal: he descended the steps slowly, struck across the Park, by the angle of the Post-Office, and stood on the brow of Chatham street, towards the square. The Jews were as thick, with their gloomy whiskers, as blackberries; the air smelt of old coats and hats, and the sideways were glutted with dresses and over-coats and little, fat, greasy children. There were countrymen moving up and down the street, horribly harassed and perplexed, and every now and then falling into the hands of one of these fierce-whiskered Jews, carried into a gloomy cavern, and presently sent forth again, in a garment, coat or hat or breeches, in which he might dance and turn his partner, to-boot.

Lankey Fogle plunged down the declivity.

"A coat, sir?"

"Wont you, now, a new under-tog?"

"That 'ere hat!"

"This way, sir, we're the No Mistake!"

And as he slipped out of their hands—

"Cotton-baggin', sir, to fill out?"

"My eyes! there's holes for a ratter!"

"He'll be a wreck, I say, 'fore he reaches the square—he'll never live past Roosevelt—my 'ord for it!"

A soft strain of the flute floated from a back-room, as his figure passed the door, joined by a mellow, low whistle, which are, it is supposed, integral parts of speech in the dialect of Jewry.

Lankey glided along, wrapped up in his coat and inner meditations, for it was nearing night; but it was of a truth as much as he was worth to get himself clear of the young barbarians who hung upon his skirts, as he passed along, and nearly brought them away. It was a bad case certainly, for the sun getting toward a level, shot through and

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through his apparel, passing in at an elbow and coming out at the hand; or piercing him through, from back to breast, as he turned; till every dusty corner of Lankey was lighted up with a sort of dim splendor.

And when he came by the theatre (the Chatham), the case was worse than all, for he was set upon from the area of the theatre by a swarm of fly-away boys, with—

"Lankey! which way, now?"

"I say, Lankey Fogle, where are you larking to?"

"Come in, will you? Kirby on the top round."

"Yes, yes, he's in the big bellows to-night. We'll treat you to a go!"

"And peanuts besides!"

"Keep off, will you, you young serpents!" And he glanced from under his rim.

"Why, what on earth's the matter, now! Lankey in a huff!"

"Three cheers for Lankey in a huff!"

The air was cracked with a small storm of cheers, which blowing over, they renewed their game; but Lankey stood firm; and when they had all run up to him with a question and a close look in his face, and twisted him round on his heels by the arm, he passed on, and reached the square, thinking of the old white Shot-Tower, and the figure it would make by the time he got there, toward the round hour of night.

He was in the elbow, turning to cross the long walk, when he was called by name. He looked up; it was the little Franklin Theatre, abutting the burying-ground, you know, with all its golden letters blotted out, its balcony for the pretty actresses to stand in razed away, its little snug box-office crushed, and the heart and soul of it, in the shape of foot-lights and curtains, taken out; it was a second-hand shop, when Lankey looked up at it, and a mysterious little man standing in an upper window winked at Lankey, and uttered in a low voice:

"All right!"

Lankey looked at him with astonishment written out on his countenance in magnificent large text.

"I say, it's all right!"

The devil it is, thought Lankey; and looked again.

"I say, it's all right," a third time; this time with a knock on the crown of his hat.

Lankey smiled scornfully on the mysterious man and moved on; he had a new motive for speed.

There was Doyer-street, yet; and if he could get past that once, all would be well. But Doyer-street is a queer street, we all know; so crooked, and gad-about and whimsical. Ten chances to one if a man enter it at one end with his head on his shoulders it be not turned about by the time he is fairly out at the other. Doyer-street was not born, like other streets, in the commissioner's office, but was laid, so to speak, at the door of the square, exposed to the tender mercies, dependant on the charities of chance-comers (for every man is father to this disinterested little by-way,) to give it a stone or a touch of a kerb! The eye of the druggist's red bottle was bloodshot, at the corner, for one thing; and there was a melancholy old woman carrying in a bunch of eels with their heads down for another! But Lankey Fogle had a hope, and as sure as there's white light from the moon, he cleared it at a moderate run.

When Lankey stood fairly at the mouth of the Bowery, he looked far away up its broad path as if he could see, looming up on its line, that ugly old Shot-Tower; that everlasting ghost of a tower that, go where he would, was in Lankey Fogle's eye, without an eye-stone to take it out. But he saw instead, this time, how, moved by a patriotism out of bounds, the whole air about this other theatre was indescribably hung with flags; a general hanging out, there seemed to be, of all the bunting of the country. The rope was strong; the flags were thick; and they waved away, shutting out the sky and making a better heaven for the East Bowery gazers to look up at and live under.

And Black Vulture, that marvellous steed, how he came down the great, black, gaping precipice, upon the bills, striking the printer's ink from his heels, like fire! And the patriotic Putnam, how he held on and clinched his teeth and set his hat fiercely a-cock! The bills were huge and yellow, and the type 'uncommon' large; and how the ragamuffins plunged down the steps, and the muffin-eaters rushed up! Lankey Fogle's resolution shook within him; his feet quivered in his shoes with doubt; and he was on the eve of throwing himself in the wake of a chimney-sweeper down the pit-entrance, when, looking straight before him, at the bill,

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his eye, in spite of itself, fell upon a portentous "Beware!"

It was enough: he hurried on as though the devil were at his back. And although now and then accosted by a Bowery Boy with a rough hand, and run against in token of affectionate recognition by a big vagabond, Lankey, all things considered, made good speed; and, before he well knew it, was out upon the Avenue; and then he began to quake.

He had not gone many steps in this direction when an arm was quietly thrust into his own; and he found himself marching abreast of a stranger. He looked around. The stranger was a short man in a dusty coat, with a red, blossomy nose. What was the stranger's business with Lankey Fogle?

There was a mighty din upon the Avenue, and it was not easy to tell. The hard riders were coming in from Harlem, and the road roared with the spinning of wheels, and the air was thick with flying dust. There were men, solitary, in little gossamer-built sulkies, who seemed borne along on the air itself: and men in couples in light wagons; and hard-drinking parties of four in barouches; and gentlemen far gone in close coaches; all in tremendous speed as if some great event were coming off immediately, a mile or two ahead, and they bound to be there at the peril of their lives. Then they were mightily bothered by men on horseback, who taking each the footpath at the side of the road, laid themselves out on their horses and swept everything clean before them. Then by great lumbering butcher-boys, who, on shambling cart-horses, came down the Avenue in troops, allowing themselves to be tossed about the road like so many hulks fallen into an eddy they could not manage; scrambling hay-carts, with the hay off, returning, and running their scraggy poles and shelving into the ribs of travellers, without the slightest reference to utility or ornament.

So, with all they had a hard time of it, Lankey and the stranger. But they had got by this time at the cross-road that strikes off to Cato's; and there began to be prospect of conversation; and happy that there was, for Lankey Fogle was smarting for it.

"Sir!" said the stranger, turning full upon Lankey at a point where they began to have a glimpse of the Tower, "this is the most important event of your life!"

Lankey did not deny it.

"It involves the destiny," continued the stranger, "the destiny, I say, of you and your posterity to the latest generation."

The proposition was laid down and no one opposed it.

"Whether the hopes of mankind are to be blighted by the course you shall adopt to-night, remains to be seen!"

It did.

"Remains to be seen," he resumed; "And how far you are worthy of the trust reposed in you—"

Their noses were close together; and they watched each other like dogs.

"By the confiding and generous Joseph."

Lankey Fogle seized his hand.

"I understand you," said Lankey—"enough said!"

The stranger buttoned his coat and went into a small pot-house by the roadside. Lankey Fogle took the road again, as far as Cato's, and was forced to go in: it was not the Cato's of infancy, the Cato's governed by that venerable and worthy and dusky man, in his little cropped pate and clean apron: when stages from far countries (Rye, and Sawpitts, and Danbury, and Cross River), came jingling, with their merry chains, to the door; the driver dismounted, and the inside gentlemen dismounted, and there was a mighty bringing out of lemonade and crackers and sugar-biscuit to be tendered in the most gallant style, to the green-veiled beauties within. No, no, that Cato's was gone away; a great grave had been digged for that, a clean white cloth had been spread over it, and it was buried beyond resurrection. That Cato's had been launched on the stream of time and had gone backward, like an ark of peace and comfort, and true jollity, sailing to whence it could not return. But there stood the great white Tower over the way; reproaching it silently for parting company: for tavern and tower they had known each other from the corner stone: and Lankey Fogle hurried in, for he thought the old Tower somehow or other stooped his back to the very door of the new Cato's, to see what kind of nonsense could be going on there now that the old soul was gone.

Lankey called for a small toddy, hot-and-hot.

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The landlord brought it himself.

"A queer night this," said the landlord.

Lankey Fogle took a long pull.

"A skimmery shimmery night, sir," pursued the landlord.

Another pull toward the bottom.

"The Shot-Tower has been busy as a bee all day to-day; and such a singing as he's kept up!"

Lankey Fogle admitted it by his manner of setting down the glass.

He went out very quietly, winking at the landlord in a sleepy way; at which the landlord, in turn, shook his head. As he got into the road again, a great hay-cart was passing, so high piled up, that the moon now abroad, seemed to be sleeping in its top among the fresh-mown blades. His heart sunk within him. He entered the great gate at the Mount Vernon school, where the trotting-course used to be. He passed through the orchard. There was a great shout behind him; it was the city leaving off its work, with a cheer. There was a mighty blaze in the sky; the city lighting up for the night. How green the grass was!—how it sparkled and winked and laughed in the clear moonshine! But there was a shadow on it now—a huge shadow, made neither by man, nor house, nor tree: it was the dark side of the old Shot-Tower; and when Lankey looked up, how wickedly and wilfully, cool and self-possessed, that old white ghost of a Tower held himself! Not inquisitive, nor overbearing, but scandalously calm and indifferent. Lankey Fogle was alarmed, much more than if he had pitched himself head-foremost into Lankey's waistcoat, and offered downright fight; and when he saw in its shadow a figure leaning down and delving the earth—he leaped the fence! Was it to keep his appointment, or fly from it?

Whichever it was, who could blame him?

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## THE BALLAD OF DON RODERICK.

BY S. WALLACE CONE.

I.

"My daughter," quoth Count Julian, "Need must that I should go
To guard the town of Ceuta against the Paynim foe:
Don Roderick hath committed the fortress to my care,
And foul my shame if field were fought, and Julian were not there."
"Now God and our dear Lady defend and help the right!
And yet I would, my father, thou went'st not forth to night.
I have a strange foreboding of some misfortune near,
And tho' the field were fought and won, I would thou stayedst here."

II.

"Out, out on thee, Florinda—what folly, girl, is this?
Take, an' thou wilt, my blessing, and give me back a kiss.
But go I must and will, wench; aye! go, come foul or fair;
No field at Ceuta must be fought, and Julian be not there!"
In haste he donned his harness, and mounted him to selle,
And to his beauteous daughter he waved a fond farewell;
And oft afar he turned him to gaze with longing love,
Where stood the weeping damsel upon the tower above.

III.

But lo! a plump of lances, with banners waving high,
Have passed upon the hill top, beneath the sunset sky,
Count Julian scarce hath vanished upon the eastern side,
When spurring fast and furious they from the westward side.

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The warder gave the signal of foes approaching near,
Upstarted then Florinda, and dashed away the tear.
"What garrison is left us?" "Lady, but twenty men!"
"Away and man the ramparts! We'd meet them tho' but ten!"

IV.

"But with such odds, dear lady, is sure defeat and cheap!"
"Begone! Count Julian's castle, Count Julian's child will keep.
Hang out our house's banner. Twenty! we need no more;
And wo betide the craven who fails in his devoir!"
Before the castle's barrier his rein the foremost drew,
And deftly on his bugle a peaceful summons blew.
"Now wherefore come yon lances, Sir Knight?" the lady cried,
"And what may be your purpose in hostile guise that ride?"

V.

"Hostile! nay trust me, lady, 'tis but our guise is so;—
Base knight were he and craven who harmed so fair a foe.
An thou wilt look more closely against yon sunset sky,
Thou'lt see Don Roderick's banner above the lances fly.
The chase to-day pursuing, a shaft hath pierced his side,
And hitherward for succor he hath been forced to ride.
Wherefore, fair dame, I pray thee no farther parley wait,
But open to our monarch thy father's loyal gate."

VI.

Right joyfully cried Cava—"Sir Knight, my father's hall
Though thousands came with Roderick, hath room, I trow, for all.
Wide barrier and portcullis, my trusty liegemen, fling,
And to our castle welcome Don Roderick, our King!"
He bowed him to his saddle, and hied him to the train,
And down the hill they hurried, and pricked across the plain;
I wot when 'round he turned him, across his face there came
A scornful smile and evil, and the red blush of shame.

VII.

With trumpets loudly braying their proud and joyful notes,
With shouts of hearty welcome from twenty loyal throats,
With love and faith and honor, her liegemen one and all,
As bade their lady, welcomed Don Roderick to her hall.
But shout and lordly trumpet he gave them little heed,
For two that ride beside him must lift him from his steed.
They bore him from his saddle with mournful step and slow,
Whilst the proud trumpet's clamor died off in wailings low.

VIII.

The monarch and his nobles, with love and courtesy,
They welcomed to the castle and served him on the knee;
They bore him to a chamber, for wounded seemed he sore,
Aud spread a couch full softly, and crept across the floor.
Then came the fair Florinda, a skilful leech was she,
The bruised King to comfort in his extremity.
His couch she knelt beside it: his barons watched around;
And with her gentle fingers she closed the monarch's wound.

IX.

The gaping wound together she with her fingers pressed,
And spread a cooling balsam upon Don Roderick's breast.
"Now praise to St. Iago! for this relief!"—he cries,
His lips gave thanks to heaven, he thanked her with his eyes.

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And night and day together with eye that never slept,
Beside the wounded monarch her watch the lady kept;
And night and day together she prayed on her bended knee,
To God and Mary Mother, that they her help would be!

## Part II.

I.

It was upon the morning of John the Baptist's day,
Don Roderick left his chamber to wend upon his way.
It was upon that morning, the morn of good St. John,
Of all the deeds accursed, the most accursed was done.
Before the lady Cava, the king he bent him down,
And for his cure he thanked her—I wis she did not frown.
Before the lady Cava the king he bent his knee,
"Thou cur'st," quoth he, "my body—yet sore thou woundest me!

II.

"The shaft it pierced my bosom, alack! thy lovely eyes
Have barbed a sharper arrow, and in my heart it lies.
Nay! frown not, gentle Cava, nor look, sweet love, forlorn;
But hie we both to Burgos on this the Baptist's morn.
With feasting and with revel thou shalt be welcomed there,
And mistress will I make thee of lordships broad and fair.
Upon the knee to serve thee a thousand shalt thou have,
And I thy lord and monarch will be thine humblest slave."

III.

"What," cried the shuddering maiden, "Is thus my care repaid?
Oh! King, how have I wronged thee, that thou shouldst thus degrade?
Part! part in peace, Don Roderick, and on my bended knee
I'll pray that our dear Lady, this thought may pardon thee."
"A larger boon then ask ye, for larger will we need,
And the good saint must pardon, sweet wench, both thought and deed;
For by the rood," cried Roderick, "and by my crown I've sworn,
That thou shalt ride to Burgos on this the Baptist's morn."

IV.

"Oh king! oh king! bethink thee, Count Julian's good right hand
This day is doing battle to guard for thee thy land!
Bethink thee of thine honor! bethink thee of thy need,
When wounded sore and helpless thou at his gates didst bleed!
And by thine oath of knighthood, and by thy hope of grace,
Bring not this foul dishonor upon my father's race!
Part! part in peace, Don Roderick, and on my bended knee
I'll pray that Mary Mother thy thought may pardon thee!"

V.

"Come," quoth the monarch, smiling, "no more, no more delay!
We two must be in Burgos before the close of day!"
Back started then Florinda, and raised her hand on high,
Her lips all white and bloodless, and fierce her flashing eye,—
"King! if thou dar'st dishonor,—God curse thee for the deed!
Upon the field of battle deserted may'st thou bleed!
An outcast from thy kingdom, from crown and hope exiled,
Be thy false soul unshriven, thy traitor's grave defiled!"

VI.

Dark scowled the haughty monarch—he seized with ruthless hand,
And bore her to a palfrey, amid his ruffian band.
Forth from her weeping damsels he bore their hapless dame,
Whilst in a blessed swooning she recked not of her shame.

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Oh! when Count Julian heard it, a vengeful man was he;
And in his wrath he called the Moor across the groaning sea;
He tore his beard of silver, and bitter oaths he swore,—
"God curse thee, thou false monarch! God curse thee ever more!

VII.

"I was thy truest soldier, I am thy deadliest foe;
The vengeance of the Father shall lay the Monarch low.
Welcome to Spain, oh Tarik! From Afric's burning sands,
The gates are open, Saracen, to thee and all thy bands.
Pour forth thy dusky legions and sweep from shore to shore!
Smite, till the name of Spaniard be heard of never more!
Unfurl thy crescent banner! Set forward to the fight!
On Roderick and on Julian no sun shall set to-night!"

VIII.

Fly! fly, thou false king Roderick! Fly, fly, ye men of Spain!
Count Julian dogs thy footsteps! your army strews the plain!
Weep, weep, and beat your bosoms, ye who were wives this morn!
Weep for your orphaned children, slaves to the Paynim's scorn!
Wo to the noble's castle! wo to the hermit's grot!
Wo to the stately city! wo to the herdman's cot!
Weep for your blighted honor! weep for your country's loss!
Howl for the Crescent floating above the trampled Cross!

IX.

It was upon the morning before the field of shame,
Unto Florinda's bower in haste Don Roderick came.
"Fly! fly!" he cried, "Florinda! The Moorish host is near,
And doubtful is the battle—I durst not leave thee here!"
Oh! God forgive thee, Roderick! She lies before thee now,
The dagger in her bosom, and death upon her brow.
To horse, to horse, Don Roderick! her bruised soul is free,
And on the field of battle Count Julian waits for thee.

X.

Now cursed be the hour Count Julian turned to go
To guard the town of Ceuta against the Paynim foe;
Accursed be the hour the King fair Cava sought;
Accursed be the hour his eye her beauty caught:
And cursed Julian's falsehood and Cava's beauty be,
That brought the dark-browed Moorman across the groaning sea!
Since from Toledo's cavern too true the mystic strain,
For Roderick fell at Xeres, and Tarik ruled in Spain.

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# WHAT IS THE REASON?

"HOW MUCH LAND AND PROPERTY, AND I HAVE NONE!"

THIS was the exclamation of a laboring man, who accompanied the late Theodore Sedgwick, from his residence in Stockbridge to a steamboat-landing on the North River, as he was setting off on a voyage to Europe. They were upon a mountain summit in Berkshire, overlooking the broad valley of the Hudson. Spread out before them lay the rich pastures and fat cornfields of Columbia, Dutchess, Greene, and Ulster. Cities and villages were there, teeming with enterprise and wealth. Herds of flocks innumerable were pasturing upon the hills and grazing upon the plains. Upon the broad deep bosom of the majestic river floated many a barque, borne along on wings of wind or fire, deeply laden with the harvests of every clime. From along the tributary branches of the monarch flood, ascended the smoke, and was heard the rattle, of forges and factories, ever busy in pouring in their contributions to the full tide of wealth. The scene presented a living panorama, exhibiting in one brilliant view the harmonious competition and co-operation of Agriculture, Commerce, and Art, to provide supplies for every want and desire and taste of man. The attendant was filled with amazement, and exclaimed,—"How much land and property, and I have none! *What is the reason?*"

Wealth everywhere abounds. Kind Nature, no niggard step-dame, but an all-bounteous, loving mother, exhaustlessly produces supplies for all her children. The Universal Father has written his attribute of Love over all the face of his creation, upon every manifestation of his existence; in the beams of the morning light, the evening's declining shadows, the gorgeous splendor of noon, and the solemn majesty of midnight; in the sun, the stars, and the seasons in their courses; in the untravelled solitudes of the forest, and the swelling tides of the boundless sea; and has inscribed it in characters of clearer light upon that altar which he has erected for his worship in the deep instincts and sentiments of man's soul. We cannot then believe that He has made poverty and want and servile toil the necessary lot of any human being; that he has placed him in the midst of the lavish and superfluous riches, with which he is surrounded, only to tantalize him with the view of good which he is not to be permitted to attain. This fair earth was not made to be man's prison-house and place of bondage, where his soul must be crushed and extinguished by material incumbrances; but for a garden of Eden, wherein grows every plant that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, and in the midst whereof is the Tree of Life, and the Tree of Knowledge,—not set there for the blinding, but for the healing of his eyes. Wealth everywhere abounds, and liberal provision for every human necessity, comfort, luxury. Ample means are provided, too, for the large unfolding of man's spiritual nature. Why in so plentiful a world does poverty so much more abound? Why is it, that so large a portion of men, born the equal heirs of nature's abundance, are compelled to be the slaves of toil, to waste immortal energies, and lose their true life, in the wanton struggle for animal existence? Amid so much public prosperity, why so much private wretchedness? Why these savage hovels by the side of these vast and gorgeous palaces? Why this squalid, ragged vagrant wandering, homeless and famishing, among these abodes of luxurious opulence? Why this huge mass of ignorance in the midst of all these ostentatious provisions for education?—this unshrinking vice even under the droppings of the sanctuary? Why is the light of this young, new soul quenched in its opening by the mountains of incumbrance, which lie upon it, and keep it from emerging? Why, in a world so rich, are there so many millions who can say—"*I have none?*" Loud above the din of commerce, the clatter of machinery, the stunning roar of the universal struggle for wealth, a million echoes are heard repeating the question,—"*What is the reason?*"

With the conservative portion of the community,—with those who regard the



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present as the best possible social order that can be formed out of such materials as human nature furnishes, it is usual to impute inequalities of condition and the evils resulting therefrom, to personal misconduct or misfortune:—though I believe that far less influence is attributed to the former than to the latter,—the individual is generally more in fault than his stars. Society, it is said, has done all it could do, to prevent or compensate their inequalities. Our political institutions have guarantied equality of rights to every member of society, and opened a free path to individual energy, talent and industry, leaving his lot of fortune to each one's own will. Fortune, the treasures of knowledge, the path of ambition, are open to all, and it is his own fault, whoever fails to attain them.

It appears to me, that in this statement society receives far more credit than it deserves. Personal misconduct is unquestionably the source of an immeasurable amount of evil and suffering. But it is more frequently an aggravating than an original cause; only making more intense the disorders of the individual being, which are themselves produced in the first instance by, and are the prominent indications of, a false, unnatural, or imperfect organization of society. I know that there is prefixed to many of our books of statute law, an instrument called a constitution, which declares, in affirmance of the notable Declaration of American Independence, that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain natural, essential, individual rights. And I rejoice that it is there; for though now it seems half-dead, it is a true and living word, that shall one day find an authentic utterance, and awaken and save the world. Tones of that utterance have been from time to time breathed forth from the deep heart of Humanity; and louder and louder tones are laboring to find a voice, which society must prepare itself to hear,—for as it hears, will they be infernal discords, or the harmonies of the universe.

I said that word now seems half-dead. While it should be the vivifying spirit of all the institutions, practices, opinions, of society, a great deal of the action of society, in its legislation and social customs, is a practical denial and annulling of it. Human Rights, set forth in declarations and constitutions, are treated in practice as abstractions, whose realization is possible only under certain conditions and contingencies, which have never yet occurred, and of whose occurrence no historical analogy justifies the expectation.

No higher idea has yet been generally entertained of the equality with which all men are said to be endowed, than as political equality, equality before the state, comprehended in the right of suffrage, of office, and other political rights. Equality in this form is nowhere fully established; but political rights are limited by conditions of property, age, complexion, or something else; and still more by the inequalities of culture and social condition, which result from the present arrangement of the social state. Knowledge is power inherently, and wisdom confers a just authority. Wealth, too, is power, accidental and base, indeed, but, as things are, even more commanding than wisdom. And thus, under the most perfect forms of political equality, privileged classes will exist, and become a permanent element, as real and as oppressive as under those forms of social organization which are founded primarily and avowedly upon privilege. The true doctrine of equality, as the principle of human brotherhood, of right essential and inalienable, society has never embraced, and is apparently still very far from adopting. When thus professed in words, it is with an implied reservation, a secret reference to the possible conditions of another life, a tacit protest of its inconsistency with the *necessary* distinctions on this side of the grave. Men revolt from it, when it requires them to give the divine grasp of brotherhood to the smutty artizan, the toil-begrimed ploughman, or that hard-fated brother on whose brow God's sun has stamped a darker hue than theirs.

The most generally received theory of the origin and functions of society is, that its leading idea is the protection of property—meaning thereby a man's material goods—houses, lands, stocks, guineas, bank-notes; in a word, his purse. Without inquiring now how much truth is contained in this statement, it is sufficient for the present purpose to say that society has utterly failed of fulfilling its office in this view of it. It does not protect property in

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any just sense—in any but a purely arbitrary and conventional sense. It is not a protector of property, but a robber and protector of the robbers of property.

I am aware that this is strong, and seemingly harsh language. But the conventional laws of property, counteracting the natural laws, and the natural rights of man, are among the foremost of the causes of the ignorance, poverty, suffering and sin, which in all ages have degraded the masses of mankind; and which, in all ages, conservatism, with a horrible obliquity of moral vision, has urged as a conclusive reason against the reform of the very abuses which have caused them. The time has passed for standing cap in hand before haggard and hoary conventionalisms, to find soft-sounding names for the frauds and manifold oppressions of man, which the dead past has bequeathed to the living, reforming present. There is a natural right of property, as a natural right of life and liberty—equally conferred by the Creator—belonging to man as man—equally necessary to enable him to accomplish the destiny assigned him. A more false and pernicious moral and political heresy was never broached, than that which founds the right of property on convention, and says, with Henry Clay, "that is property, which the law declares to be so." Whatever deprives a man of a natural right, is robbery—whoever does it is a robber; whether you, or I, or the irresponsible representative of our thought and will, social opinion and social law; whether it be done at the mouth of the pistol, or under the plausible and venerable forms of immemorial prescription. Let us be true first of all to the reality of things, wasting not overmuch thought upon words, for "words are the daughters of men, but things are the sons of God."

To begin with property in the earth. The earth was created for the subsistence of man; by the law of nature it is the common patrimony of the race. If by virtue of his creation as a son of God, every man has a natural, essential right to life and liberty; by virtue of the same relation, every man must have a right to an equal portion of the earth, or an equivalent, for his subsistence and use. Brotherhood, a common paternity, necessarily involves a common and equal right of inheritance. But society, by its laws of acquisition and inheritance, deprives a large part of mankind of this natural right. The whole face of the earth, from its pinnacles mingling with the clouds, down to its lowest valleys and deepest mines, is covered up with society patents, and charters, and parchments, and title deeds, which secure it to some few in exclusive and indefeasible appropriation; while the plundered heir is left without a rood; cannot set a foot upon the ground, out of the common highway, without committing a legal trespass; and must be indebted to the public charity even for space to moulder in and return to dust. Our own constitutions, though based professedly upon the theory of natural rights, have all admitted and sanctioned the principle, transmitted from the ages when force and fraud were the only law, that an exclusive and perpetual title to the soil may be acquired, without limitation of quantity or time. The title once acquired is held good against all mankind in all circumstances, is transmissible to descendants, and is not extinguished while one drop of the blood of the original possessor can be traced in the veins of any human being in the remotest generations. Here is a fundamental injustice, creating original and necessary inequalities of social condition. The social destroys the asserted natural equality of rights, and makes the title to that great property, which the Creator gave for the subsistence and happiness of all the members of his human family, contingent and conventional, in the case of every individual; depending upon the accident of his being born of this, or that father, in this, or the contiguous house. Injustice is implied in every social difference between one man and another, which is not the consequence of personal conduct. There is injustice in the arrangements by which one is enabled to, and does inevitably, begin life with an advantage over another. Society is as unjust when it creates, or permits, hereditary distinctions of property, as when it creates hereditary distinctions of rank, or differences in the security of life or liberty. For the right of property is based upon the same foundation with every other natural right. It is personal, and not conventional. It does not originate in, nor exist by the force of the laws of society, the will of

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the legislature, but by the law of humanity, the will of God, and is, therefore, sacred, universal, inviolable.

Passing from property in the earth, let us consider other species of property, and the solution which social institutions give of the inquiry, "*Why have I none?*" What is Property? I have seen no definition which so well satisfies the conditions of a natural right, as this: "Property is what a man acquires, without violating any one's right, and without neglecting any duty." It is founded on the law of justice and Christian love. The right of property, then, secures to every man the just fruits of his own labor, by a title that is good against the world. It forbids every one from appropriating to himself the fruits of the labor of another. The *whole* fruit of a man's labor is his property; no fraction of it, acquired under the above conditions, can be taken away, or withholden from him, without violating the Law of Nature. Society is unjust, if it permits him to be deprived of any portion. It does not protect him. It is a robber, and permits robbery, as truly as if it permitted him to be deprived of liberty, and made a slave. No one will think of disputing the proposition, that all the wealth of the world is the product of labor. The ground yields no spontaneous harvests. Nature's seed times and harvests must be purchased by toil; the sea gives up her treasures only to the hardy ploughman of the deep; the earth hides her metals and precious gems in her darkest caverns, till the strong arm of labor brings them forth. The wealth of the world, then, according to the simple law of manhood and reason, belongs to the laborer. But the laborer has it not. He is still a laborer, toiling day by day for daily bread; while he, who has labored not, or labored no more, nor produced more, builds palaces. Throughout all the employments of society, this distribution takes place. The producer of wealth does not gather the harvest, but he who labors not, and produces nothing.

This is no accidental or transient condition of things. So long as the earth may be the subject of exclusive appropriation, beyond the wants, and beyond the life of the individual generations, and the subject of inheritance, without limitations of amount or consanguinity, it is inevitable that some will come into life with no inheritance but life and muscle. Having no property of their own,—or more strictly, finding their share of the common patrimony withholden from them by the laws of society, yet ever subject to the inexorable law of hunger and cold—they must starve, or work upon the property of others. They must become slaves, or laborers for wages. Those positions are correlative, though not identical, and in some conditions the latter may be in a state of social existence more miserable and hopeless than the former. The fundamental idea of wages is, that they are but a part of the actual product of the laborer's work; a part being retained and appropriated by the employer, under the names of interest on capital, skill, profit, risk, or some other deception, by which the real nature of the relation of labor to its fruits is concealed. For a time, while the number of inheritors, or proprietors, is large, and that of non-proprietors, or laborers for wages, comparatively small, no very crying evil is likely to follow. It will not be very difficult for the laborer to become a proprietor. But it is obvious that the difference in the numbers of the two classes will be constantly becoming greater. The law is of universal force, that "to him who hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Capital will be constantly accumulating, and the number of non-proprietors growing larger, by the force of causes, which there is neither justice nor philosophy in asserting, imply misconduct on the one side, or merit on the other; or which imply anything more than superior caution, or superior cunning, or the absence of those qualities—a greater or less degree of skill in the multiplication of chances, or simply than the different estimates which may be formed concerning the highest proper objects of human pursuit. As the number of laborers increases, the proportion of the products of their labor returned to them in the form of wages is diminished, according to the fundamental law of demand and supply; until, at length, wages are reduced to the standard of bare subsistence. This continues, with occasional fluctuations, alternating above and below that standard, the permanent condition of the laborer. Such has been the invariable downward progress of the working-man for wages.

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It has been retarded among us by the extent and fertility of our new territory. But enough is realized—presages not uncertain are before us—to forbid the hope that there is anything in our institutions to leave the laborer for wages from such a destiny.

Notwithstanding these manifest propositions and experiences, conservatism appeals to an Astor and a Girard, to demolish a plausible theory by a stubborn fact—to demonstrate the "superiority of man over his accidents." Those are but rare exceptions. In a society of any long duration, wages, in the average of all employments, cannot greatly exceed the necessities of the animal life; not at all, when several lives depend upon the labor of one. It is impossible for every laborer, for he tgreat majority of laborers, to become capitalists; and it is only by becoming capitalists, and taking their turn of appropriating the labors of others, that they can materially improve their condition, and rise into that blissful region of sunshine, which conservatism assures them is within the reach of all. A Girard and Astor may occasionally dazzle the world by the splendor of success. Not as laborers for wages did they rise, or even begin to rise. In a just condition of society, such results as they achieved would have been impossible, as they are undesirable, and as they now are to the vast mass in the like condition. Inquire concerning the companions of their boyhood among the narrow lanes and dark alleys where their early years were nursed, and where are they? Hundreds of them toilsomely lived, and obscurely perished, in the same dark lanes and alleys where they first saw the light; and these two alone of them all, children of fortune, favorites of blind accident, are raised aloft as symbols of a destiny which all might have reached! It is a social wonder that a shoemaker in a generation becomes a leader in the national councils, that a farmer's boy is a Secretary of State, and a working blacksmith makes himself master of fifty languages. The vast host of shoemakers, farmer's boys, and blacksmiths, whom the pressure of society kept for ever at the bench, the furrow and the forge, and prevented from being anything but shoemakers, farmer's boys, and blacksmiths, is overlooked; and society glorifies itself for the opportunities it gives for high upholdings! Behind the path of every Franklin who has struggled successfully, and triumphed over the obstructions of his early condition, lie the broken and discomfited wrecks of the thousands who commenced the struggle with him; and they fill nameless and unknown graves on the very spot where they began the battle, while his name alone has gained a memorial. In these contests, were the conquerors alone worthy of the victory? Was no lofty hope, no generous love, no unselfish ambition, no infinite aspiration extinguished, when the others fought and fell? Great and revered are the names of the conquerors. They are the heroes and prophets of the race; tokens of the possibilities that lie unfolded in the mind of man; signs full of promise and encouragement to humanity. But not to all is given the heroic gift. Few are they, who are called to be prophets, or apostles, or speakers with tongues. Let us not, in our reverence for these, cast reproach upon the memory of the vanquished, nor in them libel our common nature. Let us not, for the sake of hiding, or of profiting by, social sins, be unjust to those who have perished, and are every day perishing, in the conflict with the world. Let us, rather, look social institutions boldly in the face, demand of them by what right they exist, what is their mission, and what share they have had in the discomfiture of our brethren, whose bleaching bones lie strewed on every side around us.

I am desirous of illustrating more fully the subject of wages, because it is claimed, by conservative reasoners, that they are the grand balance and compensation of all social injustice. The falsity of the system of wages, the utter fallacy of the idea of compensation, will appear from a consideration of some of the laws which regulate wages, as laid down by political economy. One of them is that "the rate of wages depends upon the number of laborers compared with the amount of business to be done." The wants of the laborer cannot be regulated by any such contingencies. They are necessities of existence, independent of the transitions, depressions, and fluctuations of trade and the market. This rule violates the law of nature and justice by disregarding those necessities, and grounding itself upon those fluctuations; compensating capital for the fall of the market by the

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double injustice of a reduction of the wages of labor, which is, to the laborer, a reduction of life.

Another law of wages is, that "they are regulated in a great measure by the intelligence, education, good conduct, and *independent condition* of the laborer." This rule is the foundation of the difference between the wages of learned and unlearned labor, the labor of him who works with his head and him who works with his hands—between headcrafts and handicrafts. In defence of this difference, it is said that the learned laborer is entitled to a higher compensation for his labor than the handicraftsman, because he has invested a large capital in acquiring the learning and skill necessary for the fit discharge of his professional functions. But their education is itself an advantage which, in most cases, they receive from the favor of society; and one to which the unlearned laborer is equally entitled, of which he is deprived, in most cases, without his own fault. According to this rule, the one is entitled to a reward for possessing an advantage over another, who, in turn, is subjected to a disability which he has not imposed upon himself, which society has imposed upon him. In another view: education is its own reward. Intellect, as its culture is the highest glory of man, gives constant and increasing compensation for its exercise in the exercise itself. According to the law of nature, superior gifts and advantages are to be regarded chiefly as means of larger service to mankind. It is a perversion of their design to make them the grounds of larger demands upon those for whose service they were conferred. This is to make the professions and liberal arts sordid, instead of liberal; to convert the God into Mammon. The natural law of justice would seem to give the unlearned laborer the greater compensation for his work, as a sort of reparation for the manifold incumbrances and necessary social degradation which lie upon and overbear him.

But the last condition of the rule I am considering, breathes the very spirit of feudalism—"*the independent condition of the laborer.*" This places the matter upon the naked ground of force, and makes the law of compensation the degree in which manhood is limited and fettered by animal necessities. Instead of ruling man by the lash applied to the back, the same end is substantially obtained by founding dominion upon the incessant and uncontrollable activity of the gastric juice.

The subject might be further illustrated by reference to the inequality of the wages of different occupations, to the difference between productive and unproductive industry, manual toil and labor of mere oversight and inspection, between employments more or less sinecure, and those demanding constant activity; in all of which labor is abridged of its rights, and the rule of compensation is nearly in an inverse ratio to the amount and productiveness of the work done. In no occupation, in no workshop, or corn-field, or factory, is it he who is hired and receives wages, that grows rich; but he who hires, and is paid no wages. Capital and the oversight of capital, instead of receiving only its just share, engrosses the largest part of the profits of all business; and that capital not in the hands of him who has created it by his labor, but of him who has been able to purchase and speculate on the labor of others. The sailor exiles himself from home, wanders through all the solitudes of ocean, exposes his life to tempests and tornadoes, and all the dangers of the deep and contrasts of the seasons, that he may bring wealth from every clime to pour into the full coffers of his *owners;* and of all the wealth which his labor and peril produce, he receives, perhaps, twelve dollars a month. The operative workman, for toiling twelve or fifteen hours a day, receives from three to—in the very fortunate occupations—ten dollars a week. The capitalist who employs him, counts his wealth by thousands, and looks down with curled lip upon the brother whose property he is appropriating to himself. The professional man, the corporation officer and manager, the counting-house proprietor, spurn with scorn that compensation for their labor which they do not blush to offer, and even higgle about with the workman, whose only wealth is in his muscles. The farmer's son has ambitious visions of a higher destiny than his father's; he turns his back upon the degrading plough, and seeks it behind a counter or beneath a learned gown. If, in some of the reverses of fortune, which society boasts of as one of the compensations of all injustice, the capitalist is compelled to earn an honest subsistence

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in what he once deemed a menial occupation; society deplores his sad lot, and reads edifying homilies upon the vanity of wealth,—forgotten the moment after in the unrelaxed pursuit of the vanity. In this development of social equality, as expressed in the relation of labor and wages, the first answer is found to the inquiry, "Why have I none?" Wages are undoubtedly a step in advance of the condition of enforced unpaid labor; but only an advance—not an end. They imply substantially, only a little more decisively than servitude, a denial of manhood and its rights. They attach to the laborer, in the sentiment of society, reflected and responded to in his own heart, the same idea as servitude of inferiority and social degradation. If they were to be the ultimate condition of the laborer, it might well be inquired whether he had made a fortunate escape from serfdom, and might not find repose, and a serener lot, even in slavery.

Another consideration must not be omitted. Wages are the laborer's only resource for subsistence. His *right to labor* cannot be denied without abridging his right of life. Yet society gives no guaranty of this. The right to labor depends upon the will of others. The opportunity of earning wages is uncertain and contingent, depending upon the uncertainties and contingencies of trade, the state of the markets, the prosperity or failure of speculation;—and worse, upon the arbitrary and tyrannical caprice of those who hold in their hands the laborer's bread of life, who have the power to punish the utterance of a free opinion, an honest assertion of manhood, by withholding, or taking away from him occupation, his only resource for existence.

Such is society's protection to property. A great part of its legislation, and even the "perfection of reason," its common law, is founded on, and aims at the security of these falsehoods. As the system originated in force and fraud, in the power of the strong and the subtleties of the cunning, so it can be maintained only by force, and by deceiving the masses as to the nature and extent of their rights. Hence, all our statute books bristle with laws recognizing property as of more worth than man; making the want of it more or less a civil disqualification, and the possession of it a condition of political rights; creating wealth by special favor for a few, by modes which it is made a crime for others to pursue; giving to corporations and money-making associations unusual facilities for accumulating and concentrating wealth; and in various other modes, making labor more and more dependent on capital. The circle of injustice to man, the laborer, is completed by making property, thus acquired, hereditary, placing it at the absolute disposal of its possessor after his bones have mouldered in the grave, and securing it to his heirs, if he should chance to die and make no sign.

A society thus organized is, of necessity, a state of selfish competition for material interests, with little thought of generous and enlarged co-operation in the pursuit even of these. Man is not looked upon as a brother and a helper, but as a rival and an enemy in interests. Occupations and employments are hostile, circumventive, watchful for private advantage, forgetful of the great law of justice and love, seeking to profit by the ignorance and inexperience of others. The law of war, "all stratagems are just," is the rule of business; the legal maxim, *caveat emptor*, is the authentic scripture of trade. The acquisition of wealth is the chief good, and avarice the predominating passion of society. The great strife is Capital against Labor, in which the latter is, for the most part, passive, and the necessities and imperative wants and holiest affections of man are the fund upon which cupidity and cunning speculate. A show of political unity and equality may be maintained, but social unity and equality are impossible. Society is a system of cliques, parties, professions, trades, with different and rival interests in most respects, and none united by any common bond of private interest. Industry is solitary, selfish, antagonistic. Man is placed in the isolation, without the freedom and independence, of the savage.

Poverty is a necessary incident of such a social organization,—not as the result of casualty or crime, but directly and inevitably of the institutions of society. Poverty is the inevitable lot of multitudes,—of multitudes, which the clearly induced necessity of things and constant experience testify, must be enlarging in every generation,—of multitudes, who, for no fault of their own or their fathers in the third or fourth generation, have no inheritance but poverty and toil, and before whose earliest path

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physical and spiritual obstructions lie yawning, like bottomless abysses, on every side. Poverty, in itself, is by no means the greatest of evils. So far as it consists in the mere deprivation of physical comforts, it is not always an evil. To the soul which has learned and feels its freedom and power, it is scarcely at all an evil;—at the worst, of the lightest. The dry crust, eaten by the gushing fountain, is a full equivalent and compensation for all that luxury lavishes upon its feasts,—as the leathern vesture of George Fox was, in the eye of the universe, more gorgeous apparel than all royal robes. The moment a man acquires the self-consciousness of manhood, he is the master of destiny. The environments of fortune are, in truth, mere accidents;—with them, or without them, he is infinitely rich, for the eternal treasures are his. But the development of this sentiment is the fruit of a culture, to which the condition of poverty presents constant and increasing obstructions. In one who is born in destitution, and must, in the most favorable circumstances, waste the hopeful energies of youth, and the strength of manhood, in ceaseless toil, before he can redeem himself from the bondage of care for mere animal necessities, it will hardly be less than a miracle, if this self-consciousness should be awakened. Poverty, then, is an evil only in the consequences it brings in its train; of which the worst and most bitter are the necessity of excessive toil, and the ignorance which that involves.

Labor is a dignity and a blessing. It is an essential condition of man's being, to be inferred, if from no surer premises, from the fact that he has a stomach and a pair of hands. The stomach can only be fed by the labor of the hands, and, as every man is furnished with these organs in both kinds, every man is created to labor. It is every man's duty to feed his own mouth; no man has a just claim npon another to do it for him. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," is the rule in this behalf revealed by common sense, as well as by the more imposing inspiration. If any one violates this law, and eats without producing, or more than he produces, the harmony of things is disturbed, and somebody must suffer. Under the present arrangement of all societies, the suffering does not fall upon the transgressor. The drones are made kings, and fed with the choicest of the hive, instead of being driven off into the outer spaces. The great strife of society is to escape from the allotted duty of labor with the hands. The demand for this kind of labor continually increases with the advancement of society in refinement and arts. More elegant mansions are to be built, more sumptuous furniture, finer apparel, daintier food, richer equipages, and an elaborate variety of costlier elegancies and luxuries, to be provided. All these create new demands upon labor, and at the same time extend the desire to escape from it. Those who possess these refinements, are they who, by superior intelligence or cunning, or the inheritance of wealth from those who thus acquired it, have escaped from the common lot of labor, yet who require a vastly increased amount of the results of labor. The demands of their household and private splendor must be borne by labor—the labor of others, whose fruits they consume. Every luxury, possessed without having been earned, is a wrong to somebody, is enjoyed at the expense of injustice to a man—of the debasement of a man. For excessive toil debases man; and excessive toil must be the lot of multitudes in a social organization which takes wealth out of the hands which create it, and gives it to those who have no share in producing it. Labor, though necessary, honorable and a blessing to the soul and body, is in its abuse a terrible punishment and curse, fulfilling literally the awful imprecation, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." It exhausts the body prematurely, blunts, dwarfs the intellect, makes it the mere slave of the hands, and reduces the man to only a little more intelligent machine than the plough or spinning-jenny, that is made up of wood and iron. The mind is enlarged only by exercise; only those faculties grow which are kept active and cultivated. By the laws of the mysterious union between the material and spiritual in man, each requires, for their just and harmonious development, alternate seasons of action and repose. If either of these is denied to either, it suffers, and its growth is stinted. Excessive labor of the hands is, therefore, by no accidental sequence, a robbery of the laborer's opportunities of moral and intellectual culture. The toils of the

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day leave him at night weary and exhausted, incapable of anything but sleep—sleep "that is broken by no dream." None but a heroic soul could grow but feeble, stinted, dwarfish; nay, though the oaks bore books instead of acorns, and there were literally sermons in stones. Even the flowers in his path utter no prophecy in his ears, and he cannot hear the eternal song of the stars.

Resulting from the necessity of unnatural, excessive labor, and the intellectual obstructions it occasions, is the prevailing sentiment that labor in itself is disgraceful, and a curse. That sentiment is seldom expressed in words, and is avoided with very special care by popular orators, when they appeal, on the eve of an election, to the "intelligence of the hard-handed, huge-pawed yeomanry." It is, nevertheless, the concealed spring of much of the life and activity of society. What has produced here, in the free States, where the laborer is acknowledged to be a man, and the equal of all other men, the deathlike apathy concerning the existence of that institution of slavery which crushes the body and soul of the laborer under an iron yoke, but the secret thought of the leaders of opinion, that labor is the natural badge of slavery, that slavery and wages are but different modifications of the same natural and essential condition? The sentiment is uttered, though unspoken, by the eager crowds everywhere found, who seek to escape from the manual occupations into the more respectable headcrafts; in all the distinctions which are made in legislation, custom, or social opinion, between the handicraftsman and others; in the rules of wages in all their details; in every condition, other than that of being a man, annexed to the possession of political rights or social communion; in the deference paid to mere wealth, to the ability to live without occupation, which is, in other words, to live without having fulfilled the first condition of life; in the idea that any honest labor can be menial in itself, or one kind of labor more honorable than another, if it is labor according to the worker's gifts, and well and honorably done. If I accept a service from another, which I would not render him, my action affirms that I consider his office menial and disgraceful. If James gives John a sixpence for a coat of Day & Martin applied to his boots, and will not polish John's boots, and pocket John's sixpence, when the fit occasion offers, James considers John's office servile. If John, knowing that to be James's opinion, brushes his boots, and takes his sixpence, and hesitates to require the same service for the same compensation, because James thinks it servile, John admits that James's opinion is right; John's office is servile, and John, as a man, is degraded. Or, if John, possessing equal skill in his business with James in his, receives a sixpence for a certain amount of time—excluding the cost of materials—occupied in James's service, and both parties are satisfied that the service is well remunerated, and James refuses to receive a sixpence as an equivalent for the same amount of time bestowed in John's service, he looks upon that employment as dishonorable, and John, by giving more as James's right, acknowledges that it is so. The relation might be placed in various other lights.

Now, essentially, no labor is menial, or dishonorable, which contributes to the rational enjoyment of man. In itself, the employment of James is no worthier than that of John, if John's also contributes to the comfort and improvement of social existence. It is not the work a man does, but only the spirit in which he works, that makes it honorable or mean. Those reckoned the lowest offices of society, are readily performed for the relief of suffering, or at the demand of friendship, even by those who scorn them most as occupations. Love ennobles the deed, and makes it heroic. In this view, John the boot-black, or the poorest tinker, with his rude kit and coarse manipulations, may be greater in his work, if we consider the reality and endurance of things, than he whose voice chains senates in attention, or hushes tumultuous crowds in reverent stillness. *This* man's work may perish with the dispersion of the crowd, while *his* is done for the eternal years, whose splendors illuminate and hallow it. In the present arrangement of the social state, scarcely a chance for this heroic work is permitted to the laborer. The dignity and respectability of the laborer are measured, almost exclusively, by the ability to pay, and the necessity of getting, the sixpence. Those employments are reckoned the most worthy of the



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aspirations of young ambition, which offer it the best prospect of being able to be the giver of the coin. James is a gentleman, and John is a menial, because the one has a sixpence, by which he can save himself from the dishonor of brushing his own boots, and the other has a stomach whose ever recurring hunger he can appease only by getting the sixpence into his hands on the required terms. Neither of them stands upon the ground of his manhood. The clear relation of brotherhood and equality is forgotten on both sides. The intrinsic dignity of labor is implicitly denied; a dishonorable service has been demanded and rendered; and they stand in an acknowledged relation of pre-eminence and inferiority.

The worst effect of all this is the impairing of the sentiment of manhood in those thus condemned to hopeless toil, and regarded as degraded by their social position; and of the self-respect and reliance which are both the manifestation and security of that sentiment. The feeling of manhood, in its essence and highest development, approaches, if it be not identical with, religious reverence. Its perfect utterance is, "Know ye, that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwells in you?" It is the foundation of personal virtue,—the only efficient restraint upon the lower appetites. So far as it is weakened or impaired, man's higher nature loses the dominion over him, and the animal rules. Man is no longer a man, living in free obedience to his divine intuitions; but an animal, subject to the sway of his animal propensities. Whose fault is it, then, that men, thus fettered and borne down by unnatural limitations and denials, are ignorant, vicious, degraded, brutalized, slaves of sense and passion, and possessed in the depths of their souls by an indignant feeling of injustice, issuing in hatred and defiance of society? Smothered, but unextinguished, manhood thus unconsciously avenges itself upon the power that has crushed it; and the evil seeds, which its unnatural institutions have sown in man's heart, are returned to society in poisonous harvests. In vain does it build its penitentiaries and scaffolds. These are the crown and consummation of all other injustice, and only aggravate the evils they profess to remedy. Society has no right to punish, but what is derived from the equity and justice of its organization,—the paternal character of its administration. Its jurisdiction is unjust and tyrannical, when not grounded on the truth of the relations it maintains with man.

The evil influences of this unnatural state of things, are not confined to those who outwardly seem to suffer most. The worst effects are not physical, but moral. The other extreme has its peculiar forms of evil. The standard of virtue is not the standard of manhood. Good and evil are not reckoned from the absolute, but from the expedient. Decorums, proprieties, factitious fitnesses of position, rank, office, income, take the place of the universal law of the good and true. Man is here no more a man than in the other extreme; but in his most favorable aspect, a wealthy man, a man of birth, an educated, official, or some other accidental man. Here, as there, hedged in and controlled by his circumstances, he is little more than a bundle of accidents, —superior advantages regarded not as conferring the means of greater benefit to the race, or the society, but as personal distinctions, conferring a real superiority, and just claims for larger demands of reverence and service from mankind. Contempt for the supposed inferior is a characteristic of such a society; and in a truthful view of things, the want of reverence for humanity in any of its manifestations, is not a more venial crime, nor a less prolific seed of evil, than the loss of the sentiment of manhood itself. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, 'thou fool,' shall be in danger of hell-fire." Even the refinements and elegances which indicate the distinction of the favored classes, are a snare and a curse. Luxuries are not in themselves an evil; they are good and desirable. The palace is a fitter residence for man, than the hovel. Within it he may have freer opportunities for large development. Surrounded by the elegances of architecture and household embellishments, he is in a situation much more favorable for self-culture, than if his senses are conversant only with uncouth and ungraceful forms. In a natural state of society, the burnished mirror of the present day would be intrinsically a better and fitter appendage of the female toilet, than the nicely scoured pewter platter, before which

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the beauties of past generations adjusted their "amber-twisted ringlets." A loftier communion than with mere dumb matter is awakened by the beautiful proportions of the Grecian Temple, or amid the solemn majesty of the Gothic Minster. These things are fitted to nourish the sentiment and the love of Beauty, one of the deepest instincts of man, in its true and natural unfolding, leading the soul to the love and worship of the true and good. But their true use is perverted by their becoming appropriated and exclusive possessions, sought for and valued chiefly as tokens of the more fortunate social conditions. They are made things of ostentation and idle vanity, pampering luxurious pride, and starving the nobler sentiments they are fitted to nourish. Their true significance is lost, and they remain only as evidences of the sad and terrible contrasts of the human lot. The evils which afflict the favored classes, may be less gross in their outward exhibition; but perhaps even more dangerous and debasing, more hopeless of reform, and make more utter wreck of manhood, for the very reason that the veil of decency and external decorum covers their grossness even from the eyes of their victims.

In this exhibition of social injustice, and the oppressions of labor, it is not intended to impute any particular degree of blame to any individual, or class or party. The differences of social condition are the results of maxims and laws which have been transmitted from all the past centuries, are consecrated by tradition and authority, interwoven with some of the most intimate convictions of opinion, and pleaded for, perhaps, even by the self-love of some who suffer from their operation, who endure with slight reluctance for the present, in the hope that their, or their children's, turn may come to profit by them. They may be defended by so many plausibilities of feeling and argument, that men are slow to perceive their radical injustice. The fact of their constant existence in all ages, stands for an ultimate reason, the voice of Providence, that original inequalities of condition are not only inevitable, but essential to the harmony of the world. While these things are so, few will be found who will hesitate to seize the opportunities, which the times afford, to mount above their fellows. Therefore, in laboring to reform social abuses, no hostility is felt towards individuals or classes, but only against the false institutions, which create classes, and make poverty an inevitable lot,—which load this one with favors more than he can employ, and deprive that other of his birthright of an equal share of his Father's bountiful and plenteous earth, and of the means of training himself for the holy and lofty services to which that Father has appointed him. No war is waged against the capitalist in behalf of the laborer, for the mere purpose, as a final end, of reversing their positions. If poverty is an inevitable condition of human affairs,—poverty not produced by misconduct,—it is of little consequence who are the individuals that suffer, or that enjoy; especially since among us these distinctions are not likely to be hereditary through many generations. Social evils are not to be remedied by putting down those who thrive by abuses, and putting those who suffer, in their places. "The evil," says La Mennais, "is in the injustice, and not that it is this one, rather than that, who profits by the injustice. Whoever is uppermost, man will still continue in a state of equal suffering, and the world remain unchanged. Good and evil will subsist in the same proportions; they will only be differently arranged in respect to persons. One will mount, and another will descend, and that is all." Nothing, therefore, will be gained by substituting one domination for another. The end to be aimed at, is to subvert all domination, to abolish the social institutions which give rise to separate classes and exclusive privilege, and thus prevent any pre-eminence of one man over another, but what is derived from superior wisdom, or higher virtue. The object of the reformer should be so to re-organize society, as to make it the nurse of manhood, by removing the limitations of man's freedom, and placing him in the most direct relations with the law of his nature, giving him full scope for the free unfolding of himself, and the clear exercise of his activity in that sphere to which his individual gifts direct him. The end is, in other words, so to arrange the conditions of society as to make it a true school for the education of man.

Society is now, and will be under any condition of human affairs, the school of man's practical education. He was placed in it for that end, and in it only can

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he grow to the perfect stature of a man. Let the name be given to whatever institution, endowment, form, establishment, institute or mechanism, it may, life is man's real university,—his practical education is in the influence which society and his fellows shed around the path of his life. All these are not evil. Society is not all a falsehood. Manifold are its influences, which are sanctified and holy, beneath which the strong soul, who truthfully seeks wisdom, may walk in safety, and find peace. But only the strong. For numberless are its temptations and adverse influences, which the weak find it impossible to resist. What then shall be said, viewed in their relation to man's culture, of society's primary denials of manhood; its falsehoods organized in institutions; its insane rivalries and partizanships; its fierce struggles for power; its discordant sects and parties, with their mutual criminations; its restraints upon free opinion and utterance; its sordid, selfish, and solitary industry; its isolated households; its selfish competitions of office, trade, pleasure; even its refinement generating on one side pride and contempt, and hatred and envy on the other; its laws, which punish misfortune as crime, and weave cobweb-nets for magnificent villainy; its administration of justice depending on prescriptive forms and subtle technicalities; its gorgeous palaces built by withholding of his wages from the hireling on whose tattered hovel they look down in cold, glittering mockery; its hereditary wealth won without toil, and received without deserving; its pride, contempt, luxury, licentiousness, and multifarious vanities, contrasted with its poverty, ignorance, and broad-lying degradation; its frequent spectacles of youth without culture and without hope, its manhood without respect, its age without reverence; its workhouses, prisons, and penitentiaries, where it consummates its injustice on its own victims; its public wars and private feuds; its merchandise of human flesh, and its shambles where man is bought and sold; its engrossing avarice beating tumultuously through all its pulses, and filling all the currents of its life,—which measures Man, his intellect, affections, reputation, hopes, necessities, rights, good and evil, by Money, and which dreams of heaven, not because its walls are salvation and its gates praise, but because its edifices are built with rubies and emeralds, and its harmonies are sung to the chords of *golden* harps? "The world dishonors its workmen, stones its prophets, crucifies its saviors; but bows down its neck to wealth however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, *Long live violence and fraud!*"

Few of the evils which men suffer are the results of an inevitable destiny. Man was made for society. Society is a law, a necessity of his being. Social existence, therefore, was not designed to be a state of antagonism, isolated interests and selfish competitions, in which the strong and wise should override and oppress the weak and simple. Its true mission is aid and mutual help, to protect the feeble against the powerful, and secure to every man the free equality of a common humanity. Founded in the oneness of humanity amid the diversity of its forms and manifestations, its primary essential idea is *brotherhood*, and *brotherly help;* not to take away from any one, but to ensure to each and all the full enjoyment of the bounteous resources provided impartially in nature for human subsistence and improvement,—to give to each *freedom to grow*, and attain to the stature of a perfect man.

If such are the true functions of society, it is a mere absurdity; yea, worse, it is to calumniate the Creator, to suppose that its conditions may not be so arranged as to fulfil them. If it do not fulfil them, its organization is false, or imperfect. Social evils are the fruits of the perversion of the natural laws of society. The existence of such evils is itself the evidence of a false and unnatural state. The only adequate remedy, then, the only true protection to labor, is a return to nature and justice. It has been seen that one of the prime sources of evil is the unjust distribution of property, which has imposed upon vast masses of mankind a life of ceaseless toil for mere animal necessities, made even their labor a sordid drudgery and dishonor, and robbed them of the leisure for mental improvement, without which the individual must remain dwarfed of the just proportions of a man. That leisure is man's right, and it is written in the book of Providence that the race shall one day attain it. Silently, through the ages of the past, where the laborer has been doomed to unrequited

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toil and unpitied suffering, the stripes of his scourging have been working out and hastening his deliverance. The *brass* collar has been filed from the neck of "Curth, the son of Beowulf, the born thrall of Cedric, of Rotherwood." But that is not the end. The *silver* gorget of "Wamba, the son of Witless," still presses upon the neck of his descendants. That, too, shall be cast off; for humanity has not yet attained an ultimate state. Man, the laborer, in acquiring political rights, and the privileges of wages, has not attained the highest condition of his existence. In the past, the progress of labor towards the successive improvements of its condition has been effected, in almost every step, by convulsion and blood. It may be so in the future. It may be that, from every new position he shall gain, he may have to turn back upon his path, to build up the desolations, and repair the wastes he has made on his way thither. But thus it need not be. Thus it will not be, if they, to whom wealth and wisdom, or that which passes for wisdom, have given the direction of the world's outward affairs, will set themselves in earnest to meet, or anticipate, with generous manliness, instead of foolishly striving to counteract, the march of events, the ordinances of Providence. Let political economy leave its poor fantastic problems of demand and supply, of furnishing employment to labor, and other speculative vanities. Let American statesmen and politicians cease their idle babbling about the balance of trade and discriminating tariffs, and labor to carry out the authentic "American system," by which alone the laborer can be really protected. Give to labor all its rights, social equality, freedom of industry, and it needs no other protection from government, though all the world conspire against it. This is the true *American System* which we are called to pursue, equally by the social principles we profess and the motives of mere selfish interest. The elevation of labor is the peculiar mission of our institutions, the basis of our history, the only hope of our public fortunes. Our national existence is the affirmation of the worth of man, as man, of the essential equality, social and political, of all men. To the people, the laborer, the low as well as the high, are the fortunes of the nation committed. Every man is a laborer, or may become one. The capitalist of to-day may become the hireling of to-morrow. It is the real interest of all to remove social abuses, since all in turn may be their victims. In any event, many successive generations cannot profit by them. There can be no hereditary advantages of any long continuance. Every man is interested in the well-being and just order of the present, in such a sense as no community of ancient or modern times has been. And for the future, love of posterity, the strong and just motive for so much of the activity of society, would impel every man, without exception, if he viewed it wisely, to labor for a perfect social equality, as the surest provision for the welfare of his descendants. What, then, shall hinder a peaceful and perfect development of the theory of our institutions, the righting of the wrongs of man, the laborer, and the reconstruction of society, in fact as in form, upon the principles of immutable truth and justice? History, experience, and prophecy, with voices of many tones but one accord, incite us to earnest, loving work for such a renovation, which all the past and the present are working together to consummate in the future. How near a future, who can tell? Let not indifference, or unbelief, or despair, struggle to retard it. They are evil and unclean demons, spirits of the outer darkness, and have no right to interfere in man's affairs. Faith and hope are the guiding stars of his fortunes, and always is his salvation nearer, as soon as he believes, and loves, and hopes.

Such a reorganization is practicable, without violating any of the rights acquired under the existing social arrangements; that shall reconcile the conflicting claims of labor and capital, and secure a just distribution of wealth, without evoking any hideous agrarian spectre and chimera. It consists simply in the application of the principle of Association, which is the mainspring of so much of the activity of the present age, to the industrial affairs of society. I have no definite scheme to propose, but only offer some desultory hints. The labor and the capital of the world are now, in a large degree, hostile, and their interests adverse. Capital is the master of labor. Labor itself is solitary, antagonistic, and inefficient. In consequence of the misapplication and want of a proper di-

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vision of labor, an incalculable amount, even in the employments most skilfully conducted, is wasted, and yields no return. In various ways, besides the appropriation, by a part, of an undue share of the products, industry is barren of results, its activity is dissipated in profitless toil, and it is made a drudgery and curse. By a judicious union and coöperation of the capital and labor of society, and an equitable distribution of the products of their united activity; the evils which now encompass both, and weigh upon the latter with so terrible a pressure, would be avoided, and both incalculably benefited. By coöperation, a vastly increased amount of comfort for any one may be obtained at less expense, than is possible under the present disjointed, counteracting and hostile arrangements. It is capable of statistical demonstration, that if every one who is able, should labor only four hours a day, with the aid of the mechanical facilities already in the possession of society, the whole, and vastly more than the present work of society would be done, and more perfectly than it now is. If this be so, what an enormous, oppressive and terrible wrong is inflicted upon the laborer who is compelled to labor twelve or fifteen hours a day, for little more than a bare subsistence, and to whom that is the destiny of his life! Under a just distribution of labor and its products, the luxuries and embellishments of life would be indefinitely multiplied, and instead of being made the panders of the pride of a few, would be brought within the reach of all, and serve their true mission of refining the manners and sentiments of all. Until industry is made harmonious, helpful, brought into loving coöperation, men will never know how rich and glorious a world they occupy; what prodigality of wealth is laid up for them in the open storehouses of Providence; how foolish, unnatural and insane is their unbrotherly struggle for the richest vintages and costliest bowls, while Nature has provided for every one golden cups and the waters of life.

Such an association of industry, and equitable division of its fruits, would resolve and supersede most of the hitherto insoluble problems of political economy, with which Congresses are vexed, and nations disquieted. It would give to labor a substantial protection, which will be attempted for ever in vain by tariffs and discriminating duties. Production and consumption, instead of being dependent upon commerce, and a thousand unknown and incalculable contingencies, would be brought into fixed, permanent, and manifest relations. The number of consumers would be indefinitely increased, by the conversion of millions of laborers, whose demands are now restricted within the limits of the most indispensable physical wants, into independent workmen, in whom the wants of sentiment and taste no longer clamor for supply in vain. There would be an end to the unsatisfactory inquiries concerning the causes, prevention and remedies of high and low prices, over-production and scarcity; and the endless controversies about specie and paper currencies would vanish into thin air. Above all, and as the end of all, man will obtain leisure,—no longer degraded and enslaved by labor, but ennobled and strengthened thereby to the most appropriate culture, and clearest development of his moral and intellectual powers.

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The above article contains a few passages not exactly corresponding to our own views; yet, in the main, it is so just and excellent, that we do not allow a few points of slight difference to constitute a reason against its publication in these pages.—Ed. Dem. Review.

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# THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA AND HIS SLAVES.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF GIAFAR AL BARMEKI, A TALE OF THE COURT OF HAROUN AL RASCHID.

ALI BANU, the Sheik of Alexandria, was a singular man. When in the morning he walked through the streets of the city clothed with a turban of the costliest cashmere, a rich robe and girdle which were worth fifty camels, as he passed slowly along with grave step, his forehead gathered in dark folds, his brows knit together, his eyes downcast, and thoughtfully every five steps stroking his long black beard,—as he thus went to the mosque as his office demanded, to read the Koran to believers, then would the people stop in the streets and gaze after him, and say to one another, "He is a handsome, stately man." "And rich, a rich man," another would add perhaps; "very rich, has he not a castle at the harbor of Stamboul? Has he not estates and fields, many thousand cattle and many slaves?" "Yes," spake a third, "and the Tartar who was lately sent to him from Stamboul, from the Grand Seignor himself (the Prophet bless him), the Tartar told me that our Sheik stood in great esteem with the Reis Effendi, the Capudan Bashas, with all, even with the Sultan himself." "Yes," cried a fourth, "his steps be blessed; he is a rich, noble lord, but—but—you know what I mean?" "Yes, yes," murmured the others, "it is true, he has his burden to bear; I would not exchange with him; he is wealthy and renowned, but—but—"

Ali Banu had a noble house upon the finest square in Alexandria; before the house was a broad terrace, walled around with marble, and shaded with palm trees; there he often sat in the evening and smoked his chibouk. In respectful distance, twelve richly dressed slaves awaited his nod. One bore his betel root, another held his parasol, a third had vessels of solid gold filled with rich sherbet; a fourth carried a fan of peacock's feathers to scare away the flies from his master, others were singers, and held lutes and wind instruments to delight him with music when he desired it, and the most learned of all had several scrolls to read before him.

But they delayed in vain for his nod; he wished neither music nor song; he would hear no sentences nor poems of the wise poets of former times; he desired no sherbet nor to chew betel root; even the slave with the peacock's feathers had his labor in vain, for the Sheik noticed it not when the flies swarmed humming about him.

Those who passed by often stood still and wondered at the splendor of the house, the richly dressed slaves, and the luxury with which everything was provided; but when they looked upon the Sheik as he sat serious and gloomy beneath the palms, and turned his eyes upon nothing except the blueish clouds from his chibouk, they shook their heads and said, "Truly the rich man is a poor man; he who has much is poorer than he who has nothing; for the Prophet has not given him understanding to enjoy it." Thus spoke the people, laughed at him, and went their way. One evening, as the Sheik sat thus before the door of his house beneath the palm trees, surrounded by all the splendor of the earth, and lonely and mournfully smoked his chibouk, some young people stood not far off, considered him and laughed.

"Truly," said one, "he is a foolish man that Sheik Ali Banu. If I had his treasures I would apply them very differently. I would every day live gaily and in pleasure; my friends should eat at my table in the splendid chambers of the house, and merriment and laughter should fill those mournful halls."

"Yes," replied another, "that were not so bad, but many friends consume an estate, even were it as great as the Sultan's, whom the Prophet bless; if I sat so in the evening under the palm trees upon that beautiful spot, then should yonder slaves sing and play, my dancers should dance and leap, and

* Translated from the German of Hauff.

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display their best skill, while I would smoke comfortably the chibouk, call for the rich sherbet, and enjoy myself with all this like a king in Bagdad."

"The Sheik," said a third of these young people, who was a scribe, "the Sheik must be a learned and wise man, and truly his lectures upon the Koran evince familiarity with all the poets and writings of wisdom, but is his life so regulated as beseems a reasonable being? There stands a slave with a whole armful of scrolls—I would give my best suit to be allowed to read even one of them, for they are certainly rare things, but he—he sits and smokes and leaves the books unnoticed. Were I the Sheik Ali Banu, that fellow should read before me until he were out of breath, or until night came, and even then he should not cease reading until I had fallen asleep."

"Ha! you know indeed how to live a fine life," laughed a fourth, "to eat and drink, sing and dance, read sentences, and hear the poems of miserable poets! No—I would do very differently. He has the finest horses and camels, and much money; were I in his place I would travel—travel to the end of the world, even to the Muskovites, even to the Franks. No journey would be too far to see the riches of the world; thus would I do were I that man yonder."

"Youth is a lovely time, and the age when one is happy," said an old man of needy appearance who stood near them, and had heard their discourse, "but permit me also to say that youth is foolish and prates at random without knowing what."

"What mean you by that, old man?" inquired the young people in surprise. "Do you mean us by that? What matter is it to you if we blame the life of the Sheik?

"If any one knows anything better than another, let him correct his error; such is the will of the prophet," returned the old man. "The Sheik, it is true, is blessed with treasures, and possesses all which the heart desires; still has he cause to be serious and sorrowful. Think you he has always been thus? No; fifteen years ago I saw him, and then he was cheerful and active as the gazelle, and lived happily and enjoyed the world. At that time he had a son, the delight of his days, beautiful and well-shaped, and whoever saw him and heard him speak, must have envied the Sheik this treasure, for he was only ten years old, and still was already as learned as others scarcely are at eighteen."

"And is he dead? The poor Sheik!" exclaimed the young scribe.

"It would be a consolation for him to know that he had gone home to the dwelling of the Prophet, where he would be better provided for than here in Alexandria; but he has not this consolation. It was at that time when the Franks, like hungry wolves, crossed into our land and warred with us. They had conquered Alexandria, and marched out hence farther and farther, and attacked the Mamelukes. The Sheik was a wise man, and knew how to keep on good terms with them; but whether they coveted his treasures, or that he had afforded shelter to some believing Mussulmans, I am not certainly informed. Well, they came one day into his house, and accused him of secretly supplying the Mamelukes with arms, horses, and provisions. It was in vain to assert his innocence, for the Franks are a rough, hard-hearted people, when they wish to extort money. They took his young son, Kairam, as he was called, as a hostage into their camp. He offered much gold for him, but they refused to give him up, in hopes probably of urging him to higher offers. All at once there came a command from their Basha, or whoever it was, to embark. No one in Alexandria knew a word thereof, and, suddenly, they were upon the broad sea, and it is probable that they carried little Kairam, Ali Banu's son, with them, for nothing has since been heard of him."

"Ah, the poor man, how has Allah stricken him!" exclaimed the young people with one voice, and looked compassionately towards the Sheik, who, surrounded by splendor, sat lonely and sad beneath the palm trees.

"His wife, whom he much loved, died from sorrow for her son. As for him, he purchased a ship, equipped it, and agreed with a Frankish physician, who lives below by the brook yonder, to journey with him to Frangistan, to seek out his lost son. They embarked, were a long time upon the sea, and arrived at last in the land of those Giaours, those unbelievers who had been in Alexandria. But there things were in a dreadful condition. They had killed their Sultan with the Bashas; the poor

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and rich were beheading and murdering each other, and there was no longer any order in the land. In vain sought they in every city after the little Kairam; no one knew anything of him, and the Frankish Doctor at last counselled the Sheik to set sail, because otherwise perhaps even their own heads would have been in danger.

"So they returned again; and since his arrival, the Sheik has lived as on this day, for he mourns for his son, and he has cause. When he eats and drinks, must he not think, Now perhaps my poor Kairam is without food and drink! And when he clothes himself with rich shawls, fine garments, as his office and dignity demand, must he not say, He now, perhaps, has not wherewith to cover his nakedness! And when he is surrounded by singers and dancers and readers, his slaves, says he not, Now, perhaps, is my poor son obliged to dance and play before his Frankish master, as he orders it. And what gives him the greatest sorrow is, he believes that so far from the land of his fathers, and in the midst of unbelievers, who will scoff at him, the little Kairam will become an apostate from the faith of his country, and he will not one day be able to embrace him in the gardens of paradise. For this reason he is so mild towards his slaves, and gives great sums to the poor, for he thinks Allah will repay it, and move, perhaps, the heart of his Frankish master, that he treat his son mildly. And when that day comes upon which his son was torn from him, he gives twelve slaves their freedom."

"Of this I also have heard," replied the scribe. "Singular reports indeed are rumored, but not a word of his son is mentioned in them. It is said merely that he is a strange man, and fond of listening to the narrations of his slaves. It is said also that every year he has a trial of skill among them, and to the one whose story most delights he gives his liberty."

"Trust not to the speech of the people," said the old man, "it is as I have said, and I know it accurately. It is possible that on that heavy day he may wish to cheer himself, and listens to their tales, but he frees them for his son's sake. But the evening is getting cool, and I must go my way. Salaam aleikam! Peace be with you, ye young men, and for the future think better of the good Sheik."

The young people thanked the old man for his information, looked once again at the sorrowing father, and walked down the street, saying to each other, "After all I would not be the Sheik Ali Banu."

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Not long after these young people had spoken with the old man of the Sheik Ali Banu, it happened that about the time of the morning prayer they walked again through this street. The old man and his narrative then occurred to them, and with one voice they grieved for the Sheik, and looked towards his house. But what was their astonishment, to see there everything adorned in the most sumptuous manner. Streamers and pennons waved from the roof, where the beautiful, gaily dressed slaves were walking; the entrance hall of the house was covered with costly carpets; silken stuff joined to this was spread over the broad steps of the winding ascent, and even upon the street beautiful fine cloth was extended, from which many would have wished a foot carpet or a festival suit.

"Ha! how the Sheik has changed within a few days," said the young scribe. "Will he give a feast? Will he employ his singers and dancers? Look at these carpets—has any one as fine in all Alexandria? And this cloth upon the common earth—truly it is a shame!"

"Do you know what I think?" said another. "He receives certainly some high guest, for these are the preparations which they make, when a lord of extensive lands, or an Effendi from the Grand Seignor blesses a house with his presence. Who can it be that comes to-day?"

"Look, is not that our late old friend walking yonder? Ha! he knows all about it doubtless, and must give us an explanation of the matter. Ho, there! old man. Will you not step hither?" Thus they called; the old man observed their signs, and came to them, for he recognized them as the young people with whom he had spoken a few days before. They called his attention to the preparations in the house of the Sheik, and asked him if he knew not what high guest was expected.

"You think, then," he replied, "that Ali Banu celebrates a festival, or that the visit of a great lord honors his house. It is not so; but to-day, as you

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know, is the twelfth of the month Ramadan, and on this day was his son carried away into the camp of the Franks."

"But, by the beard of the Prophet," exclaimed one of the young people, "everything looks as if arranged for bridal festivities, and still it is his well known day of mourning. How rhyme you that together? Confess the Sheik is somewhat shattered in his understanding."

"Judge you always so hastily?" asked the old man, smiling. "Your arrow was this time pointed and sharp, and the string of your bow tightly drawn, and still have you shot wide from the mark. Know, that to-day the Sheik expects his son."

"He is found, then," exclaimed the youths, and were delighted.

"No, and perhaps he will not be found for a long time; but learn, that eight or ten years ago, when the Sheik passed this day in mourning and lamentation, and freed his slaves, and gave many poor food and drink, it happened also that he afforded nourishment to a dervish, who lay weary and faint beneath the shadow of his house. The dervish was a holy man, and skilled in prophesying and in reading the stars. When he was strengthened by the mild hand of the Sheik, he approached him and said: 'I know the cause of thy sorrow; is not to-day the twelfth of the month Ramadan, and hast thou not on this day lost thy son? But be consoled. This day of mourning will become a day of joy to thee; for know, that on this day thy son will return.' Thus spake the dervish. It were a sin for a Mussulman to doubt the words of such a man. Ali's sorrow, it is true, was not thereby removed; still, however, he awaits on this day the return of his son, and adorns his house, his halls and steps, as if he might arrive at each hour."

"Wonderful!" replied the scribe. "But would that I could be there to see how nobly all is arranged, how he himself mourns in the midst of this splendor, and especially to listen to the stories of his slaves."

"Nothing is easier than this," answered the old man. "The overseer of the slaves in that house has been my friend for many years, and grants me always a place in the apartment on this day, where amid the crowd of servants and friends of the Sheik, a single person is not observed. I will speak with him that he may admit you. You are only four, and it can easily be arranged. Come to this spot about the ninth hour, and I will give you an answer."

Thus said the old man; the young people thanked him, and departed full of curiosity for the result.

At the appointed hour they came upon the square before the house of the Sheik. The old man approached them, and said that the overseer of the slaves had permitted him to bring them with him. He went forward, not up the richly covered steps, and through the wide portal, but by a side door which he carefully locked again. Then he led them through several passages until they came to the large saloon. There was here a great throng from all sides; there were richly dressed men, noble lords of the city, and friends of the Sheik, who had come to console him in his grief. There were slaves of all kinds and nations. But they all appeared sorrowful, for they loved their master, and mourned with him. At the end of the saloon upon a rich divan sat the chosen friends of Ali Banu, and were attended by slaves. Near them, upon the floor, sat the Sheik, for sorrow for his son permitted him not to sit upon the carpet of joy. His head was supported upon his hand, and he seemed little to hear the consolation which his friends whispered to him. Opposite to him sat some old and young men, in slaves' apparel. The old man informed his young friends that these were the slaves to whom Ali Banu would this day give their freedom. There were among them some Franks, and he particularly called their attention to one of them who was distinguished for his beauty, and was still very young. The Sheik had a few days before purchased him from a slave merchant of Tunis, for a great sum, and still he already gave him his liberty; for he believed that the more Franks he sent back to their native land, so much the sooner would the Prophet release his son.

After fruits and sherbets had been carried around to all, the Sheik gave a sign to the overseer of the slaves. This one stood up, and there was a deep silence in the apartment. He stepped in front of those slaves who were to be freed, and said, with a clear and distinct voice: "Ye men who to-day are to ob-

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tain your freedom by the favor of my lord Ali Banu, the Sheik of Alexandria, do now as is the custom on this day, in this house, and commence your narrations."

They whispered with one another. An old slave then raised his voice, and commenced as follows:

### THE STORY OF THE SPECTRE SHIP.

My father owned a little shop in Balsora; he was neither poor nor rich, and was one of those kind of men who are unwilling to venture anything, from the fear of losing the little which they have. He educated me plainly, but well, and soon brought me along so far that I could be of some assistance to him. When I was about eighteen years old, and at the time when he made his first great venture, he died, probably out of sorrow that he had trusted a thousand pieces of gold to the sea. Soon afterwards, however, I could not help viewing his death as a blessing to him, since he died ignorant of a misfortune, which he would have dreaded even more than the loss of life, for the news came in a few weeks that the ship to which my father trusted his property had been wrecked. But this event could not bend my youthful courage. All which my father had left behind I turned into money, and went forth to seek my fortune in a foreign country, accompanied only by an old servant of my father's, who from long attachment would not separate himself from me and my fate.

We set sail from the harbor of Balsora with a favorable wind. The ship in which I had embarked was bound for India. We had already proceeded fifteen days upon the ordinary course, when the captain announced to us the approach of a storm. He looked disturbed, for it seemed he was not sufficiently acquainted with the navigation in those seas to meet a storm with composure. He ordered all the sails to be taken in, and we were driven slowly along. The night had come on; it was clear and cold, and the captain believed that he had been deceived in his expectation of a storm. Suddenly a ship glided by us, which we had not before observed. Wild shouting and screaming resounded from the deck, at which I greatly wondered, in that hour of anxiety, before an approaching tempest. But the captain, who stood at my side, became pale as death. "My ship is lost!" he exclaimed. "There sail the DEAD!" Before I could question him concerning the singular exclamation, the sailors rushed in screaming and howling. "Have you seen it?" they cried. "It is now all over with us!"

At the captain's desire some devout sentences were read from the Koran, and he then placed himself at the helm. But in vain! The storm now commenced to rage, and before an hour had passed the ship struck, and remained immovable. Her boats were got out, and scarcely had they rescued the last sailor, when the ship sank before our eyes, and I was a beggar upon the wide sea. I clasped my old servant in my arms, and we promised not to forsake each other. At last the day broke; but the reddish gleam of the morning had scarce met our eyes, when the wind caught the boat in which we sat, and in an instant overturned it. I have never seen any of the ship's crew since. The accident had stunned me, and when I recovered I found myself in the arms of my faithful old servant, who had saved himself upon the bottom of the boat, and had drawn me up after him. The storm had subsided. Nothing more was to be seen of our vessel, but we descried another ship not far off, towards which the waves were driving us. As we came nearer, I recognized it as the same which had passed us in the night, and at which the captain had been so terrified. I felt a strange horror at that ship. The exclamation of the captain, which had been so fearfully confirmed, the desolate appearance of the vessel, upon which no one was to be seen, however near we came to it, or however loud we called out—all this filled me with terror. But it was our only means of safety, and quieting our fears we thanked the Prophet who had so wonderfully preserved us.

A long rope hung down from the prow of the ship. We rowed towards it with our hands and feet, in order to lay hold thereof. We at last succeeded. I called out loudly, but not a sound was to be heard on board. We climbed up

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by the rope, I, as the youngest, first. But who can imagine my horror at the spectacle which met my sight as I stepped upon the deck! It was stained with blood, and thereupon lay from twenty to thirty bodies in Turkish garments, around. Against the mainmast stood a man richly dressed, with a drawn cimeter in his hand; his face was pale and distorted, and a large nail was driven directly through his forehead, which fastened him to the mast. He too was dead. Terror held my steps; I ventured scarcely to breathe. By this time my companion had ascended. The view of the deck, which showed nothing living, but only so many frightful corpses, startled him also. We ventured at last to proceed farther, after we had prayed in anguish of soul to the Prophet. At each step we looked about us, to see if nothing new and more fearful would display itself; but everything remained as it was; all around there was nothing living, nothing moving, but ourselves and the ocean. We did not once venture to speak loud, from fear that the dead captain, who was nailed to the mast, might cast his staring eyes upon us, or one of the bodies turn its head. At last we arrived to the stairs which led to the cabin. Here we involuntarily made a pause, and looked upon each other, for neither of us ventured to express his thoughts.

"Oh, master!" said my faithful servant, at last, "something dreadful has happened here. But even if the ship is full of murderers below, yet I would rather yield myself to their mercy or their cruelty, than to stay longer among these dead." I thought as he did; we took heart and descended, full of anxiety. But all was as still as the grave here also, except the noise of our steps as they sounded upon the stairs. We stood at the door of the cabin. I placed my ear against it, and listened, but there was nothing to be heard. I opened it. The room presented a singular appearance. Garments, and weapons, and various other things lay scattered around. Everything was in confusion. The crew, or at least the captain, must have been carousing very lately, for the traces of it were still evident. We went on from room to room, and found everywhere a rare store of silks, pearls, sugar, &c., &c. I was overjoyed at this sight, for as no one was in the ship, I thought that all would come into my possession, but Ibrahim recalled to me the thought that we were still very far from land; whither we could not arrive alone and without aid.

We refreshed ourselves with the food and drink of which we found an abundance, and ascended, at last, again upon the deck. But here we were in continual horror, at the fearful spectacle before us. We resolved at last to get rid of the bodies, by throwing them into the sea; but what were our feelings, when we found that not one of them could be moved from its place! They lay as if fast bound to the deck, and to remove them, it would be necessary to tear up the planks, for the accomplishment of which we were destitute of instruments. The captain also could not be made loose from the mast, neither could we force the cimeter from his rigid hand. We passed the day in sad reflections upon our situation, and when the night drew on, I permitted old Ibrahim to lay down and sleep, while I watched upon the deck, in order to look around for aid. But as the moon arose, and when I reckoned by the stars that it was about eleven o'clock, such an irresistible sleep fell upon me that I sank down behind a cask that stood upon the deck. Yet it was rather stupefaction than sleep, for I heard plainly the sea washing against the side of the ship, and the sails rattling and whistling in the wind. Suddenly I thought I heard voices and steps upon the deck. I tried to raise myself up in order to look around for them, but an invisible power seemed to render me motionless, nor was I able even to unclose my eyes. But the voices became still more distinct, and it appeared to me as if a merry ship's crew were hurrying to and fro about the deck. Among these I thought I could distinguish the powerful voice of one in command, and I heard clearly the ropes and sails drawn up and down. By degrees my senses disappeared, and I fell into a deep sleep, in which a clashing of weapons seemed still to reach my ear. When I awoke the sun stood high, and was casting his burning rays upon my face. I gazed around in wonder; storm and ship, the dead, and all that I had heard during the night, seemed to me a dream, but as I looked I found everything as it had been yesterday. The dead lay motion-

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less; motionless was the captain, and still nailed to the mast. I smiled at my dream, and rose to seek my old servant.

He was sitting thoughtfully in the state-room. "Oh, master!" he exclaimed, as I entered, "I would rather sleep in the deepest abyss of the ocean than pass another night in this accursed ship." I asked him the cause of his distress, and he answered, "After I had slept a few hours, I awoke and heard footsteps crossing backward and forward over my head. At first I thought it was you, but there were at least twenty who were running around, and I heard also a loud calling and shouting. At last, heavy footsteps ascended the stairs. After this I lost all consciousness, yet at some moments my senses would return, and then I saw that same man, who is nailed to the mast above, seated at yonder table, singing and drinking, while the one in scarlet dress, who lies not far from him on the deck, sat near him and joined in his merriment." Such were the words of my old servant.

You will believe, my lord, that my mind was not perfectly at ease. It was no deception; I also had plainly heard the dead. To sail in such company was horrible. But Ibrahim sank again into deep thought. "Now I have it!" he exclaimed at last. He had called to mind a charm that his grandfather, an experienced traveller, had taught him, which was of great efficacy against all spectres and magic, and he also asserted that that irresistible sleep which fell upon us might in the following night be prevented, by repeating devoutly sentences from the Koran. The proposition of the old man pleased me well. In sad expectation we saw the night approach. Adjoining the cabin was a small closet, into which we resolved to withdraw. He bored several holes in the door, large enough to afford us a view of the whole cabin; then we fastened it upon the inside as securely as possible, and Ibrahim wrote the name of the Prophet in the four corners of our hiding-place. Thus we awaited the horrors of the night. It was perhaps about eleven o'clock, when I began to feel exceedingly drowsy. My companion counselled me to repeat some sentences from the Koran, which certainly was of service to me. All at once everything seemed to be alive on deck, the ropes rattled, footsteps were heard, and several voices could clearly be distinguished. We remained thus for several moments, in anxious expectation, when we heard some one descend the stairs of the cabin. When the old man heard this, he commenced to repeat the spell which his grandfather had taught him:

"Come from the fire, come,
Come from the wat'ry wave,
Come from your airy home,
Come from the midnight cave,
Allah rules in the darkest hour,
Spirits, hear! and obey his power."

I must confess I had little confidence in this spell, and my hair stood on end as the door flew open. That tall stately man whom I had seen nailed to the mast entered. The nail was still in his forehead, but he had placed his cimeter in its sheath; he was followed by another, less richly dressed; him also I had seen lying above. The captain, as the former undoubtedly was, had a pale face, a full black beard, and dark, rolling eyes, with which he glared around the whole cabin. I could see him very distinctly as he passed by our door, but he seemed not to notice the place of our concealment. Both seated themselves at the table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and spoke with a loud and almost screaming tone in an unknown language. They grew louder and more earnest, until at last the captain struck with his clenched hand upon the table, so that the cabin rung with the sound. The other leaped up with wild laughter, and beckoned to the captain to follow him. The latter arose, drew his cimeter from its sheath, and both left the cabin. We breathed more freely when they were gone, but still our anguish was not at an end. The noise grew louder and louder upon the deck. We heard a hurrying hither and thither, a shouting, laughing and howling. At last, a perfect hell seemed to be let loose; it was as if sails, mast and deck were coming down upon us, and then the clashing of weapons and screaming, and then—a sudden, complete silence. After many hours, we ventured to go on deck, and found all as usual; not one lay differently from his former position, and all were rigid and immovable.

Thus many days passed in the ship; we were sailing steadily towards the east, in which direction, according to my reckoning, lay the land; but although we advanced many miles during the

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day, yet by night we seemed to retrace our course, for when the sun rose we found ourselves always upon the same spot. We could not explain this in any other way, than that each night the *Dead* sailed back again with a fair wind. In order to guard against this, we drew in the sails before night came, and took the same precautions with those that we had taken with the door in the cabin; we wrote the name of the Prophet upon parchment, together with the spell, and bound them around the furled sails. We awaited the result with great anxiety in our closet. This night the spectres seemed to rage worse than ever, but on the following morning we found the sails all furled as we had left them. During the day we set as many sails as were necessary to urge the ship gently along, and after five days we had made a good stretch upon our way.

Finally, on the morning of the sixth day, we discovered land at a little distance, and we thanked Allah and his Prophet for our wonderful deliverance. During this day and the following night, we sailed slowly along the coast, and on the seventh morning we thought we could see a city not far off. With much trouble we dropped an anchor into the sea, which soon took the ground; then got out a small boat which was upon the deck, and rowed with all our might towards the shore. In half an hour we entered a river which poured itself into the sea, and landed. At the gate of the city we inquired after the name of the place, and learned that it was a city in India, not far from the one for which I had at first embarked. We entered a caravanserai, and refreshed ourselves from the fatigues of our hazardous voyage. I inquired there after a wise and learned man, giving the host to understand that I wished to see one who had some skill in magic. He conducted me through a remote street, to a mean house, knocked, and then bade me enter, telling me I must inquire for Muley. An old man, with a white beard and long nose, came to meet me as I entered, and asked my business. I told him I sought the wise Muley, and he answered me that it was himself. I now asked his advice as to what I should do with the dead, and what means I should take to get them from the ship. He answered, "that the crew of that ship had probably been enchanted upon the sea for some crime; he believed the spell would vanish if they were once brought to land, but this could not be effected unless the boards were removed upon which they lay." He added, "that the ship, with its treasures, belonged to me, both by law and justice, for it might be said that I had found them, as it were; still, however, I must keep everything secret, and for a small present out of my abundance, he would assist me with his slaves to remove the dead." I promised to reward him richly, and we set out, accompanied by five slaves, provided with axes and saws. On our way, the magician could not sufficiently praise our happy expedient of winding about the sails sentences from the Koran. It was the only means he said which could have saved us.

It was still tolerably early in the day when we arrived at the ship. We set immediately to work, and in an hour four of the bodies lay already in the boat. Some of the slaves rowed them to land, in order to inter them. They related when they returned, that the dead had saved them the trouble of a burial, having fallen to dust as soon as they had been placed upon the earth. We continued to remove the bodies, and before evening they were all brought to land. At last there were none on board, except the one who was nailed to the mast. We tried in vain to draw the nail from the wood, no force could stir it a hair's breadth. I knew not what to do, as we could not cut down the mast for the sake of taking it on shore. But Muley helped me out of this embarrassment. He ordered a slave to row quickly to the land to procure a vessel filled with earth. When it was brought, the magician pronounced some mysterious words, and strewed the earth upon the head of the dead man. The latter immediately unclosed his eyes, drew a deep breath, and the wound from the nail in his forehead commenced to bleed. We now drew the nail easily out, and the wounded man fell into the arms of one of the slaves.

"Who has brought me here?" he said, after he had seemed to revive a little. Muley pointed to me, and I stepped near to him. "I thank thee, unknown stranger. Thou hast rescued me from long torments. For fifty years has my body sailed over these waves,

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and my spirit was condemned each night to return to it. But my head has at last touched the earth, and I can go reconciled to my fathers." I prayed him to relate to us how he had come into that frightful condition, and he said: "Fifty years ago I was a noble, powerful man, and dwelt at Algiers. Love of gain impelled me to fit out a ship and commence piracy. I had already carried on this trade for some time, when at Zante I took a Dervish on board, who wished to make the voyage without expense. I and my companions were rude people, and had but little reverence for the sanctity of the man; we even made him our continual sport. One night, in holy zeal he had pointed out to me the sinfulness of my present course of life, and having retired to my cabin, where I drank freely with the helmsman, I became overpowered by anger at the recollection of it. Enraged at what a Dervish had said, and which I would have permitted no sultan to say to me, I rushed upon deck and plunged a poignard in his breast. Expiring, he cursed me and my crew with this curse, 'that we should neither die nor live until our heads had touched the earth.' The Dervish died; we threw him into the sea, and laughed at his threats; but in that self-same night his words were fulfilled. A part of my crew mutinied against me. We fought with dreadful fury until those of my party were slain, and I myself nailed to the mast. The mutineers also died of their wounds, and soon my ship was naught but a great grave. My eyes lost their sight, my breath stopped, and I thought I was dying. But it was a torpor only that held me bound. In the following night, and in the same hour in which I had thrown the Dervish into the sea, I awoke, and life returned to all my companions; but we could do and say nothing but what we had done and spoken on that night. Thus have we sailed for fifty years, neither living nor dead, and unable either to live or die, for how could we reach the land? With wild pleasure we sailed always with every sail set in a storm, for we hoped at last to dash upon some rock, and that our weary heads might find repose at the bottom of the sea. It has not happened to us. But *now* I shall die. Receive once more my thanks, unknown stranger; if treasures can reward thee, take my ship as a memorial of my gratitude."

His head drooped when he had thus spoken, and he expired. He also, like his companions, fell immediately to dust. We collected it in a box, and buried it on shore. I then engaged workmen of the city, who put my ship in good condition. After I had exchanged the wares which I had on board, for others at a good profit, I hired sailors, richly rewarded my friend Muley, and embarked for my native city. On my way I stopped at many islands, and disposed of my merchandise. The Prophet blessed my undertakings. After nine months I landed at Balsora, having doubled the property which the dying captain had left me. My neighbors were astonished at my wealth and good fortune, and believed nothing else than that I had found the diamond valley of the renowned traveller Sinbad. I left them to their belief, and from that time forth it is the custom of the young people of Balsora, when they are about eighteen years old, to go forth into the world like me, to seek their fortune. I lived for a long while happily and in peace, and every five years I made a journey to Mecca, to thank Allah for his blessings on that holy spot, and to pray for the captain and his crew that they may be received into Paradise. Misfortunes which it would weary you to hear, at last threw me into your hands, my lord.

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Thus related the slave. After he had ended, the Sheik Ali Banu directed fruits to be handed to him, and to the other slaves to refresh them, and while they ate discoursed with his friends. But the young men whom the old man had introduced were full of admiration at the Sheik, at his house and all his regulations. "Truly," said the young scribe, "there is no more pleasant pastime than to listen to stories like these. I could sit thus for days, with my legs crossed, my right arm supported upon a cushion, my forehead resting upon one hand, and, if it might be, the Sheik's long chibouk in the other, and listen to such narrations. About in this manner I represent to myself the life in the gardens of Mahomet." "So long as you are young and can labor," said the old man, "you cannot be in earnest in such a slothful wish. But I grant you there is a peculiar charm in this pastime. As old as I am, and I am upon the verge of my seven-and-seventieth year, as much too as I have heard in my life,

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yet I disdain not when the narrator sits in a corner, and the listeners gather in a circle around him, to join myself also to them, and listen with them. One dreams then that he is in the midst of those events which are related, he lives with those men, with those wonderful spirits, with fairies and beings of a like nature, whom we meet not every day, and he has afterwards matter to repeat to himself when he is alone, like the pilgrim who has well provided himself when he travels through the wilderness."

"I have never reflected," said another of the young people, "wherein the charm of such stories truly lies. But it is with me as with yourself. When a mere child, if I was fretful and impatient, I could be soothed by a story. At first it was indifferent to me of what it treated, if it only contained some incident; how often have I listened without weariness to those fables which wise men have invented, and in which they have laid a kernel of their wisdom; of the Fox and the foolish Raven, of the Fox and the Wolf, and many stories of the Lion and the rest of the beasts. When I grew older, and came more among men, these short tales no more delighted me. They must be longer, must treat of men and their singular fortunes."

"Yes, I remember well that time," interrupted one of his friends. "It was thou who didst inspire us with the desire for narratives of all kinds. One of thy slaves had as much to relate as a camel-driver could tell all the way from Mecca to Medina. When he had finished his labor, he must seat himself by us upon the grass, before the house, and we would not cease entreating him until he commenced, and then he must keep it up until the night interrupted us."

"And then was unlocked to us," replied the scribe, "a new, an unknown kingdom, the land of Genii and Fairies, adorned with all the wonders of the vegetable world, with rich palaces of emeralds and rubies, with giant slaves, who appeared when a ring was turned, or a wonderful lamp rubbed, or Solomon's word spoken, and brought delicious food on golden dishes. We felt ourselves involuntarily transported to that land, we went with Sinbad upon his wonderful voyages, we accompanied Haroun al Raschid, the wise commander of the faithful, we knew Giafar, his vizier, as well as we knew each other, in short, we lived in those stories as at night we live in dreams, and there was for us no happier time in the day than the evening, when we assembled upon the grass plot, and the old slave narrated to us. But tell us, old man, wherein lies it truly that we were then so delighted with this pastime; whence is it that even now, there is no more pleasant entertainment for us than this?"

The stir which arose in the chamber, and the call for attention, which was made by the overseer of the slaves, prevented the old man from replying. The young people knew not whether to be pleased that they were to hear a new story, or to be vexed that their interesting conversation with the old man had been interrupted; but a second slave stood up, and began.

### THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN AND HIS NEPHEW.

"My lord, I am a German by birth, and have dwelt too short a time in your land, to be able to relate a Persian tale, or a pleasing story of sultans or viziers. You will permit me, therefore, to narrate something of my native country, which may, perhaps, amuse you. Our stories rarely rise to so lofty a pitch as those of your land, that is, they do not treat of sultans, who with us are called kings, nor of viziers and pachas, whom we term ministers of justice and finance, privy counsellors, and the like, but (unless, perhaps, they bring in the soldier and his achievements) commonly describe quiet domestic life as it is found among our citizens.

"In the southern part of Germany lies the village of Grünwiesel, where I was born and brought up. It is like all other villages—a small square with a fountain in the middle, on one side a little old court-house, around the square the houses of the justice of the peace and the most respectable merchants, and in a few narrow streets the dwellings of the rest of the inhabitants. All are acquainted; each one knows how it goes here or there; and if the parson, or the burgomaster, or the doctor, has an extra

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dish upon the table, the whole village is informed of it before the dinner is fairly over. In the afternoon the women make their visits, as they call them, to one another, talk of important matters, over strong coffee and sweet cake, and come to weighty conclusions, that the parson, perhaps, has bought a ticket in the lottery, and gained a large sum in that unholy manner, that the burgomaster has been bribed, or the doctor feed by the apothecary, to order expensive prescriptions. You can imagine, my lord, how disagreeable it must have been, for a well-regulated village like Grünwiesel, when a man entered the place, of whom no one could tell whence he came, what was his errand, or by what means he lived. The burgomaster, it is true, had seen his passport, which every one must have, with us—"

"Is it then so unsafe upon the roads," said the Sheik, interrupting the slave in his narration, "that you must have a firman from your sultan, to keep robbers in awe?"

"No, my lord," replied the slave, "these papers do not protect us from robbery; it is only for the sake of order, that wherever one is, he may know by what kind of people he is surrounded. Now the burgomaster had examined his passport, and had declared one evening at the doctor's, that it was correctly drawn up from Berlin to Grünwiesel, but still there must be something in the background, for the man had certainly a suspicious appearance. The burgomaster was held in the greatest respect by the village; no wonder, therefore, that the stranger was henceforth looked upon as a person of doubtful character. His mode of life also did not help to alter this opinion of my countrymen. For a few pieces of gold the stranger hired an entire house that hitherto had stood uninhabited; he had procured a carriage-load of singular furniture, such as stoves, furnaces, crucibles, and things of the like nature, and from that time forth lived altogether by himself. He even cooked his own victuals, and no human soul entered the house, except an old man of the village, who purchased his bread, meat, and vegetables, but even this one was allowed to come no farther than the hall, where the stranger received from him all which he had bought.

I was a boy about ten years of age, when this man entered my native place, and I can still remember, as though it were yesterday, the disturbance which he caused in our village. In the afternoon he was never seen like the other men at the bowling-alley; in the evening he came not to the tavern, to smoke a pipe of tobacco over the newspapers like the rest. In vain the burgomaster, the justice of the peace, the doctor, the parson, invited him in turn to dinner, or to drink coffee; he always excused himself. For these reasons some thought him a madman, others a Jew, but the greatest number stoutly maintained that he was a magician or enchanter. I grew up to be eighteen—twenty years old, and still this man was always called in the village the strange gentleman.

It happened one day that some people came to the place with foreign animals, one of those wandering caravans, which boasts, perhaps, of a camel that can make a bow, a dancing bear, and a few dogs and apes, dressed up comically enough in men's clothes, which perform various tricks. These people commonly march through a city, stop at all the corners and squares, make wretched music with a little drum and fife, let their troop leap and dance, and then collect money from the neighboring houses. But the band which this time came into Grünwiesel, was remarkable for an enormous Ourang-outang, almost as large as a man, that walked upon two legs, and knew how to perform many wonderful feats. They appeared, at last, in turn, before the house of the stranger. As the drum and fife sounded, he was observed behind the dark age-tarnished window, and at first seemed displeased and indignant; soon, however, he became more pleasant and friendly; to the astonishment of all he opened the window to look out, laughed as heartily at the tricks of the Ourang-outang, and even paid for his amusement with so large a piece of money that the whole village spoke of it.

On the following morning the caravan departed, the camel carrying a number of baskets, in which the dogs and apes sat very comfortably, while the men and Ourang-outang followed. Scarce were they an hour or two out of the gate, when the strange gentleman sent to the post-house, and to the great astonishment of all, desired a carriage and horses, and rode out at the same gate, and in the same direction which the animals had taken. It was already



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night when the stranger returned, and drove up to the gate; there was now, however, another person with him in the carriage, who had his hat drawn down over his face, and a silk handkerchief bound over his mouth and ears. The clerk at the gate considered it his duty to address the other stranger, and demand his passport, but the latter answered very roughly, grumbling something in a language altogether unintelligible to him.

"It is my nephew," said the strange gentleman to the clerk, in a very friendly manner, while he slipped some silver into his hand, "it is my nephew, he understands very little German, as yet. He has only cursed a little in his language, because we are detained in this way."

"Ah! if it is your nephew, sir," answered the clerk, "he can, indeed, enter without a pass—he will live with you, without doubt?"

"Certainly," said the stranger, "and he will, probably, remain here for a long time."

The clerk had no farther objections, and the stranger, with his nephew, rode into the town. The burgomaster, and the whole village, were not very well pleased with the conduct of the clerk; he ought, at least, to have remarked some words of the nephew's language, as by that means they could easily have found out of what country he and his uncle were. The clerk declared that it was neither French nor Italian, but it sounded broad like the English, and if he was not mistaken the young gentleman had said "G— d—." Thus the clerk helped himself out of his difficulty, and the young man to a name, for they now spoke in the village of hardly anything else but the young Englishman.

But this young Englishman also was never visible, neither upon the bowling-green nor in the tavern; he gave the people, however, enough to do in another way. It happened often, to wit, that a frightful noise and screaming came from the dwelling of the stranger, which was formerly so still, so that the people would collect in crowds, and look up at the house. They could see the young Englishman in a red frockcoat and green pantaloons, with hair erect and frightful countenance, running with incredible quickness by the windows, backward and forward, from chamber to chamber, while the old stranger would run after him in a red dressing-gown, and with a hunting-whip in his hand. It was evident that he often missed him, but sometimes it seemed to the crowd in the street, as if he must have struck the young man, for they heard pitiful cries of distress, and the lashes of the whip sound very distinctly. The ladies of the village took such a lively interest in this cruel treatment of the young stranger, that they at last induced the burgomaster to take a step in the affair. He wrote a note to the strange gentleman, in which he upbraided him with his rigorous treatment of his nephew in tolerably strong terms, and threatened, that if such scenes were to occur again, he would take the young man under his especial protection.

But who could be more astonished than the burgomaster, when he saw the stranger himself enter the house, for the first time in ten years? The old gentleman excused his conduct, with the plea, that such had been the particular charge of the parents of the young man, who had committed him to his care to be educated; he was, in other respects, a ready and apt youth, he declared, but languages he learned with surprising slowness; he wished anxiously, he added, "to bring his nephew to speak the German with fluency, in order that he might then take the liberty of introducing him to the society of Grünwiesel, and yet he caught this language with such extreme difficulty, that oftentimes he could take no better course than to beat it into him with a hunting-whip. The burgomaster was perfectly satisfied with this explanation, counselled the old gentleman to moderation, and declared that evening in the tavern, "that he had rarely known so agreeable and well-informed a man as the stranger. 'Tis only a pity," he added, "that he goes so little into society, but I think that when his nephew can once speak a little German, he will visit our circle often."

The opinion of the whole village was entirely altered by this occurrence. They now looked upon the stranger as an agreeable man, longed for a more intimate acquaintance with him, and found it perfectly in order, when, at times, a frightful screaming was heard in the dreary house. "He is giving his nephew instructions in the German," said the people of Grünwiesel, and remained no more standing before the

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house. After about a quarter of a year the instructions in German seemed to be at an end, for the old gentleman now went a step farther. There lived in the town a broken-down old Frenchman, who gave the young people lessons in dancing. The stranger sent for him, and told him that he wished his nephew to receive lessons in that art. He gave him to understand that the young man was certainly very docile and manageable in other things, but that with regard to dancing he was somewhat obstinate. In fact, he had learned to dance with other masters, and, indeed, on so singular a plan, that he could not, with propriety, introduce him into society. But his nephew, on that very account, considered himself a very great dancer, although his dancing had not the most distant resemblance to the waltz or galopade (dances which are in vogue in my native land, my lord), nor the slightest similarity with the Scotch or French dances. He promised, moreover, a dollar for each hour, and the dancing-master consented with great pleasure to undertake the instruction of this wilful pupil.

There was nothing in the world more singular than these dancing lessons, as the Frenchman privately assured us. The nephew, a tolerably tall slender young man, whose legs were perhaps rather short in proportion to his body, made his appearance in a red frock-coat, with green pantaloons, handsome gloves, and with his head elegantly curled. He spoke but little, and with a foreign accent, and at the commencement was quite well mannered and apt; sometimes, however, he would leap about with strange grimaces, dance the boldest *tours*, and perform such *entrechats*, that the sight and hearing of the old dancing-master became confused by their wonderful rapidity; when he attempted to set him right, he would tear his handsome dancing-shoes from his feet, throw them at the Frenchman's head, and go around the chamber on all-fours. At this noise the old gentleman would come out from an adjoining room, dressed in a red dressing-gown, with a cap of gold paper upon his head, and let his hunting-whip fall upon his nephew's shoulders, with no small degree of violence. The nephew would commence, then, to whine frightfully, spring upon the table or bureau; yes, even upon the cross-pieces of the window-frames, and speak in a singular foreign dialect. But the old gentleman in the red dressing-gown did not allow himself to be perplexed at this; he seized him by the legs, dragged him down without ceremony, whipped him thoroughly, and then tightened his cravat a little, by means of a buckle, upon which he immediately became more civil and orderly, and the dancing went on without farther disturbance.

But when the old Frenchman had brought his pupil so far that they could practise with music, the nephew's head seemed to be turned. A musician of the village was hired, and took his seat upon a table in the saloon of the dreary house; the dancing-master would represent a lady, after the old gentleman had dressed him in a silk gown, and wrapped around him a large East India shawl; the nephew would then lead him out, and commence to dance and to waltz, but he was a furious unwearied dancer, and not easily could the master release himself from his arms, when he had once thrown them around him; he might groan and scream as he would, he was obliged to dance on until he sank down exhausted, or until the musician's arm became lame in the elbow. These lessons almost brought the old Frenchman to the grave, but the dollars which were paid to him each time, regularly, and the good wine with which the old gentleman regaled him, induced him always to come again, although the day before, perhaps, he had firmly resolved never more to enter the house.

The people of Grünwiesel, however, looked upon the matter in a very different light from that in which the Frenchman viewed it. They thought nothing else of it than that the young man had a great turn for society, and the ladies of the village, in their great scarcity of gentlemen, congratulated themselves upon having such a sprightly dancer for the ensuing winter.

One morning the servant-maids who returned from market, related a singular occurrence to their mistresses. A magnificent carriage stood before the dreary house, drawn by handsome horses, and a servant in rich livery let down the steps. The door of the house was then opened, and two handsomely dressed gentlemen stepped out, one of whom was the old stranger, and the other probably the young gentleman who learned German with so much difficulty, and was such a furious dancer.

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Both entered the carriage, the servant sprang up behind, and—only imagine it—they had driven straight to the burgomaster's!

When the ladies heard this from their maids, they hastily tore off their kitchen aprons, and their somewhat soiled caps, and placed themselves in state. "Nothing can be more certain," they said to their families, while they hurried around to arrange the drawing-rooms; "nothing can be more certain than that the old gentleman is now about to introduce his nephew into the world. The old fool has not for these ten years been so polite as to set foot in our house, but we will pardon him for the sake of his nephew, who must be a charming young man." So they said, and directed their sons and daughters to behave themselves with great propriety when the strangers came, to hold themselves erect, and to make use of more select language than at other times. And the shrewd ladies of the town had not guessed amiss, for the old gentleman drove around with his nephew to all in their turn, to introduce him and himself to the favor of their families.

They were now everywhere completely taken up with the strangers, and regretted that they had not earlier made such agreeable acquaintances. The old gentleman showed himself a worthy, sensible man, who, it is true, smiled a little every time he spoke, so that it was not certain whether he was in earnest or otherwise; but still he talked so sensibly and judiciously about the weather, the country, the pleasures of the summer, the inn upon the mountain, that every one was delighted with him. But the nephew! he enchanted everybody; he won all hearts to himself. As to his exterior, they could not indeed call his face handsome; the lower part of it, especially the jaw-bone, projected altogether too far, and his complexion was quite brown; at times also he made various singular grimaces, winked with his eyes, and grinned with his teeth, but still they found the general expression of his features uncommonly interesting. Nothing could be more flexible or active than his figure. His clothes, it is true, fitted somewhat singularly to his body, yet, notwithstanding this, they became him on the whole remarkably well. He would also run about the room with great activity, throw himself now upon a sofa, then upon a chair, stretching out his legs with the utmost carelessness. But what would have been considered as extremely vulgar and improper in any other young man, was, in the nephew, looked upon as originality. "He is an Englishman," they said; "they are all so; an Englishman will stretch himself upon a sofa, and go to sleep, while ten ladies have no place, and must stand around. Such things are not to be found fault with in an Englishman." Towards his uncle he was very careful and complying, for when he commenced leaping about the room, or to draw up his feet upon the seat, which he liked to do, a grave look from the former was sufficient to put him in order. And how could they blame him moreover, when the uncle said to the ladies in each house, "My nephew is still a little rough and unpolished, but I promise myself everything from society, which will form and improve him, and for this purpose, allow me to present him to you, ladies, as the most perfect school which he can find."

Thus was the nephew introduced into the world; and on this and the following day, all Grünwiesel spoke of nothing but this event. The old gentleman did not stop here; he seemed to have entirely altered his mode of thinking and of living. In the afternoon he would go with his nephew to the inn on the mountain, where the first gentlemen in Grünwiesel drank their beer, and amused themselves with nine-pins. The nephew proved himself a dexterous hand at this game, for he never knocked down less than five or six. Now and then, indeed, a singular humor seemed to come over him, and he would take it into his head to throw the balls like lightning among the pins, and jump about and make a great noise; sometimes, as if overjoyed at a good cast which he had made, he would suddenly stand upon his beautifully curled head, and stick his legs up in the air, or if a carriage happened to drive by, he would seat himself with a leap upon the roof before they were aware of it, make grimaces down at them, ride a little way, and then come leaping back to the company.

At such scenes, the old stranger would beg pardon of the burgomaster and the other gentlemen, for the ill-behavior of his nephew; but they

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laughed, ascribed it to his youth, maintained that they themselves had once been as light-footed, and declared that they loved the young "Rattle-brains," as they called him, uncommonly well.

But there were times also when they were not a little angry at him, and still they ventured to say nothing, for the young Englishman was universally considered as a pattern of politeness and good sense. The old gentleman, to wit, was accustomed to go with his nephew in the evening to the "Golden Stag," the village tavern. Although the nephew was still a very young man, yet he conducted himself there exactly like an old one; he placed himself behind his tankard, put on an enormous pair of spectacles, took out a monstrous pipe, lighted it, and smoked away with the others at a most furious rate. If they spoke over the newspapers of war or of peace—if the doctor gave this opinion, the burgomaster that, and all the men sat wondering at their deep political knowledge—it would suddenly occur to the nephew to be of an entirely different way of thinking. He would strike upon the table with his hands, from which he never laid aside his gloves, and give the doctor and the burgomaster pretty distinctly to understand, that they knew little of such matters, that he understood the business differently, and possessed a deeper insight. He would then endeavor to explain his opinion in a strangely broken German, which, to the extreme dissatisfaction of the burgomaster, all thought admirable, for, as an Englishman, he must naturally know better than anybody else.

If in their anger, which they durst not give vent to, the burgomaster and the doctor sat down to a game at chess, the nephew followed them, looked with his great spectacles over the burgomaster's shoulder, found fault with this or that move, told the doctor he should play so and so, until they both became pretty well enraged. If the burgomaster, in his vexation, challenged him to a game, thinking to mate him without trouble, for he considered himself a second Philidor, the old gentleman would buckle his nephew's cravat tighter, upon which he became perfectly gentle and sedate, and in a few moves would check-mate the burgomaster.

Until now, they had played at cards, almost every evening in Grünwiesel, or half a kreutzer a game; the nephew thought this contemptible; he ventured crowns and ducats, and maintained that no one played so well as he. But he commonly reconciled those whom he thus offended by losing great sums to them; they made no scruple to win his money, for "he is an Englishman," they said, "and of course rich," and crammed the ducats into their pockets.

Thus, in a short time, the odd nephew of the strange gentleman had acquired universal respect, both in the village and surrounding country. Since the memory of man, they could not call to mind having seen a young gentleman of this description in Grünwiesel; he was the most singular character they had ever known. It could not be said that the nephew had learned anything, unless, perhaps, to dance. Latin and Greek were "Bohemian villages" to him, as they say. At a round game at the burgomaster's, he was called upon to write something, but it was found that he could not even write his own name; in geography he made the most dreadful blunders; he did not hesitate to transport a German city into France, a Danish city into Poland; he had read nothing, studied nothing, and the parson often shook his head considerately at the great ignorance of the young man. But still they thought everything excellent which he said or did; for he was impudent enough to insist always that he was in the right, and the winding up of all his discourse was, "I understand that much better."

The winter drew on, and now the nephew appeared in still greater glory. All society was found wearisome, if he were not present; they gaped if a reasonable man said anything, but when the nephew uttered the most foolish trash in miserable German, they were all ear. It was now discovered that this excellent young man was a poet; scarcely an evening went by that he did not draw a paper from his pocket, and read to the company a sonnet. It is true there were some who asserted of these poems, on the one hand, that they were wretched and without sense; and on the other, that they had already seen them somewhere in print; but the nephew was not to be put out of countenance. He read and read, called the attention of the young ladies to his verses, and always received a murmur of applause.

His triumph, however, was at the

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village balls. There was no one who could dance so nimbly, so unweariedly as he; no one ventured upon such bold, such extraordinarily ornamental pirouettes as this young man. On these occasions, his uncle always dressed him most elegantly in the newest fashion, and although his garments would not sit exactly right upon his figure, yet every one thought him dressed in the most tasteful manner. The gentlemen, it is true, were somewhat displeased at the new way in which he commenced on these occasions. Formerly, the burgomaster in his own person had always opened the ball, and the most respectable young people were then entitled to regulate the remaining dances, but since this strange young man had appeared, all this was changed. Without a question, he took the first lady he encountered, placed himself at the head, was lord, and master, and king of the ball. As the ladies found these manners agreeable and charming, the gentlemen dared not object to them, and the nephew was able to maintain his self-chosen dignity.

These balls seemed to afford the old gentleman the greatest delight: he scarcely turned his eyes from his nephew; he smiled to himself, and when the company crowded around to congratulate him upon having such an agreeable and well-bred nephew, he could scarcely contain himself for joy; he broke out into merry laughter, and behaved himself almost foolishly. The people of Grünwiesel ascribed these singular bursts of delight to the great love he bore his nephew, and thought it all in order. Now and then, however, he was obliged to exercise his paternal care towards the young man, for, in the midst of the most elegant dances, the nephew would take it into his head to seat himself with a bold leap upon the desk where the musicians were placed; or to snatch the double-bass from the hands of the player, and grate frightfully upon it; or he would change at once, and dance upon his hands with his legs in the air. His uncle would then take him aside, make the most serious remonstrances, and buckle his cravat tighter, upon which he became perfectly orderly again.

In this way did the nephew conduct himself in company and at the balls. But it is generally the case with manners, that the bad gain ground much more easily than the good, and a new striking fashion, although in the highest degree ridiculous, has always something contagious for young people, who have not yet learned to reflect upon themselves and the world. Thus it was also in Grünwiesel with the nephew and his singular habits. When the young people saw that he was rather caressed than blamed, for his awkward behavior, his rude laughing and chattering, his rough answers to his elders, and that all this was even thought original and striking, they said to themselves, "It will be very easy for us also to become geniuses." Formerly they had been industrious, clever young people—"now," thought they, "of what assistance is learning when one gets along better with ignorance?" They left their books, and ran about the streets and squares. Formerly they had been courteous towards everybody, had waited until they were spoken to, and then answered civilly and modestly; but now they stood up among the men, chattered, gave their opinions, laughed under the nose of the burgomaster himself when he said anything, and maintained "that they understood all that much better."

The young people of Grünwiesel had formerly entertained an aversion for rude and vulgar behavior; now they sang bad songs, smoked tobacco out of monstrous pipes, and frequented the common taverns. They purchased also great spectacles, although they saw perfectly well, set them upon their noses, and believed themselves accomplished young people, for now they looked just like the renowned nephew. At home, or when on a visit, they threw themselves with their boots and spurs upon the sofa, hitched along upon their chairs when in good company, or leaned their cheeks upon both hands, and their elbows upon the table, which was now considered very attractive. In vain did their mothers and friends tell them how foolish, how improper such conduct was; they appealed to the shining example of the nephew. It was of no avail to represent to them that a certain national rudeness must be pardoned in the nephew as a young Englishman; the young people of Grünwiesel declared that they had as good a right as the best Englishman, to be striking and original in a rude way. In short, it was a pity to see how the

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good habits and customs of the village were entirely destroyed by the bad example of this nephew.

But the pleasure of these young people in their rude, unconstrained mode of life was not of long continuance. The following occurrence altered the scene at once. The amusements of the winter were to close with a concert, which was to be performed, partly by the village musicians, and partly by skilful amateurs in Grünwiesel. The burgomaster played the violoncello, the doctor the bassoon uncommonly well, and the apothecary blew the flute, although he had not a very good mouth for the instrument; some young ladies of Grünwiesel had studied arias, and all was admirably arranged. The old stranger then declared that the concert on this plan would be very fine, but there was evidently no duet prepared, and a duet was absolutely necessary to every well regulated concert. They were somewhat confounded at this declaration. The daughter of the burgomaster sang, it is true, like a nightingale, but where to find a gentleman who should sing with her? They at last bethought themselves of the old organist, who had formerly sung an excellent bass, but the stranger asserted that this was by no means necessary, as his nephew sang in a most accomplished manner. They were not a little astonished at this new, excellent accomplishment of the young man; he had to sing something as a trial, and, some singular manners deducted, he sang, they declared, like an angel. They studied then a duet in haste, and the evening at last appeared when the ears of the people of Grünwiesel were to be regaled by the concert.

The old stranger, alas! could not be present at the triumph of his nephew, for he was sick; he gave the burgomaster, who visited him an hour before it commenced, some directions with regard to the young man.

"My nephew is a good soul," said he, "but now and then various strange thoughts come over him, and he commences his mad ways. I am sorry on this account, that I cannot be present at the concert, for in my presence he keeps the greatest guard over himself; he knows well wherefore. I must say besides in his excuse, that it is not moral wilfulness, but it is a physical infirmity —it lies in his very organization. Will you not, Herr Burgomaster, when he falls into such thoughts—when he leaps upon a music-desk, or grates upon the counter-bass, and the like, will you not loosen a little the high cravat which he wears, or, if this does not answer, take it entirely off; you will see then how orderly and well-behaved he will become. The burgomaster thanked the sick man for his advice, and promised, in case of need, to do all he asked.

The concert-room was thronged; for all Grünwiesel and the surrounding country were present. All the huntsmen, parsons, stewards, farmers, &c., from a circle of three leagues, had flocked thither with their large families, to participate with the people of the village in this rare pleasure. The village musicians performed excellently, after these the burgomaster made his appearance, and played upon the violoncello, accompanied by the apothecary upon the flute; the organist then sang a bass solo with universal approbation, and the doctor was applauded not a little during his performance upon the bassoon.

The first part of the concert was at an end, and every one was on tiptoe for the second, in which the young stranger was to sing a duet with the daughter of the burgomaster. The nephew had made his appearance in a magnificent dress, and had already drawn upon himself the attention of all present. He had, to wit, without asking a question, thrown himself into a handsome easy chair, which had been left vacant for an old countess of the neighborhood; he stretched out his legs, stared at everybody through an enormous perspective glass, which he used in addition to his great spectacles, and played with a large mastiff, which, in defiance of the regulations of the evening, he had brought into the company. The countess, for whom the arm-chair had been prepared, appeared, but no motion did the nephew make to get up and relinquish his place. On the contrary, he settled himself more comfortably in his seat, and no one ventured to say a word to the young man on the subject. The noble lady was obliged to sit upon the straw-seats with the rest of the villagers, and must have been not a little vexed.

During the excellent playing of the burgomaster, during the organist's fine bass solo, yes, even while the doctor performed a voluntary upon the bassoon,

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and every one held their breath and listened, he made the mastiff fetch his pocket-handkerchief, or chatted aloud with his neighbor, so that every one who did not know him, wondered at the singular behavior of the young gentleman.

It was not strange, therefore, that all were anxious to see how he would perform his duet. The second part began. The village musicians had struck up when the burgomaster, with his daughter, stepped up to the young man, handed him a sheet of music, and said, "Sir, if it is agreeable to you, we will now have the duet." The young man laughed, showed his teeth, sprang up, and the two followed him to the music-desk, while the whole company were full of expectation. The organist beat the time, and nodded to the nephew to begin. The latter stared at the notes through his great spectacles, and broke out into a hideous, lamentable tone. The organist screamed to him, "Two notes lower, my dear sir! C! you must sing C!"

But instead of singing C, the nephew drew off one of his shoes, and threw it at the head of the organist, scattering the powder from his wig far and wide over the company. "Ah, ha!" thought the burgomaster, as he saw this, "he is seized now with one of his attacks;" he sprang forward, caught him by the neck, and loosened the buckle of his cravat. But by this it only became worse with the young man; he no longer spoke German, but a very singular dialect, which no one present could understand, and leaped around the hall with wonderful agility. The burgomaster, in despair at this disagreeable interruption of the evening's amusements, resolved to take off his cravat entirely from the poor nephew, since this attack seemed of uncommon severity. But scarcely had he done this, when he stood as if benumbed with horror; for instead of a human skin of the ordinary color, the neck of the young man was covered with a dark brown hide,—he commenced his leaps again, higher than ever, and varied them in the most extravagant manner, thrust his glazed gloves into his hair, tore it off, and behold! his beautiful hair was a wig, which he threw in the burgomaster's face, and his head now appeared covered with the same brown hide.

He danced upon tables and benches, turned over the music desks, stamped upon violins and clarionets, and appeared like a madman. "Catch him, catch him!" cried the burgomaster, almost beside himself; "he is out of his senses; catch him!" But this was a difficult business; for, by this time, he had taken off his gloves, and showed long nails upon his fingers, which he thrust into the faces of all the people, and scratched them dreadfully. At last, a resolute huntsman succeeded in securing him; he pressed his long arms together, so that all he could now do was to kick, laughing at the same time, and screaming with a hoarse voice. The people now collected around him, and considered the strange young man, who no longer looked like a human being. A learned gentleman of the neighborhood, who possessed a large cabinet of natural curiosities, and various stuffed animals, stepped forward, examined him attentively, and called out full of astonishment, "Good heavens! worthy ladies and gentlemen! how! is it possible that you admit this animal into polite company? It is an ape; the *Homo Troglodytes* of Linnæus. I will give six dollars for him, if you will let me have him to place in my cabinet."

Who can describe the astonishment of the good people of Grünwiesel when they heard this! "What! an ape—an ourang-outang in our society! The young stranger nothing but a common ape!" they exclaimed, and gazed upon each other dumb with wonder. They would not believe it, they would not trust their own senses; the gentleman examined the animal more closely, "But yes it was—it was certainly an ape."

"But how is it possible?" exclaimed the wife of the burgomaster. "Has he not read his poems to us? has he not dined at our house like any other man?"

"What?" cried the doctor's wife; "How! Has he not again and again drank coffee at my table, and talked learnedly, and smoked with my husband?"

"How can it be?" exclaimed the men; "has he not played at ninepins with us at the tavern, and disputed on politics just like one of us?"

"And how!" screamed they all; "has he not even danced at our balls? An

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ape! an ape! It is a prodigy—it is magic!"

"Yes, it is magic and devilish witchcraft," said the burgomaster, reaching forward the cravat of the nephew, or ape. "Look! in this cravat lies the charm which rendered him so agreeable in our eyes." It was a broad strip of elastic parchment, inscribed with various strange characters. "I believe it is Latin. Can no one read it?"

The parson, a learned man, who had often lost a game of chess with the ape, stepped up, examined the parchment attentively, and said, "by no means. It is Greek—or Arabic—yes—yes—it is a hellish delusion—diabolical witchcraft, and must be punished in a most exemplary manner."

The burgomaster was of the same opinion, and started off immediately to the house of the stranger, who alone could be the magician, while six soldiers followed him, carrying the ape. The criminal must forthwith be brought up for trial.

They went to the dreary house, surrounded by a crowd of people, for every one wished to see how the business would terminate. They knocked at the house door, rang the bell, but in vain—no one appeared. The burgomaster in his rage ordered the door to be broken in, and then made his way up stairs into the stranger's chamber. Nothing was to be seen there, however, but a variety of old furniture; the strange gentleman could not be found. But upon a writing desk lay a large sealed letter, directed to the burgomaster. He immediately opened it and read:

"My dear people of Grünwiesel—

"When you read this I shall be no longer in your village, and you will then at last have learned of what rank and country my dear nephew is. Receive the jest which I have permitted myself to take with you, as a good lesson not to force into your society a stranger who wishes to live quietly and by himself. I valued my time too highly to spend it with you, in your eternal gossiping, your strange habits, and ridiculous mode of life. I educated therefore a young Ourang-outang, who, as my representative, has gained so great a share of your affections. Farewell! use this lesson, each one after his abilities."

The people of Grünwiesel were not a little put to shame before the whole country. Their only consolation was that all had happened by witchcraft. The greatest mortification, however, was that of the younger part of the community, at having imitated the bad habits and manners of the ape. They no longer leaned upon their elbows, or hitched along upon their chairs; they were silent until they were spoken to; they laid aside their spectacles, and became polite and well-mannered as before. And when any one fell again into such bad ridiculous habits, the people of Grünwiesel would say, "he is an ape." But the Ourang-outang, who had so long played the young gentleman, became the property of the learned naturalist who owned the cabinet. He let him run about his court-yard, gives him food, and shows him as a curiosity to all strangers; he may probably be seen there even at the present day.

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Laughter arose in the apartment as the slave ended, and the young man laughed with the rest. "There must be very singular people among those Franks, and truly I would rather be here at the Sheik's, or at the Muphti's in Alexandria, than in the company of the parson, the burgomaster, and their foolish wives in Grünwiesel."

"There thou hast rightly spoken," returned the young merchant. "The Franks are a rude, wild, barbarous people, and it must be frightful for a polished Turk or Persian to live among them."

"Of this you will soon hear something," promised the old man. "The overseer of the slaves told me that yonder beautiful young man will relate much of Frangistan; for he was long there, and still he is by birth a Mussulman."

"How! that one who sits last in the row? Truly, it is a sin that the Sheik gives him his freedom. He is the most beautiful slave in the whole land. Look only at his bold face, his flashing eyes, his fine form. He might give him a light employment—to fan away the flies, or carry his chibouk; to perform such an office is but a trifle, and a slave like that is an ornament to the house. He has owned him but three days, and sets him at liberty already! It is folly, it is a sin."

"Blame him not, him who is wiser than all Egypt," said the old man impressively. "Have I not told you al-

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ready, that he gives him his freedom, because he thinks to merit thereby the blessing of Allah? You say he is beautiful and well-formed, and you speak the truth. But the son of the Sheik—may the prophet return him to the house of his father—the son of the Sheik was a beautiful boy, and by this time he also must be tall and well-formed. Shall he spare gold, and release a cheap, aged slave, in the hope to obtain his son thereby? Whoever in this world has a duty to perform, let him rather omit it, or do it rightly."

"And see, the Sheik's eyes are ever fastened upon that slave. I have remarked it during the whole evening. During the tales, his glance often wandered thither, and dwelt upon the noble features of the youth. It must be that it pains him a little to set him free."

"Believe not so of the man. Think'st thou to lose a thousand tomans gives him pain, who each day receives threefold that sum?" said the old man. "If his glance dwells with sadness upon the youth, he thinks, it may be, of his son who pines in a foreign land; he thinks whether there dwells not there, perhaps, a merciful man, who may ransom him, and send him back to his father."

"You may be right," replied the young merchant, "and I am ashamed that I always think ill and ignobly of mankind, while you attribute to them good motives. And yet, as a rule, men are generally selfish and bad—have you not found it so, old man."

"It is because I have not found it so, that I readily think well of men," answered the latter. "I once thought like you; I lived on carelessly, heard much evil of mankind, experienced much myself, and I began to consider them at large as a depraved race. It then occurred to me, that Allah, who is as just as he is wise, would not endure a reprobate race upon this beautiful earth. I reflected upon what I had seen, what I had experienced, and behold! I had counted only the evil, the good I had forgotten. I had not given heed when a man exercised an action of compassion, I had thought it very natural when whole families lived virtuously and were just, but as often as I heard anything evil and malicious, I preserved it carefully in my memory. From this time I began to look around me with very different eyes; it delighted me when I saw the good not so sparingly sown as I had at first believed. I remarked the evil less, or it occurred to me not so often, and thus I learned to love mankind, to think well of them, and for many years I have more rarely erred when I spoke well of one, than if I esteemed him avaricious, unjust or godless."

As he said this, the old man was interrupted by the overseer of the slaves, who drew near him and said, "My lord, the Sheik of Alexandria, Ali Banu, has observed you with pleasure in his hall, and invites you to approach, and seat yourself near him."

The young people were not a little astonished at the honor which was shown to the old man whom they had supposed a beggar, and when he had gone thither to seat himself near the Sheik, they detained the overseer of the slaves, and the scribe asked him—"By the beard of the Prophet, I entreat you, tell us, who is the old man, with whom we have been speaking, and whom the Sheik thus honors?"

"How?" exclaimed the overseer of the slaves, and struck his hands together in astonishment? "Do you not know this man?"

"No, we know not who he is."

"But I have seen you more than once speaking with him in the street, and my lord the Sheik has also remarked it, and it was only lately that he said—'Those must be fine young people with whom this man will condescend to converse.'"

"But tell us—who is he?" exclaimed the merchant, with the greatest impatience.

"Go, you are jesting with me," answered the overseer. "No one enters this hall who is not expressly invited, and the old man sent word to the Sheik to-day, that if it would not displease him, he would bring some young people with him, and my lord, Ali Banu, gave him for answer, that his whole house was at his command."

"Leave us no longer in uncertainty—as truly as I live, I know not who this man is; we made acquaintance with him accidentally in the street, and entered into conversation with him."

"Well, you may esteem yourselves happy, for you have spoken with a learned and renowned man; all present honor and admire you on his account. He is no other than Mustapha, the learned Dervish."

"Mustapha! the wise Mustapha,

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who educated the son of the Sheik, who has written many learned books, and travelled in all quarters of the globe! With Mustapha have we spoken? And spoken as if he were one of ourselves, entirely without reverence!"

* * * * *

The young men were still speaking of these tales and of the old man, the Dervish Mustapha; they felt themselves not a little honored, that so old and venerable a man had thought them worthy of his attention, and had even often spoken and disputed with them. Suddenly the overseer of the slaves approached, and invited them to follow him to the Sheik, who wished to speak with them. Their hearts beat. They had never before spoken with so exalted a personage, not even alone, still less in so large a company. But they collected themselves, that they might not appear as fools, and followed the overseer of the slaves to the Sheik. Ali Banu was seated upon a rich cushion and drank sherbet. At his right sat the old man, his coarse garments rested against the splendid cushions, his mean sandals he had placed upon a rare carpet of Persian work, but his fine head, his eyes full of dignity and wisdom, showed that he was worthy to sit near a man like the Sheik.

Ali Banu was very sad, and the old man seemed to speak consolation and encouragement to him; the youths thought that they discovered in this summons, an artifice of the good Dervish, who probably wished to cheer the sorrowing father by a conversation with them.

"Welcome, ye young men," said the Sheik, "welcome to the house of Ali Banu. My old friend here has deserved my thanks that he has introduced you into my dwelling; but I am not a little angry with him, that he has not earlier made you known to me. Which of you is the young scribe?"

"I, oh my lord, and at your command," said the young scribe, crossing his arms over his breast, and bowing low.

"You listen willingly to histories, and read with pleasure books of fine verses and proverbs?"

The young man reddened, and replied, "Oh, my lord, I certainly for my part know of no more agreeable employment, than to pass the day in this manner. It informs the mind and whiles away the time. But each after his way—I certainly on that account blame no one who does not."

"Very well, very well," interrupted the Sheik, laughing, and beckoned the second to him. "Who art thou?" he inquired.

"My lord, I am an assistant to a physician, and have already myself cured some sick persons."

"Good," replied the Sheik, "And you are he who loves to live well? You would take pleasure in good cheer, and in dining now and then with your friends? Is it not so—have I not guessed it?"

The young man was confused, he saw that he had been betrayed, that the old man must have told of him. He took heart, however, and answered: "Oh yes, my lord, I esteem it among the chief pleasures of life to be happy now and then with good friends. My purse, it is true, is not sufficient for more than to regale my friends with watermelons, or cheap things of this kind; still we are happy with this, and it may be imagined we would be a great deal more so, if I had more money."

This hearty answer pleased the Sheik, and he could not withhold from laughing at it. "Which is the young merchant?" he asked farther.

The young merchant bowed in an easy manner before the Sheik, for he was a youth of good breeding. "And you," said Ali Banu, "you have pleasure in music and dancing? You are happy when skilful slaves play and sing, and look on with delight when tney perform their most graceful dances?"

The young merchant answered, "I see plainly, my lord, that this old man, to make you merry, has betrayed our follies. If he has succeeded thereby in enlivening you, I am glad that we have served for your sport. As to music and dancing, I confess, that there is hardly anything that so delights my heart. But believe not on that account that I blame you, oh, my lord, if you also do not."

"Enough—no farther," exclaimed the Sheik, smiling and motioning him away with his hand. "Each one after his way, you would say; but there stands another—that is he who would like so well to travel. Who are you, young man?"

"I am a painter, my lord," answered

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the young man. "I draw landscapes, sometimes upon the walls of a chamber, sometimes upon canvass. To visit foreign countries is certainly my chief wish, for there one sees many beautiful landscapes, which he can transfer to the canvass; and what he copies from nature is always more perfect than that which he himself invents."

The Sheik now considered these beautiful young people, and his countenance became sad and dark. "I also had once a dear son," said he, "and he must now be grown up as you are. Were he restored to me, you might be his fellows and companions, and each of your wishes would then easily be fulfilled. With that one should he read; with this, hear music; with the other, should he invite friends, and be happy and of good cheer; and with the painter, I would let him travel into far countries, for then he would return to me again. But Allah has not so willed it, and I resign myself to his pleasure without murmuring. But it stands in my power, nevertheless, to gratify all your wishes, and you shall go with a happy heart from the house of Ali Banu. You, my learned friend," he continued, turning to the scribe, "dwell henceforth in my house, and have the charge of my books. You may add thereto what you will, what you esteem good, and your only employment shall be, when you have read anything truly beautiful, to relate it to me. You, who love a good table with good friends, you shall be the overseer of my pleasures. I, myself, it is true, live solitarily and without joy; but it is my duty, and my office demands it of me, that I should now and then feast many guests. You shall, in my place, provide for all, and you can invite your friends hither, when you will—it is understood to something better than watermelons. I may not truly draw away the young merchant from his business, which brings him both profit and honor; but every evening, my young friend, dancers, singers and musicians are at your service, as many as you will. Let them play and dance for you after your heart's desire. And you," he said to the painter, "you shall see foreign countries, and sharpen your eye by experience. My treasurer will hand you a thousand pieces of gold for your first journey, which you may commence tomorrow, and in addition two horses and a slave. Travel whither your heart impels you, and if you see anything beautiful, paint it for me."

The young people were beside themselves with wonder, speechless from joy and gratitude. They would have kissed the floor before the good man's feet, but he would not permit it. "If you have any one to thank, it is this wise man who spoke to me of you. He has procured to me also a pleasure thereby, in bringing to my acquaintance four such excellent young people."

But the Dervish Mustapha motioned away the thanks of the youths. "See you not," said he, "that one must never judge precipitately; have I said too much to you of this noble man?"

"Let us hear another of the slaves, who to-day are to be made free," interrupted Ali Banu, and the youths betook themselves to their places.

The young slave who had attracted the attention of all in so high a degree, by his shape, his beauty and bold glance, now arose, bowed himself before the Sheik, and commenced with a harmonious voice to speak as follows:

### THE HISTORY OF ALMANZOR.

"Oh! my lord! the men who have spoken before me, have related various strange histories, which they have heard in foreign lands; I must, with shame, confess, that I know no story worthy of exciting your attention. Yet if it will not weary you, I will recount the singular fortunes of one of my friends.

"In that Algerine corsair ship, from which your mild hand rescued me, was a young man of my years, who seemed not born for the slave's habit which he wore. The other unhappy creatures on board, were either rude men, with whom I unwillingly associated, or people whose language I did not understand; at those times, therefore, when we had an hour of leisure, it was a great pleasure to me to be with this young man. He called himself Almanzor, and to judge from his accent, he was an Egyptian. We conversed very pleasantly with one another, and one day came to tell our histories, and that of my friend was certainly much more remarkable than mine.

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"Almanzor's father was a distinguished man in an Egyptian city, the name of which he did not mention to me. During the days of his childhood, he lived happily, gaily, and surrounded by all the splendor and luxury of the earth. But he was not, on this account, effeminately educated; his character was early formed; for his father was a wise man, who taught him the lessons of virtue, and he had also a renowned sage for his teacher, who instructed him in everything which a young man should know. Almanzor was about ten years old, when the Franks came over the sea into the land, and carried on war with his people.

"The father of the boy could not have been very favorable to these strangers; for one day, as he was about to go to the morning prayer, they came, and demanded first his wife as a hostage for his true thoughts towards the Franks, and as he refused to give her up, they dragged his son forcibly with them into their camp."

When the young slave had thus far related, the Sheik veiled his face, and there arose a murmur of displeasure in the apartment. "How," exclaimed the friends of the Sheik, "how can this young man act so foolishly, and tear open anew by such tales the wounds of Ali Banu, instead of soothing them; how can he renew his pain, instead of dispelling it?" The overseer of the slaves himself was full of anger at the inconsiderate youth, and commanded him to be silent. The young slave was much astonished at all this, and asked the Sheik if there was anything in his narration that had excited his displeasure? The Sheik, at these words, looked up, and said: "Be at peace, friends. How can this youth know anything of my sad lot, since it is scarce three days that he has been under my roof? Can it not be, that amid the cruelties which those Franks exercised, a fate similar to mine has occurred? May not, perhaps, even that young Almanzor—but relate farther, my young friend." The young slave bowed, and continued:—

The young Almanzor then was carried into the Frankish camp. On the whole, it went well with him there; for one of the chiefs took him into his tent, and being pleased with the answers of the boy, which a Dragoman was obliged to translate, he took all care of him, so that he wanted nothing in food or clothing; yet still his desire after his father and mother made him in the highest degree unhappy. He wept for many long days, but his tears did not move these men. The camp was broken up, and Almanzor thought that he would be permitted to return; but it was not so; the army marched back and forth, fought with the Mamelukes, and he was always carried with them. When he prayed the chiefs and officers to let him return home, they refused, and said he must remain as a pledge of his father's fidelity. Thus he was many days with them upon the march.

Suddenly there arose movements in the army, which did not escape the boy; they spoke of packing up, of marching back, of embarking; and Almanzor was beside himself with joy; for now, if the Franks returned to their land, now he would be set at liberty. They marched towards the coast, with horse and foot, and at last came in sight of the ships that lay at anchor. The soldiers embarked, but night came on, and still only a small portion were on board. Notwithstanding Almanzor's great desire to remain awake, since he expected every moment to be set free, yet he fell at last into a deep slumber, and he believed that the Franks had mingled something with his water to put him to sleep. When he awoke, the bright day shone into a little chamber, in which he had not been the evening before. He sprang up from his couch, but the moment he touched the floor, he fell, for it rocked back and forth, and everything seemed to dance in a circle around him. A singular roaring and whistling was heard without; he knew not whether he was dreaming or awake. He at last reached a small stairs, ascended it with difficulty, and—what horror fell upon him! he was in a ship; all around there was nothing to be seen but the heavens and the sea. He prayed to be carried back, he wished to plunge into the waves and swim across to his home; but the Franks held him fast, and one of their chiefs called him and promised him, if he would be obedient he should return, and explained to him that it had not been possible for them, on their march from the inner country, to carry him home, but that he would have miserably perished if they had left him behind in the desert.

But they did not keep their word—

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those Franks; for the ship sailed farther and farther for many days, and when at last it came to land, it was not at the coast of Egypt, but at Frangistan! Almanzor, during this long voyage, and before, in the camp of the Franks, had learned to speak and understand their language, which was now very useful to him in this land, where no one understood his own. For several days he was carried into the interior of the country, and the people everywhere thronged to see him, for his conductors said that he was the son of the King of Egypt, who had sent him to Frangistan to be instructed.

The soldiers said this to make the people believe that they had conquered Egypt, and stood in perfect peace with that land. After their journey had lasted several days, they arrived at a large city, the aim and end of their travels. There he was committed to the charge of a physician, who took him into his house, and instructed him in their manners and customs.

In the first place he was obliged to put on Frankish clothes which were very tight and uncomfortable, and by far less beautiful than his Egyptian ones. Then he was permitted no longer to make his obeisance with crossed arms, but if he wished to testify his respect for any one, he must tear from his head an enormous cap of black felt which all wore, and which they had placed upon him also; and scrape with his right foot. He was no longer permitted to sit with crossed legs, as is the pleasant custom in the East, but he must seat himself upon a high-legged chair, and let his feet hang down to the floor. Eating also gave him no little trouble, for everything he would bring to his mouth, he must first place it upon a fork of iron.

The doctor was a strict, ill-natured man, and misused the boy; for if at any time, he forgot himself when on a visit, and said "Salaam Aleikam," he would strike him with his cane, for he should say "votre serviteur." He might no longer, write, speak or think in his own language; at most he could only dream in it; and he would perhaps have forgotten it entirely, if there had not lived a man in that city who was of the greatest benefit to him.

This was an old but very learned man, who understood many eastern languages, Arabian, Persian, Coptic, Chinese even, a little of each. He was esteemed a prodigy of learning in his land, and they gave him much money for teaching these languages to other people. This man invited the young Almanzor to his house once every week, regaled him with rare fruits and the like, and at these times it seemed to the youth as if he were transported to his own land. The old gentleman was a singular man. He had caused garments to be made for Almanzor, such as are worn by the distinguished young people of Egypt. These garments he kept in his house in a particular chamber. When Almanzor came he sent him with a servant into that chamber, and let him clothe himself after the fashion of his own land. From this chamber they went into "little Arabia;" so they called a saloon in the house of this savant.

This saloon was adorned with artificially reared trees, such as palms, cypresses, young cedars and the like, and with flowers which only grow in the East. Persian carpets covered the floor, and cushions were placed against the wall; nowhere was there a Frankish chair or table to be seen. Upon one of these cushions sat the old Professor; but his appearance was very different from what it was commonly. Around his head he had wound a fine Turkish shawl for a turban, and he had put on a beard which reached down to his girdle, and looked like the natural reverend beard of an important man. He wore besides a talar which had been made out of a brocade dressing-gown, wide Turkish trowsers, yellow slippers; and as peaceable as he appeared on other occasions, yet on this day he had a Turkish cimeter buckled around him, and placed in his girdle a poignard set with false jewels. In addition he smoked a pipe two yards in length, and was attended by servants who were likewise dressed in the Persian manner, and whose faces and hands were colored black.

At first all this seemed very singular to the young Almanzor, but he soon perceived that if he humored the thoughts of the old man, such hours would be very useful to him. If at the doctor's he was not allowed to speak an Egyptian word, here the Frankish language was forbidden; upon his entrance Almanzor must speak the greeting of peace which the old Persian would return very solemnly; then he beckoned

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the youth to sit near him, and began to speak Persian, Arabic, Coptic—all of these languages together, and this was called a learned Eastern conversation. Near him stood a servant, or one who on this day represented a slave, who held a large book; this book was a dictionary, and when the words escaped the old man's memory, he beckoned to the slave, looked quickly for what he wished to say, and then went on with his discourse.

The slaves brought sherbet and the like in Turkish vessels, and if Almanzor would give great pleasure to the old man, he had only to say that all was arranged as in the East. The youth read the Persian very beautifully, and this was of great advantage to the old professor. He had many manuscripts in this language, and he made the young man read them before him, then read them himself afterwards attentively, and in this way marked the correct accent.

These were happy days for the poor Almanzor, for the Professor never dismissed him unrewarded, and he often carried home valuable presents in money and linen stuffs or other necessaries which the doctor would give him. Thus lived the young man for some years in the chief city of Frangistan, and his desire after his home never diminished. When he was about fifteen years old, an occurrence happened which had the greatest influence upon his fate.

The Franks, to wit, had chosen their first General, the same with whom he had so often spoken in Egypt, for their Sultan and ruler. Almanzor, it is true, recognized by the great festivities that something of this kind had happened in this large city, but he did not imagine that the king was the same man whom he had seen in his own land, for the General was still a very young man. One day Almanzor crossed the bridge which extends over the broad river that flows through the city: he perceived there a man in the simple habit of a soldier, who was leaning against the railing of the bridge, and looking down into the waves. The features of this man attracted his attention, and he called to mind tha the had before seen him. He went then quickly through the chambers of his memory, and when he came to the gate of the chamber of Egypt, he found that this man was that chief of the Franks, with whom he had often spoken in the camp, and who had always kindly provided for him. He knew not exactly the right name, but he took heart, stepped up to him, called him as the soldiers called him among themselves, and said, "Salaam aleikam, Petit Caporal."

The man looked around with surprise, glanced at the young man with sharp eyes, reflected a moment, and then said, "Heaven! is it possible! Thou here, Almanzor! How is thy father? How goes it in Egypt? What brings thee hither?"

Almanzor could no longer restrain himself, he began to weep bitterly, and said: "Thou dost not know what those hounds thy countrymen have done with me, Petit Caporal. Thou dost not know that for many years I have not seen the land of my fathers."

"I cannot think"—said the man, and his brow became dark. "It cannot be that they have forced thee away with them?"

"Yes, truly," answered Almanzor. "On that day when your soldiers embarked, I saw my native land for the last time. They took me away with them, and a chief, who was moved by my wretchedness, paid out my board to an accursed doctor who beats me and lets me half die with hunger. But listen, Petit Caporal," he continued earnestly, "it is well that I have met thee here: thou must help me."

The man to whom he said this smiled, and asked in what way he should help him.

"See," said Almanzor; "it were unreasonable that I should desire anything of thee; thou wast always so kind to me, and I know that thou art a poor man, and though a general, yet thou never wast so finely dressed as the others; even now, to judge from thy coat and hat, thou canst not be in the best circumstances. But here have the Franks lately chosen a sultan, and without doubt thou knowest people who are permitted to approach him—perhaps his Aga of the Janizaries, or his Reis Effendi, or his Capudan Bacha; is it not so?"

"Well—yes," answered the man, "and what farther?"

"Thou canst speak a good word for me with these, Petit Caporal, that they pray the sultan of the Franks to set me at liberty; then I shall need some money

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for my voyage across the sea; but thou must promise me above all things to say nothing of this to the doctor, nor to the Arabian professor."

"Who is the Arabian professor?"

"Ah, he is a singular man, but I will tell you of him another time. If they were to hear of it, I should not be permitted to leave Frangistan. But wilt thou speak for me to the Agas? Tell me frankly!"

"Come with me," said the man, "perhaps I can be of use to you at once."

"Now!" cried the youth, in affright; "not for the world. The doctor would beat me; I must hasten home."

"What have you in this basket?" asked the former, detaining him. Almanzor blushed, and at first would not show him; at last, however, he said: "See, Petit Caporal, see how I am obliged to serve like the meanest slave in my father's house. The doctor is an avaricious man, and sends me every day a league from the house to the vegetable and fish markets, because things are cheaper there by a few sous than in our part of the city. Look! I must walk every day two leagues for these poor herrings, this handful of salad, and this bit of butter."

The man to whom Almanzor said this, was moved at the misery of the boy, and answered: "Only come with me, and be of good courage; the doctor shall do you no harm, though he shall dine to-day on neither herring nor salad. Be comforted and come." With these words he took Almanzor by the hand to lead him along, and, although his heart beat when he thought of the doctor, yet there was so much to inspire confidence in the words and mien of this man, that he resolved to accompany him. He walked, then, by the side of the soldier, through various streets, and he could not but think it strange that everybody took off their hats as he passed, and stopped and gazed after him. He remarked this to his companion, but the latter laughed and said nothing.

They came at last to a magnificent castle, toward which the man turned his step. "Dost thou dwell here, Petit Caporal?" said Almanzor.

"Here is my abode," replied the former. "I will lead thee to my wife."

"Hey! thou art finely provided for!" continued Almanzor; "without doubt the sultan has given thee here a free dwelling?"

"Thou art right; I hold this dwelling from the Emperor," answered his companion, and led him into the castle. They ascended a broad flight of steps; he directed him to set down his basket in a spacious saloon, and then entered with him into a splendid chamber, where a lady was sitting upon a divan. The man spoke with her in a foreign language, whereupon they both laughed not a little, and the lady questioned Almanzor much about Egypt. At last, Petit Caporal said to the youth: "I will tell you what is best. I will myself lead you immediately to the Emperor, and speak with him in your behalf."

Almanzor was much frightened, but he thought upon his misery and his home. "To the unhappy," he said to the two; "to the unhappy, Allah lends a high courage in the hour of need; he will not, then, forsake me, a poor boy. I will do it—I will go to him. But say, Caporal, must I fall down before him? Must I touch the earth with my forehead? What must I do?"

They both laughed anew, and assured him that all this was unnecessary.

"Does he look terribly and majestically?" He asked farther, "Has he a long beard? Has he flashing eyes? Say, how does he look?"

His conductor laughed again, and said: "I had rather not describe him to thee, Almanzor; thou of thyself shalt guess which one is he. This only will I give thee as a sign by which he may be known—all who are in the audience chamber will take off their hats respectfully if he is present—he who remains covered must be the Emperor." With these words, he took Almanzor by the hand, and went with him to the audience chamber. The nearer he came, the louder beat his heart, and his knees to tremble as they approached the door. This was thrown open by an attendant, and in a half circle there stood at least thirty men splendidly dressed, covered with gold and stars, as is the custom in the land of the Franks with the most distinguished agas and bachas of the king, and Almanzor thought that his companion, who was so plainly clothed, must be the least among them. All were uncovered, and the boy commenced to look around for him who kept his hat upon his head, for by this

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he was to know the Emperor. But his search was in vain; the Emperor could not be among them. At this moment his glance fell upon his companion, and behold! this one still wore his hat.

The youth was astonished, confused. He looked long at his companion, and said, taking off his own hat, "Salaam Aleikam, Petit Caporal. Thus much I know, that I am not the sultan of the Franks, and it does not therefore become me to keep my head covered; but thou art he who wears the hat. Petit Caporal—thou art the Emperor!"

"Thou hast guessed it," answered the former; "and besides this, I am thy friend. Do not ascribe thy misfortunes to me, but to an unhappy complication of circumstances. Be assured thou shalt with the first ship be sent back to thy native land. Return now to my wife, and relate to her of the Arabian professor, and all that thou knowest. I will send the herring and salad to the doctor, but thou shalt reside in my palace."

Thus spoke the man who was emperor, but Almanzor fell down before him, kissed his hands and prayed forgiveness that he had not known him; he certainly had not seen it in his face that he was the sultan.

"Thou art right," replied the former, laughing; "when one has been emperor for a few days only, he cannot have it written upon his brow." Thus he spoke, and motioned him to retire.

Since this day Almanzor lived happily and in joy. He was permitted to visit the Arabian professor a few times, but the doctor he never saw again. After a few weeks, the emperor summoned the youth, and announced to him that a ship lay at anchor, in which he would send him to Egypt. Almanzor was beside himself with joy; a few days sufficed for preparation, when, with a heart full of gratitude, and richly laden with gifts, he took leave of the emperor, travelled toward the sea, and embarked.

But Allah would still longer prove him, would still longer steel his courage by misfortune, and did not yet permit him to see the coast of his native land. Another Frankish people, the English, at that time carried on a war against the Emperor upon the sea. They took away all the ships which they could conquer, and it so happened that the vessel in which Almanzor had embarked, was surrounded and attacked by those of this people; it was forced to surrender, and the whole crew were transferred to a smaller ship, which sailed on with the rest. But upon the sea it is not less unsafe than in the desert, where robbers fall unawares upon a caravan, and kill and plunder. A corsair out of Tunis attacked the small vessel, which had been separated by a storm from the others; it was captured, and all the crew carried into Algiers and sold.

Almanzor, it is true, came not into such hard slavery as the Christians, for he was a true believing mussulman, but still all hope of seeing his home and his father again disappeared. He lived there five years with a rich man, and was obliged to water the flowers, and cultivate the garden. When his master died, his possessions were divided, his slaves separated, and Almanzor fell into the hands of a slave merchant, who had fitted out a ship, to sell his slaves elsewhere at a better price. I myself was a slave of this merchant, and was placed in the same ship with Almanzor; there we became known to each other, and there he related to me his singular fortunes. As we came to land also, I was witness of the most wonderful providence of Allah—it was the coast of his native country where the boat landed, it was the market-place of his native city where we were publicly offered for sale, and, oh, my lord! it was his own, his dear father who purchased him."

The Sheik Ali Banu had sunk in deep reflection over this narration; it had carried him along involuntarily with itself; his breast heaved, his eyes glowed, he was often on the point of interrupting the slave, and now the end of the story seemed not to satisfy him.

"He would now be one and twenty years old, thou said'st?" thus he began to question him.

"My lord, he is of my age, from one to two and twenty years."

"And what city did he name as the place of his birth? that thou hast not said."

"If I err not," answered the former, "it was Alexandria."

"Alexandria!" exclaimed the Sheik, "it is my son—where is he? what keeps him? said'st thou not he was called Kairam? has he dark eyes and brown hair?"

"He has, and in mournful hours he called himself Kairam, and not Almanzor."



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"But—Allah, Allah! tell me—his father purchased him before thine eyes said'st thou? said he it was his father? then he is not my son."

The slave answered, "he said to me," 'Allah be praised, after such long unhappiness this is the market place of my native city.' After awhile a distinguished personage turned the corner, and he exclaimed, 'What a dear present from Heaven are the eyes! I once more see my revered father!' The man stepped up to us, examined this and that one, and purchased at last him to whom all this happened. He then called upon Allah, uttered a prayer of thanks, and whispered to me, 'I go again into the hall of happiness; it is my own father who has purchased me.'"

"Then it is not my son, my Kairam," exclaimed the Sheik, moved with anguish.

The youth could no longer restrain himself, tears of joy burst from his eyes, he threw himself before the Sheik, and exclaimed, "and still it is your son Kairam—Almanzor, for it is you who have bought him."

"Allah! a miracle, a great miracle!" exclaimed all present, and thronged around him; but the Sheik stood speechless, and looked in wonder upon the youth, who raised his beautiful face to him. "My friend Mustapha," he said to the old Dervish, "a veil of tears hangs before mine eyes, and I cannot see whether the features of his mother, which my Kairam bore, are engraved upon his face; step hither, and look upon him."

The old man drew near, and looked upon him long, laid his hand upon the forehead of the young man, and said: "Kairam, what was that sentence which I repeated to thee in the camp of the Franks, on that day of misfortune?"

"My dear teacher," answered the youth, drawing the hand of the old man to his lips, "it ran, '*He who loves Allah and has a good conscience, is not alone in the desert of misfortune, for he has two companions who walk at his side consoling him!*'"

Then the old man raised his eyes thankfully toward heaven, drew the youth to his breast, gave him to the Sheik, and said, "Take him; as certainly as thou hast mourned ten years for him, so certainly is he thy son Kairam."

The Sheik was lost in joy and rapture; he gazed again and again upon the features of his newly-found son, and undeniably he saw the image of his child again as he had lost him. All present participated in his delight; for they loved the Sheik, and it was to each one as if a son had on this day been returned to him.

Song and mirth now filled the hall, as in the days of happiness and joy. The youth must once again and more circumstantially relate his history, and all praised the Arabian professor and the emperor, and every one who had been kind to Kairam. They were together until night, and when they separated the Sheik gave rich gifts to each of his friends, that they might ever remember this day of joy.

But the four young men he presented to his son, and invited them always to visit him; and it was a settled matter, that he should read with the scribe, make short travels with the painter, that the merchant should share with him song and dancing, and the other prepare for them all their pleasures. They also were presented with rich gifts, and stepped joyfully from the house of the Sheik.

"Whom have we to thank for all this?" they said to each other, "Whom else than the old man? Who would have thought this as we stood here before the house, and prated so idly about the Sheik?"

"And wonderful! Was it not here where we uttered our wishes aloud?" said the scribe. "One would travel, the other sing and dance, the third enjoy good company, and I—read and hear tales and histories. And are not all our wishes fulfilled? Am not I permitted to read all the books of the Sheik, and to purchase what I will?"

"And I, as often as my heart desires, listen to singing and playing, and behold dancing,—may I not go there and demand it of his slaves?"

"And cannot I too oversee his table, and take orders for all his finest pleasures, and be myself present?" said the other.

"And I," exclaimed the painter, "before this day, I was poor and could not set foot out of the city, and now I can travel whither I will."

"Yes," said they all, "it was good that we followed the old man; how different might have been our fortunes!"

Thus they spoke, and went happily and joyfully home.

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# PERIODICAL READING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," &c.

THE prodigious amount of periodical reading at the present day, makes the question of the utility of such reading one of no little moment. If the effect be good, immense benefit must accrue to those in all classes of life whose minds feed on this sort of aliment. If evil, it would be impossible to compute the amount of that evil. Hundreds of thousands read nothing else; and of these multiplied thousands how few begin with any judgment in the selection of their reading, or a single wish that it shall be anything but amusing? Where, then, are they to acquire that judgment? Whence shall arise a desire for such reading as may instruct and enlarge the mind while it affords a delightful occupation for the time? By the continued perusal of what is most truly called "light" reading? We fear not. We have thought that useful reading was becoming less and less popular; and that instead of complaints as to the utter emptiness of the inflated nothings which build up the reputation of some of the periodicals, the only cry is for something more exciting, even though it be as empty and as unnatural as those. If any one venture to recommend anything of a more solid character, the reply is, "Oh! those things do not go down now-a-days! A thing must be *piquant* and exciting, or it will not be read!" A "*piquant*" treatise on natural philosophy, or an "exciting" essay on some important question in morals, being still a desideratum, the time seems far-distant when anything but love-stories shall be considered readable by the great body of those who constitute our reading population.

We are told that the style and matter of these things must be adapted to the taste of readers, since it is impossible to fit or force the inclinations so that they shall prefer what is better. This we deny as a whole, though we may admit it to be partly true. The duty of those who write for the public is to aim at raising the standard of taste, and improving, in every possible way, the powers of those who read. Nobody has a *right*, morally speaking, to send forth in print that which has no good aim. It is impossible that anything appearing with the advantages of the press, should be simply indifferent in its tendency. If not written by an idiot, it must have some meaning, and that meaning must have some moral. We may be told that this endless round of vapid love-stories has no harm in it; but we must deny this. They are usually free from *intentional* evil, but we contend that they may still cause an immense amount of incidental harm. If they foster a mawkish sensibility; if they teach young people that what they describe as *love* is the business of life, and as such is to be pursued in the very face of duty and of prudence; if they exalt wealth and its appendages, by gorgeous description, to the utmost pitch of attractiveness, while they inculcate, in various ways, a course of conduct which would inevitably prevent the honest acquisition of them; if they represent duelling as a venial transgression, arising only from a fatally high sense of honor; if, in short, they palliate evil, or inculcate, directly or indirectly, false maxims of life, they must be the instruments of incalculable harm in any community like ours, where everything depends upon the ability of the people for self-government. A democracy in which the people are systematically irreligious, or even generally frivolous and empty, must, in time, become a state of things in comparison with which the worst despotism under which Russia or Austria ever suffered would be a blessed relief. It is bad enough, anywhere, when those to whom the pen and the press have been entrusted use them for evil and not for good; but for the American who misleads, through selfishness or carelessness, the minds of his countrymen, the *peine forte et dure* of the ancient torture would be scarcely too severe a punishment.

Some of the British Monthlies, which have been rendered very popular among us by the dashing brilliancy of their style, are far from exerting a healthful influence on American mind; but they

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are read by a comparatively small portion of our people; and those of a class better able to judge of and guard against their unfavorable tendencies, than that which chiefly patronizes our own periodicals. Their morality is often scarcely strict enough for our Puritan notions; they represent duelling as something—to say the least—more fashionable than virtue; seduction as admitting of many excuses on both sides; capital punishment and all severe penal laws, as the very vital principle of the moral world. And besides all this, and much more that is contrary to our better views, their flings at the political maxims which we are bound to hold most sacred, must be far from encouraging, in our young people, a respect and affection for their native land. They hold up wealth and fame, or some species of worldly prosperity, as the proper and sufficient rewards of virtuous conduct; not only presenting, in most cases, a delusive standard of merit,—since the virtues they praise are of a very ordinary or quite dubious cast,—but a false and pernicious standard of reward, false in fact as in philosophy, yet fatally fascinating to youthful and undiscriminating minds. We should characterize the British Monthlies as being more thoroughly imbued with what, for want of a better term, we may call a *worldly* spirit, than anything of the kind on this side the water.

But, as we have observed, the influence of these attractive publications is limited, generally, to that of the extracts which are commended to some of our diligent collectors by their wit, humor, or better qualities. Blackwood we take whole; but its toryism is, perhaps, too laughable to be injurious; and the vigorous and sprightly style of its articles, though less striking now than formerly, might be imitated with advantage, by some of our own writers of the same class.

The Quarterlies, the work of the ripest minds and most practised pens in the United States, and in England, embody a fund of information on almost every subject worth understanding, and we fear it is *for this very reason* that they are comparatively neglected. We do not as a people read for information, but for amusement—excitement. An essay full of the most stinging satire, by Macaulay; a slashing review of some popular author; or an article on no matter what subject, in which is lugged in, *apropos des bottes*, unmeasured abuse of this country, introduced for the sole purpose of cutting to the quick our national sensitiveness, is tolerably sure of readers. In such things we can find that *piquancy* for which a satiated imagination is ever seeking. But unless a Review come thus recommended—if it offer only just and dispassionate criticims, condensed accounts of all that is new and useful, elegant essays upon any variety of subjects,—it may lie on many a table with its leaves uncut, or perhaps, be suffered to remain quietly slumbering on the bookseller's counter, while thousands of pages of wretched balderdash, injurious alike to the morals and the taste, are being devoured by those whose minds must need furnishing with elegant or practical knowledge. The lamentable poverty of conversation observable in most circles, is proof enough of the need of useful reading; and since there is certainly a great deal of reading done among us, we fear the conclusion is unavoidable that much of that reading is—to say the best we may—absolutely useless.

We are not disposed to suspect our countrymen of a taste for *vicious* reading, although we are not of the number of those who could learn to think the Mysteries of Paris and other kindred translations and transfusions from foreign presses which obtained high popularity among us, likely to improve the morality of the public. We think that same gentle public apt to be dazzled by false lights;—to be misled by the representations of venal critics, who can consent to cater for whatever may be, or seem to be, the public taste, without any consideration higher than the most sordid self-interest. People do not enough consult their own spontaneous, instinctive judgment in these matters; they give way too readily to false shame from within and clamor from without. The practice of reading solely for amusement, is, of itself, likely to blind the judgment, and deprive the taste of all discrimination. We should not be apt to employ a habitual whiskey-drinker in the selection of fine wines; and we ought as little to expect purity and delicacy of literary relish in a reader to whom excitement has become the only criterion. To taste with confident acuteness, we must "live cleanly." To obey the suggestions of a vitiated pal-

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ate is as unsafe in morals as in nature. Our daughters will decide between right and wrong with all the more distinctness, from never having had their natural perceptions warped by the perusal of fictions in which those boundaries are artfully or stupidly confounded.

It is a mooted question in intellectual philosophy what may be the actual effect, upon the powers of the mind itself, of so much periodical reading. Coleridge says, "the habit of perusing periodical works may be properly added to Averrhoe's catalogue of weakness of memory." He will not dignify such "*pass-time* or rather *kill-time*" with the name of reading. "Call it rather," he says, "a sort of beggarly day-dreaming, during which the mind of the dreamer furnishes for itself nothing but laziness and a little mawkish sensibility; while the whole *matériel* and imagery of the doze is supplied, *ab extra*, by a sort of mental *camera obscura*, manufactured at the printing-office; which, for the time, fixes, reflects, and transmits the moving phantasm of one man's delirium, so as to people the barrenness of a hundred other brains, afflicted with the same trance or suspension of all common sense and all definite purpose." He classes this sort of amusement with gaming; swinging on a chair or gate; smoking; snuff-taking; tête-a-tête quarrels after dinner between husband and wife; conning, word by word, all the advertisements in a newspaper; the habit of reading tombstones, and many other equally improving modes of mental dissipation; which catalogue, he declares, is susceptible of a sound psychological commentary. But, not to quote many high authorities which bear out this view of the effects of desultory reading, we cannot doubt that the most pernicious consequences to the memory do actually result from a constant flying from one subject to another, without any balance in the shape of continuous and systematic study. We remember to have heard a lady of the soundest intellect and the most cultivated understanding, say, after having been tempted to read, day after day, in a Cyclopedia, that the effect upon her mind had been such as to convince her that to persist in such a course would lead to absolute derangement.

We are quite aware that our strictures may very possibly be met by the assertion, that many among us who read periodicals only, would, if there were none of those, read nothing at all; and that intellectual amusement, even of the poorest kind, is better than some other things that might be mentioned. This much we might grant, but why must it be thus? The shortness of life is a valid argument against the undertaking of many things—why not against attempting to swallow all the nonsense of the day? Nine-tenths of the magazine stories, so popular among us, have nothing to do with this life, and no reference to that which is beyond it; and fiction which has no relation to what has been, or what is to be, must be both vapid and valueless. Why exhaust life's precious hours in trying to convert into nourishing food the miserable nosubstance which is the result of the efforts of ten thousand blundering alchemists, to turn lead and feathers into gold?

Having thus briefly touched upon the things we would *not* have, it can hardly be necessary to attempt an elaborate description of what we *would* have in the matter of periodical reading. *We* shall not be suspected of a desire to discourage *all* reading of this kind. We would allow it its due place; but as ministering servants of the great literary temple, we feel bound to protest against a complete oblivion of history, morals, criticism, and even poesy divine, in favor of what is just so far worse than blank paper, as a thing spoiled is worse than a thing unused. We would remind the "reading world" (so called), that its capacity, though immense, is not infinite; and that for everything absolutely trashy and worthless, which is read, there is *some* subduction of time which might be used to better purpose, while the habit of being content with such reading is completely destructive alike of the wish and the ability for improvement.

If we have misunderstood this matter—if we have been conjuring up bugbears and spectres, let it be shown by argument and examples. If this be fairly proved, we shall be quite willing to see these ghosts of our imagination laid, like other unreal mockeries—in the *Read*-Sea.

C.

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# FAMILY FLATTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," ETC. ETC.

"And the king himself did follow her when she walked on before."

"How do I look?" inquired Gertrude Stanley, as she turned from the mirror to her sister, who replied, looking at her admiringly,

"Lovely."

"Nonsense," answered Gertrude, trying to repress a smile; "but do you really like the way I have done my hair? Now tell me, how *does* it look?"

"Like satin," continued Julia. "I never saw it more glossy and beautiful. Those long, soft, rich curls are very becoming; and, in short, you are looking your very prettiest. I pity poor Tom Heyworth if he is at Langley's to-night."

"You need not talk of Tom Heyworth," replied Gertrude, in high good humor at having the suggestions of her mirror, and the whisperings of her vanity, confirmed by the admiration of her sister. "Better reserve your pity for that handsome Mr. Seward who seemed so desperately smitten the other evening. 'People in glass houses should not throw stones,' you remember, Julia."

"I wonder if he will be there?" returned Julia, with animation.

"To be sure he will," answered Gertrude. "You told him you were going, did you not?"

"Yes; but I do not remember that he said he should."

"Why of course he will," answered Gertrude decidedly, "since you told him that you were, and you know he will. I never saw a man more desperately taken in my life. He seemed absolutely entranced by that last song of yours."

"Oh! by the way," said Julia, "was I not terribly hoarse? I was so frightened that my voice sounded shockingly in my own ears."

"It sounded delightfully in everybody else's, I assure you," answered Gertrude. "Mrs. Lewis said it was the most delicious thing she had ever heard, and Mr. Shelton was in perfect raptures, and Mr. Sholto said he would rather hear you than Castellan a thousand times; and, indeed," continued Gertrude, "I don't think I ever heard your singing more admired. I really cannot remember all the compliments I had for you."

"I am truly glad to hear you say so," answered Julia, flushing and dimpling with gratified vanity, "for I really feared I had disgraced myself. How do you know that Mr. Seward was pleased? What did he say?"

"He did not *say* anything," replied Gertrude, "for he seemed quite speechless; but he listened as if his soul was in his ears. Come, come," she added, playfully, "you need not play modest" (an adjuration not needed, that being a part not often sported by either sister), "for you must have been quite as conscious of his admiration as I was."

"No, indeed," answered Julia; "did not notice that there was anything so very marked in his manner."

"Oh! Julia!" exclaimed Gertrude. "How can you say so? Now that is not being frank?"

"'Pon my word," said Julia, laughing, "such reproaches come with a very good grace from you indeed, who pretended to deny just now Tom Heyworth's devotions the other evening."

"Well," replied Gertrude, "I am sure he did not talk much to me."

"No," said her sister, "because you were so surrounded that he could not; but he scarcely took his eyes off you the whole evening."

A knock at the door here interrupted the conversation, and the servant came to announce that the carriage was ready, and their father waiting, and the young ladies descended, persuaded not only of the general stock of admiration that awaited them, but of the devoted homage of two of the most fashionable young men about town, in high good humor with each other, and enchanted with themselves.

"Now throw back your cloaks," said Mrs. Stanley, as they entered the drawing-room. "We must see you before you go. Why, Gertrude, you have arranged your hair differently. Is that a new fashion?"

"Yes, mama, how do you like it?"

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"It is beautiful," exclaimed the admiring mother, "and very becoming. And those flowers of yours are charming, Julia. I never saw anything so pretty. You look lovely, both of you. I really wish I was able to go, that I might see you there. Well, papa," said she, turning to her husband, "I think you have reason to be proud of your daughters to-night. And now, my loves, you had better hurry, for the carriage has been waiting for some time;" and, as they departed, the maid who had followed with their cloaks and hoods, said,

"An' sure, ma'am, there'll not be two sich young ladies there besides them;" to which, Mrs. Stanley replied with equal simplicity, "I do not believe there will, Susan;" and, as she reseated herself by the fire, and took up her knitting, she said to a sister of her husband, who resided with them,

"They *are* pretty girls, sister; are they not?"

"There is no question about that," replied Miss Stanley. "You and brother have reason to be proud of them."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Stanley, "we have, as you say, reason to be not only happy, but proud parents, for their endowments are not merely external, they are as preëminent for intellectual gifts as for personal graces. I do not know how it comes that our children should be so talented, but certainly Rufus is very remarkable, and Harry is decidedly the first scholar of his years in town, and Gertrude and Julia are not less distinguished for their accomplishments and wit, than for their grace and beauty." And thus Mrs. Stanley continued to talk on in the happiest persuasion of her being the mother of the most remarkable family in the Union, and this persuasion being, as it was, of the most amiable kind, and calculated to add infinitely to her happiness, would not have been to be regretted, could it have stopped there; but communicating itself as it did to her children, the evil was greater than she could readily have imagined. They certainly, as a family, ranked above the ordinary run of pretty, sprightly girls, and clever, well educated boys, and would have won the meed of general admiration, were not the charm of their gifts and graces marked by a consciousness it is delightful to enjoy, but fatal to betray.

"Those Stanleys are pretty girls," had been the remark of young Seward to Tom Heyworth, as they walked home after the evening, the events of which had formed the subject of the conversation just related between the sisters.

"Yes," returned Heyworth, carelessly, "quite so."

"They seem pretty well aware of the fact themselves, though," continued Seward.

"Yes," said Heyworth, "that is the mischief of it. The eldest one, Gertrude, would be very handsome if she would let herself alone; but she is such an affected little puss, and so deucedly full of her pretty airs and graces, that she quite destroys all the charm she might otherwise have."

"So it struck me," replied Seward, "but I am somewhat surprised to hear you say so, for I thought you rather taken in that quarter."

"Oh, it is pleasant enough to dance with such girls," returned Heyworth, "they are lively and pretty, and always ready to flirt, but for any admiration beyond that, you are quite mistaken if you attribute any to me. For though Gertrude Stanley is a pretty, striking-looking girl, there is such a want of repose, and above all, such a consciousness of beauty about her, that she is not to my taste. The other is pretty, too, and has quite a good voice."

"Yes," replied Seward. "It wants compass and cultivation, but still it is quite a good voice. That booby of a brother stood near me, and as she finished I said something civil to him about her music, when he actually told me that she had sung, last winter, with Castellan, and that many persons preferred her voice of the two."

"That is too good," said Heyworth, laughing. "But he would be rather astonished, by the way, to hear you speak of him and his opinions in such a slighting tone. He is called clever, I believe. Somebody told me he was a conceited but promising youth."

"That he is conceited there is no doubt," replied Seward, "but I don't see the promise you talk of; though it may be, however, for I only conversed with him a few minutes. His insufferable self-sufficiency disgusted me, and I turned off as soon as I could. But you are ungrateful, Heyworth, for the fair Gertrude seemed to me to smile her sweetest upon you."

"I don't know that, but even if it were so, the smiles of such a flirt are not worth much," replied Heyworth,

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who, being a young man of fortune, besides something of a flirt in his way, was quite as well satisfied in his own mind that he could have Gertrude, as Gertrude was that he was dying for her —the usual and mutual result of a desperate flirtation.

"Do you go to Langley's to-morrow night?" continued Seward.

"Yes, I believe so. Won't you?"

"Well, I don't know. I am getting pretty tired of this kind of thing, but I may. However, here we are, so good-night to you!" And the young men parted with their heads not quite so full of their fair partners as the young ladies imagined.

"Well, my loves," said Mrs. Stanley, the next morning, when they met at breakfast, "had you a pleasant party last evening?"

"Oh, delightful!" answered both the girls, at once.

"It was pleasant, was it?" continued Mrs. Stanley; "Who was the belle?"

"Oh, Gertrude, of course," answered Julia, promptly, while Gertrude blushed a little, as she repeated, with a smile, her sister's words, "of course."

"Yes," replied Julia, "of course. You always are, so you need not attempt to deny it, Gertrude," and Mrs. Stanley looked very much pleased as she said,

"I thought you looked uncommonly well, and your father seemed very much pleased with the effect you both produced. Whom did you dance with? Tell me all about it. Come, you begin, Gertrude."

"Well, the first cotillion with young Morton."

"With young Morton," interrupted the mother, a little disappointed. "How comes it you did not dance with Heyworth the first?"

"Because Morton asked me as soon as I entered the room, and Heyworth seeing, I suppose, that I was engaged, did not come up to me until the second waltz."

"Whom did he dance with?" asked the anxious mother.

"Miss Morton," replied Gertrude.

"Yes," remarked Julia, "and I was quite amused to see, Gertrude, that since Heyworth could not dance with, he was determined, at least, to dance opposite to her. He could see you. He was your *vis-à-vis*, you remember, and how that Miss Morton kept him at her side after the dance was over! I do think there is nothing so ill-judged as a girl's pinning a young man in that way. He must have been tired to death of her."

"Some people call her handsome," continued Gertrude, "but I don't see it."

"Handsome!" ejaculated Julia, with spirit; "I don't think she has the least pretension to it. And then, she is such a cold, dead-and-alive thing! What a relief it must have been for Heyworth to get away from her to you! And yet some people call that manner of hers dignified and high-bred. So absurd! Mrs. Lewis said to me, 'Your sister and Miss Morton seem to divide the admiration of the room. I had quite a curiosity to see them together, but I think your sister bears the palm.' And she really seemed to think she was saying something monstrous civil. She must have seen from my manner that I did not feel very much elated by the compliment, for I merely looked at her without answering."

"I don't pretend to be a beauty or a belle," answered Gertrude, with a haughty toss of her pretty little head, "but I should be sorry, indeed, not to be better-looking, nor have more attention than Augusta Morton. Heyworth is intimate with her brother, and a good deal at the house, and so, of course, he is obliged to be civil to her when he meets her out. But that is all." Which assurance quite comforted Mrs. Stanley, who had been a little annoyed by hearing of his attentions to any but Gertrude, for he was rich, and the prudent mother didn't know but that "he would do," and at any rate did not like to hear of his devoting himself to any one but her daughter.

"What was the matter with Seward?" asked Gertrude. "Was he vexed about anything, he seemed to keep so in the back-ground?"

"Yes, I believe he was," replied Julia; "he asked me to dance, and when I said I was engaged, he turned off and never came near me again. I was sorry it happened so, but I could not help it."

The fact had been that Seward was in no dancing mood, a frame of mind unfortunately not rare with our young men; and Heyworth had really admired Miss Morton. "Not a girl to flirt with," as he had afterwards said, "but a woman to be admired."

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## CHAPTER II.

"A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising those we combat with."—BYRON.

"THEY say, Gertrude," remarked one of her brothers not long after this, "that Heyworth is engaged to Miss Morton."

"How absurd!" replied Gertrude.

"Why?" inquired her brother, "don't you believe it?"

"Believe it! No, certainly not. I cannot conceive how such a report should get about, unless indeed the Mortons have circulated it."

"You think, then, that she would have him?"

"Have him!" ejaculated Gertrude; "to be sure she would. They are trying all they can to get him, but he no more thinks of her than you do."

There was a decision of tone and manner in all this that seemed to imply that Gertrude had her own reasons for knowing better than the rest of the world why this report should not be true; and Julia afterwards said to her mother,

"How strange it is that people should say that Heyworth is attentive to Augusta Morton!"

"Then you do not think he is," said Mrs. Stanley, anxiously.

"Oh, not at all," replied Julia. "He is desperately in love with Gertrude. In fact he has all but offered himself already."

Mrs. Stanley wished he had quite; but as Gertrude was very young, and decidedly pretty, and her mother rated her claims high, she did not feel very anxious on the point, but passed from the subject to other topics under discussion.

"And so they say young Langley and Miss Murray are engaged."

"Very likely," answered Julia carelessly; for Langley not being one of the set who hovered round Gertrude or herself, was at liberty to marry if he chose it.

"Is it a good match for her?" inquired Mrs. Stanley.

"Yes—that is, he is as good as she'll get," answered Julia. "He is a stupid fellow, and poor, too, I believe," she added, in that sort of indifferent manner as if it were not a matter of the least consequence whether he were otherwise or not. Now, why Miss Murray's claims should have been rated so very low, would have puzzled anybody to decide, for she was certainly as much entitled, from her youth and beauty, to look high as either Gertrude or Julia, and beside, had some fortune of her own. But it will generally be found that those who have so very high a sense of what is due to themselves, are apt to slight the claims of others. Why, also, young Langley should have been stamped as a "stupid fellow," and probably penniless, would have surprised most people had they not been aware that young men's merits frequently rise and fall according to the amount of admiration they bestow, and the quarter in which it is bestowed. Now, had Langley come within the charmed circle that comprised in Gertrude and Julia's eyes all the young men worth anything, it is very probable that, from being a decided "nobody," he would have loomed up into a "charming fellow," as many who had fallen from the ranks were, from being "very clever," found to have "nothing in them."

Notwithstanding the resolute denial and obstinate unbelief of the Stanleys, the report of Heyworth's engagement gained ground, and finally incredulity itself was silenced, by the fact being formally announced, and then the indignation of the family rose high.

"Not that Gertrude would have had him. In fact, she had as good as refused him," or, at least, so her mother said; but they "felt sorry for the young man," who, from their account, was not at all in love with his bride elect.

As for Gertrude herself, she did not care much about the matter beyond never liking the defection of an admirer, for she had been for the last two weeks deep in a flirtation with Harry Armstrong. And thus the season fled by; and though Gertrude and Julia were decided belles, no suitors offered that came quite up to the mark, for Mrs. Stanley was ambitious, and required wealth and station for her daughters; and as for the girls themselves, they were full of "visions." So one or two young men, who, as it afterwards turned out, would have been very good matches, were rejected with scarce a second thought.

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Summer succeeded winter, and winter summer, and except the occasional shock of an engagement from some quarter that they had chosen to appropriate to themselves, the months sped by agreeably enough. A few years, however, is an age to youth and beauty, and as marriage followed marriage among the young and gay, Gertrude and Julia were beginning to find themselves among the "last roses of summer." Mrs. Stanley now looked anxious when she saw young men hovering round her daughters, and inquired with ill-disguised interest into their fortunes and prospects. She was disappointed, too, and depressed, when she heard of new engagements, which her daughters now began to resent as something quite personal.

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"So," said Mrs. Heyworth, quite triumphantly, "Julia Stanley is going to marry Mr. Allan at last! I thought she would come to it."

"Yes," replied her husband, "he has grown rich as she has grown old, and that is what people call the 'reward of constancy.'"

"I think she has the best of it," continued Mrs. Heyworth. "I never liked those girls, nor indeed any of the family—they were so vain and self-sufficient."

"Oh, they were nice enough girls; pretty and pleasant too," answered Heyworth, "only they were spoilt by the atmosphere of flattery they lived in at home. The old people thought they were paragons, and no wonder that the children grew up in the same opinion."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Heyworth, "all that may be very amiable, but I know of nothing more tiresome than people's praising up each other so. I never said a civil thing to Mrs. Stanley about the girls, that she did not take the words out of my mouth, and run so ahead of me, that to keep up with her was impossible."

"It is not in good taste, certainly," replied her husband; "and ill-judged, besides. They puffed up Rufus and Harry into a reputation that really led people to expect something of them, and they have sunk, after all, into very ordinary young men."

"As for Gertrude," continued Mrs. Heyworth, with some exultation, for she had never forgiven her some remarks she had heard of her making, "her day has gone by."

"Yes," replied her husband; "I saw her the other day; she is looking thin and eager."

Thin and eager! Alas, poor Gertrude! F. E. F.

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## STANZAS.

BY R. S.'S. ANDROS.

Oh, if it be some other world
  Hath erst the Spirit's dwelling been,
Ere yet her weary wing was furled
  Within these palace walls of sin;
Sure thou, amid its bowers of bliss,
  Must o'er my heart thy love have thrown,
Else had it been a wilderness,
  And I, an exile, sighed alone.

And, oh, when Death shall break the chain,
  The prison-gates of Life unbar,
And bid my spirit tempt again
  Some sphere in boundless space afar;
No rest the wanderer's wing will find,
  The wanderer's weary heart no rest,
Till one shall with thine own be twined,
  And one be pillowed on thy breast.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE HENRY A. MUHLENBERG.

For the unbroken period of one hundred years, the name of Muhlenberg has been associated with the national developments in Religion, Letters, Politics and Arms; and during all that period has been upheld by a succession of Democratic men, equally distinguished for their private as for their public virtues. It is a pious duty to rescue the fast perishing memories of the good and true men, to whose labors in all that constitutes the real glory of a State, the Republic owes so much. The bright example of their patriotism, of their self-denial, of their pure devotion to principle, is part of the great legacy of the past to the future. It was the pride as it was the policy of Rome, to hand down from age to age the story of the early fathers, to render their names and deeds familiar as household words, in order that the ever present memory of their stern virtues might penetrate the souls of the Roman youth, and fill them with the spirit of emulation.

The melancholy event, that has so lately bereaved the Democracy of Pennsylvania, presents an appropriate occasion for offering to the readers of this Magazine a sketch, however slight and unworthy, of some members of a family, the history of which is most intimately blended with that of the party, to whose interests these pages are devoted.

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Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, from whom is descended all of the name in the United States, was born at Eimbeck in Saxony, in the year 1711. The early death of his father, who exercised some judicial functions upon which the support of his family depended, arrested the education of the boy, and at a very tender age cast him upon the resources of his own industry for subsistence. In the school of domestic adversity and affliction was formed that apostolic character of courageous energy combined with lowly humility, of patience under suffering, and of hopeful perseverance, that so greatly distinguished his after life. The deep-toned piety of the poor orphan, and his love for learning which poverty could not repress, attracted to him friends, whose generous assistance enabled him to pursue the path their wise counsels pointed out. Always, however, self-relying and self-sustained, he did not permit himself to eat the bread of charity, but by imparting instruction to others honorably obtained the means of instruction for himself. At Göttingen his merits as a scholar drew the marked attention of Gesner; whilst his active practical piety, devoting itself to the spiritual illumination of the darkest and most neglected portions of society, procured him the blessings of the poor, and the grateful notice of the authorities of the University. It was here that he originated a society among the Theological Students, for the reclamation of those wretched children, the vices and crimes of whose parents doom them to the heritage of ignorance and immorality. From Göttingen, where his reputation as a scholar and his amiable and benevolent disposition had raised him powerful friends, he removed, under the auspices of the Count Reuss, whose chaplain he was, and of the Count Heukel, to Halle. There, as at Göttingen, he was constantly engaged in the abodes of misery, in the Hospital and in the Orphan House, ministering to the souls of the sick and the afflicted, or giving instructions to the poor. The friendly and intimate relations that he formed at Halle, with some of the most eminent men of that University, with Franke, with Cellarius, and with the Inspector Fabricius, were never interrupted during their lives, but continued to cheer and encourage him in the arduous mission, to which their confidence invited and promoted him. At the earnest solicitation of those friends, he accepted, in the year 1741, the appointment of Missionary to the German Lutherans of Pennsylvania. What personal sacrifices he made in leaving Europe, in abandoning the direct pursuit of learning and the career of distinction opened to him in the church and in the Universities of his fatherland, he esteemed as nothing compared with the duty of accepting this appointment.

The field of his labors was then one vast wilderness, in which, rude and un-

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reclaimed as was the face of nature, it was not more wild and desolate than that portion of its inhabitants who constituted his particular charge. The emigration from Germany to the British Colonies, but more especially to Pennsylvania, increasing annually from its beginning in the latter part of the seventeenth century, had, previous to 1741, become very great. Many thousands of the Pennsylvania colonists, scattered sparsely over a vast extent of country, were German Lutherans. Among all this people there was not at that time one altar or one priest consecrated to the service of God. Here and there some outcast, whose life was a reproach to his profession, assumed the office of the Ministry but to bring Religion into further disrepute. A generation had grown up, native of the soil, among which the duties and the observances of Religion were unknown. In fact that devotional spirit, one of the finest characteristics of the German race, was well nigh extinguished among this German people.

Such was the field upon which the missionary, ardent and zealous in his calling, entered a solitary laborer. The work before him he stopped not to measure, but began it at once. Of his toilsome progress, of his triumphs over every obstacle, this is not the place to speak. With what success he cried in the wilderness, let those venerable churches, the just pride of the Lutherans, monuments of his efficient zeal, founded by his hand, declare. And when, years after his arrival, there came to his assistance other missionaries, with what astonishment did they behold the results of his labors. The church which he planted like a mustard seed, had become a tree under whose wide spreading branches were gathered the lost and scattered sheep of his fold.

At this distance of time and in the present improved condition of the country, it is not easy to appreciate the toils and perils of a life passed as was that of this devoted man. The discharge of his ordinary duties among his remote congregations must have been oppressive, but they were light compared with his duties to the church at large. From New York to Georgia, wherever there arose a difficulty, his fatherly presence and counsels were invoked, and never were withheld. No consideration of the personal inconvenience of those then dangerous and difficult journeys ever held him back.

The education of Dr. Muhlenberg qualified him, in an especial manner, to be the head and founder of the American Mission. He preached in all the languages in which the doctrines of the German Reformation were taught. In New York he frequently held forth in three languages on the same Sabbath. Besides a profound acquaintance with theology, he was well versed in other departments of science. In medicine and surgery his aid was sought extensively; indeed, he practised them for the benefit of the poor. To these were added most of those polite accomplishments which serve to embellish the learning of the scholar, and to render him the delight and ornament of society. But great as were his qualifications in these respects, he was endowed with others of far more immediate importance to the success of his labors. To a disposition the most kind and gentle were united a firmness and integrity of purpose that could not be shaken. His knowledge of the human heart, deceitful as it is, was such that he was said "to read the character of men as in an open book;" and to this quickness of perception, perhaps more than to any other gift, he owed his extraordinary powers as a teacher. His manner of speaking, adapting itself to the nature of his audience, was such as could equally rivet the attention of a Synod or of the rude congregations of the frontier: he could appeal with equal force and effect to the head and to the heart of man. With all these rich endowments of Nature and of Art, he was a meek ,lowly and humble Christian, whose daily walk and conversation nobly illustrated the purity and sincerity of his teachings. To the poor, the weak, the friendless, the fatherless, he was a refuge: his charity was free as the liberal air—his good counsels open to all who sought them.

For forty-five years this venerated man labored in accomplishing the purposes of his mission. He had lived to see that church which he alone planted grow into honor and usefulness: its numerous clergy distinguished for learning and piety—its laity for all the virtues that appertain to the true Christian character. He had exhorted and encouraged the people of his charge to

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stand by their country in the darkest hours of the Revolution, and had given to them, in his sons, examples of patriotism worthy of their admiration and imitation. At length, covered with years and honors, on the 7th of October, 1787, this apostle of the Germans in America went down to the grave, mourned by his country as a patriot, by the church as its father and its founder.

The three sons he left behind him were worthy of his name and fame, and had already verified to him the promise of blessings upon the seed of the righteous.

Of these sons the eldest was Peter, who was born on the 1st of October, 1746, at the Trappe, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. When he had attained the age of sixteen, he was sent with his two younger brothers, Frederick Augustus and Henry Ernestus, to Halle for the purpose of education. The discipline of the school being too severe for his habits, he took occasion to run away, and, it is said, enlisted himself in some German regiment, from which he was with difficulty extricated by a British officer, who recognized the young soldier as an old American acquaintance, obtained his discharge, and brought him back to America as his secretary. Returned home, his father directed his education, and having prepared him for the ministry of the Swedish Lutheran church, which requires Episcopal ordination, he went out to England in 1772 with the late Bishop White, then also a candidate for holy orders, and they were ordained together in the priesthood by the Bishops of London and Ely.

Upon his return to America, after a short engagement in New Jersey, he fixed his residence in Virginia, in charge of several parishes in Dunmore county. The differences between the colonies and the mother country had already assumed a serious aspect. Men were taking sides. The lines between the friends of the country and of the crown were drawn. His clerical brethren were for the most part tories—he and a few others ardent and active whigs. The political and personal hostilities of the tories towards him but inflamed his zeal. He was sent as a delegate from his county to the House of Burgesses. The Revolution broke out. Washington, who knew his worth, urged him to take a military command, and the Eighth Virginia Regiment being tendered to him, he accepted it. Ascending his pulpit for the last time, he preached upon the duties men owe to their country: in the course of his sermon he told his hearers that "there was a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to fight—and that now was the time to fight." After the services were concluded, he laid aside his gown in the pulpit, and appearing in full uniform, read his commission as colonel, and ordered the drummers at the door to beat up for recruits. He had no difficulty in forming his regiment—his parishioners crowded to its standard in great numbers. As soon as it was formed, he was ordered to march for the protection of Charleston. His first campaigns were served in Georgia and South Carolina. Those campaigns were severe schools of untried military merit; but at the battle of Sullivan's Island he justified the good opinion of Washington, and during their subsequent progress, established a high character for conduct and valor. Devoted to the comfort and welfare of his soldiers, seeking for himself no exemption from their privations, never forgetting that those whom he commanded were men and brethren, he inspired among them a deep feeling of attachment to his person, and of cheerful obedience to his commands. An officer can have no higher testimonial of his merits than the love of a disciplined soldiery.

Being promoted on the 21st of Feb., 1777, to the rank of Brigadier General, he was ordered to the North, and took an active part in the campaign of that year in Pennsylvania. At the battle of Brandywine on the 11th of September, his and Weedon's brigade sustained the brunt of the action, after the fortune of the day had declared against our arms. On the 8th of October, at the battle of Germantown, his command, having advanced further into the town than any other part of the army, was in the hottest part of the action. Upon the retreat he covered the left wing. On this occasion he was under the necessity of shooting a British officer with his own hand. The officer had seized a musket and fired at him once, and was in the act of reloading it and giving personal directions "to pick him off," when the General, drawing a pistol, shot him dead upon the spot.

In the campaign of 1778, General Muhlenberg was at the battle of Mon-

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mouth. He commanded the reserve at the storming of Stony Point in '79. When Leslie invaded Virginia in 1780 he was opposed to him with the chief command. Upon the after movement on the same State by Benedict Arnold and Philips, he acted under the Baron Steuben, and when Cornwallis entered Virginia he was next in command to Lafayette. During this last campaign, by his prompt action, though without orders, at the battle of Green Spring, he rescued the Pennsylvania Line from impending destruction.

Services like these, rendered over almost every part of the wide field of the Revolutionary contest, and during the whole time of its continuance, were fitly terminated at the Siege of Yorktown. In that siege he commanded the first brigade of Light Infantry, to which belongs the glory of furnishing the American division of the troops that carried the British redoubts by assault. The surrender at Yorktown virtually ended the struggle. He, however, continued in the army until it was disbanded; and received, in the last promotion, the commission of a Major General—an honor well earned on many a hard fought field, the highest with which his country could testify her sense of his military services.

Upon his return to civic life, he took up his abode in Pennsylvania, and was immediately elected a member of the Supreme Executive council of that State. In 1785, he was chosen Vice President of the Commonwealth, Dr. Franklin at the same time being chosen President. To this office he was reelected the two following years. Upon the adoption of the Federal constitution he was elected, the vote being then by general ticket, to the first Congress of the United States. Of that body he was an active and useful member, always to be found at his post, and distinguished for his resistance of every measure that in his judgment was of an anti-republican tendency. He was also a member of the third and sixth Congresses.

During the period of General Muhlenberg's congressional service, the political parties were developed, which have ever since, under whatever change of name, agitated the country. In that day they were known as Federal and Republican, and then, perhaps more than at any subsequent time, did party spirit run highest. As a leader of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, General Muhlenberg took an early and decided stand. He was not a man to flinch from the responsibilities of his party position; and bringing to it, as he did, great weight of character and of personal popularity, his influence in building up and sustaining the ascendency of his party was felt and freely acknowledged. In 1799, as in 1844, the Gubernatorial election in Pennsylvania was made the battle ground of the approaching Presidential contest. It is matter of history what means were resorted to in order to overawe the Republicans of that State upon that occasion. The part that General Muhlenberg then took was admitted at the time to have mainly contributed to the success of the Republican candidate, Thomas McKean. The result in Pennsylvania saved the Republican party.

In the electoral college of '97 he voted for Jefferson for the Presidency, and afterwards, in 1801, as a member of the House of Representatives, when the election of President came into that body, he voted for him on every one of the thirty-six ballotings that were held.

In 1801, he was elected to the United States Senate, his seat in which he resigned in the summer of that year. In the following winter, Jefferson appointed him Supervisor of the Revenue for the District of Pennsylvania—and in 1803, Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, which office he held at the time of his death, on the 1st of October, 1807.

Gen. Muhlenberg was one of those characters which in revolutions always find their level. He was by nature a soldier. The frolic incident of his youth indicated the turn of his mind. He entered the church, doubtless with as sincere and honest purposes as any of her ministry, but the agony of his country called him from the altar with a voice that touched every chord of his soul. The time for fighting had come—the time to try men's souls. His whole heart was with his country; rebellion against tyrants was obedience to God—and so feeling and so thinking he went forth from the Temple to the Field.

He was brave and generous to a fault—a proper Brigadier to Wayne and Greene, *who loved him*. Cool in danger, sound in judgment, indifferent to fame, zealous in duty—these were

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his distinguishing traits as a soldier. His virtues in private and in political life were all cognate to these.

The second son of Dr. Muhlenberg, Frederick Augustus, was born at the Trappe on the 2d of June, 1750. He remained at the University of Halle some years after his brother Peter had left, and acquired a very finished education. His father's wishes and his own inclination coinciding, he followed the theological course of that celebrated school, and was ordained in the ministry of the Lutheran Church in Europe. On his return to America, he took charge of a remote country congregation, from which he was soon called to a church in the city of New York. His reputation as a preacher was high and well merited. In him were singularly united all the qualities that adorn and dignify the clerical character—piety, education, eloquence, polished manners. His ministry, however, in the midst of its usefulness, was suddenly arrested, soon after the outbreak of the Revolution, by the taking of New York. The ardor of his Whig principles, not less than the activity of his whole family, rendered his name obnoxious to the British, and imposed upon him the necessity of seeking personal safety by flight from that city. Passing into Pennsylvania, he took up his residence near the place of his birth, and for the following two or three years was in charge of a congregation or assisted his venerable father. The progress of the great contest during this time, though it had reached its lowest depths of gloom and despondency, did not in the least dishearten him. He was full of hope and confidence in the destinies of his country, and bent every energy of his mind to the advancement of her holy cause. So marked was his patriotic devotion, that in 1779 the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to testify their sense of his service, elected him a delegate to the Continental Congress, and in the next year renewed that honorable appointment. Having served those two terms, he became constitutionally ineligible to Congress for the ensuing three years. But the people of Philadelphia county, who had observed his work as a public man in the national councils, not willing to lose his services, immediately sent him to the Legislative body of the State, upon taking his seat in which he was chosen its Speaker. This confidence of the people, and this honor at the hands of their Representatives, he enjoyed for three successive years: the jealous spirit of the constitution of 1776 allowed no more.

By that constitution, which, though framed in the spirit of pure and antique Democracy, was, from its curiously complicated machinery, impracticable as a system of organic law, there was created a supervising power in the State, designated the Council of Censors. This body could meet but once in seven years, but when it met, its authority extended over every department of government, even over the constitution itself. To this council, the only time it was ever convened, Mr. Muhlenberg was elected, and was called, by its unanimous choice, to preside over its deliberations. It consisted of such men as Wayne, and St. Clair, and Bryan, and Smilie, and Finley. It was indeed a body whose members were "noted for wisdom and virtue." The journal of its proceedings presents matter full of interest and instruction to the student of political history. In this council, Mr. Muhlenberg took the lead in favor of calling a convention to revise the constitution, and to his early exertions and ablereports the call of the convention of 1790 is largely attributable. That convention, transcending the objects of its original projectors, overthrew not merely the forms but the principles of the Revolutionary constitution. It is, however, a striking illustration of the self-preserving tendency of Democratic institutions, that after a forty-eight years' trial of the constitution of 1790, the people of Pennsylvania have fallen back upon most of the rejected principles of the constitution of 1776.

In 1787, he was elected a delegate to the State Convention, called to consider the Constitution of the United States, and act upon its ratification. He was chosen President of this body, and exerted his influence in favor of adopting the federal constitution.

Being elected a member of the first Congress, that of 1789–91—on the assembling of the House, his long and eminent parliamentary services indicated him as the proper person to be raised to the Speakership. A happier selection could not have been made. The forms of legislation, then about to be settled, required in the first Speaker, all

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that experience and practical acquaintance with the details of business and the modes of conducting it, which he possessed. The journals of that Congress attest his merits in all these respects. He served in the House of Representatives during the whole of Washington's administration, and had the honor of being called to the Speakership a second time, by the third Congress. In the important legislation of that period, he took a very prominent and useful part. Politically, he was a Republican, and though a party leader, yet he seems to have been above the control of mere partisan motives and influences. A striking illustration of this characteristic was afforded by him on the occasion when Congress was solicited to pass the laws necessary to carry Jay's Treaty into effect. Whatever may have been the defects of that Treaty, it will not now be denied, that they were at the time grossly exaggerated and distorted, and that the refusal to pass those laws would, in all probability, have involved us in a war at that critical moment of our national existence when we most needed peace. The excitement with regard to the Treaty, within the halls of Congress, was scarcely less intense than that which was agitating the whole people without. A resolution affirming the expediency of passing those laws was before the committee of the whole House, of which Mr. Muhlenberg was Chairman. The question upon reporting the resolution to the House, was taken —some Republicans sustained it—the vote stood even—every eye was fixed upon the Chair—every breath was suspended—hope or fear racked every breast—he voted aye. Death to him—it may be life to his country. From the effects of that vote he never recovered. It destroyed his relations with his constituency for ever. That it was given under an imperious sense of duty and from the most correct motives, was not doubted—his whole life and character forbade a doubt. Though he forfeited the popular favor, he did not lose the confidence of the eminent patriots with whom he had been so intimately associated in Pennsylvania politics. Not long after leaving Congress, he was appointed by Governor Mifflin, Register of the Land Office, in which he was continued by Governor McKean, until his decease in 1802.

The third son of Dr. Muhlenberg, Henry Ernestus, who it has been mentioned went to Europe for his education, with his elder brothers, remained at Halle until he completed his course of studies. Two years after his return, being only nineteen years of age, he became an adjunct of his father in the ministry. He was soon elected the third preacher of the Philadelphia congregations, in charge of which he remained up to the taking of that city by the British. The influence that he had exercised among his people in favor of the Revolution, had been too open and marked to escape the malignant observation of the Tories. The most atrocious threats had been uttered against him, and as the capture of the city placed his enemies in a position to gratify their malice, it became expedient for him to withdraw. His flight was not without dangers and adventures.

For the several years ensuing, being without a ministerial charge, he devoted himself entirely to scientific pursuits, in the departments of botany and mineralogy. Though every field of nature was more or less explored by him in the course of his life, botany was ever that one in which he delighted most to labor. His extensive correspondence with the most celebrated naturalists in Europe and of America, and with the various foreign learned societies, of which he was a member, reaching through thirty-five years, was in itself a noble contribution to the cause of science. He published several works on botany, the principal of which are entitled *Catalogus Plantarum*, and *Descriptio liberior Graminum*, the latter especially considered an essay of great accuracy and laborious research. Besides these direct contributions, he promoted the interests of science in other efficient ways. He was ever ready with friendly counsel to instruct the youthful votary, to encourage him when his heart failed, and to the extent of his means to assist him in extremities. With the true feeling and spirit, whilst he adored nature as a mother, he loved every one who cultivated her as a brother. In the language of the late Dr. Baldwin—"He was not only worthy of imitation for that most active zeal and industry which characterized him the *Linnæus of our country*, but also for that unbounded liberality of sentiment which he uniformly manifested

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towards his contemporaries, and which ought ever to distinguish the genuine Christian philosopher and naturalist from the narrow-minded despot in science, who would exalt his own fame even at the expense of those around him."

A man of his particular habits and caste of thought, could not be expected to take an active part in politics; he, however, always manifested a deep interest in the progress of events. A Whig of the Revolution, a Republican of '99, the personal friend and correspondent of Jefferson and other leading Democrats, he continued through life firm and unshaken in his attachment to the principles of the Democratic party.

From 1780 to the day of his death, in May, 1815, he was in charge of the Lutheran congregation in the city of Lancaster. As a divine he enjoyed the veneration of his people, the highest consideration of his church, the love and confidence of all Christians. Tolerant of others' opinions, decided in his own—indulgent of the follies, stern in his reproof of the vices, of society—inviting intimacy by the childlike simplicity of his manner, repelling rude familiarity with dignity—conversant in all learning, yet the delight alike of the ignorant and learned,—he well illustrated that old school of gentlemen and of scholars which is fast passing away.

Having thus presented these faint sketches of the lives and characters of those from whom the late Henry A. Muhlenberg derived his honored name, it remains to show how worthily he sustained and added to its reputation. In speaking of those long numbered with the dead, the mind addresses itself to the contemplation of their memories with a philosophic calmness not unfavorable to a just and perfect appreciation of their merits. Written under the influence of this state of feeling, the former part of this memoir was an easy and a grateful labor; what follows, weighed down as the heart of the writer is by the recent loss of that dear friend, whose portraiture he is about to attempt, can be no more than a dim outline, seen through a tearful eye, drawn by a faltering hand.

Henry Augustus Muhlenberg, the eldest son of the venerable and learned man, to whom the last brief notice was devoted, was born at Lancaster on the 13th day of May, 1782. His elementary instruction, received immediately under the direction of his father, was of the most thorough and liberal kind. It embraced a wide range of languages and mathematics; and as, for the greater part of its course, he enjoyed the peculiar advantage of private tuition, his progress was much in advance of his years. That he never entered a college was owing to the fact, that before the period of life at which young men ordinarily are sent to such an institution, he had completed the usual collegiate studies.

Brought up in a family so essentially Republican as was his, and enjoying the unbounded affection of his uncle, General Muhlenberg, with whom his relations were like those of a son, it was natural, particularly in high party times, that he should, in early boyhood, adopt the political principles of those he loved and reverenced. Accordingly, during the extraordinary scenes that ensued on the passage of the Sedition Law, when the Germans of Pennsylvania were so sorely tried, he was found with all the ardor and activity of youth, throwing himself into the contest. Even then, but sixteen years old, writing in defence of McKean and Jefferson, his pen gave promise of the potent influence it was in his after-life to wield over the German mind of his native State.

Having attained an age when his reason could give its deliberate assent to the wishes of his father, he was sent to New York to enter upon the study of theology, under the auspices of his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Kunze, a divine eminent for his profound learning and exemplary piety. The devoted zeal which he exhibited in preparing himself for the ministry, inspired the highest expectations of his friends and of the church. These expectations were fully realized in his subsequent career. In 1802, having been licensed as a candidate of the ministerium, he accepted the charge of the congregation in Reading. The connection there formed, continued a union of uninterrupted harmony between the pastor and people for twenty-seven years. How well and how acceptably he discharged the duties of the ministerial office, is best known to those thousands of living witnesses whose hearts he filled with the knowledge and the love of God, and whose regard for his memory is as tender as that of children for a parent.



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Great as was the love of his congregation, it was equalled by the honor and esteem in which he was held by his clerical brethren. By these he was at different times called to fill the secretaryship and treasurership of the Synod, and finally, by their unanimous suffrage, was raised to the presidency of that highest council of the church, in which he was continued, by successive re-elections, as long as the constitution would permit. In the councils of his church, his character for integrity and moderation gave him a just and prominent influence. With an energy equal to any emergency, still was he ever the friend of peace and conciliation, by the exercise of whose gentle arts he well understood how to allay discord and dissension. In seasons of difficulty, the advice of no one was listened to with more submission, or acted upon with greater confidence—a confidence often justified by salutary results.

As a pulpit orator, it has been said by enlightened and competent judges, that Mr. Muhlenberg was the subject of general and deserved admiration. Indeed the many invitations that he received from the churches of the large cities, would indicate his contemporary reputation in this respect. The favorable judgment of the people was confirmed by the severer criticism of the ministry—his eloquence was alike acceptable to both. A commanding presence, a deep sonorous voice, a manner earnest but graceful, prepossessed the senses of his hearers. His mastery of all the rich resources of the German languages, his evidently intense interest in his subject, the copious learning with which he informed the mind, the glowing warmth with which he touched the heart, achieved the rest. Always instructive, he was never merely didactic. His power over the feelings was never exercised in such a way that the judgment could not sanction the emotions excited.

Towards the year 1827, the health of Mr. Muhlenberg becoming impaired by the sedentary nature of his pursuits, he expressed a determination to withdraw from the charge of his congregation, and retire upon a farm. This resolution was no sooner made known than the attention of the Democracy of old Berks was directed to him as a man in every way qualified to represent the district in Congress. His quiet and consistent support of Democratic measures, had been observed for more than a quarter of a century, his honesty and capacity were known to all. Pressed by numerous friends, he at last yielded to the wishes of the people, and in the following year was elected a representative to the Twenty-First Congress. In June, 1829, in a letter addressed to the Synod, every line of which shows how sadly he took the step, he resigned his ministerial office. The resolution of the Synod upon the occasion, bore ample testimony to the regard in which Mr. Muhlenberg was held by that body, and bade him an affectionate God-speed in his new career.

He entered public life, perhaps, under the only circumstances that could have drawn him forth. To have toiled up through the devious and crooked paths of the lower politics would have been revolting to his manly and ingenuous nature. The petty intrigues and paltry arts, by which unworthy ambition daily rises to place and power, were abhorrent to his soul. It would have disdained an elevation purchased by self-abasement. If he could not have taken his seat in the councils of the nation, uncontaminated by the servile labors of which that exalted station is too frequently the object or the reward, he had never sat there.

The Congress to which he was elected, was filled with the earnest and determined spirits whom the recent revolution in the politics of the country had called into action. The Democratic party, rent by the growth of factions, and long sunk into inactivity by the non-resistance of its ancient enemy, required, and had found a leader, whose popularity overwhelming all rivals, would restore to the party its unity, and whose iron nerve would not shrink from drawing anew the almost forgotten lines. In the indolence of undisputed sway, the party had proved faithless to its mission. The time of its regeneration had come. The leader of the new movement was Andrew Jackson. No timid time-server, no man of doubts and fears, was in his proper sphere under such a chief, or in such a Congress. The hour was at hand which required hearts as brave, and heads as cool, as the exigencies of desperate times had ever yet demanded. In that Congress, Mr. Muhlenberg was, at an early day, regarded as amongst the sternest and most

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inflexible of Democrats; a man wise in council, resolved in action. If he was inexperienced in the forms of legislation, he understood thoroughly its objects, and, as he came to act upon these, applying to them always the severest tests of principle, and throwing himself boldly upon whatever ground was that of right, regardless of expediency, he established in the first session a position in the House, and an influence in the party, which few men attain in many years of service. A character like this could not fail of attracting the respect and confidence of General Jackson. In the arduous work before him, the President needed friends, high-souled and generous, upon whose honesty, energy, and courage he could rely in whatever extremity, and in Mr. Muhlenberg found one in whom his highest trust was never misplaced.

An occasion upon which Mr. Muhlenberg signally displayed the fearless independence of his character, and his sagacity as a politician, was his opposition to the appropriation for the Maysville Road. That appropriation involved the question of National Internal Improvements. Opinion in Pennsylvania was at the time settled in favor of the so-called American System, of which a gigantic scheme of Canals and Roads, a High Tariff and a National Bank, constituted the parts. The delegation from Pennsylvania, with but two exceptions, voted for the appropriation: Mr. Muhlenberg and his colleague, Mr. Frey, against it. Not only did he vote against it, he stood side by side with James K. Polk, and those true-hearted men stood almost alone, in resisting the fatal measure in debate. In a speech replete with clear and sound views, he exposed the wide-spread corruption, the enormous national debt, the necessity for an onerous tariff, to which the appropriation asked for was but the initiatory step. The voice of warning was raised in vain. The combination of local interests, having many similar projects in reserve, triumphed. The bill passed. The Veto by which it was arrested, taking the same grounds of objection that had been urged in the House, was, after a severe struggle, sustained by Congress, and approved by the country. The fate that has since overtaken many of the States, would unquestionably, but for the defeat of this bill, have fallen upon the nation.

On the Tariff question, the opinions of Mr. Muhlenberg, whilst decided, were moderate. He considered permanency in the system as of more importance than the amount of protection. In a speech that he delivered in opposition to the Compromise Act, he advocated the adjustment of duties so as to furnish revenue for an economical administration of government, with incidental protection to such interests as are truly national. Upon this basis alone can a tariff ever rest undisturbed.

When the Bank of the United States arrayed itself against the administration, and produced those extraordinary convulsions in the business of the country, by which it sought to coerce Congress through the sufferings of the people, to grant a renewal of its charter, Mr. Muhlenberg stood fast and firm in his hostility to the institution. Through all the stages of that memorable conflict, he never for a moment wavered: others might give way to their fears, produced by the terrors around them, he was made of sterner stuff. He was, during those portentous times, in the emphatic words of a distinguished senator, a pillar of strength in support of the administration. It was he, who, on the 18th of February, 1834, when the country had been agitated for more than two months by the daily appeals of the friends of the bank, moved the previous question, and, by its decisive operation, finished a contest, held too long in doubt.*

Mr. Muhlenberg occupied his seat in Congress for nine years, with credit to himself, and honor to his constituency. In that time he maintained a character for integrity of action and purity of motive, which never was questioned. No one enjoyed in a higher degree that confidence of the House, which is the reward of diligent and upright discharge of duty. As chairman of the standing

* In a letter of 9th May, 1834, which was made public at the time, Mr. Buchanan says:—"I have more than once heard General Jackson himself speak in the strongest terms of the support which he had received thoughout this conflict from *General* Muhlenberg, as he always called him; and when, on one occasion, I told him that Mr. Muhlenberg was no General, his reply was—'no matter, he ought to have been General.'"

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committee on Revolutionary claims, in which he was indefatigable in his efforts to obtain justice for the old soldiers, he had only to say a bill was just to insure its passage. His ability for public affairs was rather substantial than showy. The observation and study of a life had stored his mind with knowledge. He was patient in investigation, and possessed a judgment of uncommon clearness and quickness of perception. He was not a frequent speaker; questions only of the gravest import drew him out. When he did speak, however, he was always listened to with the most marked attention, and to whatever subject he addressed himself, took an enlarged and comprehensive view of its more important features. His speeches were concise, forcible, and direct; not studied and elaborated by rules of art, but thrown off as occasion seemed to require the effort, the productions of matured reflection and earnest conviction. In truth, German had been for so many years the language of his profession, and of his social intercourse, that he felt an embarrassment in the formal use of English, of which he never could entirely divest himself, though nothing in his diction or accent implied his German origin and education.

As for his public, so he was much esteemed for his private qualities. A party man of inflexible constancy, acting in times of intense political excitement, he, nevertheless, by his generosity, frankness, and kindliness of disposition, commanded the general friendship of his fellow members. It was an effort in which he never relaxed his exertions, to soften the asperities of politics by the cultivation of the refining charities and courtesies of life.

In the year 1835, Mr. Muhlenberg permitted his friends to use his name as a candidate for the governorship of Pennsylvania. The excellent man, who then filled that office, had been an incumbent of it for two terms, a period which the later practice of the Democracy, since the days of Snyder, had fixed as the limit of service, and which subsequently to 1835 has received a constitutional sanction. Much warmth and excitement were elicited during the progress of the canvass, and when at length the convention which was to make a nomination met at Harrisburg, it was soon found that the eager strife of interest and passion would render its deliberations nugatory. The convention, being unable to make a nomination, finally came to a vote dissolving itself, and recommending the assembling of another convention at Lewistown. On the day after this dissolution, that portion of the convention which had been friendly to Governor Wolf, nominated him, and his friends afterwards declining to take part in the election of delegates to meet at Lewistown, a full convention met at that place, and placed Mr. Muhlenberg also before the people. The candidates thus presented were in the hands of their friends. The fatal consequences of the division were apparent, and no man more sincerely wished and sought an accommodation of difficulties than did Mr. Muhlenberg. He went as far towards accomplishing that object as propriety or a due regard for the honor of his friends would permit, but without effect. Both candidates submitted their claims to the people, and the election resulted in the choice of Mr. Ritner by a plurality vote. The bad feeling engendered in this contest seemed likely to survive the election, and to produce a permanent schism in the party. With every day the breach was widening. Violent partizans were hurling at each other menace and defiance. Their common defeat, failing to teach them the necessity of union and harmony, filled them with bitterness and hate. In the midst of all this, the Presidential election of 1836 was coming on. One section had its electoral ticket in the field; the other was about to form one. It was not to be hoped that either would give way to the other. Mr. Muhlenberg could not look on this state of things with indifference. He owed too much to the Democracy, and loved it too well to see it fall away into miserable factions without making an honest effort to avert the calamity. Not doubting that his friends had right and justice on their side, he addressed them with the feelings of a patriot, and entreated them to set the example of magnanimity by concurring in support of the ticket already formed. The voice of the man they honored, they cheerfully obeyed; and in the ensuing campaign, both sections, turning their united arms against the common enemy, in the ardor of battle, soon forgot their recent animosities.

When the question of reforming the State Constitution was agitated, Mr.

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Muhlenberg took very decided ground in favor of the most radical amendments, and that in direct opposition to the inclinations of the people of Berks county upon the subject. The German population, averse to changes, regarded with veneration a system under which they had prospered, and were willing to endure its defects rather than submit the remedy of them to the innovating temper of the times. His zealous advocacy of reform, under these circumstances, is but another illustration of the independence of his character as a public man.

After the inauguration of Mr. Van Buren, in 1837, he tendered to Mr. Muhlenberg a seat in the cabinet, as Secretary of the Navy, and subsequently the mission to Russia, both of which the state of his affairs at that time compelled him to decline. Upon the creation of the mission to Austria, in 1838, the President selected him, as peculiarly fitted to discharge its duties; and upon his nomination to the Senate, he received the unanimous confirmation of that body. In the latter part of March he sailed for Europe, taking with him his wife and only daughter.

The opening of diplomatic relations with Austria had for its principal object the introduction of American cotton and tobacco into the dominions of that vast empire, from which they have heretofore been excluded. An insuperable difficulty in the way of any negotiation is the fact that tobacco is extensively cultivated in Hungary, and is, besides, a government monopoly. The fixed condition of things in the old, overpopulous, and indebted states of Europe, renders them slow in changing their mercantile policy or in hazarding any experiment. It may be years before our diplomatic agents in this mission succeed; but whenever the correspondence of Mr. M. shall be published, it will be found that he laid the foundation of that success.

Whilst he was abroad, he visited all the more interesting parts of Italy, Germany, and Switzerland. His descriptions of the men and manners of those countries, with which he was wont to delight and instruct his friends, evinced the closest and most accurate observation. Always intent upon the cultivation of letters, he was constantly engaged during his travels in making additions to his fine collection of books—the rich accumulation of the learning and taste of several generations. He remained abroad nearly three years, and was at last recalled at his own request.

On his return home in December, 1840, he had the inexpressible gratification to find that absence had in no wise diminished the affectionate regard in which not merely the Democracy, but the whole people, of Berks county, had been used to hold him. An immense concourse of his fellow citizens awaited his arrival, which they greeted with every mark of lively and tumultuous joy.

Freed from the cares and the distractions of public employment, revered by the people, surrounded by an amiable and accomplished family, of which he was the idolized father, his society courted by the wise and good, his house the centre of elegant and liberal hospitality, he fondly hoped that he had now reached the limit of political service, and that his declining years might claim for him an exemption from farther duty. But it was not so to be. As the time approached for making the gubernatorial nomination of 1844, his name largely attracted the popular consideration. The writer of this well knows with what hesitating reluctance he at last gave way to the instances of his friends, and allowed himself to be regarded as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. His own county—Berks—the well-named "tenth legion of the Democracy," formally and by her unanimous voice presented him to the state. The public choice was most equally divided between himself and another distinguished and honored citizen. The canvass of their respective friends, though animated beyond example, was, with insignificant and unworthy exceptions, on either side, conducted in a temper of honorable rivalry. On the 6th of March, Mr. Muhlenberg received the nomination. The Democracy responded to it with an enthusiasm that demonstrated their confidence in the chosen chief, and that afforded the most unerring presage of brilliant victory. He entered upon the duties of his eminent position, devoting to them constant thought and action. Time wore on. Every advancing day but seemed to make him dearer to the people—to bring him nearer to their hopes. Alas! for the vanity of all earthly honor—all human expectation! On the

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10th of August, Pennsylvania gazes with admiration on the erect and manly form of her favorite son—before another day has passed she stands, stupefied with grief, bowed down by sorrow, beside that form stretched on its lowly bier.

Ah! what pen shall describe the awe-struck feelings of the people as the sad tidings spread over the land, of which he was so soon to have been the ruler? He, the just—the honest—the true man, fallen! Smitten down at the very head of the host—the banner in his hands!—how slowly would men believe it—how painfully did conviction force itself upon their minds!

Who shall describe the scenes around his lifeless body—the pressing throngs of weeping men—thousands who came to take a last, long, lingering look at one they loved so well? Who describe the solitary visits of decrepid age, of misery and want in every form, that came to drop their scalding tears in secret upon the hand whose bounty they could never know again? In those touching scenes his character was written. Who saw them never can forget them.

The representatives of the Democracy have decreed a tablet to his memory. What hand will venture to furnish its inscription? J.

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## VERSES TO A CHILD WITH SOME WILD FLOWERS.

BY R. S. S. ANDROS.

Let thy life be like the flowers',
Springing in their wild-wood bowers!
Springing, seen not and alone,
From still nook, by mossy stone;
Starting up by silver rill;
Slumbering 'neath the shadowy hill;
Hidden in the tangled grass,
Noted scarce by those who pass,
Sweeter here than sweetest sound,
Breathes their fragrant breath around!

Let thy life be like the flowers',
Springing in their wild-wood bowers!—
Clouds may darken up the sky;
Angry winds go sweeping by;
Patter down the chilling rain;
Yet 'mid all they ne'er complain:
But from out their quiet nooks
Scatter smiles and pleasant looks;
Searching thus the hearts of all,
Sweet content, whate'er befall.

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# NEW ENGLAND PHILOSOPHY.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

In all communities there is a pervading theory of life, a set of principles which guide the mass, a few permanent ideas that actuate society. The English, for example, driven by a humid atmosphere to look within doors for cheerful associations, gather about them with profusion, the means of physical well-being. Continental visitors to Great Britain are astonished at the perfection of domestic machinery, and the ingenious devices to secure ease and warmth, and render the dwelling a castle and a home. They at once recognize in such arrangements the idea of Comfort as the chief element in the philosophy of life. People on the other side of the channel, instead of concentrating their means of enjoyment, go abroad in search of them. The Parisian finds the glare of a public *café* more agreeable than the snug fire-side of a private room; he reads his gazette under the trees in a public garden, and finds no difficulty in making a companion of his neighbor at the theatre, piquing himself all the while more on being one of the French nation than for any individual qualities or possessions. By temperament and habit he directly seeks Pastime, as the end of his existence. If we pass to Italy, we discover a passion for music, great local pride in the fame of genius, universal taste and enthusiasm for imaginative excitement of all kinds, and realize how largely Art enters into their system of life. The Chinese trustfully refer you to "Old Custom," and the Turks to Fate, as the principles by which they regulate their being. It may be a fanciful notion, but I think the ordinary salutations of a people indicate in a measure, their philosophy of living. The French greeting is literally—"how do you carry yourself?"—a query suggestive of egotism; that of the Italians—"how do you stand?" which breathes of an existence in the immediate—so characteristic of the South; while our favorite phrase is—"how do you get along?"—at once calling up an external and distant goal—success.

New England opinions and enterprise are so interwoven with the social agencies of the whole country and so constantly eulogized on public occasions, that they may be justly deemed the active and prominent element of American life. It has become so much a practice, when any reference is made to the habits, manners and principles of our nation, to indulge in self-congratulation, that not a few shrink from the hazardous experiment of dwelling otherwise than complacently upon the social traits of the people. Indeed, one's patriotism is liable to be called in question if he acknowledge any other creed than implicit belief in the superiority of existent motives of action and modes of life. Such a feeling cannot obtain, however, among the candid and inquiring—among those whose love of country is intelligent and sincere. To such the chief value of political liberty is the scope it affords for social improvement. They revert to a brave ancestry not alone to glory in their laurels, but to emulate their fidelity and add to the trophies of national renown. No man flatters the woman he truly loves, and that is a questionable devotion to country or friends which is evidenced rather by blind partiality than affectionate insight, and bold recognition of truth. If any people are bound by honor and wisdom to self-criticism, it is ourselves, for we have it in our power more than any other to carry out new principles of action, to improve upon the results of experience, and immediately appropriate, as individuals, all the light that comes to us.

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What then are the ultra tendencies in our social system, taking New England philosophy, so generally quoted with admiration, as the basis of inquiry? What elements must we individually furnish to render our culture generous? Wherein are we liable to be perverted by the theory of life which prevails?

Republics have ever been accounted peculiarly favorable to the development of character. The absence of external domination has been deemed the best guarantee for personal independence. The general confidence in this idea seems to me to have produced results of a directly contrary kind. Nowhere is the force of public opinion stronger than here. The very faith we place in our own institutions is calculated to blind us as individuals. Noble-minded men in the old world turn upon their own resources, cultivate their peculiar tastes, and rely upon their personal convictions, with the more determination, from the very despotism which surrounds them. Our countrymen pass through Southern Europe, and casually survey the apathy which broods over human existence, the abject misery of the lower orders and the frivolous dissipation of the higher, and turn away from the spectacle in disgust. But if they could enter the apartments of some of the true spirits, scattered through those densely populated cities, they would frequently pause in admiration of the scene. They would find minds living, as it were, in the very atmosphere of heroism, holding constant communion with the good and great of past ages, and cherishing in solitude purposes worthy of the most eminent of our race. I have known young men in Italy subsisting upon the scantiest incomes rather than live upon the wages of despotism, withdrawing from the gayest society rather than countenance the levity of a court, feeding their aspirations at the fountain of hallowed literature and elevating companionship, and thus atoning for their untoward lot by a quiet bravery more impressive than the most gallant achievements. Such characters have given me a more vivid sense of human worth than the lives of successful heroes. I have thus been made to realize how much of sacredness there is in the individual, how much he can accomplish within himself, what courage and power he may display and what energies he may unfold by manly and philosophic endurance. With us the case is so widely different that the tendency is to spread outward from ourselves and become identified with the mass. There is a cant of reverence applied to man in the abstract, but as an individual he is seldom appreciated except under a professional aspect. The true end of freedom is to develope manhood and womanhood, not to make authors, mechanics or statesmen. First let us have the *human* attributes in their completeness,—the broad intelligence that no vocation can bound, the heart which no sect or party can absorb! Let the personal character—the living aggregate of qualities which each represents, not mere aptitudes or condition—win our interest and enlist our sympathies! It is owing to an estimate the opposite of this, that, except in the West and South, the surface of life is so level that there is little material in the way of original character, in our young land,—so few compared to the monotonously energetic mass, who stand in bold relief, distinct, consistent, individual men, living for a great idea like Columbus, or enduring with brave self-reliance like Dante. The danger is ever with us that we refer our actions, thoughts and feelings, to the idolized standard of public opinion. We believe too much in associations and too little in ourselves. We are not inclined to concentrate mind, sentiment and activity, but to dissipate them in generalities. Now, the actual good which the individual derives from associations is very limited. They are doubtless useful in a certain way and to a certain extent; but they ought not to blind us to nearer obligations, nor to the truth that even the cause of philanthropy may often be best promoted by personal fidelity. "Over the time, thou hast no power; to redeem a world sunk in dishonesty has not been given thee; solely over one man therein thou hast a quite absolute, uncontrollable power; him redeem, him make honest; it will be something, it will be much, and thy life and labor not in vain."

Next to the danger of subserviency to society, the unhealthy prominence of the idea of thrift is the most baneful feature in our philosophy of life. That it should be prominent in a young and commercial republic is to be expected. The great error is that there is little desire to restrain its expression within

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due bounds. Let it have free scope on the exchange and in the mart, but let it not continually deform our fireside discourse and usurp the inner sanctuary of the soul. There, at least, let not all be "base respects of thrift and none of love." Pecuniary ability is the established criterion of the value of life; circumstances are almost deified; success is exclusively desired, or rather grossly misunderstood; for if there be a single established principle of human well-being, it is that which defines the successful man as him who is true to himself—to his powers, tastes, and actual needs. It is time we not only coldly acknowledged, but instinctively felt, that it is as barbaric to reverence wealth as to overload the limbs with ornament. The philosophy of life with us seems based on the faith that man lives by bread alone. Trade and politics completely overshadow literature and art. Invention exhausts itself upon machines and finance; our trophies may be found chiefly at the patent office. Yet the real end of all these is to procure time, and what is time if unprovided with the resources which shall dignify and adorn it? "Poetry," says a beautiful writer, "and the principle of self, *of which money is the visible incarnation*, are the God and Mammon of the world."

What intelligent mind can doubt the truth of this observation? Yet how opposed to such an idea is the spirit of our community! A New England merchant, upon leaving a picture-gallery abroad, was observed by his companion to be very thoughtful. Presently he exclaimed, "I have been thinking of nothing but making money all my life. How much there is to learn and to enjoy, in this world! Henceforth no thought of business shall enter my mind, until I recross the Atlantic. I will study painting, and sculpture, and music: I will commune with nature; I will ponder the works of departed genius; I will cultivate the society of the intellectual and the gifted;"—at this point of his harangue, he suddenly left his friend's side, and darted into a shop they were passing,—apologizing, upon resuming the walk, by saying he had merely stopped to inquire the price of tallow! Leisure with us is still an anomaly. Now far be it from us to gainsay the advantages of industry, to deny that labor is man's appropriate sphere, or to lament, for a moment, the spectacle of universal activity, and consequently, of prosperity around us. Let us only contend that all labor is not obvious and tangible; that no man who thinks, deserves to be called an idler; that the absence of any obvious employment or specific profession does not necessarily make any one amenable to the charge of inactivity. How much of our boasted industry is profitless! To how many social ambition or extravagant tastes, instead of necessity, form the true motives of business! How much of the so called occupation about us is void of any higher result than that of keeping its votaries out of mischief! How seldom do those who have acquired a competency, retire upon it to scenes of domestic improvement! With what reluctance do the fortunate yield the arena to the young and penniless, even when age and infirmity warn them to retreat! It is time we learned, not to underrate business, but to appreciate leisure. A man who is miserable when his hands are unemployed or his mind unabsorbed in affairs, confesses to an evil which mere physical activity cannot remove. Where then are the results of our boasted education? Of what avail are prosperity and freedom? Doubtless activity is the true destiny of man, an essential condition of his being; and much of it must be outward and absorbing. But this is no reason for the horror of leisure which is so common; it is no reason why a man who is not ostensibly busy should be regarded as some strange animal, or that the mere idea of repose should prove alarming. One of our artists designed a family group, and submitted it to his wealthy patron for approval. "Sir," exclaimed that personage, highly indignant; "do you think I would have my wife painted with a rose in her hand? Let her be employed about something." Thus was spurned, even in fancy, a little dalliance with the passing moment, over one of those flowers which a benignant Creator seems to have furnished, as it were, to lure us sometimes to linger and to muse upon the highway of life. "Never less idle than when idle," was the motto which the admirable Vittoria Colonna wrought upon her husband's dressing-gown. And may we not justly regard

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our appreciation of leisure as a test of improved character and growing resources?

The next feature in the prevalent theory of life to which I would allude, is the want of serenity. In society, business, and education, there is a spirit of urgency, an artificial force constantly exhibited, as opposed to true habits of mind as it is to real happiness. If enterprise hath her Carnival here, enjoyment often keeps Lent. We accustom ourselves to live in a continual bustle, and make, on all occasions, a parade of action, as if this were the true criterion of success, the only evidence of progress. We do not believe in the wise saying, that "it is an absolute, and as it were a divine perfection for a man to know how loyally to enjoy his being." There is a true epicurism—the luxury of an existence regulated by the natural wants and higher instincts of the individual, of which we are practically ignorant. Instead of meeting in the frank simplicity and heartiness becoming republicans, at one another's firesides, in the full and frequent confidence of genuine social feeling, interchanging opinions, and enjoying the delights of sympathy, we deem it better to crowd our small apartments to suffocation, wander for several hours over a dwelling which has been disarranged from garret to cellar for the occasion, exchange a word or sign of recognition with some hundred acquaintances, and close the evening's pastime by partaking of an extravagant entertainment. Even the preparation for the conflict of life to which the earlier years of existence are sacred, is marked by the same ostentatious urgency. The tender brain of infancy is fevered by the spirit of emulation. The child is incited at home by the ambitious views of his parents, and surrounded at school by a system of artificial machinery. Certificates of conduct and studies flutter weekly before his eyes, inspiring the same anxious foreboding that the thought of promissory notes is destined in after life to awaken—when the banks suspend specie payments. Then come periodical examinations and exhibitions, for which the pupil undergoes weeks of extra drilling, as if he could not be too early and too deeply impressed with the importance of display. How often is the sensitive New England youth forced to sympathize in Tony Lumpkin's undutiful remonstrance to his mother's officious and mistaken kindness, which she justifies by the common plea, that it was all for the victim's good. "I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; and don't keep dinging it, dinging it into me so." And when he leaves the scene of education, whatever his calling, the same principle of "affected dispatch," as Lord Bacon calls it, must be acted upon. If he would succeed in business he must identify himself with some popular movement, he must contrive to keep his name before the public, with the epithets, "liberal and enterprising," appended to it. A hint must now and then be given in the papers, of his yearly sales, or the amount of hands he employs. Above all, he must keep up in his own person an appearance of business. His rapid gait, hasty speech, and short salutations must give the world assurance of a busy man. Mrs. Jameson, whose observation was artistic, as well as sympathizing, observed, that American faces had an outward look. This extends even to American enjoyments, of which it may be said, as some traveller said of the English, "they amuse themselves sadly after the manner of their country." If, on the other hand, a professional life is adopted, the first thing necessary to success is, to do or to seem to do something extraordinary. One must advocate some peculiar system, announce some startling novelty, or espouse some public cause, and let it be known from Maine to Georgia that he is ready to become a martyr in its behalf. In a word, this trait of our philosophy of life is almost universal. Scarcely a week passes without a celebration by public dinners and eloquent harangues of some popular event or local anniversary. The political atmosphere is never quiet, and the social spirit is ever and anon aroused by some bold doctrine or alleged discovery. Now that there is much that is really desirable in such symptoms, it would be absurd to deny,—that they constitute an unavoidable feature in our present stage of progress, is very evident. Still it is of great importance that the individual should not be deceived or carried away by this universal semblance of activity. In older countries we often see a graceful repose upon destiny, an absence of care respecting the future, and an instinctive trust

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like that in which a bird or flower lives, which, to say the least, leaves the mind free to please and be pleased, and renders far less prevailing than with us the idea of self-interest and morbid ambition. Such beings have the requisite sympathy to regard the individuality, and realize the fraternal relation, which make human society endearing. Let us not be beguiled of our self-possession by the bustle around us. Let us not be so absorbed in the show of things, as to miss their essence and reality. There is no little danger amid all this exhibition of force, this large promise of results, that we shall be drawn aside from our true position by the stream of multitude. The great duty which such artificial activity imposes upon the individual, is to estimate calmly the real value of the objects for which so much sympathy is demanded. His obligations to his own nature are paramount to those which society so constantly urges. A few years since, a volcanic island appeared off the coast of Sicily. It was announced by many and portentous signs. Shocks of an earthquake were felt in the vicinity; immense quantities of fish rose dead to the surface of the sea, and the water, for a considerable space, was strangely agitated. At length columns of dense smoke rose up from the waves, intermingled with globes of fire, and accompanied with the noise of thunder. After many days the vapor rolled away and left a small island revealed, where before there was but a watery waste. The phenomenon excited immense interest. Scientific men flocked to the place to investigate, the material, and account for the construction of the island. The curious repaired thither to gratify their thirst for novelty, and the incredulous to satisfy their doubts. Finally, an English voyager landed on the spot, and planting the flag of his country, gave it the name he himself bore. Satisfied that by this act his immortality was secured, he hastened home to report his discovery. Meantime the captain of a Sicilian vessel explored the island, indignantly tore down the British ensign, and erecting that of the Two Sicilies, declared that it should be ever known as the isle of Ferdinand. While the right of possession was warmly disputing, and the philosophers of Sicily argued as earnestly all the scientific problems involved in the subject, while surveyors vied with each other in drafting its form, and ascertaining its dimension, the devoted island suddenly disappeared beneath the sea, and the next morning nothing met the eyes of the discomfited spectators but a solitary expanse of water. Are not many popular objects announced by a like display of noise and glare as foretold the volcanic island? And after absorbing the energies of a crowd of aspirants for fame or fortune, do they not, in like manner, sink into the waters of oblivion? Are not the fire of genius, the apprehension of intellect, the warmth of the heart, too sacred to be carelessly expended? Shall we be decoyed by every transient fire that gleams upon the ocean of life, when we can wander calmly along its firm shores, and look out, unsubdued, upon the tumult of its waves?

There is an efficacy in calmness of which we are unaware. The element of serenity is one which we peculiarly need. I speak not of that calmness which is more properly stagnation,—not the calmness of apathy and indifference, but what Wordsworth calls the "quiet of a thinking mind self-occupied,"—the calmness of an army before the onset, of the dark cloud before the thunder-burst, of the torrent before it strikes the rocks—significant of gathering strength, of concentrate power, of quiet energy. How full of emblems of this serene action is Nature! The frosts of autumn touch the forest leaves, and we admire their gorgeous dyes. Gradually they are loosened from the branches by the wailing breeze, and in a few days, lie thickly strewn upon the ground, there to decompose and enrich the very loam that nourished them into life. What a universal change, and how quietly produced! What can be more awful than many of the phenomena which the snows of winter occasion? Melting in the hollows of the hills, this white and fleecy substance dissolves, streams into the valleys and collects into torrents that swell the neighboring rivers and produce the most destructive inundations. Masses of snow conjoin among the Alpine summits, and thunder down in the form of the terrific avalanche. On a night when the winds are hushed, how noiseless falls the snow! With what profound quiet it accumulates! Yet the mighty and hitherto invincible army of Napoleon was subdued by a Russian

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snow-storm. Thus is it with the soul. But a small part of its deepest and truest activity can be displayed. There is a mystery in its growth. The best energies of our nature, too, are quietly unfolded and slowly matured. There is a power and truth which can only be realized in tranquillity. There is a wisdom that displays itself only in the serene and thoughtful breast. There are beauties of character which, like the night-blooming Cereus, are closed against the glare and turbulence of everyday life, and bloom only in shade and solitude and beneath the quiet stars.

Another principle in the New England philosophy of life, which demands attention, is extreme devotion to reason. Franklin is still the personation of the American mind abroad, an honored name, indeed, but one that serves only as a partial exponent of humanity—the type of the practical, not the ideal man, of useful science rather than the soul. In no other country could Poor Richard's sayings have attained such favor. Our only metaphysician who enjoys a European reputation, is Edwards, whose celebrated work on the Will is devoted to a defence of the old popular theology. The pride of the cultivated New Englander is that he is rational. The first lore instilled into his mind is in the shape of prudential maxims. The favorite term of approbation he bestows upon a woman is *sensible*, and there is nothing so congenial to his ambition as the reputation of talent. The natural consequence is that his ideal of character is based almost wholly upon intellectual gifts, and attainments. Every subject is viewed through the cold medium of expediency; all questions must be tried by the level light of the understanding, and the most hallowed associations and universal precedents wrested into the service of temporary and narrow objects. One of our most distinguished men in a critique upon Othello—that unrivalled exposition of the power of love and "jealousy, that doats but dooms, and murders yet adores,"—declares the moral of the sublime drama to be an exposition of the evil consequences of amalgamation and runaway matches! In this tendency to seize upon the *rationale* of existence, to act upon what are called common-sense principles, there is doubtless much to approve. A community thus characterized possesses an essential element of advancement. But when such a theory is exclusive, when it is reposed upon as broad and deep enough for the soul, and becomes, as it were, the standard of life and the mould of character, we are tempted to exclaim with Charles Lamb, "Hang them!—I mean the cursed reasoning crew—those blights and blasts of all that is *human* in man or child." We do not appreciate feeling. We estimate knowledge far beyond sentiment. We reverence intellect but look distrustfully upon enthusiasm, for the love of excitement in which the formal lives of New Englanders re-act, is not entitled to the name. We crusade for the most part against vices of appetite, which are often the overflowings of rich natures, linked with the most generous qualities, and in most cases, only fatal when habitual and excessive. We do not realize that the moral evils that most effectually despoil the spirit of beauty are those of *calculation*, to which perverted intellect panders;—these are integral, not incidental. A lapse of integrity, an act of successful fraud accomplished with consummate skill, is infinitely more detestable than the temporary abuse of any natural appetite, for it argues the deliberate perversion of the higher faculties—a hopeless barrenness of noble feeling. I know that many will not consent to such a broad distinction between the mind and the heart; ideas, say they, are but feelings shaped into thought. But such metaphysical niceties have nothing to do with our present purpose. Everyone is conscious of a power within him which reasons, judges, and infers, and other and far different capacities, whose office it is to awaken, impel, and fill him with emotions. Now I think it cannot be denied that the reasoning powers are too frequently cultivated with us, at the expense of those fine sensibilities and warm impulses which exist in every human breast. The sternness of our Puritan origin, the formality of our system of education, the reserve of our social intercourse, the calculating habits of our national character—all tend to repress in the young the earnest flow of their hearts; they early acquire a false shame at the expression of feeling, and come to regard the least manifestation of natural ardor as undignified and weak. And thus the say-

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ing of one of the commentators on our country is verified—our climate has no spring and our people no youth. One often recalls the exclamation of the afflicted parent depicted by Shakspeare, to his officious consoler, "I prithee, peace!—I will be flesh and blood." The brave Marquis of Posa in Schiller's Don Carlos, in his bold and generous appeal to the cruel Philip, exclaims, "In your great system, suffer *souls* to ripen!" One is inclined to urge the same plea upon those who are so active in their cares for the New England *mind*. The cares of life and the scenes of competition, into which the New Englander is early introduced, will do enough to indurate and pervert the fountains of the heart. Let not our theory of life, our practical philosophy, second the process which circumstances already sufficiently ensure. The vividness and strength of early impressions every one has realized. They color our whole after lot. Now, it is remarkable that, acknowledged as this truth universally is, its actual influence upon education is so slight. The impression which the child receives will be indissolubly associated with all his future experience. Should it not then be more a matter of conscience with parents and teachers to minister to the happiness of childhood, to reverence its freedom, instead of following the example of the sagacious man who clipped the wings of his bees and selected for them such flowers as *he* chose? Let us refrain from stamping any stern or dark impression upon the young heart, that it may meet the problem of life in a fresh and original spirit. The discipline to which we are subject in early life, however kindly intended, too often weaves shadows for our future lot, and sadly mars our spiritual destiny. Byron breaks off in the midst of his glorious lay inspired by classic scenes, to lament the forced teaching of his youth, which embittered the pages of Horace for ever to his taste; and how many New Englanders, from a similar cause, have the painful associations of a task connected with the best of books, and the gloomiest sense of restraint associated with the holiest of days! We laugh at the impatient child who daily digs up the seed to see if it has sprouted, and are content to supply good soil to the plant and leave it to the free air, the soft dew, and the balmy sunshine; why are we less just to the soul? To guard it from evil, and to meet its wants as far as we can, is indeed our duty; but a higher power has already ordained its capacities; to them we can neither add nor take away. Let us show some veneration for God's holy work, and leave it more to his smile and its own freedom.

Another consequence of this exclusive faith in reason is that it disposes us to repose entirely upon rules, to act too constantly upon arbitrary principles, till the mechanical triumphs over the spiritual, and mere habit usurps the place of the spontaneous. Now I do not deny that rules have their utility, that in a world of vicissitude certain laws of action must be, to some extent at least, adopted, and that fixed principles are the best security to virtue. But this admission does not justify the dogged attachment to certain maxims which is so often boasted of as the distinction of New England philosophy. Constant reference to precise rules indicates the novice. The artist, at first, is continually measuring, but as his eye becomes practised, he confides in its accuracy. An instinct developes within him more certain than the dictum of science. And thus the soul outgrows maxims and becomes spontaneously progressive and true. With many votaries of the rational system, I believe, the great idea of improvement consists in nothing more than adding to their stock of ideas. Some, indeed, do not even go thus far, but are chiefly anxious to abide by those they have already acquired. The direct tendency of this feature of the prevalent philosophy is to lead a man, particularly one of passive temperament, to entrench himself in a set of fixed laws, as if the goal of progress was reached, the great end of life achieved. He has established a certain theory of dietetics, a certain system of expense, has chosen a set of companions, and adopted a certain political and religious creed, and now all that remains for him is to abide by all these rules, and thus realize Burns' picture:

> O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
> Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
> Compared wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
> How much unlike!
> Your hearts are just a standing pool,
> Your lives a dyke!

All this is directly opposed to freedom

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and to progress. The pursuit of truth—the highest vocation of man—is thus foreclosed; the exercise of generous sympathies—that dearest of human privileges—is renounced. The individual has sold his birth-right. He is an apostate from the true faith of humanity. He has relinquished the real glory of his nature. The future is denuded of hope to his fixed gaze, and his heart beats only in monotonous echoes to the slow and weary footsteps of time. A work of art is said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created; so a character is delightful as we lose all sense of its training in the love of its spontaneous excellences.

Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moon-light radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; it sets free no ice-bound fountains. Dr. Johnson used to say, that an obstinate rationality prevented him from being a papist. Does not the same cause prevent many of us from unburthening our hearts and breathing our devotions at the shrines of nature? There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency, it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toils and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries? Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts *the children of Love.* The deep interest with which the Italians hail gifted men, inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Cellini's statue of Perseus was first exhibited on the Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded for days by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome for his poetical labors, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples, listening to a reader of Tasso. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here and two in paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvass displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts? Lord Brougham calls the word "impossible" the mother-tongue of little souls. What, I ask, can counteract self-distrust, and sustain the higher efforts of our nature but enthusiasm? More of this element would call forth the genius, and gladden the life of New England. While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realizes, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged by an inward impulse to embody his thought. He must have sympathy; he must have results. And nature yields to the magician, acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble, the speaking figure stands out from the canvass, the electric chain is struck in the bosoms of his fellows. They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

Constant supplies of knowledge to

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the intellect, and the exclusive culture of reason may, indeed, make a pedant and logician; but the probability is, these benefits, if such they are, will be gained at the expense of the soul. Sentiment, in its broadest acceptation, is as essential to the true enjoyment and grace of life as mind. Technical information, and that quickness of apprehension which New Englanders call smartness, are not so valuable to a human being as sensibility to the beautiful, and a spontaneous appreciation of the divine influences which fill the realms of vision and of sound, and the world of action and feeling. The tastes, affections and sentiments, are more absolutely the man than his talent or acquirements. And yet it is by and through the latter that we are apt to estimate character, of which they are at best but fragmentary evidences. It is remarkable that, in the New Testament allusions to the intellect are so rare, while the "heart" and the "spirit we are of" are ever appealed to. Sympathy is the "golden key" which unlocks the treasures of wisdom; and this depends upon vividness and warmth of feeling. It is therefore that Tranio advises—"In brief, sir, study what you most affect." A code of etiquette may refine the manners, but the "heart of courtesy," which, through the world, stamps the natural gentleman, can never be attained but through instinct; and in the same manner, those enriching and noble sentiments which are the most beautiful and endearing of human qualities, no process of mental training will create. To what end is society, popular education, churches, and all the machinery of culture, if no living truth is elicited which fertilizes as well as enlightens? Shakspeare undoubtedly owed his marvellous insight into the human soul to his profound sympathy with man. He might have conned whole libraries on the philosophy of the passions; he might have coldly observed facts for years, and never have conceived of jealousy like Othello's, the remorse of Macbeth, or love like that of Juliet. When the native sentiments are once interested, new facts spring to light. It was under the excitement of wonder and love, that Byron tossed on the lake of Geneva, thought that "Jura answered from her misty shroud," responsive to the thunder of the Alps. With no eye of mere curiosity did Bryant follow the lonely flight of the Water-fowl. Veneration prompted the inquiry,

> "Whither 'midst falling dew,
> When glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
> Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
> Thy solitary way?"

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart. It is certain that in proportion as its merely mental strength and attainment takes the place of natural sentiment, in proportion as we acquire the habit of receiving all impressions through the reason, the teachings of Nature grow indistinct and cold, however it may be with those of books. That this is the tendency of the New England philosophy of life and education, I think can scarcely be disputed. I have remarked that some of our most intelligent men speak of mastering a subject, of comprehending a book, of settling a question, as if these processes involved the whole idea of human cultivation. The reverse of all this is chiefly desirable. It is when we are overcome, and the pride of intellect vanquished before the truth of nature, when, instead of coming to a logical decision, we are led to bow in profound reverence before the mysteries of life, when we are led back to childhood, or up to God, by some powerful revelation of the sage or minstrel, it is then our natures grow. To this end is all art. Exquisite vocalism, beautiful statuary and painting, and all true literature, have not for their great object to employ the ingenuity of prying critics, or furnish the world with a set of new ideas, but to move the whole nature by the perfection and truthfulness of their appeal. There is a certain atmosphere exhaled from the inspired page of genius, which gives vitality to the sentiments, and through these quickens the mental powers. And this is the chief good of books. Were it otherwise, those of us who have bad memories might despair of advancement. I have heard educated New Englanders boast of the quantity of poetry they have read in a given time, as if rich fancies and elevated thoughts are to be dispatched as are beefsteaks on board our steamboats. Newspapers are estimated by

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their number of square feet, as if this had anything to do with the quality of their contents. Journeys of pleasure are frequently deemed delightful in proportion to their rapidity, without reference to the new scenery or society they bring into view. Social gatherings are not seldom accounted brilliant in the same degree that they are crowded. Such would not be the case, if what the phrenologists call the affective powers, were enough considered; if the whole soul, instead of the "meddling intellect" alone was freely developed; if we realized the truth thus expressed by a powerful writer—"within the entire circle of our intellectual constitution, we value nothing but emotion; it is not the powers, but the fruit of those powers, in so much feeling of a lofty kind as they will yield."

One of the most obvious consequences of these traits appears in social intercourse. Foreigners have ridiculed certain external habits of Americans; but these were always confined to the few, and where most prevalent have yielded readily to censure. There are incongruities of manners still more objectionable, because the direct exponents of character and resulting from the philosophy of life. Delicacy and self-respect are the fruits, not so much of intellect as sensibility. We are considerate towards others in proportion as our own consciousness gives us insight. The sympathies are the best teachers of politeness; and these are ever blunted by an exclusive reliance on perception. Nothing is more common than to find educated New Englanders unconsciously invading the privacy of others, to indulge their idle curiosity, or giving a personal turn to conversation in a way that outrages all moral refinement. This is observable in society professedly intellectual. It is scarcely deemed rude to allude to one's personal appearance, health, dress, circumstances, or even most sacred feelings, although neither intimacy nor confidence lend the slightest authority to the proceeding. Such violation of what is due to others, is more frequently met with among the cultivated of this than any other country. It is comparatively rare here to encounter a natural gentleman. A New England philosopher, in a recent work,* betrays no little fear of "excess of fellowship." In the region he inhabits there is ground for the apprehension. No standard of manners will correct the evil. The peasantry of Southern Europe, and the most ignorant Irishwomen often excel educated New Englanders in genuine courtesy. Their richer feelings teach them how to deal with others. Reverence and tenderness (not self-possession and intelligence), are the hallowed avenues through which alone true souls come together. The cool satisfaction with which character is analysed and defined in New Englnnd, is an evidence of the superficial test which observation alone affords. A Yankee dreams not of the world which is revealed only through sentiment. Men, and especially women, shrink from unfolding the depths of their natures to the cold and prying gaze which aims to explore them only as an intellectual diversion. It is the most presumptuous thing in the world, for an unadulterated New Englander, however 'cute and studious, to pretend to *know* another human being, if nobly endowed; for he is the last person to elicit latent and cherished emotions. He may read mental capacities and detect moral tendencies, but no familiarity will unveil the inner temple; only in the vestibule will his prying step be endured.

Another effect of this exaggerated estimate of intellect is, that talent and character are often regarded as identical. This is a fatal but very prevalent error. A gift of mind, let it ever be remembered, is not a grace of soul. Training, or native skill, will enable any one to excel in the machinery of expression. The phrase—artistical, whether in reference to statuary, painting, literature, or manners, implies only aptitude and dexterity. Who is not aware, for instance, of the vast difference between a merely scientific knowledge of music and that enlistment of the sympathies in the art which makes it the eloquent medium of passion, sentiment and truth? And in literature, how often do we find the most delicate perception of beauty in the writer, combined with a total want of

* Emerson's Essays, 2d Series.

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genuine refinement in the man! Art is essentially *imitative;* and its value, as illustrative of character, depends not upon the mental endowments, but upon the moral integrity of the artist. The idea of talent is associated more or less with the idea of success; and on this account, the lucrative creed of the New Englander recognizes it with indiscriminate admiration; but there is a whole armory of weapons in the human bosom, of more celestial temper. It is a nobler and a happier thing to be capable of self-devotion, loyalty, and generous sympathies, to cherish a quick sense of honor and find absolute comfort only in being lost in another, than to have an eye for color, whereby the rainbow can be transferred to canvass, or a felicity of diction that can embalm the truest pictures in immortal numbers. Not only or chiefly in what he *does*, resides the significance of a human being. His field of action and the availability of his powers depend upon health, education, self-reliance, position, and a thousand other agencies; what he *is* results from the instincts of his soul, and for these alone he is truly to be loved. It is observable among New Englanders, that an individual's qualities are less frequently referred to as a test of character than his performances. It is very common for them to sacrifice social and private to public character, friendship to fame, sympathy to opinion, love to ambition, and sentiment to propriety. There is an obvious disposition among them to appraise men and women at their market rather than their intrinsic value. A lucky speculation, a profitable invention, a saleable book, an effective rhetorical effort, or a sagacious political ruse—some fact which proves, at best, only adroitness and good fortune, is deemed the best escutcheon to lend dignity to life, or hang as a lasting memorial upon the tomb. Those more intimate revelations and ministries which deal with the inmost gifts of mind, and warmest emotions of the heart, and through which alone love and truth are realized, are but seldom dreamt of in their philosophy.

There is yet another principle which seems to me but faintly recognized in the New England philosophy of life, however it may be occasionally cultivated as a department of literature; and yet it is one which we should deem essentially dear to man, a glorious endowment, a crowning grace of humanity. It is that principle through which we commune with all that is lovely and grand in the universe, which mellows the pictures of memory into pensive beauty, and irradiates the visions of hope with unearthly brightness; which elevates our social experience by the glow of fancy, and exhibits scenes of perfection to the soul that the senses can never realize. It is the poetical principle. If this precious gift could be wholly annihilated amid the commonplace and the actual, we should lose the interest of life. The dull routine of daily experience, the tame reality of things, would weigh like a heavy and permanent cloud upon our hearts. But the office of this divine spirit is to throw a redeeming grace around the objects and the scenes of being. It is the breeze that lifts the weeds on the highway of time and brings to view the violets beneath. It is the holy water which, sprinkled on the Mosaic pavement of life, makes vivid its brilliant tints. It is the mystic harp upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness and grief, loses itself in music. But it performs a yet higher function than that of consolation. It is through the poetical principle that we form images of excellence, a notion of progress that quickens every other faculty to rich endeavor. All great men are so chiefly through unceasing effort to realize in action, or embody in art, sentiments of deep interest or ideas of beauty. As colors exist in rays of light, so does the ideal in the soul, and life is the mighty prism which refracts it. Shelley maintains that it is only through the imagination that we can overleap the barriers of self and become identified with the universal and the distant, and, therefore, that this principle is the true fountain of benevolent affections and virtue. I know it is sometimes said that the era of romance has passed; that with the pastoral, classic, and chivalrous periods of the world, the poetic element died out. But this is manifestly a great error. The forms of society have greatly changed, and the methods of poetical development are much modified, but the principle itself is essential to humanity. No! mechanical as is the spirit of the age, and wide as is the empire of utility, as long as the stars appear nightly in the firmament, and golden clouds



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gather around the departing sun; as long as we can greet the innocent smile of infancy and the gentle eye of woman; as long as this earth is visited by visions of glory and dreams of love and hopes of heaven; while life is encircled by mystery, brightened by affection and solemnized by death, so long will the poetical spirit be abroad, with its fervent aspirations and deep spells of enchantment. Again, it is often urged that the poetical spirit belongs appropriately to a certain epoch of life, and that its influence naturally ceases with youth. But this can only be the case through self-apostasy. The poetical element was evidently intended to mingle with the whole of human experience; not only to glow in the breast of youth, but to dignify the thought of manhood, and make venerable the aspect of age. Its purpose clearly is to relieve the sternness of necessity, to lighten the burden of toil, and throw sacredness and hope even around suffering—as the old painters were wont to depict groups of cherubs above their martyrdoms. Nor can I believe that the agency of this principle is so confined and temporary as many suppose. It is true our contemplation of the beautiful is of short duration, our flights into the ideal world brief and occasional. We can but bend in passing at the altar of beauty, and pluck a flower hastily by the way-side;—but may there not be an instinct which eagerly appropriates even these transitory associations? May they not be unconsciously absorbed into the essence of our life, and gradually refine and exalt the spirit within us? I cannot think that such rich provision for the poetic sympathies is intended for any casual or indifferent end. Rather let us believe there is a mystic language in the flowers, and a deep meaning in the stars, that the transparency of the winter air and the long sweetness of summer twilight pass, with imperceptible power, over the soul; rather let us cherish the thought that the absorbing emotions of love, the sweet excitement of adventure, and the impassioned solemnity of grief, with a kind of spiritual chemistry, combine and purify the inward elements into nobler action and more perfect results. Of the poetical principle, the philosophy of life in New England makes little account. Emblems of the past do not invite our gaze down the vistas of time. Reverence is seldom awakened by any object, custom, or association. The new, the equal, the attainable, constantly deaden our faith in infinite possibilities. Life rarely seems miraculous, and the common-place abounds. There is much to excite, and little to chasten and awe. We need to see the blessedness of a rational conservatism, as well as the inspiring call for reform. There are venerable and lovely agencies in this existence of ours which it is sacrilege to scorn. The wisdom of our renowned leaders in all departments is too restless and conscious to be desirable; and it would be better for our boasted "march of mind," if, like the quaint British essayist, a few more "were dragged along in the procession." An extravagant spirit of utility invades every scene of life however sequestered. We attempt not to brighten the grim features of care, or relieve the burdens of responsibility. The daughter of a distinguished law professor in Europe was in the habit of lecturing in her father's absence. To guard against the fascination of her charms, which it was feared would divert the attention of the students, a curtain was drawn before the fair teacher, from behind which she imparted her instructions. Thus do we carefully keep out of sight the poetical and veil the spirit of beauty, that we may worship undisturbed at the shrine of the practical. We ever seek the light of knowledge; but are content that no fertilizing warmth lend vitality to its beams.

When the returning pilgrim approaches the shores of the new world, the first sign of the vicinity of his native land is traced in hues of rare glory on the Western sky. The sunsets grow more and more gorgeous as he draws near, and while he leans over the bulwarks of a gallant vessel (whose matchless architecture illustrates the mechanical skill of her birth-place), and watches their shifting brilliancy, it associates itself with the fresh promise and young renown of his native land; and when from the wide solitude of the Atlantic, he plunges once more amid her eager crowds, it is with the earnest and I must think patriotic wish, that with her prosperous activity might mingle more of the poetry of life!

But what the arrangements of society fail to provide, the individual is at liberty to seek. Nowhere are natural

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beauty and grandeur more lavishly displayed than on this continent. In no part of the world are there such noble rivers, beautiful lakes and magnificent forests. The ermine robe of winter is, in no land, spread with more dazzling effect, nor can the woodlands of any clime present a more varied array of autumnal tints. Nor need we resort to the glories of the universe alone. Domestic life exists with us in rare perfection; and it requires but the heroism of sincerity and the exercise of taste, to make the fireside as rich in poetical associations as the terrace and verandah of Southern lands. Literature, too, opens a rich field. We can wander through Eden to the music of the blind bard's harp, or listen in the orange groves of Verona, beneath the quiet moonlight, to the sweet vows of Juliet. Let us, then, bravely obey our sympathies, and find in candid and devoted relations with others, freedom from the constraints of prejudice and form. Let us foster the enthusiasm which exclusive intellectual cultivation would extinguish. Let us detach ourselves sufficiently from the social machinery to realize that we are not integral parts of it; and thus summon into the horizon of destiny those hues of beauty, love and truth, which are the most glorious reflections of the soul!

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## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The panic, which was got up on the result of the late elections, speedily subsided, with no other effect than a fall in stocks of some 6 to 8 per cent., from which they soon recovered. The efforts made, however, by persons occupying a high station in the commercial world, to induce the belief that the national prosperity would be unfavorably influenced through the ascendency of the Democratic party, had an injurious influence upon the retail traders and mechanical employments, because they checked the easy movement of progressive business, growing out of the real advancement of the industrial wealth of the country. Employers, laboring under these vague apprehensions, were less ready to undertake work or engage hands when they heard persons, eminent in commercial pursuits, recklessly asserting that the defeat of a political party would ruin the commercial prosperity of the Union. Those disappointed politicians were seemingly determined that the people at large should suffer physically in consequence of the defeat of their political hopes. These effects, however, passed away as soon as reason had time to exert its influence, and no apparent change is visible in the progress of returning prosperity. Money remains, in the great cities, plenty, in the hands of private capitalists; while the banks have, as usual in the last month of the year, succeeded in obtaining high rates from their customers. The closing of the canals produced its customary influence upon the business of New York; leaving, however, a good supply of Western produce upon the Atlantic markets, influencing, in some degree, the value of money. The banks have, however, lost the control of the market; and the attempt, on their part, to check loans, only serves to draw out the deposits of individuals, who make therewith the loan rejected by the bank, which thus loses the interest. The capital seeking employ will find it at the market rate, and it is beyond the power of institutions to prevent it. We have, in a former number, alluded to the losses which the mercantile community have sustained during the past year. During the month three failures took place in the provision trade through large speculations in Pork. The returns of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the year ending July 1st, 1844, have been made. The leading features, as compared with former years, are as follows:

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IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

| | EXPORTS. | | | IMPORTS. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Domestic. | Foreign. | Total. | Free. | Dutiable. | Total. |
| 1830 | 103,533,891 | 17,494,525 | 121,028,416 | 76,401,792 | 85,690,340 | 162,092,132 |
| 1840 | 113,895,634 | 18,190,312 | 132,685,946 | 57,196,204 | 49,945,315 | 107,141,519 |
| 1841 | 106,382,722 | 15,469,381 | 121,851,803 | 66,019,731 | 61,926,446 | 127,946,177 |
| 1842 | 92,969,996 | 11,721,528 | 104,691,534 | 30,627,486 | 69,354,601 | 100,162,087 |
| 1843 | 77,793,783 | 6,552,697 | 84,346,480 | 35,574,584 | 29,179,215 | 64,743,799 |
| 1844 | 190,183,497 | 10,944,781 | 111 128,278 | 24,766,062 | 83,668,620 | 108,434,202 |

These are official figures. In 1843, nine months only are included, the fiscal year being then altered to end June 30, instead of Sept. 30. The result is an aggregate apparent excess of export of $27,815,704 since 1841. This excess is, however, apparent only, inasmuch as that the exports, being given at the invoice value of the goods here when they go out of the country, do not show the actual value realized abroad, or at least of that portion shipped on American account, which is the case for the most part with cotton, the principal item of export. Of the domestic exports of 1843, cotton amounted to, in round numbers, $50,000,000, or 60 per cent. of the amount; and although but nine months are given, yet the cotton nearly all went forward in that period. In 1844, the value of domestic exports increased, in round numbers, $22,000,000, nearly the whole of which was a fictitious value given to cotton here by speculators, and not realized there. This speculation was caused, to a very great extent, by the action of the government. The year 1841 was one of good business. In that year, however, a tariff was enacted, the influence of which is very apparent in the diminished trade for the year 1842, as seen in the table. In the succeeding year further commercial legislation again reduced trade. The effect of these reductions was very soon apparent in the accumulating deposits of unemployed capital in the various banks. Those of New York present returns as follows:

BANKS OF NEW YORK.

| | Jan. 1842. | Jan. 1843. | August 1843. | Nov. 1843. | Feb. 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Loans, | $56,380,073 | 52,348,467 | 58,593,081 | 61,534,129 | 65,418,762 |
| Specie, | 5,329,857 | 8,477,076 | 14,091,779 | 11,502,789 | 10,086,542 |
| Circulation, | 13,949,504 | 12,031,871 | 14,520,843 | 17,213,101 | 16,335,401 |
| Deposits, | 17,063,774 | 19,100,415 | 24,679,230 | 27,387,160 | 29,026,415 |

In August, the great accumulation of means in the banks, and the low rate of interest, favored speculation, which ran into cotton, and raised prices here extravagantly, while great quantities were held. Money having been withdrawn from its regular employments, took this illegitimate direction. The consequence was that the stocks on this side increased in bulk, until prices were forced up 50 per cent. beyond what the cotton realized at its sale. The progress of events is seen in the following table, showing the price of cotton in the New York market, the rate of exchange on London, and the comparative stock on hand in the United States at the close of each month:

| | | | | Stock in the U. States—Bales | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1843. | Fair Uplands. | Fair N. Orleans. | Sterling Bills. | 1842. | 1843. |
| Sept. 30th, | 8½ *a* 8¾ | 8¾ *a* 9 | 9⅛ *a* 9¼ | 48,914 | 88,181 |
| October, | 8½ *a* 8¾ | 9 *a* 9¼ | 8½ *a* 8¾ | 121,316 | 149,123 |
| November, | 9¼ *a* 9 | 9½ *a* 10 | 8 *a* 8½ | 221,580 | 256,632 |
| December, | 9½ *a* 9¾ | 10¼ *a* 10½ | 9 *a* 9⅛ | 341,139 | 427,727 |
| 1844. | | | | 1843. | 1844. |
| January, | 10½ *a* 10¾ | 10¾ *a* 11 | 9 *a* 9½ | 384,471 | 521,803 |
| February, | 10 *a* 10½ | 10½ *a* 10¾ | 8¾ *a* 9 | 422,137 | 620,994 |
| March, | 8½ *a* 6½ | 8½ *a* 9 | 8½ *a* 8¾ | 467,285 | 744,269 |
| April, | 8 *a* 8½ | 8½ *a* 8¾ | 8½ *a* 9 | 354,894 | 603,814 |
| May, | 7⅝ *a* 7¾ | 8 *a* 8½ | 8¾ *a* 9½ | 249,097 | 404,664 |
| June, | 7¾ *a* 8 | 8½ *a* 8⅝ | 9 *a* 9½ | 140,031 | 218,469 |
| July, | 7¾ *a* 8 | 8½ *a* 8¾ | 9⅛ *a* 9¾ | 116,846 | 150,908 |
| August, | 7¾ *a* 8 | 8½ *a* 8½ | 9¾ *a* 10 | 95,162 | 117,453 |
| September, | 6½ *a* 6¾ | 7½ *a* 7¾ | 9¾ *a* 10 | 88,181 | 121,834 |
| October, | 6¾ *a* 7 | 7⅜ *a* 7½ | 9¾ *a* 10 | 121,416 | 167,771 |
| November, | 8⅜ *a* 6½ | 7½ *a* 7⅜ | 9¾ *a* 10½ | 256,632 | 228,803 |
| December, | 5¾ *a* 5¾ | 6½ *a* 6½ | 9¾ *a* 10½ | 307,326 | 265,669 |

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The excessive rise which took place from September to March was followed by a continuous and ruinous fall, which has not yet been stayed. The cotton bought, and the large stocks held here previous to June, did not realize 50 per cent. of their valuations. Hence, although the exports of domestic produce are valued in the returns at $100,000,000, probably the amount actually available to be drawn for was not $80,000,000, making an actual excess of imports of some $22,000,000, instead of an apparent excess of exports of $2,700,000. An operation somewhat similar took place in relation to imports. It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the proportion of goods which come into the country to be sold here on foreign account, and the proceeds to be remitted according to the net sales, and that proportion which is ordered on American account, and which is paid for at the invoice price. The whole amount of dutiable imports was $83,688,620, which was the foreign cost. On these imports a serious loss has been sustained, from causes similar to those which promoted the speculation in cotton. These were, the belief that the prosperity of the country would, after so long a stagnation, rapidly revive. It was known that the small trade of 1842–3 had left stocks of goods small, and the country stores nearly exhausted of supplies. In the winter and spring, country dealers freely replenished their stocks, calculating upon an improved trade consequent upon the anticipated "home market," to be brought about by legislative enactments. These purchases of the shopkeepers encouraged the jobbers in larger transactions, which influenced additional imports. Towards the close of the year the whole movement became checked. Produce continued very low. The sales of the shopkeepers, being by no means so large as they anticipated, they diminished their purchases in the fall, jobbers bought less, and to effect sales of the large imports, a fall in prices was necessary, and an increase in credits. The losses sustained on the imports have been estimated as high as the duties, or 35 per cent. Probably 20 per cent. would more than cover them; as for instance, the cost of the goods has been as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dutiable Imports, foreign cost | $83,688,620 |
| Ten per cent. charges | 8,368,862 |
| Gross Duties | 28,500,000 |
| Total cost of Goods | $120,557,481 |

This would amount to $16,737,724, and if one-half was made on foreign account, there would be $8,378,862 less to be remitted, which would reduce the balance of imports to $13,621,138. The stiff rate of exchange, which has kept firmly at or about par since last June, although at this season a fall generally takes place, is an indication that this has been nearly the true amount of adverse balance resulting from a most disastrous year's business, which, had it not been for the interference of government, would have proved one of unusual profit. All the elements existed, at home and abroad, of most successful business, but have all been neutralized by injudicious legislation.

The internal trade of the country may be indicated, by the tolls of the public works of three States, and the movement of some of the leading articles of produce at the leading points, as follows:

| *Tolls.* | 1841. | 1842. | 1843. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ohio Canals, | 516,856 | 475,572 | 473,554 | 544,949 |
| Pennsylvania Canals, | 1,079,896 | 920,499 | 1,019,401 | 1,164,325 |
| New York " | 2,034,882 | 1,749,197 | 2,081,590 | 2,432,389 |
| Total, | 3,631,634 | 3,145,227 | 3,574,545 | 4,141,663 |
| Receipt per New York Canals to the Hudson. | | | | |
| Flour, bbls. | 1,647,492 | 1,577,555 | 2,077,708 | 2.209,672 |
| Wheat, bush. | 761,055 | 928,347 | 827,346 | 1,131,539 |
| Butter and Lard, lbs. | 16,157,653 | 19,182,930 | 24,215,700 | 22,202,700 |
| Cheese, lbs. | 14,171,081 | 19,004,613 | 24,336,260 | 26,598,300 |
| Merchandise cleared, tons. | 132,841 | 94,213 | 113,686 | 90,946 |

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| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Received at Cleveland, by Ohio Canals.** | | | | |
| Wheat, bush. | 1,664,421 | 1,311,665 | 813,536 | 1,000,079 |
| Flour, bbls. | 441,425 | 492,711 | 577,369 | 511,710 |
| Pork, " | 29,794 | 53,272 | 13,177 | 36,653 |
| Coal, bush. | 478,370 | 466,844 | 387,834 | 560,842 |
| Ashes, lbs. | 100,111 | 584,851 | 1,082,733 | 1,339,694 |
| Butter, " | 1,463,280 | 1,115,056 | 1,008,387 | 1,206,935 |
| Cheese, " | 58,148 | 250,202 | 215,819 | 90,010 |
| Bacon, " | 1,881,271 | 1,267,245 | 1,926,666 | 1,722,628 |
| Lard, " | 961,161 | 1,311,185 | 1,649,835 | 1,546,365 |
| Wool, " | 107,805 | 199,803 | 391,138 | 748,916 |
| Iron and Nails, lbs. | 3,905,417 | 3,172,862 | 7,008,140 | 6,945,746 |
| Pig iron, " | 968,160 | 1,924,286 | 2,891,551 | 2,103,840 |
| **Cleared on Ohio Canals.** | | | | |
| Salt, lbs. | 59,773 | 49,456 | 44,310 | 79,579 |
| Merchandise, lbs. | 15,163,747 | 10,091,803 | 12,822,725 | 11,843,265 |
| Gypsum, " | 1,532,129 | 1,789,422 | 2,064,955 | 2,429,720 |
| **Shipped last from Pittsburgh per Pennsylvania Canals.** | | | | |
| Flour, bbls. | | 114,103 | 130,858 | 110,452 |
| Bacon, lbs. | | 13,286,223 | 23,004,922 | 19,105,805 |
| Beef, bbls. | | | | 75,099 |
| Pork, " | | 2,658 | 3,124 | 25,531 |
| Wool, lbs. | | 1,268,733 | 2,500,709 | 3,166,969 |
| Cotton, " | | 952,985 | 1,080,337 | 1,125,746 |
| Tobacco, lbs. | | 13,998,348 | 18,173,849 | 17,303,415 |
| Lard and Tallow, lbs. | | 1,362,685 | 2,673,123 | 2,666,029 |
| Butter and Cheese, " | | 956,454 | 1,433,266 | 1,645,472 |
| **Imported via canal.** | | | | |
| Dry Goods, lbs. | | 14,540,412 | 21,390,266 | 29,758,319 |
| Groceries and Coffee, lbs. | | 4,952,577 | 13,061,951 | 14,201,073 |
| Brooms, " | | 14,106,698 | 17,838,936 | 18,821,166 |
| Hardware, " | | 2,324,519 | 5,288,527 | 8,417,359 |
| Queensware, " | | 1,080,175 | 1,750,075 | 4,565,005 |
| **Received at New Orleans, down the river.** | | | | |
| Bacon, hhds. and casks, | 27,231 | 22,725 | 30,156 | 38,633 |
| Butter, packages, | 14,767 | 12,075 | 19,424 | 19,331 |
| Beef, bbls. | 33,262 | 17,455 | 17,549 | 49,365 |
| Pork, " | 216,074 | 244,142 | 204,643 | 412,928 |
| Pork, lbs. | 9,744,220 | 4,051,869 | 6,814,750 | 7,792,000 |
| Cotton, bales, | 821,288 | 749,267 | 1,088,870 | 895,375 |
| Tobacco, hhds. | 54,607 | 68,058 | 89,891 | 81,249 |
| Sugar, " | | 50,920 | 65,036 | 51,816 |
| Corn, sacks, | 268,537 | 338,709 | 427,552 | 360,052 |
| Cheese, casks, | 1,852 | 2,710 | 3,502 | 12,583 |
| Coal, bbls. | 221,233 | 140,582 | 255,568 | 227,788 |
| Flour, " | 426,194 | 439,688 | 521,175 | 502,507 |
| Hemp, hhds. | 450 | 1,211 | 16,873 | 38,962 |
| Lard, packages, | 320,916 | 384,975 | 413,844 | 493,270 |
| Lead, pigs, | 434,167 | 472,556 | 571,948 | 639,269 |
| Wheat, bbls. and sacks, | 262 | 134,806 | 118,248 | 86,014 |

The increase here is marked and uniform. The resources of the western States have poured through the canals and avenues to market, accumulating upon the sea-board, and lowering prices, while the external trade of the country has evinced a considerable falling off, a fact which has in an eminent degree tended to depress prices of produce, while those of imported and manufactured goods have increased. It is observable, that the quantity of merchandise sent west through the New York canals, and the Ohio canal, at Cleveland, is much less this year than last. The estimated value of the merchandise imported at Cleveland, was $300 per 1000 lbs., which gives a value for 1843, of $3,647,850.

The prices were gradually rising

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through the year, until they reached a level which embraced the tariff duties, or 35 per cent.; this would make the cost of the imports for 1844, $4,737,306, or $1,000,000 more money for a less quantity of goods, thus furnishing an additional indication of the paralyzing nature of government restrictions.

The finances of the United States have considerably improved, according to the official statements, which are as follows:

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURES OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR FIVE PERIODS.

| Receipts. | 1841. | 1842. | Six months, 1843. | 1844, year ends June 30. | 1st quarter, 1845. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Customs, | 14,481,997 | 18,176,720 | 7,046,843 | 26,183,570 | 10,750,000 |
| Lands, | 1,470,295 | 1,375,887 | 897,818 | 2,059,939 | 450,000 |
| Miscellaneous, | | 120,260 | 120,663 | 261,007 | 25,500 |
| Loans & notes, | 14,339,480 | 14,808,735 | 12,479,707 | 1,877,181 | |
| | 30,291,772 | 34,452,702 | 20,545,033 | 30,381,700 | 11,225,500 |
| Expenditures. | | | | | |
| Ordinary, | 26,394,343 | 23,921,057 | 10,698,391 | 19,960,054 | 6,676,660 |
| Account of debt, | 5,698,380 | 8,477,848 | 861,607 | 12,998,773 | 557,184 |
| Total, | 32,092,724 | 32,398,906 | 11,559,998 | 32,958,827 | 7,233,844 |

The receipts from the customs for the year have been large, under the circumstances which we have detailed above; but with the close of the quarter ending Sept. 30, the state of the markets changed, so as by no means to bear out the estimates of the Secretary for the next two years, which are $31,000,000 per annum. The average rates of duties have been as follows:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9 months, | to June 30, 1843—37.84 | per cent. | of dutiable | imports. | |
| 12 " | " Sept. 30, 1843—35.05 | " | " | " | |
| " " | " June 30, 1844—33.85 | " | " | " | |
| " " | " Sept. 30, 1844—31.26 | " | " | " | |

This continually decreasing average evinces a disposition to avoid the import of those articles on which the duty is the highest, and which are most easily smuggled, showing the prohibitive nature of such duties. There are, however, sufficient funds in the Treasury to redeem the remainder of the debt of $5,600,000, which will mature January, 1845, affording a gratifying result when we consider the difficulties encountered in the contraction of the debt. It evinces to foreign nations the fact that however delinquent from unfortunate circumstances, some of the members of the Union may be, the great body of the people have both the ability and the will to discharge their obligations. It is, however, true that the same results would have been more easily obtained, had the spirit of the compromise act been adhered to, and $26,000,000 of revenue raised from $130,000,000 of imports, instead of from $84,000,000. The trade of the country would have been far more active, the exports greater, and the individual taxes less.

The payment of the government debt is not the only source of gratification as far as public credits are concerned. The State of New York is about paying off $2,500,000, South Carolina has paid $500,000 as the first instalment on an equal sum, and other payments are taking place calculated to reduce the amount of outstanding obligations, while the ascendency of the Democratic policy is likely to restrict further issues. The revenues of the State of Ohio have improved in a manner which shows that at least within her precincts there is no indisposition to pay taxes. The debt of Ohio, January, 1845, is as follows:

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| | Interest. | Redeemable. | Amount. | Interest. | Payable. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Stock, | 5 p. c. | 1850 | 400,000 00 | 20,000 00 | New York. |
| " | 5 " | 1856 | 150,000 00 | 7,500 00 | " |
| " | 6 " | 1850 | 4,043,658 76 | 898,720 95 | " |
| " | 6 " | 1856 | 3,412,779 24 | | |
| " | 6 " | 1860 | 6,855,181 00 | | |
| " | 6 " | 1870 | 667,063 50 | | |
| " | 7 " | 1850 | 1,500,000 00 | 105,000 00 | " |
| Notes payable in N. Y. | | | 17,028,682 50 | 1,031,220 95 | |
| School Fund 6 p. c. Treasury, | | | 1,424,842 64 | 86,830 14 | Treasury. |
| Domestic Bonds, | | " | 734,869 36 | 44,092 16 | " |
| " Script, | | " | 29,432 27 | 1,765 92 | " |
| Surplus Revenue, | | " | 141,925 01 | 8,515 52 | " |
| Total Debt, | | | 19,359,751 78 | 1,172,424 69 | |
| Deduct Sinking Fund, | | | 83,000 00 | 4,980 00 | |
| | | | 19,276,751 78 | 1,167,444 59 | |

The expenditure for interest has been met as follows:

RECEIPTS OF CANAL FUND.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tolls of public works, | | 544,949 84 | |
| Repairs and expenses, | 166,212 53 | | |
| Sinking fund, | 25,000 00 | 191,212 53 | |
| | | | $353,736 31 |
| Canal tax, | | 632,926 55 | |
| General revenue, lands, &c. | | 55,477 79 | |
| | | | 688,306 34 |
| | | Total receipts, | $1,042,141 65 |

The valuation of taxable property and amount of taxes, in Ohio, has for seven years been as follows:

AMOUNT OF TAXES IN OHIO, WITH CANAL TOLLS, AND AMOUNT OF BANK INTEREST.

| | 1832. | 1838. | 1840. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| State and canal tax, | 264,954 | 432,093 | 562,993 | 948,996 |
| County and school tax, | 286,124 | 578,202 | 557,940 | 632,532 |
| Road tax, | 83,233 | 184,921 | 168,623 | 178,559 |
| Township and poor, | 46,201 | 133,983 | 161,088 | 197,004 |
| Corporation building, &c., | | 112,946 | 130,493 | 199,406 |
| Lawyers and physicians, | 7,706 | 3,605 | 4,889 | 6,473 |
| School-houses, | | 5,256 | 17,207 | 15,382 |
| Delinquencies, | 3,388 | 41,213 | 146,603 | 132,307 |
| Total, | $685,909 | 1,498,108 | 1,749,840 | 3,340,663 |
| Canal tolls, | 116,830 | 459,978 | 522,443 | 544,949 |
| Bank interest, | 585,114 | 1,080,000 | 600,000 | 180,000 |
| Total taxes, | 1,387,853 | 3,038,086 | 2,872,283 | 4,065,612 |
| Value of taxable property, | $72,243,072 | 106,953,018 | 112,037,861 | 136,142,666 |

This bank interest is calculated at six per cent. on the outstanding loans of the Ohio banks, of which the number is greatly diminished. A large portion of the capitals was owned at the eastward, and the profits, together with the $1,000,000 drawn annually from Ohio to pay State interests, constituted a great drain upon the resources of the State, notwithstanding which, the valuation has doubled in the last twelve years.

While Ohio has thus been advancing under a heavy debt, Indiana has been paying nothing, although equally progressing in wealth and population. The debt of the State is as follows:

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DEBT OF INDIANA, JANUARY, 1845.

| | | Redeemed. | Outstanding. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Internal improvement, | 8,900.000 | 1,064,000 | 8,836,000 |
| Wabash and Erie, | 1,727,000 | | 1,727,000 |
| State Bank, | 2,413,000 | | 2,413,000 |
| Laurenceberg and Ind. R. | 221,000 | 177,000 | 44,000 |
| Madison and do. | 456,000 | | 456,000 |
| Surplus revenue, | 294,000 | 294,000 | |
| Interest bonds, 7 per cent. | 1,100,000 | 1,061,000 | 36,000 |
| Total, | $15,111,000 | 2,599,000 | 12,512,000 |
| State Bank pays interest on - - - - - - - - - - | | | 1,300,000 |
| State liable for - - - - - - - - - - - - | | | $11,122,000 |

The annual interest and the amount unpaid January 1, 1845, are as follows:

| | | Annual interest. | | Am't due Jan. 1845. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| $100,000 | 6 per cent. | 6,000 | 4 years | 24,000 |
| 36,000 | 7 per cent. | 2,520 | 2½ years | 3,300 |
| 10,985,000 | 5 per cent. | 539,300 | 4 years | 2,197,200 |
| Total, - - - - - - | | 547,820 | | 2,227,000 |

The taxable property of Indiana is as follows:

TAXABLE PROPERTY OF INDIANA.

| | 1843. | 1844. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Polls, | 113,262 | 117,536 | 4,274 |
| Land, acres | 15,024,866 | 15,583,247 | 558,381 |
| " value, | $55,098,170 | 56,734;668 | 1,686,498 |
| " improvements, | 21,506,473 | 21,992,179 | 485,706 |
| Farm lots, | 12,454,221 | 12,805,111 | 350,890 |
| Total real estate, | $89,048,864 | 91,521,958 | 2,473,094 |
| Personal property, | 15,094,096 | 23,889,532 | 8,795,436 |
| Corporation stock, | 174,127 | 168,575 | |
| Total personal, | 15,268,223 | 24,058,107 | 8,789,887 |
| Total taxable, | $104,317,084 | 115,590,065 | 111,262,981 |

The amount of property in Indiana subject to taxation is nearly as large as that of Ohio. Yet the Governor of Indiana and most of the Legislature, labor under the belief that she cannot pay $547,820 per annum besides the State expenses. The amount of taxation required in Indiana is as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| State expenses, | $98,000 |
| " interest, | 547,820 |
| County and road purposes, | 506,415 |
| Total, | 1,152,235 |

The county tax may be reduced $200,000, and by cancelling the Bank bonds, $120,000 may be saved on State interest, reducing the amount to $830,235. The state of Ohio in 1832 as compared with Indiana now, is as follows:

| | Ohio 1832. | Indiana 1845. |
|---|---|---|
| Population, | 957,000 | 980,000 |
| Taxable property, | 72,243,032 | 115,590,065 |
| Taxes, | 685,909 | 830,235 |

Now, Ohio not only paid that tax promptly, but has gone on increasing it until it is now $3,340,667 or near 500 per cent. more than in 1832. These are facts which place beyond dispute the ability of Indiana to pay, and the payment

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would be easy but for the pernicious issues of Bank and State paper, circulating as money and undermining her resources. It is to be hoped that wisdom will prevail in her councils, and that the means of the State will be directed to their proper objects.

The Legislature of Illinois has as yet done nothing towards its debt. It is understood that the negotiation to compromise its affairs has fallen through, and some attempts may be made through taxation to raise the means of completing the canal.

The public anxiety has been great in relation to the affairs of the State of Pennsylvania, February next being fixed upon as the period for resuming her payments in cash, instead of compounding it as heretofore by issuing interest certificates bearing interest. The debts of the State of Pennsylvania were contracted under a solemn pledge of certain revenues to meet the State interest. These revenues have during the past two years produced the following sums:

PENNSYLVANIA REVENUES PLEDGED BY LAW TO THE PAYMENT OF INTEREST.

| | 1843. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|
| Tolls exclusive of motive power, | 755,155 39 | 844,735 77 |
| Auction duties, | 59,661 78 | 68,165 41 |
| Tax collateral inheritance, | 22,337 65 | 21,631 95 |
| Dividends of stock, | 19,161 29 | 26,075 96 |
| Escheats, | 1,010 00 | 500 00 |
| | 857,325 51 | 961,159 09 |
| Two mill tax, | 553,911 38 | 751,210 01 |
| Total, | 1,411,236 89 | 1,712,369 10 |
| On hand Nov. 30, | | 663,851 88 |
| Interest fund 1845, | | 2,376,220 98 |
| Total interest due in 1845, | | 1,866,000 00 |
| Excess means, | | 510, 20 98 |
| Add receipts from new one mill tax, | | 375,605 01 |
| Total excess interest fund, | | $885,825 99 |

This interest would have been paid under the solemn pledge of the State faith appropriating their funds to that purpose, but for the resolution 7th April 1842, and the acts 27th July 1842, and 8th April 1840, which deliberately violated the State faith, and appropriated the funds to other purposes. The income of taxes for the present year, was paid under the law as it now exists, appropriating the funds to the payment of the dividends, and nothing but a lawless violation of that pledge can prevent a renewal of dividends and a restoration of State honor. This we trust will not take place, but that the return of Pennsylvania to the rank which is her due, among the States of the Union, will soon be hailed by the friends of human liberty on both sides of the Atlantic, as a signal triumph of republicanism over the evils of the paper system. It is indeed a sublime and instructive lesson to observe a great people going to the polls and voluntarily imposing heavy taxes upon themselves, as a matter of principle, to discharge a debt contracted in their name, but from which they have derived very little benefit.

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## NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE first stated meeting of this Society, after the summer recess, was held on Tuesday evening, October 1st, at the Historical Rooms, in the New York University—William B. Lawrence, Esq., Vice President, in the chair, and upwards of one hundred members and visitors being present.

The minutes having been read by John Jay, Esq., Recording Secretary, and approved, letters were communicated by the Domestic Corresponding Secretary, from the following gentlemen, viz: Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, Esq., presenting Hinton's History United States; Major J. D. Graham, with a map of the disputed N. E. territory, from the government survey; T. C. Grattan, Esq., H. B. M. Consul, at Boston; Samuel Green Arnold, Esq., of Providence, R. I., transmitting donations to the library; J. H. Trumbull, Esq., of Stonington, Conn.; Hon. Judge Law, of Vincennes, Ill., and B. M. Norman, Esq., of New Orleans, presenting a rare collection of Mexican antiquities.

Frederic De Peyster, Esq., the Foreign Corresponding Secretary, read letters from Dr. Phillippe Boyer, of Paris, presenting a copy of his father's work, "Des Maladies Chirurgicales;" also, from Gen. Baron Nahuys Von Burgest, of the Hague, to the Hon. Christopher Hughes, American Minister to the Netherlands, transmitting to the society several valuable works; also, from the Department of State of France; from Alexandre Vattemare, and Messrs. Drapu & Co., of Paris.

The following resolution was then passed, viz.: "Resolved, That the thanks of this society be tendered to B. M. Norman, Esq.. of New Orleans, for his valuable and highly interesting collection of Mexican antiquities, presented by him to this society; and also, that the offer of a copy of his journal (unpublished), kept during his late tour in Mexico, be gratefully accepted, and referred to the Publishing Committee."

On motion of Gen. Wetmore, it was resolved, that the Executive Committee take the necessary steps for the celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the Society.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Marchant, the artist, for the donation of an admirable portrait of J. Q. ADAMS, was also passed. Also, a resolution requesting John R. Brodhead, Esq., late Historical Agent of this State in Europe, to favor the society, at its next meeting, with some account of his mission.

Resolutions of condolence and respectful commemoration, on account of the decease of John Pintard, LL.D., one of the founders of this society, and of William L. Stone, were also adopted. Addresses were made on this occasion by Messrs. Philip Hone, Marshall S. Bidwell, and P. M. Wetmore.

A learned and excellent paper was then read to the society by William B. Hodgson, Esq., of Savannah, Ga., upon the past history and present condition of Morocco, Algiers, and the Barbary Regencies; for which the thanks of the society were voted, with the request that a copy of the paper be deposited in the archives of the society.

George Gibbs, Esq., then read an interesting paper on the subject of the royal statue, formerly erected in the public square called the Bowling Green, in the city of New York.

Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft was appointed to the Executive Committee, in place of the late Col. Stone.

### NOVEMBER MEETING.

*Nov. 5th, Tuesday evening.*—The stated meeting was held at the Historical Rooms—Hon. ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., in the chair. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by the Recording Secretaries, letters were read by Gen. Wetmore, in the absence of the Corresponding Secretary, from the following persons: Mr. J. Phalen, presenting a splendid copy of Catesby's "Florida, North Carolina," &c.; Mr. John F. Watson, of Philadelphia, presenting copies of his "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time;" Messrs. Baker & Crane, presenting Sewell's "History of the Quakers," and from Mr. Vattemare, of Paris, accompanying a large and valuable collection of French works, chiefly presented by their authors.

The report of the Librarian, announcing the additions to the library during the preceding month, was then read.

The arrangements for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the society, on the 20th November, were then reported by the chairman of the Executive Committee, viz: A special meeting of the society, and an oration by J. Romeyn Brod-

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head, Esq., to be followed by a public dinner at the New York Hotel. The report as accepted.

The following gentlemen were then declared elected members of the society, on the favorable report of the same committee :—

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS—Dr. Willis De Hass, Pomeroy, Meigs Co. Ohio; Clinton Haring, Detroit, Michigan; Henry O'Reilly, Albany; S. S. Randall, do.; Robert G. Rankin, Fishkill, Dutchess Co.

RESIDENT MEMBERS—James Brown, William Paxton Hallett, Jonathan Sturgis, Hon. C. P. Daly, Rev. Samuel J. Prime, Joisah Lane Lyman Cobb. David S. Kennedy, Jacob Harvey, Simeon Baldwin, Robert Bolton, Jr. *East Chester*—George Case. *New Rochelle*—William Fairman, Osgood Field.

SPECIAL MEETING.

*Nov. 20th, 5 o'clock, P. M.*—A special meeting of the society, on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of its foundation, was held at the Historical Rooms, in the New York University—Hon. ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D. in the chair. There was a full attendance of the officers and resident members of the society, at the hour of meeting, when the delegates from the Historical Societies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Georgia, together with a delegation from the American Antiquarian Society, were severally introduced.

The following gentlemen were then declared elected members of the society, on the report of the Executive Committee :

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS—N. Cruikshank, Ohio; Robert Treat Paine, Boston; Marshall Conant, Farmingham, Mass.; J. V. L. Pruyn, Albany; Benj. F. Thompson, Hempstead.

RESIDENT MEMBERS—Hickson W. Field, Jr.; Gardner S. Brown, George Bell, Augustus H. Ward, Jona. H. Douglas, W. Van Norden, Robert Dodge, Hiram Fuller, John C. Sherman, Jos. R. Gleeson, Jos. L. Bosworth, George Endicott.

The society, with its guests, then proceeded to the "Church of the Messiah," when a learned discourse was pronounced by J. ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Esq., late Historical Agent of the State of New York in Europe. After the address, nearly three hundred members and visiters of the society, including their distinguished guests, sat down to a sumptuous dinner, at the New York Hotel.

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## MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

### AMERICAN.

We hear of few literary projects at the present moment, apart from the embellished works of the season. In the department of Medical Science, we have at length to announce the appearance of the first volume of Velpeau's Work on Operative Surgery, translated by P. S. Townsend, M. D., under the supervision of and with notes and illustrations by Valentine Mott, M. D., accompanied by some three hundred wood cuts incorporated in the text. In the opinion of a competent medical friend, this celebrated work will be found the most important and useful production in Surgery ever issued in America. We are assured that the whole volume, consisting of over nine hundred pages, has been revised with the most exact care, under the critical inspection of Dr. Mott, the valuable results of whose labors during a long life devoted to this department of science are herein embodied; while the notes of the accomplished translator bring the work up to the improvements and advanced state of Operative Surgery at the present day. This first portion includes that part of the subject technically termed Minor Surgery; the remaining volumes, which will be ready for publication early in the ensuing spring, will comprise the other divisions of the subject. H. G. Langley is the publisher.

Another work of interest to the profession is Dr. Williams' 'American Medical Biography,' or Memoirs of eminent physicians recently deceased. Although the work is necessarily a compilation, it seems to have been prepared with much care and fidelity; it embraces notices of a large number of the most distinguished medical men of the United States who have died since 1825. The volume, which extends to 660 pages, is embellished by a considerable

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number of Portraits, which impart an additional value to the work; and we cannot but believe that it will prove highly interesting as a compendious obituary of those who have shed lustre on the profession by contributing to the advancement of its interests in by-gone days. Copies may be obtained at Langley's Medical bookstore, 8 Astor House.

The January number of the New York Journal of Medicine, of which the late Dr. Forry was the well known editor, will comprise an obituary notice of the deceased from the pen of Dr. James Stewart, accompanied by some remarks connected with the post-mortem examination from the pen of Dr. C. A. Lee, which will be found highly interesting to the physiological student. We are happy to learn that the two works which Dr. F. had just completed previous to his demise, are about to be published early in the spring in London and this city. One is, 'On the Developments of Man's Faculties, and the Laws of his Mortality and Reproduction, viewed in their relation to Hygiology,' &c. The other on Physical Geography in connexion with Animal Economy. The former is said to be a work of amazing labor, being deduced from statistical observations collected from all known sources, and one which will doubtless give to the author a distinguished,—and we regret it is only such —*posthumous* reputation. We earnestly hope the noble essay to do honor to his memory by the erection of a suitable monument in Greenwood Cemetery, will speedily be consummated; and that every member of the profession will esteem it a privilege to contribute his aid to so worthy an object. Forry lived and labored for science; and it is mete requital that his professional colleagues make a public recognition of this from a feeling of fraternal regard, no less than the claims of eminent merit and personal worth.

Mr. Simms' 'Life of Marion' has passed into a *third* edition in less than as many months,—a sufficient evidence of its acceptability with the public. Besides the onerous duties of a newly elected member of the Legislature of South Carolina, this gentleman has just embarked in another literary enterprise—in the editorial charge of his '*Southern Monthly Magazine*'—a periodical of light literature, which is designed to occupy the place of the 'Orion.'

D. Appleton & Co., have in press, The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold, edited by Rev. A. P. Stanley, 2 volumes of English edition, in 1 vol. 12 mo.

Recent Improvements in Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, by Dr. Ure, being a supplement to his Dictionary, 1 volume of 300 pages and 200 wood cuts.

Rural Economy, in its relations with Chemistry, Physics and Meteorology, by M. Boussaingault, translated by George Low, 1 vol. 12 mo.

A Dictionary of the English Language, by Andrew Reid, A. M., of Glasgow, 1 vol. 12 mo.

Stable Economy, by John Stewart, of Edinburgh, revised and enlarged by John Allen, editor of the Agriculturist, 1 vol. 12 mo.

Modern Cookery in all its branches, by Eliza Acton, 1 vol. 12 mo.

The Two Apprentices; a Tale by Mary Howitt—forming an addition to the series of "Tales for the People and their Children."

Of the many embellished books of the season, we notice Griswold's edition of Mrs. Hemans's Poetical Writings, a beautiful duodecimo volume, illustrated by several elegantly engraved plates, and a new Portrait of the admired poetess. Tuckerman has prefixed a very admirable Essay on her genius and productions, which imparts additional attraction to a volume otherwise charming in itself. Sorin and Ball, of Philadelphia, are the publishers, and great credit is due to the excellent taste they have displayed in the typography and pictorial embellishments of the work. Its appearance is opportune, for few works of its class possess higher claims to preference among the hosts of ornate books of the present day.

Strong, of this city, has just issued a neat reprint of Leech's illustrated edition of Nursery Ditties, ornamented by an emblazoned cover, printed in colors and gold.

Among the many works admirably adapted to convey religious instruction while they amuse, the writings of Charlotte Elizabeth may claim prominent rank. The new cabinet uniform edition of her works in 10 volumes, just issued by J. S. Taylor & Co., comprising "Personal Reflections," "Floral Biography," "Letters from Ireland," "Judah's Lion," "Siege of Derry," "Helen Fleetwood," "Wrongs of Women," and her last work illustrative of the troublous times of Ireland and her early religious persecution, entitled "the Rockite,"—a volume of thrilling interest; also her "Poetical Writings,"—form a beautiful series, which the better judgment of many will not hesitate

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to prefer to the gaudily decked books of the day, whose vocation is rather ornament than utility. Many thousands have been sold of the several works by this extremely pleasant and instructive authoress, and prolific as her volumes have become, the reading community have as yet evinced no disposition to grow weary of her productions.

E. Walker, of this city, has just ready, a little manual entitled "*The Recruit,*" a compilation of exercises and movements of Infantry, Riflemen, &c., by Captain J. T. Cairns. It will find a ready welcome from the members of the several military companies of our own and the other States—as it comprises the information sought by all such in martial training, &c.

A new Literary entreprise is immediately to appear, under good auspices, constructed we believe somewhat upon the model of the London *Examiner*, entitled '*The Broadway Journal.*' We hear that Mr. Briggs, the facetious author of '*Harry Franco,*' '*The Haunted Merchant,*' &c., is to assume the editorial chair, and expectation may well be aroused at the announcement of such a name—almost like Hood's,—symonymous with keen irony and caustic wit.

In the whole circle of polite literature, we scarcely know of any production in modern time, that has been honored with such lavish encomiums as the celebrated work, by Mad. De Staël, entitled '*Corinne or Italy;*'—a new edition of which has recently appeared from the press of H. G. Langley. On its first appearance the French capital was eloquent in its enthusiastic bursts of applause. We find the following analytical criticism by one of the leading pens of Paris:

"In literature, strictly so called, and out of the sphere of politics, 'Corinne' is the master-piece of Mad. De Stael. It is the shining, immortal work that first acquired her a rank among great writers. It is a work of genius in which two different objects, a romance and a picture of Italy, are intimately amalgamated: it is at once a work of art and a work of feeling—a poem and a display of the heart. There is an extreme freshness and vivacity in the expressions, yet we perceive in them an ingenious erudition. The latter part of the work forms a complete contrast with the beginning: the most gloomy tint pervades it, exhibiting what may be termed a fearful display of the talent of depicting grief—those nice shades which mark the degrees of sorrowful feeling and fix, if the expression may be allowed, the fugitive miseries of the heart. The multitude of eloquent passages and enchanting pictures which adorn this extraordinary production, do not impair in the least the interest of the fiction, as the authoress has skilfully introduced the digressions only where the progress of the action is suspended, when the reader is even afraid of its resuming its course, and when he enjoys a moment of repose so much the more because he is sensible of an approaching storm. Two general ideas are, without the reader's suspecting it, continually discussed throughout the work,—they are domestic happiness and the pleasures of imagination, shining genius contrasted with modest and rigid virtue, while the pleadings for and against these two kinds of existence appear to be equally powerful, till at length both become harmoniously blended in the sublime ideal creation of the author's genius. The writings of Madame de Stael appear to belong to a new age; they announce, as they tend to produce, another period in society and literature—an age of strong, generous, animated thoughts—sentiments proceeding from the depths of the human heart; so that on a second or third reading we become impressed with ideas, which with surprise we discover in a passing inspection had escaped our notice.

"'Corinne' is a work adapted to all readers. From its brilliant pictures the artist may derive fresh enthusiasm, with new means of expressing it; the learned may acquire ingenious comparisons and new imagery; the tourist to the classic land of the old world, the most important and judicious hints; and to the critic the observations of a mind admirably fitted for acquiring correct opinions; in a word, it is a work which has compelled the suffrages of all, and commanded universal praise."

Another authority in literary censorship—the *Edinburgh Review*—is found scarcely less earnest in its praise: and it will be remembered that one of the greatest of British statesmen, the late Sir James Mackintosh, once wrote as follows: "I swallow *Corinne* slowly, that I may taste every drop; I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread its termination. Powerful and extraordinary book:—a single sentence has excited more feeling, and exercised more reason than the most faultless models of elegance!"

Mr. Josiah Gregg, who has been on a visit to the city of some two or three weeks, and whose graphic and picturesque volumes, "*Commerce of the Prairies,*" have made him so well known to the reading community, has just left for his present residence on the confines of Mexico—Shreveport, La. He has been diligently occupied in preparing and revising his work for a second edition; and we are happy to be able to add that it is the intention of his publisher to issue a new edition early next month; which will comprise some important improvements and emendations, including an index, glossary, &c.

The following allusions to that *prima donna* of English song—Miss Barrett, are so choice that we are induced to trench a little upon the patience of our readers by transcribing largely from the paper.

The opinion expressed in Mr. Griswold's recent collection of English poetry that Miss Barrett is destined to take her place at the head of the female poets of Great Britain, is sustained by the chief organs of critical opinion in England

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and in this country. Leigh Hunt, in his Feast of the Violets, has spoken of her as "Tennyson's fair sister"—figuratively, of course—although another impression has prevailed: she is related to that poet only in intellect—witness the courtship of Lady Geraldine in her new volumes;—but she has for cousin, we believe, another poet, Mr. Kennyon, whom the Examiner has lately charged with being of the select few "who write too little." A blessed relationship, and of a kind of which few in this age of multifarious versifying could make boast.

The lines of light which have lately pierced the length of the periodical press, in England and America, in the name of Miss Barrett, have been shot out of the darkness of a sick room in Wimpole street, London. The fair poetess has lived in a cloud, we believe, for many years; seen by few, heard of by many, and quiring away in the seclusion of ill-health, so delicate at times as to shut from her the very light of day; calm through the chill winter as the sleeping swallow, and chirping as fresh with better spirits and a new life as the summer draws on. She is the daughter of an India merchant (a princely father he needs must be to whom a dedication such as her's could be inscribed!) living at the West End. Her occupation is, as it has been for many years, literature, in its highest forms of meditation and poetry. She has a wide correspondence; and her new volumes, recently published, have added to her list of friends some of the most distinguished names in England. Among those she ranks Thomas Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, Mr. Horne, Miss Mitford, and a publisher who can always be worthily classed with the good and great, Edward Moxon. Her acquisitions in literature are of the widest range; and she regards with particular good-will the promise of her own day in writers like Robert Browning, Tennyson, Charles Dickens, and others of the new generation. But when we say that she acknowledges a profound interest in the rising hope and prospect of America, in literature of a true order and spirit, we are sure to seize the attention of the public by a link which brightens and grows firmer every day. It cannot be denied, we think, that the popular heart of this country is stirred at this time by desires in behalf of literature which nothing but the truest and noblest efforts of her authors can satisfy. It is felt on many hands that the new times demand new speakers, and that the pens of the country should move to a higher music than any have heretofore attained. If the cycles of the country are to be measured by the order of the Presidential successions, we would say, let the four years now coming form a lustrum of fresh endeavor and nobler art!

A new historical romance, entitled "*The Border Wardens*," by Mrs. Ponsonby, is announced as just ready; also, in monthly numbers, illustrated, "Fanny, the Little Milliner, or the Rich and the Poor," by Chas. Poncroft; Cruikshank has a new monthly periodical in preparation, to appear on Jan. 1, entitled "George Cruikshank's Table-Book," edited by Gilbert A'Beckett, and will include contributions by some of the leading writers of the day. Another periodical is to emanate from Scotland, entitled "Edinburgh Tales," conducted by Mr. Johnston, author of "Elizabeth de Bruce," &c. Mrs. Norton has a new poem, just ready, entitled "*The Child of the Islands*," &c. "Valentine McClutchy, the Irish Agents, or Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property," by W. Carleton. A volume of poems, entitled "The Pilgrim of Beauty, The Cottager's Sabbath," &c., by S. Mullin, with twenty-three vignette illustrations, uniform with "Rogers' Italy," &c. Lady Blessington has a new romance, just ready, entitled "Strathern."

Mr. Simms's Life of Marion.—So spontaneous and universal has been the demand for this new production, that we learn the publisher had to put a third edition to press. A desire to peruse, in "legible lines," the patriotic deeds of our forefathers, is evidently on the increase amongst us; and we are happy to find so competent a pen as that of Mr. Simms thus promptly echoing to the call;—presenting us with so admirable a volume on the public life and services of one who will ever rank foremost among the Worthies of our Revolutionary struggles. As a historiographer, Mr. Simms has presented unequivocal evidence of eminent ability, both in the work to which we refer, and by his "History of South Carolina," which has passed through several editions; and, as we hear it is his design, to devote himself more to works of a historical character than those of his hitherto favorite department of fictitious and poetical literature, we are the more gratified at the success of this, his first essay of the kind. The following are his forthcoming works:—A Life of Sumter; a Life of Paul Jones, deduced from original and

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authentic documents, which will, it is expected, impart much new information relating to the career of this noted privateer. Another literary project is a revised edition of Capt. Smith's History of Virginia, a work long out of print, but one of authority and value. Mr. Simms will collate the work with all the existing records, and superadd much interesting matter relating to the Travels of Capt. Smith; to which he will also append an original memoir. We quote the words of a recent British critic—the editor of the London edition of some of Mr. Simms' writings—he says, "His descriptive powers are of the very first order, and in his sketches of character, there is no writer that better understands the art of bringing out the salient features in high relief, and of impressing an individuality upon the portraiture that fixes the image perfectly in our mind, where it remains like the figure of one we have intimately known. "The Yemassee" is one of his best works; but it is in that extraordinary work, the "Confession, or the Blind Heart," that the genius and talents of Mr. Simms shine forth in their greatest splendor. It opens a new and virgin mine in the treasures of romance, which only needs cultivation to produce the choicest fruits. The more carefully and attentively it is perused, the more satisfied will the reader be that the work could only have emanated from a mind deeply skilled in the subtleties of the human heart, and capable of unfolding with force and truth, the workings of its most fearful passions and impulses in the most hidden recesses." This is undoubtedly a proud distinction, especially when submitted to a canon of criticism which is not generally *very* lavish in its awards of merit to writers of the Western Hemisphere. We subjoin the opinions of two or three *home* critics on the above work, among the highest authorities in American criticism:—"One of the most interesting of recent productions of the press: full of incident, by flood and field."—"It is a work of infinite merit, and will be read with corresponding interest."—"Few characters have stood out more boldly on our Revolutionary Annals, who have supplied more interesting and exciting materials for the historian than that of General Marion; and it is not saying too much to claim for the work before us, no less the merit of accredited historical truth, than the most stirring and absorbing attributes of high wrought fiction."—"The style employed in the biography is among the best examples of descriptive narrative we have seen for some time. The work is full of interest, and we believe it will add materially to Mr. Simms's reputation as a writer."

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ENGLISH.

Our announcements of the British press, last month, were so numerous, that we have few additions to make in our present issue. The following comprise the remainder:—A Life of Prince Talleyrand, by Thackeray; a new work, by the author of "The Two Old Men's Tales," entitled "Mount Sorel;" "Things Old and New," by the racy author of "The Subaltern;" "Letters from the Orient," translated from the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by the author of "Caleb Stukeley."

Dr. Beattie, we are happy to find, has in preparation for the press, the Papers and an Auto-biographical sketch of the life of Campbell, the poet.

The following are announced as in press, by Newby, the London publisher:—"Life at full-length," by Mark Merrivane; "Anti-Coningsby, or the New Generation Grown Old;" "St. Etienne" a novel; "The Antiquarian and Architectural Year Book," in which will be gathered into one view all antiquarian discoveries and proceedings for the year, both in primeval and mediæval antiquities; another to the long st of books, intended for Christmas and New-Year's pastime, entitled "The Poetical Book of Fate," respectfully addressed to all who know how to be merry and wise.

Miss Jewsbury announces a new production, styled "Zoe, the history of two lives:" another new collection of poems is announced by S. Mullen, entitled "The Pilgrim of Beauty, the Cottage Sabbath," &c. A new work on Australia, by Hodgkinson, is also about to be issued immediately, comprising a description of the natives, their manners, costumes and customs, &c.; the geology, natural productions, and resources, &c. of that country.

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Southerner back into cordial fraternization, with the party alone congenial to his character and doctrine. The feel-

government to whom the despatch may be directed, but the whole world. No other than national views, ideas, or ar

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guments, ought ever to be allowed a place in such documents. The peculiar ideas of a class, of a section, or of an idiosyncrasy, have no right nor business there. How much stronger this truth when these ideas are not only thus local and limited in their prevalence, but absolutely repugnant in the highest degree to some of the strongest and most deeply seated sentiments of the rest of the Union thus represented and misrepresented! This fatal error against all official propriety and national duty, no eloquence of style, no power of reasoning, can redeem. Effective as they might be in a partisan essay, for which the pages of a Review, or a controversial pamphlet, would be perfectly appropriate, yet thus unhappily misplaced and misapplied, they but serve to aggravate the evil of which the country at large is entitled to complain, and against which it owes it to itself to protest, through all its forms of public expression.

If our Southern brethren do not exactly appreciate the position in which the rest of the Union has been placed by this proceeding, it may perhaps aid them to do so, if they would imagine a *Northern* Secretary of State possessed with the opposite fanaticism on the subject of Slavery, volunteering the discussion of the merits of that institution, on a slight pretext afforded by a letter of a foreign minister, and strongly urging, in the name of the nation, all the views of that subject which are most obnoxious to the feelings and opinions of the South. And yet that case would fall far short of the present one. In the first place, the collective South is in a relative minority in the Union of about one-third to two-thirds. In the second place, the South itself is far from unanimity on the peculiar doctrines which form the staple of the despatches in question. And in the third place, in the case suggested, there would be a certain correspondence between the views supposed to be thus presented and the general public opinion of the world; so that no national odium would be awakened against our country, mortifying to witness and painful to endure on the part of the large majority of our people.

This is the error against which we have felt bound to protest in the name of the general Democracy of the Union, and of the collective Union itself. These may be Mr. Calhoun's individual favorite grounds for desiring the annexation of Texas, but we deny, on behalf of all the Free States, the truth of the character which his negotiation would fasten upon that measure. We repel all national responsibility for them, stamping them as a peculiarity of a magnificent and magnanimous, but eccentric genius—disposed to a morbid one-sidedness on this particular subject; and have no hesitation in averring, that if the general opinion of the Free States, or of the ascendant Democratic party in them, was not satisfied that this ultra Southern view of the question was totally erroneous, and that the Annexation of Texas would *not* produce the effects hoped and argued for by the Secretary of State as its reason and motive—it would have had no chance of adoption as a common national measure.

As it is, too, the profession of these motives, on the part of one bearing Mr. Calhoun's official relation to the measure, would have inevitably had the effect of defeating it for the present, and of postponing it for the altered action of the next administration, were it not for the danger which, in the actual crisis of the question, is felt to attend upon delay. That danger consists in the interference of England. Earnest as we know the efforts of that country to be to prevent it—favorably disposed as we know the present Government of Texas to be towards the British influence in preference to American Annexation—everything is to be feared from the effect of the high pecuniary terms and commercial advantages with which England would ply Texas during the coming summer, if the "golden moment" be now lost. Much as the North is entitled to complain of the false position into which it has been thus thrown—great as is the sacrifice of feeling and pride to be made to patriotism and larger views of national policy, in yielding to the South on this point—we trust that the present session of Congress will not be suffered to leave the measure unconsummated. But if we at the same time feel compelled to repudiate the grounds of Mr. Calhoun's negotiation, it is doing us a great personal injustice to impute it to any disposition in regard to him, less friendly than those we have long freely avowed and freely acted upon.

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# MAJOR DAVEZAC.

(*With a Portrait on Steel.*)

We are right well pleased to present the readers of the Democratic this month with the portrait which accompanies our present Number. Probably no man—no Democrat, we mean—has ever listened to the impassioned flow of the gallant old Major's eloquence —(it may be pronounced either *gal*lant or ga*llant*, at pleasure)—without carrying away a lively feeling of personal sympathy, and something resembling affectionate attachment for the warm-hearted and enthusiastic speaker. How many hundreds of thousands, therefore, distributed over many States of the Union, will be gratified by the insertion of this faithful "counterfeit presentment," it would not be very easy to compute. Within the recent great political canvass alone, he delivered at least *sixty* addresses, to as many large assemblages of the Democracy, in whose cause he is so ardent an advocate, so valiant a champion; while the actual number of *a hundred and sixty-six* invitations to address public meetings in not less than *twenty* States, attest the wide-spread celebrity of his popular oratory.

A very brief sketch of the skeleton of Major Davezac's life, is all that our limits permit us to give in our present Number. He was born in the island of St. Domingo, when it was a French colony, previous to the memorable massacre which attended the expulsion of the whites from the island. The child of French parents and a tropical sun, we thus have at once explained the combined vivacity of imagination and ardor of temperament which compose a large part of his character. The exact year in which he entered the world in which he was destined to make so much noise, our amiable friend has inflexibly refused to disclose, for reasons which we leave it to others to divine. He was educated in France, at the celebrated military college of La Flèche. While still very young he came to the United States, where his family had sought a refuge from the horrors which had expelled them, together with the rest of the French inhabitants, from St. Domingo. He early felt so powerful an impulse of attraction binding him to the soil and destiny of this glorious young republic of republics—his own spirit so well attuned to harmony with the genius of its institutions—that he refused to return to St. Domingo, even when a formidable army of invasion seemed to render certain its immediate and complete re-subjugation. Wealth to be purchased, or even recovered, with blood and the horrors of military conquest, had no charm for him; and casting aside for ever all idea of ever abandoning the new home he was already eager to make his country, he engaged in the study of medicine, at Edenton, in North Carolina, under the direction of Dr. Dickinson. Notwithstanding, however, the interest and pleasure which he experienced in penetrating the mysteries of the animal organization, the practice of the medical profession never harmonized with his tastes. On the acquisition of Louisiana to the Union, by the wisdom of Jefferson, he proceeded to establish himself at New Orleans, where he was present at the process of the transfer of that noble region of our country from the dominion of the tricolor to the benigner sway of the "star-splangled banner." On the arrival of Edward Livingston, to take up his abode in the same new home, an intimacy sprang up between them, notwithstanding some disparity of years, which was never relaxed in its closeness or its warmth during the lifetime of that eminent statesman and jurist, who, by marriage with Mr. Davezac's sister, became his brother-in-law. The counsels of Livingston, supported by some instinctive presentiment of latent oratorical power, led him to abandon the profession of medicine for the bar. The tendency of his own inclination, together with some signal successes in criminal cases, led him to direct his studies and his labors particularly to that branch of the law; and he soon had no rivals in the criminal courts of Louisiana. No client of his ever suffered the penalty of death; and when one of the judges, whose more sanguinary

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disposition had been often baffled by the resistless eloquence of the brilliant young advocate, heard of his appointment to a foreign diplomatic station, he exclaimed, "Thank God! We shall now be able to do a little hanging—Davezac is gone!" The recollection of some of his splendid improvisations, in cases deeply exciting his feelings, has remained ever since in the minds of his hearers, as displays of pathetic and overpowering eloquence unparalleled before, and never to be heard again.

The arrival of General Jackson in New Orleans, when ordered there for the defence of that city, changed "the whole moral being" of our friend, as he has often been heard to say. "He became my destiny! I instinctively foresaw his greatness and glory. My attachment to him was a religion of the heart!" Major Davezac early acquired relations of close intimacy with General Jackson, which will only be loosened by the hand which severs with its touch all human ties. He served with him through the campaign of New Orleans, as judge-advocate of the army and volunteer aide-de-camp, in very confidential relations with the General. Every man did his duty on that occasion. Nothing more can be said, nothing more need be said, than that Davezac did his to the full content of the army and its chief.

During General Jackson's candidateship for the Presidency, Major Davezac devoted the whole powers of his tongue and pen to the cause of his absorbing political faith. Undiscouraged by the failure of the first attempt—a failure produced by means whose just punishment received its last crowning consummation in November last—he gave himself up for the period from 1824 to '28, mainly to the labors of a second apostolate in the same cause. The result is history—when the masses rose in their true majesty, and the arms of the people bore their candidate from his noble and glorious retreat at the Hermitage to the national palace. In the midst of his triumph he did not forget the most attached of his friends; and his aide-de-camp at New Orleans, become a diplomatist at Naples and at the Hague, through the midst of all the splendors of two luxurious courts, preserved the simplicity of our institutions in his life, as he did the ardent love of them in his heart.

Major Davezac was recalled by Mr. Van Buren, in consequence of an error on the part of the accounting officers, which placed him in the light of a delinquent in his accounts. The result of investigation was soon, however, to turn the tables, and to exhibit Major Davezac as in truth a *creditor* to the Government to an amount of nearly four thousand dollars. This circumstance produced no effect on his generous temper, of awakening any hostility to Mr. Van Buren. Satisfied that it was an accidental mistake, and deeply penetrated with respect for all that was great and good in that admirable statesman, Major Davezac was as devoted to the cause of Democracy when Mr. Van Buren was its representative and chief, as he had been when it was identified with the personal fortunes of his own particular friend and "destiny." Having become a resident of New York, he labored with all the zeal of youth for Mr. Van Buren's re-election.

He was elected to the Legislature of the State in the fall of 1841, and again in 1843. When a member of that body, he was the first person who, in January of 1842, introduced a resolution for the refunding of General Jackson's fine.

A zealous friend to the renomination of Mr. Van Buren at the Baltimore Convention of last May, he was one of those who most promptly and cordially set about the great task and the great duty, of carrying through the happy nomination upon which that body did unite, after the failure of the former object, to that glorious triumph by which we have seen it crowned. No individual could be named, who either labored more zealously, or, in the way of popular oratory, contributed more effectively, to arouse that deep and mighty excitement of the Democratic heart of the country which the late contest witnessed, than did the veteran subject of this slight and cursory sketch.

Major Davezac is often little less felicitous in the elegance of his pen than in the impetuous yet graceful, the brilliant yet warm, eloquence of his tongue. He has contributed no small number of pages to some of the former volumes of this work; and we have on hand some of his manuscripts, with which we pro-

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pose to grace some of our earliest future ones. He is well known, too, to those who have been thrown into much contact with him, as a man of great goodness of heart and liberality of disposition. An admirable narrator and anecdotist, extensively and well read in the literatures of his two languages, English and French, as well as the ancient classics, and one of the best observers of men and things, he can be at once the most entertaining and most instructive of conversationists. In regard to his political character, we can testify from intimate intercourse in the same legislative councils, as well as much other political association, that he is one of the *most thoroughly ingrained* Democrats we have ever known. It is not only a thought in his head, but a deep-rooted feeling in his heart. And as the English queen said that the name *Calais* would be found visibly impressed upon her heart after her death, so do we almost believe that *Democracy* may be found stamped on that of our venerable friend; unless, indeed, that of *Andrew Jackson* should have monopolized the whole surface of the organ—a point of no great importance, synonymous as the latter may almost be regarded as being for the former.

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## LINES

### TO ———, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Go—while the spirit of thy youth is breathing
  Like the sweet airs of this delicious June;
Go—while her freshest garlands Hope is wreathing,
  And Joy's light touch all Fancy's chords attune.

Go—and gaze fondly on the crested billow,
  When sunset warms it with a rosy light,
Or ebon clouds the silver moonbeams pillow,
  With fearful loveliness to deck the night.

Go—when the wind of summer yet delayeth
  To leave the gardens it so blithely fanned;
Go—and drink in the meadow gale that playeth
  O'er the fair dwellings of thy fatherland.

Go—and flit gladly through the halls of pleasure,
  Where blend the wit and mirth of sunny France;
Look on her cheerful haunts, her blood-stained treasure,
  And thread the mazes of her lightsome dance.

Go—and muse pensively amid the fountains
  That still keep green Italia's hallowed earth,
Pause by her ruined shrines, her purple mountains,
  And bless the skies that gave her genius birth.

Go—but forget not all that thou are leaving—
  Thy country, home and friends—a three-fold spell;
And while from others welcomes kind receiving,
  O, still remember those who said —"farewell!"

Go—and as with reverent joy, beholding
  The scenes of Nature, and the gems of Art,
Like the young harvest round us now unfolding,
  May deathless flowers blossom in thy heart!

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# REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

It is to us plainly evident that there must be, sooner or later, a radical, sweeping revolution in England. We have seen few things of late years that do not seem to portend such a result. The real "movement" party is gaining ground, and enlists a great share of the considered or unconsidered population. There is an incessant rumbling and grumbling beneath the show of national strength. The old system, the old yokes, the old burdens lie, however gallingly, yet lightly on the necks of the subjects. There is a spirit beneath which needs only a powerful stirring up to shake off, one by one or all together, the old abuses of the government. The oppressive burdens are borne, and may be, and probably will be, for time yet to come, but there is not one that is not unloosed in its cords, racked in its joints, and ready to be scattered when the mine of a revolution shall be sprung.

When all this or a part of this shall come, surely none can tell. Perhaps a short time will witness it, and it may be that it shall not come within the knowledge of child now living. But that it *will come*, no manner of man can doubt. Its time will of course be hastened or retarded by the course and force of existing circumstances. An unpopular monarch, on whom the hatred of the masses can be concentrated, who should have perversity enough to set up the royal prerogative against the tide of popular movement, would undoubtedly bring matters to a speedier crisis than one whose sex and habits have led her reign to be regarded as assurance of mildness and peace. It is not improbable that the births of princes royal which have kept the court journals busy of later years, and which have been hailed with such wild acclamations of delight, may tend to postpone for yet a longer time, the period of revolution. Had the Elector of Hanover, upon whose right these events seem to have placed a "broad seal," succeeded to the throne in the stead of a daughter of his elder brother, we doubt if England would at this day have exhibited signs of quiet. A prince of so arbitrary a temper, and already in the worst odor, could hardly have asserted the higher prerogatives of the crown and been assured of their safe continuance.

A draining war, such as it is not unlikely that England may yet get involved in by her rapacious attempts in the East, might accelerate the progress of a revolution at home. The imposition of new burdens would not be a far remote cause of outbreak for relief from old ones,—at least of serious inquiry into their "binding force." The glitter of military renown, the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, might attract the eyes of the groaning millions from the causes of their wrongs; but the day of settlement in full would come when the gilding of the bauble would have to be paid down in yellow gold. A man's back already burdened to the extent of his power a pin may break.

But more than a monarch's assertion of his crippled prerogative, more than the casual event of a burdensome war, can do, the holders of English Church and Aristocratic power, the lords spiritual and temporal, can, and we opine, will do. The spirit of the age is against the continuance of their supremacy. Democracy, the democracy they rail at so bitterly, and point warning fingers at, is asserting the rights of man; bye and bye, it will prove the *power* of man. They will take up arms against the sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end—themselves. They will resist a progress that never can be stayed, and the wheel will grind beneath it whatsoever might of man's shoulder may be set against it. Much of good might be done, much of power saved, by such a compromise as could be early and graciously made. But it will be new if the British aristocratic power lacks perversity. Like the criminal who admitted only what was clearly proved, they will yield little of real importance but what the force, or the fear, of arms may extort.

Among the institutions upon whose wreck a new order of things may be built, the Church will not be likely to fall last. It is plain that its days are nun-

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bered. The English Hierarchy must fall, and great will be the fall; for with it, the stoutest and most formidable buttress that supports the shell of the "constitution," will have been destroyed.—But, we repeat, fall it must. Inroads upon its strength have already been made. The crumbling mortar between its heavy stones hardly serves any purpose but to keep open the seams, and but a slight quaking of the earth will leave not one upon another. And as if determined that there shall be no hope left for ecclesiastical authority, its wire-pullers have been doing those things which can but ensure and materially hasten its demolition. To retain its supremacy, or the shadow of a shade of its power, the Church of England, of all institutions, should be so imbued with plastic spirit, as to mould itself somewhat to the times—the "form and color of occasion." Firmness in public affairs is a great virtue, but there are times when obstinacy ceases to be a merit, when generous compromise would save a balance of power that else must crumble. The movements of the age will never go backward. It has already demanded and obtained the surrender of numerous dogmas, pertaining to secular power, that once were thought essential to the church establishment. The Church should have prepared itself to surrender yet more, and by yielding with such grace as it might best be able to show, to the gradual encroachments of jealous freedom, stretched its power through many successive years. Instead of this, its leaders and those assuming to be its oracles, have only been advancing and endeavoring to maintain doctrines two or three centuries ago wholly exploded—powers which hardly even the despotic authority of an Eighth Henry could have secured to it.

A recent English writer, in defending the Catholic nature and power of the Church, commences a discussion of the threatening appearances against it by saying: "If any one had prophecied, twenty, or even ten years back, that in 1839 we should be seriously discussing the propriety of maintaining a national religion, he would have been looked on as an idle alarmist." The writer holds up both hands in utter amazement at the hardihood of asserting "the right of private judgment, without reference to any society or human authority whatever; in other words, the absolute supremacy in religion of the will and fancy of the individual." The same writer points to the people of this country, "as developing, even in their infancy, a maturity of crime, and a calculating selfishness which makes even crime more formidable. They have wealth, commerce, arts, intellect, everything which can enable them to cast their shadows on the old empires of Europe and even to turn the balance of the world. But," he mourns, "we have given them no religion. All sects have been fused together in their formation. The government, to meet the popular will, has abdicated its own religious functions. And we may see in them as in a glass, *the reflection of our own coming fate;* with these differences indeed, that we have thrown away, while they never, possessed, a church; and that when the storm falls upon us, it must fall with ten-fold fury, and find us without any shelter." Without having time to discuss the necessity or policy of a union of church and state, we can only pause to say that we are well enough satisfied with our own repudiation of it to hope that the pious prediction of the writer may prove true, and that in England may, ere long, be established "the right of private judgment, without reference to any society or human authority whatever."

The prospect of a radical revolution in England, such as we predict and devoutly pray for, presents not a few subjects for serious consideration. Among the most important of these is the National Debt. There is hardly an evil which may not be disposed of with less difficulty, injustice and wrong. The crown may vanish, or rest, as its power once has, on republican heads, with the violation of no right but that which is attached to hereditary succession. The church may crumble without offence, save to those who yet would persist in forging mental shackles at every capital. The pensions and overgrown salaries may be stricken from the roll, and the roll itself be burned, without shocking any but a most fastidious, if not affected, sense of justice. The army may be disbanded by act of parliament, or swept away with the besom of revolutionary wrath, and few weep in these days of more millennial thoughts. But about the National Debt hangs a different garb. What shall be done with it in the day of revolution? Shall its validity be acknowledged in the new

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order of things, or shall the wet sponge be applied to the heavy score at once?

A shudder arises at the idea of a summary repudiation of the debt. Good faith prompts to a redemption of claims, however unjustly incurred by the government, yet justly due to the holders of stock. Nor is the debt due to a few wealthy capitalists, whom public sentiment might hold in little comparative consideration with the release of the mass from so galling a yoke. The widow's mite and the orphan's inheritance are invested in the national stock. It has been the great safe for the deposite of little earnings and little leavings, and thousands and tens of thousands would be involved in ruin by its destruction.

The public debt of Great Britain in 1836, was 787,638,916 pounds, or about 3,660,000,000 of dollars. How incredulously would this array of figures have been looked upon when the revolutionary government of the third William contracted the first debt of a little more than 600,000 pounds to meet its temporary wants! And how has this debt been swollen until the arithmetic hardly has terms for its intelligible expression. Over 121 millions were required for the prosecution of the American war. Over 600 millions were contracted in the last great war with France. Nearly the whole of this vast, grinding, never-to-be-paid debt, has arisen from the unholy lust of empire. When the subjugation of Asia shall have been completed, and one thing "celestial" added to the British Empire, what new system of numerative process shall tell the amount of British National Debt?

The interest of this debt is £29,143,517 per annum, or about $145,000,000—an amount larger than the debt of the Government of the United States at any one period. We have an estimate before us, showing that the payment of this interest would impose an annual tax of about twenty-nine dollars on every head of a family in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. This to pay the interest alone. A capitation tax, including old and young, of six dollars per head, would fall with heavy weight on some poor laborers whose rate of addition to the census has not been regulated by Malthusian notions. And how much better than a capitation tax is the method now in use? Infinitely worse! Among the articles most taxed we find sugar, molasses, tea, soap, houses, windows, post-office, probate of wills, wood, bricks, paper, glass, receipts, stage coaches, newspapers, advertisements, coffee, cocoa, seeds, currants, raisins, spices, butter, tallow, and divers other articles of daily consumption. The amount of taxation upon these articles (nearly all free with us) is about $131,000,000. Nothing that the poor man wants but the air he breathes, is exempt from impost or excise, and yet it all falls fourteen millions short of simple interest on the National Debt. And all this has come of John Bull's pruriency to have a cudgel-bout with every other sovereignty—to keep up the balance of power. We have enumerated these statistics merely to impress in some manner an idea of the burdens which this unhallowed debt heaps upon the English people. Really, there is a nation of Jobs—barring their habit of grumbling.

What shall be done with this debt of three thousand six hundred millions of dollars, in the day of Revolution? It is not ours to say, nor, thank God, to settle the question of what it is right to do with it. It will be done with as coolness or phrenzy prompt. It may yet impose taxes for a century, or another Burke may have opportunity to inveigh bitterly against the violation of a nation's honor. We should be less surprised at the latter than at the former. Without presuming to justify it, we may fancy a few considerations which may weigh in that day of accounts, or obliteration of accounts.

The idea of the final payment of the debt can hardly enter the head of any. Shall it, then, be a perpetual drain, an eternal dead-weight attached to the progress of national prosperity and happiness? Despite the promptings of good faith, the question will arise, how far it is in the power of one generation to bind its successor in worse than foreign bondage, by the creation of an unnecessary, over-burdening national debt. Our laws between man and man do not recognize the right of one to bind his heirs in debt. He may mortgage his estate, for he is bound to transmit property to his children, and the incumbrance only rests upon that property which he is possessed of. But he may not incumber *their* labor, mortgage the sweat of *their* brows. What generation of men

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shall say that this earth is theirs, to cumber with burdens, disease, and death, that future races shall in no wise live beneath the same skies, without paying therefor a crushing tax to the ruling powers? We said too hastily that the air was not taxed. Is not a national debt transmitted to us, a tax upon the air we breathe? Does not the binding force of British debt compel the sons born upon her soil to toil and sweat under its heavy load, or seek the fair fruits of labor in other less noxious atmospheres? Then God's freest gift, which we inhale without volition, is loaded with disease and the bitter foretaste of death, by men going before and abandoning themselves and us to the desire of fruitless conquest. Misery enough grew in immediate consequence from England's wars, without their iniquity being visited upon remotest generations, doomed to sweat and toil, and bear bondage and stripes for the consummate folly and wickedness of centuries before.

But "the body politic never dies." The British government drew upon its own future resources, for the preservation and improvement of its powers. that it might transmit with usury God's heritage along to its own maturer years. Maturer years! Then with how much more justice than that with which the law permits an adult to plead infancy against a claim foisted upon his inexperience, may a nation avail itself of a similar bar against a ruinous debt created when its new soul was not only in its nonage but absolutely not born. But nations have no infancy which they may plead in bar. Then may we not have a bankrupt law to relieve our insolvency? England has a legal process for the discharge of an unfortunate debtor in his lifetime. May not the creator exercise the power it can create? The British nation is irremediably in debt; its whole energies are crippled and destroyed by the discharge even of the interest; once free and clear it may acquire wealth and strength, and build anew a fortune glorious and grand. Shall it take the benefit of the act, or go on biting dust for ever?

If we question the validity of an onerous national debt to bind nations unborn, we are told of the shocking injustice to creditors that must arise from violation of the national honor. To this the masses may say, with truth, *we* incurred no debt. If wealth has come to England from the debt, let the wealth of England pay the debt. It was hard enough for us and our fathers to be sent out to shoot and be shot for poor pay. If a footpad has now robbed you, do not levy upon us to make up for the loss. If the debt is not in the High Court of Justice of binding effect, which shall affect us to readiest sympathy, England's two or three hundred thousand creditors turned out to labor and short commons, like other men, or her twenty millions of producers, drinking the dregs of misery for successive centuries?

If a national debt, steadily increasing (in almost geometrical progression), is to be for ever binding, wheresh all be the end? If there is limit, is it not now reached, when the interest is paid down in the coined tears and blood of a starving population? God forbid that in all time to come the history of so many poor laborers should be summed up in three duties—to be born, to be taxed, to be starved!

We are not "repudiators." In this blessed country of ours, we would see every debt of the individual or the State paid. We are rich enough to do it, in this generation, which has seen the debt contracted. That it is hard to pay the debt, should only warn us against contracting more. Ours is not the dark and desperate situation of our motherland. If there was room to hope, we might trust that the British debt would be paid. As it is, we have only been expressing less of what *should*, than of what *will*, be.

Running hastily over the subjects of reform in England, we strike upon the Crown. In extending the elective franchise (and we take this to be one of the inevitable and first consequences of a civil revolution), what branches or parts of the government shall be subject to the direct will of the people? Why not submit the chief magistracy to their choice? It is the opinion of many ardent reformers, that the people are not yet to be trusted with a power so new and so radical; and they would form a provisional government after the scheme of La Fayette for France—a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions. Unwilling as we should be to assume the decision of precisely what reforms are, and precisely what are not, suited to the temper and habits of the British people, we may yet offer

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a word or two of dissent from this proposition.

Victoria is Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., by the Grace of God. The divine right of kings, however, is a notion long ago laid on the highest shelf. It would not be very well sustained in England by adherents of the house of Hanover, while that dynasty dates from revolutionary authority only—the right of popular might a century and a half ago. The sceptre of Great Britain is held by no divine right, other than as it may be said that the voice of the people is the voice of God. There was nothing providential either in her present majesty's accession, unless it was the grace of God which made her the daughter of an elder rather than of a younger brother of the Duke of Cambridge. She rules by the gracious tolerance of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, professors of and dissenters from the Faith.

Why then shall the sovereign people of Great Britain continue to be governed by the laws of hereditary descent and primogeniture? Something more than prescription will have to be pleaded, something more than blind obedience to powers that be, because they are powers that have been, will have to be counted on, to sustain the royal authority. It will not be retained, unless in the day of revolution it shall establish its claim to be the best depository of executive power. This can hardly be asserted. Blackstone says that the executive part of government "is wisely placed in a single hand by the British constitution, for the sake of unanimity, strength and despatch." The wisdom of this will not be disputed. The executive branch of the government of the United States is wisely so placed, for similar reasons. This very reasoning leads us to distrust the further wisdom of hereditary monarchy, since those ends are hardly answered by descent of the crown upon a mere child, a female, or, as it sometimes has happened, upon a weak-brained adult and male, whose head would hardly appear to be

"By nature formed to wear a crown."

The demise of her present majesty would transmit the executive power to an infant hardly yet done muling and crying in its nurse's arms. If "unanimity, strength and despatch," would be secured to the executive by such an accession to the throne, there is little fear of division, weakness and delay. In such an event, how much bickering and quarrelling and struggling would there be for the settlement of provisional power in a wise regency or council, until the majority of the weak thing. How jealously Lords and Commons would guard the kingly authority while nature perfected her process of making a man, or, if he should die, a woman—then to surrender it to one who, by the grace of God, had been born daughter of Victoria and her lawful husband.

The blood royal is oftener coupled with a desire to sway the sceptre, than with a capacity to perform its high and holy duties. The instances of voluntary abdication are rare, and wondered at; but the displays of weakness in men on whose heads crowns have fallen, are certainly not infrequent, and are, and are to be, as little wondered at as the chance throws of a dice-box. The possession of extraordinary abilities by a sovereign, is the ground for unusual claim to consideration in the world's eye. England has undoubtedly produced very many men of finished gentility of deportment within thirty years, but that George the Fourth possessed the polished manners of a gentleman, where it was so easy to be at ease and to regulate etiquette itself, was worthy of note in history and an especial addition to all his titles. Setting aside his crimes, perhaps he might be said to have been endowed, by the grace of God, with these most fortunate qualities to save his name from the common herd of dead monarchs.

Let the people of England determine at the ballot-box who shall best be entrusted with the Executive authority to ensure its "unanimity, strength, and despatch." Of the men whom prodigal nature forms with the "mien and air of power," let them choose which to them seemeth most fit. By the control which the House of Commons has over the ministry, they do now, in a measure, determine the character of executive acts, so far as the limitation of and the balances to the right of suffrage will permit. Entrust them with a power, in the exercise of which they will be induced to study and perfect themselves in the knowledge of their duties, and

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we have little fear of a more sad or ridiculous abuse of it than sometimes happens out of freakish nature's refusal to make all men who are born in palaces, Solomons.

The same may be said, with a parity of reason, of the peerage. By what reasoning shall such a constitution of the Upper House be sustained—the advantage of two branches being admitted? That the British House of Lords ever exhibited more than a respectably due degree of legislative wisdom will hardly be pretended. If an array of eminent names is produced to show that some talent has been there, it will be easy to mark off a distinguished majority made up of those who, by the force of talent, have worked their own way to the peerage. It then remains to be proved, that the Sovereign who creates peers is a better or honester judge of merit than the people, from whom every patent will have to date by and bye.

Were the question now first put to any set of reasonable men, how an Upper House of the legislative branch of government should be formed *de novo*, the proposition would hardly be started to base it upon hereditary privilege. Such an institution grew up in the age of necessity, when the right of government originated in might, and men ruled who were taller than the people from their shoulders upward. By the same right of might, the Crown and the peerage still hold their ascendency in the administration of national affairs. Prescription only can sustain it. But before this plea shall be adjudged good in the new order of things, it must be verified that the lords have not only held power during many centuries, but have discharged the sacred trust with rightful regard to the interests of those for whose protection and benefit governments should be instituted. The blood which would cry out from the ground against the oppressors, from the time beyond which the history of man runneth not to the contrary, would only fall short of the groans and wailings of those whom the iron heel now grinds into the same soil.

We started with less design to discuss the parts of the British government which most need reform, than to express our conviction of what will happen. How useless for us, or the like of us, to tell what should be done with the time-worn and time-honored defects of that system of government; how more than vain to set down and try to feel assured what will be done in such a time as that to which we allude! Whether or not it is wiser to count the cost before the structure of a new government is begun; whether it were better now in calmness and deliberation to strive to plan out the battle, and bridle the wind that the whirlwind may be guided—this is sure, that the calculation and forethought of that day will be sufficient unto the same. Revolutions, whether volcanic or unlooked for, or the work of machinery cunningly devised, are governed by impulse—will obey no laws of mind or matter that are or that can be added in the emergency to material or mental philosophy. What can be done to temper the wind to those who must be shorn lambs before it, must be done both early *and* late. It is in the power of those who govern, to do an immensity towards saving from the history of the revolution which is to come, a detail of horrors like that which makes red the terrible story of the French Revolution.

The French Revolution! A standing phrase has this come to be, used with shuddering shrug and horror-stricken aspect, to scare away thoughts of change in human government. It is the capping of the climax of every conservative argument—a Paixhan gun supposed to be fraught with destruction to every proposition for radical change. The extension of the right of suffrage is opposed by allusion to the excesses of St. Antoine. A proposition to lessen the royal prerogative is met by pointing to the scaffold of Louis. A doubt as to the supremacy of the church over men's consciences is silenced by a vivid description of all Paris paying devout homage to the opera girl, Saurieu, Goddess of Reason—the courtesan who studied to attain some lower pitch of indecency than the exposure of her own nakedness. Nothing among things reckoned as phenomena is more fruitful of fright than the French Revolution, and it is likely to be a perpetual bugbear in the path of all political and moral science. But that the limit of this paper must ever be held in view, we would present a better picture of that great event; as it is, we must turn to other views.

Revolting as is the tale of atrocities that grew from the first outburst of un-

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licensed freedom, it is not to us more appalling than the view of a nation long buried under brutish oppression and ignorance. We never detest the wrong that has come from the excessive impulse of a generous passion, as the deliberate action of settled, sullen, dogged hate. The nameless deeds of the Revolution shocked humanity and virtue, and freedom fled affrighted from the atrocious outrages perpetrated in her name. Yet neither freedom, philanthropy nor virtue had better part in the ages of debasing despotism that preceded and produced such scenes. We can conceive of no more shuddering sight, than a nation on whose neck the foot of oppression has for ages stood. It has no end or aim but the perpetuation of power in the hands of a caste, to which it has come by hereditary descent or some equally sacred usurpation. Its energy and strength are harnessed to a juggernant car, beneath whose wheels the people are crushed without the merit of voluntary, though superstitious sacrifice. The soil that is given as a noble inheritance to the whole human family, is usurped by those who govern; the sun shines and the rain falls to mature the fruits of earth for the family of man, but the harvest comes and they are gathered into the granaries of the mighty in temporal power, and by them is dealt out a scanty subsistence or starvation to those whose sweat has enriched the field. The heavens smile and the earth wears glad aspect, but only to "mock with unapproachable glory" the poor worker whose brow oppression has contracted into settled melancholy. To him, earthly existence has but too often, only two epochs—its beginning and its end. He knows no pleasure but in the stolen and tax-burdened gratification of sensual appetites. He has no object in view but escape from all that is possible of misery and wretchedness around him. His hands are not his own, and his feet move him where masters bid. Toil, toil, is his only lesson, and death the best and only sure reward. Nor is death the closing scene of this drama of degradation and wo. Through generations that come after is transmitted the wrong and the spirit which is thus wrought. His children and his children's children reap an inheritance of debasement—are visited with the iniquity, not of their fathers, but of their fathers' oppressors. Yet he is but one of a nation—a particle in an ocean of rank corruption. He only goes to make up the vast sum of wretchedness and degradation that send up to an outraged Providence the stench of infinite wrong.

Imagination may never tell a tale so freezing with very horror as every-day reality forces upon the mind. A picture of consummate wretchedness like that exhibited in the view of English factory population or Irish laborers, was never drawn from fancy. Carlyle has shown with his few bold dashes, what manner of men the English laborers have to compete with "Crowds of miserable Irish darken all our towns. The wild Milesian features, looking false ingenuity, restlessness, unreason, misery and mockery, salute you on all highways and byways. The English coachman, as he whirls past, lashes the Milesian with his whip, curses him with his tongue; the Milesian is holding out his hat to beg. He is the sorest evil this country has to strive with. In his rags and laughing savagery he is there to undertake all work that can be done by mere strength of hand and back; for wages that will purchase him potatoes. He needs only salt for condiment; he lodges to his mind in any pighutch or doghutch, roosts in outhouses, and wears a suit of tatters, the getting off and on of which is said to be a difficult operation, transacted only in festivals and in the high tides of the calendar. There abides he, in his squalor and unreason, in his falsity and drunken violence, as the ready-made nucleus of degradation and disorder." With this overrunning scum of Ireland has English labor to compete, and so far as condition to start from is concerned, the competition is very fair. How much above this picture is that of the crowded population of English manufacturing towns? How is it with those who congregate in and about the towns which send over the world the polished products of British manufacture? Let the same pencil depict. It is one of the most thrilling pages Carlyle has ever written:

"At Stockport Assizes, a mother and a father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a 'burial society' of some 3*l.* 8*s.*, due on the death of each child: they are arraigned, found guilty; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint tha

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perhaps the case is not solitary, and perhaps you had better not probe farther into that department of things. This is in the autumn of 1844; the crime itself is of the previous year or season. 'Brutal savages, degraded Irish,' mutter the idle readers of newspapers; hardly lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on: the depravity, savagery and degraded Irishism being never so well admitted. In the British land, a human mother and father, of white skin and professing the Christian religion, had done this thing: they, with their Irishism and necessity and savagery, had been driven to do it. Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view; under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. A human mother and father had said to themselves, 'What shall we do to escape starvation? We are deep sunk here, in our dark cellar; and help is far.' Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-town stern things happen; best-loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his father's knees! The Stockport mother and father think and hint:—'Our poor little starveling Tom, who cries all day for victuals, who will see only evil and not good in this world: if he were out of misery at once; he well dead, and the rest of us perhaps kept alive?' It is thought, and hinted; at last it is done. And now Tom being killed, and all spent and eaten, 'Is it poor little starveling Jack that must go, or poor little starveling Will?' What an inquiry of ways and means!"

And now we are called upon to say that ages of this body-and-soul-destroying misery are better than the *risk* of a repetition of "the horrors of the French Revolution." The daily recurrence of this depth of degradation and sin, continued down through generations, better than the brief period of national fury and crime! Rather than that reform should not reach this bloated carcass, we would witness half a score of French Revolutions. Who shall say that the good which has arisen within the last half century from that great overturn, has not many times counterbalanced the frenzy and crime that attended its birth? Perhaps the despot whose power that overturn smote, either as with apoplexy or sure consumption. Before our breath is quite spent in naming over the acts of enormity which stamped the Reign of Terror, let us inquire about the load of oppression and crime which had for centuries borne down the spirit of the nation. Were no wrongs done to individual rights, was humanity never made to mourn, during the reigns which preceded that of Terror? Has no good been realized since the year '89, the direct results of its great agency? Western Europe has made more true progress than for centuries before. The principles of civil and religious liberty gained a foothold, and have since been spreading rapidly and surely. Their establishment is not the work of a single age—but the events of a single day may give to them an impetus, which a world's strength cannot resist. Such an impetus did the French Revolution give to them, and with gathering force they penetrate the rocky towers, the strongholds and fastnesses of European despotism. We do not desire a return of the days of terror, but with corresponding results we should, after them, hardly dissolve in tears for their comparatively trifling evils. To ensure that they might never return, we would, if in England, labor in season and out of season, by efforts to induce the ultra conservatist to yield to the necessity that demands a change—a demand not always to be foisted upon the future.

While the finger of warning is pointed towards the French Revolution, the Reformer may turn his gaze to that which preceded and partly produced it. The American Revolution is the germ from which has sprung the revolution of the world. Half a century ago history lacked proofs of the possibility of republicanism. Since that time, a young republic has sprung into existence, and with the vigor of manhood and the assurance of strength, taken its place in the first rank of nations. The period of adolescence is past, with its perils. It has been demonstrated that confidence in the wisdom and integrity of a free people is not misplaced; that government can be as stable and as strong when based on the popular will, as on force, or fraud, or corruption; that the rights of humanity are better secured by a government of the many than of the few; that the benefits of religion and the promotion of Christianity are better attained in the absence than by the existence of an established church. All these is the Western Republic; a burning light set on a hill to show. The hands of the young giant are virgin white of all impurity in birth and growth. Bright, and clear, and noble is this shining light to the oppressed of

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Europe. It cheers them under the heavy burdens of ages, as it lights them from the darkness in which they have been groping.

To England, especially, is this a guiding beacon. There is a deep and heartfelt sympathy between the two countries, smothered though it may sometimes be by petty bickerings. The irritation that grew out of the severance of old ties—the harsh mother of the rebellious child, are nearly obliterated. The closer affinity of manners and customs, of thoughts and aims, and more especially of a common language, must destroy the bitterest feelings. The community of interest in trade has had its common effect. Englishmen see and know of our affairs as of a sister kingdom. Every change in our administration or commercial relations affects her whole system. Our history does not need translation to be carried to every mind. Our wonderful progress in all that gives true greatness to a national name, is before their eyes, as step by step is taken. Can it be otherwise than that the attractive form and spirit of freedom will, in time, pervade her whole people, and stamp her institutions with the genius of REFORM!

It would be singular, indeed, if in all this, our sympathy was not with the "movement" party in England. Basking in the sunshine of a popular government, the finest on earth, we desire the extension of Freedom's best blessing over the world. For the English people we have the love of kindred; we have studied their history with patriotic ardor. In all that is glorious in her early annals, we claim a share as in the memory of a common ancestor. Alfred, and Richard I., and Henry V., and Elizabeth, were *our* princes; Hampden, and Pym, and Cromwell, were *our* patriots and their great names are a part of our own patrimony. Shakspere, and Milton, were *our* poets, and we claim a moiety in the pride of being the countrymen of such. And, in the spirit of our republicanism, we insist that England has no right, as of primogeniture, to the sole honor of these men's titles and memories. Though younger, and though in the spirit of mettlesome brotherhood, we have kicked our elder out of bed, we are yet of a common stock, and claim an equal part in the common heritage. Nor is our interest in the future policy of England obtrusive. If the love of humanity is not enough to warrant the desire to see her happy, after the manner our own heart has fashioned, we may pray that the noble structure of our common language shall not be made to sustain the institutions of barbarism and ignorance. In its wide and extending influence, we would have it spread the everlasting principles of Justice, Liberty and Right. Then, so far as it relates to the future history of England, we utter fervent prayer that it may tell no tale but of banished wrong and of the supremacy of Humanity, Truth, and Love. Under the reign of these, England is yet fitted for a high national destiny. Free the limbs of her people, cut the cords that cramp every action, and energy, and thought, and they will wrest from fame brighter and more lasting laurels than her arms have ever yet won on land or wave. Give it to them to do, and they will display, as with the brightness of noonday, the magic power of enlightened Liberty. W. A. B.

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# ARMY ORGANIZATION.*

In his early messages to Congress, Washington dwelt particularly upon the importance of maintaining the country in an attitude of defence, as the most effectual method of averting the calamities of war. The citizens, he says, constitute the depository of the *force* of the Republic, and may be trained to a degree of efficiency equal to every military exigency. But in order to provide the means of a proper training, and to secure this degree of efficiency in newly formed forces, it is a material feature in the plan of organization, *to afford an opportunity to acquire, in time of peace, a knowledge of the more difficult and scientific branches of the military art.* "Whatever argument," he continues, "may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is at once comprehensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study, and that the possession of it, in its improved state, is always of great moment to the security of the nation. * * * It, therefore, ought to be the serious care of every government, whose policy is pacific, to preserve and perpetuate an adequate stock of military knowledge," so as to secure to the nation a proper degree of military force without the expense and other unavoidable evils incident to a large standing army. In other words, we must cultivate, in time of peace, a knowledge of military science, and an acquaintance with the more scientific branches of the military art, forming, when occasion shall require, the main body of the army from persons ordinarily engaged in civil occupations. This, then, is the starting point in our military system and the basis of our army organization.

Our present organization (exclusive of medical, pay, purchasing, and other departments, whose functions are wholly of a civil character) includes four distinct arms—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers,—each having distinct duties, but all combining to form one and the same military body.

The Infantry constitute, in active service, by far the most numerous portion of an army; in time of peace its duties are simple, and, in most countries, of little comparative importance; in our own country the continually recurring difficulties on the Indian frontiers, render this arm peculiarly necessary and important, even in time of general peace. From the nature of infantry service—no peculiar technical knowledge (we speak only of privates and subordinate grades) being so absolutely indispensable as in the other arms,—the soldier may, in a short time, be trained and instructed in his duties.

The Cavalry, with us, hold a rank similar to that of the infantry; and, from the circumstance that most of our citizens are accustomed to the use of the horse, may be easily formed in time of war; but, for the same reasons given for the infantry, it is highly important to retain a small body of this branch of service in our permanent military organization.

In modern warfare, Artillery plays a very important part, and enters as an essential element in all good army organizations. Though less numerous than either of the preceding corps, its duties are generally regarded of a higher order, requiring a greater degree of intelligence and learning,—at least for positions below the rank of field-officer. In time of peace, this arm, or at least that part of it called with us the *Ordnance*, and in most European armies, the

* I. Letter of the Secretary of War [Mr. Poinsett] to the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs [Mr. Benton], in relation to the creation of a company of sappers and miners, to be attached to the Engineer Department. January 22, 1841. 26th Congress; second Session. Senate Document, No. 118.

II. Précis du Cours d'Art Militaire et de Fortification Passagère; par M. Francais, Ancien Professeur de l'Ecole d'Application de l'Art'rie et du Génie à Metz. Nouvelle edition, 1844.

III. Journaux des Siéges dans la Peninsule, de 1807 à 1814; redigés d'après les ordres du gouvernement, &c.; par J. Belmas, chef de bataillon du génie.



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*Staff* of artillery, is charged with the construction of artillery, arms, and equipages, and the collection of powder and other material constituting the national military wealth.

As the lives of persons using this material, and, in a considerable degree, the success of war, depend upon the nature and quality of the stores thus collected and manufactured, it is obvious that the members of this branch of the corps should possess high and peculiar qualifications. The remaining portion of this arm is charged with the duties of field and garrison artillery practice. The attention paid to this subject of late years by our militia has diffused through the country a greater practical knowledge of artillery than formerly existed; but although an artillery soldier may now be formed with a few months' training, the officer requires a thorough course of instruction.

The Engineers in time of peace are charged with planning, constructing, and repairing all fortifications and other defensive works, and the disbursements of money connected with these operations; in time of war they are charged with the attack and defence of all military works, the laying out and construction of field defences, military bridges, saps, mines, &c. &c. From the important character of these duties as connected with the means essential to a National Defence, and vast amount of money expended in these operations, it is evident that a high order of acquirements should be deemed requisite to qualify one to perform the duties of a military engineer. The avenues to appointment to this corps are guarded in most European armies with special care to prevent the influence of money, politics, or family connection; and in our own army it is specified by a law of Congress that the vacancies shall be filled only from the most distinguished graduates of the military academy. The engineer requires a knowledge of chemistry, to guide his choice of materials for mortars, cements and mastics; of mineralogy and geology, for selecting stone; of botany, for timber and the means of preventing its decay; of mathematics, in laying out his work and calculating the thickness and stability of his walls, embankments, &c.; of mechanical philosophy, in constructing his machinery; of military engineering, in his plans of fortifications; and of all the higher branches of military science, in selecting positions for these works such that they shall have the proper relations to the means of National Defence, and to the grand operations of armies in the field. Our service has already suffered most severely from the employment of incompetent persons introduced through political influence from civil life, and of foreign charlatans—the refuse of European armies. Some of our military works which have been constructed within the last thirty years are made of such wretched materials and workmanship that they are already crumbling into ruins; moreover their plans, modeled in many instances upon systems utterly discarded by the profession in Europe more than a century ago, are such as to preclude all possibility of a good defence. These errors, the results of ignorance and incapacity, have wasted much of the public money and endangered the public safety. While the existing laws and regulations seem well calculated to prevent the recurrence of similar abuses and errors, it nevertheless can be shown that the organization of this arm requires modifications and extensions to give it the requisite degree of efficiency, and to economise the public expenditures. The most radical and important defect in this organization, and the one to which we would call particular attention, is *the total want of engineer non-commissioned officers and privates.* It is not the present object to inquire how this defect has occurred, nor to show through whose neglect or through what mercenary motives and petty jealousies it has been allowed so long to exist; but merely to point out the defect and the evils likely to result from it; and to call attention to the proposed remedy.

The wars of Louis XIV. first led to a regular military organization, and a regular system of defence. In these wars the engineers and artillery received great development, and have ever since occupied a prominent position as parts of army organization. We therefore find in all these great sieges and battles a large and continually increasing number of engineers and engineer troops, this force being gradually augmented as the true principles of war became better understood, and as the wants of service required. Even in the earliest of these battles, we find the engineers taking a very prominent and distinguish-

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ed part. In the war of 1688, twenty-four engineer officers were killed and wounded at the siege of Philipsbourg, eighteen at Namur, eight at Huy, ten at Charleroi, eight at Ath, thirty at Barcelona, &c. Such losses were good proofs of the usefulness of these officers, and, before this war was closed, their number was increased to six hundred; and, in 1706, the army contained eight brigades of engineers and four companies of miners.

In the preliminary stages of engineer organization, infantry troops were detailed as sappers, and instructed in these duties by the engineers. This irregularity of service soon caused difficulties and losses, and the evils springing from it were so great, that Vauban urged the propriety of a separate organization. In 1670, he officially recommended to the King to establish a regiment of 1200 sappers and *ouvriers*, and in a subsequent report on the value of these troops used the following language: "They would be useful in peace as well as in war, and would be the means of saving much in all fortifications, where they should be employed. In fact, I have not the least doubt that they would save annually to the King much more than their pay. I assert all I have said on this subject with as much confidence as if I had seen the results; and I can, with the same certainty, add, that this small troop will be the means of saving large numbers of good engineers and brave officers and soldiers, from the stern necessity to which we are reduced of exposing, almost always, the laborers and those who support them; which necessity would not arise, had we at command a sufficient number of this kind of workmen well instructed. To such a degree have I felt the necessity of sappers at every siege at which I have been present, that I have always had reason to repent of not having more urgently solicited the creation of this company."

Such are the views of the greatest of military engineers, a man who fought one hundred and forty battles, conducted fifty-eight sieges, and built or repaired three hundred fortifications. His anticipations of the usefulness of engineer troops were fully realized, and they have ever since received the most careful attention, and now form one of the most important and efficient arms of the French service. The fortifications constructed by the engineers, as organized by Vauban, have ever since constituted one of the principal elements of the French military power, and in the wars of the Revolution great advantages were derived from having a properly instructed corps of engineer troops for the attack and defence of military works. The following brief summary of Napoleon's campaigns, given nearly in his own words, as dictated to Count Montholon, will show that military works played an important part even in the field operations of the great captain.

In 1796, his first campaign, he set out at Savona, crossed the mountains at a weak point between the Alps and Apennines, took possession of the fortress of Cherasco, and made it the depôt for his magazines; next of the fortress of Tortona; next of the fortress of Pizzighettone and the smaller forts on the Adda; next the fortress of Peschiera on the line of the Adige; he now had four fortresses in echelon between him and his first depôt; and after taking Mantua, he secured his base and advanced upon the States of the Church, making Ferrara, and then Ancona, his places of depôt. In this campaign Chasseloup de Laubat, the commandant of engineers, besides his attacks and repairs of the permanent fortifications, "was actively employed in throwing up field-works, to support different points occupied by the French army." The influence of the famous redoubt of Montenotte is well known. It covered the centre of the French position, and was garrisoned by 1500 men. Beaulieu attacked it with 12,000 men (eight to one), who were, during a day and night, continually repulsed. This glorious and obstinate defence afforded Napoleon time and opportunity to turn the right of the hostile army, and completely rout them.

In 1797, Napoleon fortified Palma-Nuovo, Osapo, &c., and repaired the old fortifications of Clagenfurth, and then established "a *point d' appui* at every five or six marches." After the treaty of Loeben, Chasseloup and his engineers were dispatched to the new line of frontier on the Rhine, to place its fortifications in a state of defence.

In 1799, Alexandria was made the grand depôt for which the line of operation extended two hundred and fifty leagues. But his line was secured by eight places sufficiently strong to resist a

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siege, forts having been built at Quatieh, El-Arich, Gaza, &c., so that not a single convoy or courier was intercepted.

In 1800, the army of Germany was secured by Ulm and Ingolstadt, the surrender of which Napoleon had made a *sine quâ non* of the armistice. The army of the reserve, by the skill of its engineers, passed Fort Bard and established its depôt at Ivrea, and even after the battle of Marengo, says Napoleon, "I did not consider the whole of Italy reconquered, until all the fortified places between me and the Mincio should be occupied by my troops. I gave Melas permission to return to Mantua, on condition of his surrendering all these fortresses." Chasseloup and his engineers were now directed to repair or remodel the fortifications of Alexandria, Genoa, Roco d'Anfo, Verona, Legnago, Mantua, and numerous smaller works calculated to strengthen his frontier in Italy.

Previous to opening the campaign of 1805, Napoleon directed that the fortifications of Milan, Turin, Mantua, Genoa, and Alexandria, be placed in a state of good defence, appropriating for the works of Alexandria alone more than twenty millions of money. The enemy's frontier in Italy was also at this time pretty well secured, but the valley of the Danube was utterly defenceless. Upon this point Napoleon directed his principal efforts. Seizing upon a few undefended fortresses as places of depôt, he penetrated into the enemy's country without difficulty; even the fortifications of Ulm which had arrested the victorious army of Moreau *six weeks* before their walls, were now dilapidated and utterly defenceless, and the surrender of Mack and fall of Vienna, soon followed as the natural results of neglecting the system of defence planned by the Archduke Charles.

The neglect of the Prussians to place their country in a state of military defence, previous to declaring war against Napoleon in 1806, had a most disastrous influence upon the campaign. Napoleon, on the other hand, occupied and secured all the important military positions which he had captured in the preceding campaign. "The Prussians," said he, "made no preparations for putting in a state of defence the fortifications of their first line, not even those within a few marches of our cantonments; while I was piling up bastion upon bastion at Kehl, Cassel, and Wesel, they did not plant a single palisade at Magdeburg, nor put in battery a single cannon at Spandau." Profiting by this neglect of the Prussians, Napoleon seized on the great defensive lines of the Oder, the Elbe, and the Wesel, establishing French garrisons in the fortresses of Stettin, Custrin, Glogau, Magdebourg, Spandau, Hameln, Nieubourg, &c. The possession of these places inclined the scale at Eylau. They were retained by Napoleon at the treaty of Tilsit, and in the campaign of 1809, effectually prevented Prussia from joining Austria, in again kindling the flames of war; and again in 1813, these works might have produced a decided influence on the campaign, had not the political perfidy of Austria, and the treason of his own generals, prevented Napoleon from profiting by the advantages of his position.

The influence of the fortifications of Spain upon the Peninsular campaigns, has often been alluded to by historians; those which had been given up to Napoleon previous to the opening of hostilities, contributed very much to the success of his arms, while those which were retained by Spain and her allies, contributed in an equal degree to hamper and embarrass his operations. Some of these, like Saragossa and Tarragona, with their broken walls and defective armaments, kept the enemy in check some sixty days each, and did much to weaken the French power in the Peninsula. Temporary, or field fortifications, also had a decided influence here. The lines of Torres Vedras; the field works of Ronda, the intrenched camps of the Pyrenees, Bayonne, Toulouse, &c., are examples under this head. In all of Napoleon's wars field works played a most important part. We might mention the redoubt of Montenotte, the intrenchments at Milesimo, the batteries of Lobau, the field defences of Hougumont, La Haye Sainte, and Papelotte, at Waterloo, and numerous other cases equally striking.

The Peninsular war, already alluded to, exhibits in strong colors the advantages derived on the one side from a well-organized engineer corps, and the losses, delays, and defeats suffered on the other, until the defects of the organization were remedied. Napoleon entered Spain with a well-appointed

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army, and soon, through strategy and well-directed force, gained possession of the important fortresses of the Peninsula; securing in this way the strategic routes and important geographical points, he was enabled to retain possession of the country for eight years, in spite of the numerous forces arrayed against him, the absence of himself and his best generals in Germany, and the great inefficiency of Joseph and of many of his generals. These fortifications were old, and of strength inferior to modern works of defence, but it required years and the expenditure of millions in blood and treasure to expel from the country those who had possession of them.

For the first five years of this war, the English struggled with a most imperfect army organization. When "the first serious siege," says Napier, "was undertaken by the British army, to the discredit of the English government, no army was ever so ill-provided with the means of prosecuting such an enterprise. The engineer officers were exceedingly zealous; and many of them were well versed in the theory of their business. But the ablest trembled when reflecting on their utter destitution of all that belonged to real service. Without a corps of sappers and miners, without a single private who knew how to carry on an approach under fire, they were compelled to approach fortresses defended by the most warlike, practised, and scientific troops of the age. The best officers and finest soldiers were obliged to sacrifice themselves in a lamentable manner, to compensate for the negligence and incapacity of a government, always ready to plunge the nation into war, without the slightest care of what was necessary to obtain success. The sieges carried on by the British in Spain were a succession of butcheries; because the commonest materials, and the means necessary to their art, were denied the engineers." Col. J. T. Jones writes in nearly the same terms of the early sieges in the Peninsula, and with respect to the siege of Badajos, adds in express terms, that "a body of sappers and miners, and the necessary fascines and gabions, would have rendered the reduction of the work certain." Soon after this siege a body of engineer troops arrived from England, but their number was insufficient, and Wellington, having learned by sad experience the importance of engineer troops, ordered a body of two hundred volunteers to be detached from the line, "and daily instructed in the practice of sapping, making and laying fascines and gabions, and the construction of batteries, &c." The siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, which immediately followed this organization, was conducted with greater skill and success than any other till nearly the close of the war, and all military writers have attributed this result to the greater efficiency of the engineer force engaged in the siege. This arm was now gradually increased, and the last year of the war the engineer force with the English army in the field consisted of seventy-seven officers, seven assistant engineers and surveyors, four surgeons and assistants, one thousand six hundred and forty-six sappers, miners, artificers, &c., one thousand three hundred and forty horses, and one hundred and sixty carriages.

During all this time the French furnished their armies in Spain with well-organized engineer forces. We have endeavored to form a comparison of the number of French engineers and artillerists employed on these Peninsular sieges. But from the loose manner in which these details are usually given by historians, it is almost impossible to distinguish between the two. Both are not unfrequently given under the same head, and when a distinction is apparently kept up, only the engineer *staff* is mentioned under the head of engineers, the sappers, miners, artificers, the train, &c., all being put down as artillery. In the following table, we have endeavored to arrange them as is done in our own army. The trains of both arms are left out, for frequently that of one arm performed the duties of the other. Moreover, in our service, a portion of these duties of engineer and artillery trains are performed by the Quartermaster's department. For those who wish to know the exact organization of the French engineer train, we give it as it existed in 1811—viz.: Seven troops, each troop consisting of 3 officers, 141 non-commissioned officers and privates, 250 horses, and 50 wagons conveying 5,270 intrenching tools, 1,700 cutting tools, 1802 artificers' tools, 253 miners' tools, and 8,318 kilograms weight of machinery and stores, each article being

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made to a particular pattern. The pioneers in Spain acted sometimes with one arm and sometimes with the other, and we have assigned them accordingly in the table. The pontoneers, however, in our service are included with the engineers; we have, therefore, put them in our table in the same column with the engineers:

| Names of Sieges. | Engineer Staff, Sappers, Miners, Pontoneers, and Pioneers. | | Artillery Staff, Horse & Foot Artillery, Ouvriers, and Pioneers. | | Total of Engineers, Sappers, Miners, Pontoneers, and Pioneers | Total of Artillery Staff, Horse and Foot, Ouvriers, and Pioneers. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Officers. | Men. | Officers. | Men. | | |
| Saragossa, | 86 | 1189 | 90 | 1276 | 1275 | 1360 |
| Rosas, | 21 | 211 | | | 232 | 461 |
| Girona, | 54 | 603 | 62 | 1299 | 657 | 1361 |
| Astorga, | 7 | 91 | 17 | 427 | 98 | 444 |
| Lerida, | 15 | 316 | 11 | 208 | 331 | 219 |
| Mequinenza, | 34 | 278 | | | 312 | 136 |
| First Ciudad Rodrigo, | 34 | 441 | | | 475 | 1019 |
| Almeida, | 34 | 489 | | | 523 | 1019 |
| Tortosa, | 43 | 429 | 32 | 381 | 472 | 413 |
| Tarragona, | 50 | 681 | 46 | 701 | 731 | 747 |
| Olivensa, | 10 | 106 | | | 116 | 186 |
| First Badajos, | 25 | 707 | 41 | 699 | 732 | 740 |
| Tarifa, | 12 | 235 | 17 | 148 | 247 | 165 |
| Peniscola, | 13 | 138 | 9 | 183 | 151 | 192 |
| Second Ciudad Rodrigo, | 3 | 12 | 8 | 160 | 15 | 168 |
| Second Badajos, | 9 | 257 | | | 265 | 268 |
| Burgos, | 4 | 124 | 3 | 126 | 128 | 129 |
| Costro Udiales, | 5 | 68 | 8 | 197 | 73 | 205 |
| St. Sebastian, | 13 | 248 | 7 | 166 | 261 | 173 |

From this table it appears that the ratio of the two arms at these sieges, making the comparison on the basis of our own organization, is about the same as for the present French army in Algeria, or a little more than five of engineers to six of artillery.

Thus far we have spoken of the field operations of engineer troops in connection with fortifications, alluding only incidentally to the use of military bridges and the passage of rivers. In the early wars of the French Revolution, the want of pontoneers was severely felt, and from the deficiency of this branch of service, the operations of the French generals were on several occasions very much restricted. The evil was afterwards remedied in a great degree, by the introduction of several battalions of pontoneers in the regular army organization. On many occasions during his wars, did Napoleon feel and acknowledge the importance of these troops; but on none, perhaps, was this importance more clearly shown, than in the passage of the Beresina during his retreat from Moscow, with the wreck of his army. The Russians had cut the bridge of Borisow, and taken position in great strength on the right bank of the river, both at this point and below; the French, wearied with long and difficult marches, destitute of artillery, provisions, and military stores, with a wide and deep river in front, and a powerful enemy on their flank and rear, benumbed by the rigors of a merciless climate, and dispirited by defeat—everything seemed to promise their total destruction. "General Eblé, of the Engineers," says an English General officer in his remarks on this retreat,—"who, from the beginning of the campaign, had made all the arrangements for the equipment and construction of military bridges, was specially charged with the important duty of providing for the passage of this river; and he discharged that duty with a degree of forecast and ability, to which certainly Napoleon owed his escape, and the wreck of his army its safety. General Eblé had begun to prepare, at Smolensko, for the difficulties which he foresaw in this operation. He formed, with every care, a train sufficient for the transport of all the tools and stores that might be required; and further, to provide against casualties and accidents,

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every man belonging to the companies of pontoneers was obliged to carry from Smolensko a tool, or implement of some kind, and a proportion of nails: and fortunate was it for the army that he did so; for such was the difficulty in getting through the carriages containing stores, that only two forge-wagons and six caissons of tools and nails could be preserved. To these the General added a quantity of iron-work, taken from the wheels of carriages that were abandoned on the march. Much was sacrificed to bring off these valuable materials for making clamps and fastenings, but, as Segur observes, that exertion 'Sauva l'armée.'"

But it is not always in the possession of a thing, that we are most likely to appreciate its utility; the evils and inconveniences resulting from the want of it, not unfrequently impress us most powerfully with its importance, and the advantages to be derived from its possession. A few examples of this nature, drawn from military history, may be instructive. We need not go back to the disastrous passage of the Vistula, by Charles XII., the failure of Marlborough to pass the Dyle and Eugene to cross the Adda in 1705, nor of the three unsuccessful attempts of Charles of Lorraine to cross the Rhine in 1743. The wars following the French Revolution are sufficiently replete with useful instruction on this subject.*

In 1794, so great was the disorder in the direction of affairs, that the boats of the bridges across the Wahal and the Rhine, were disposed of for commercial purposes; and in the beginning of 1795, says Jomini, "the conquerors of Belgium and Holland had not even a bridge equipage, at a time, too, when the success of the campaign depended solely on the means of crossing a river." A few boats were procured from the Wahal and the Meuse, and others manufactured in the forests of the Moselle: but "these operations consumed precious time, and *four months* thus passed away in preparations." Even after other things were all ready, the army was obliged to wait thirty days for the arrival of boats for pontoon bridges; during this delay, the Austrians strengthened their position, and with very little exertion they might easily have prevented the passage.

In 1796, profiting by the errors of the former campaigns, the French collected more suitable bridge equipages, and the two armies passed the Rhine at Neuweid and Kehl without loss or delay. The latter of these passages has often been referred to as a model for such operations, and certainly does credit to the general who directed it. But Moreau's bridge equipage having been destroyed during this disastrous campaign, his operations the following year were considerably delayed in preparing a new one; and even then, he was under the necessity of seizing all private boats that could be found within reach: but the difficulty of collecting and using boats of all sizes and descriptions was so great, as entirely to defeat his plan of surprising the enemy on the opposite bank of the river. The necessity of co-operating with Hoche admitted of no further delay, and he was obliged to force his passage in the open day and in face of the enemy. Undertaken under such circumstances, "the enterprise was extremely sanguinary, and at one

* Before recurring to these, it might be useful to give one example, as it is often referred to, in the campaign of 1702. It was deemed important, for the success of the campaign, to attack the Prince of Baden, in his camp at Friedlingen. Accordingly, a bridge was thrown across the Rhine at Huningen, the passage effected, and the victory gained. But Villars was several times on the point of losing all, for want of a sufficient pontoon equipage. Having but a *single* bridge, the passage was necessarily slow; the artillery and stores were frequently interrupted by the infantry hurrying to the field of battle; disorder ensued, and the whole movement was retarded; Villars could bring only a small part of his artillery into action, and towards the close of the battle, the infantry were in want of ammunition. Moreover, the whole operation had nearly failed, from the attempts of the enemy to destroy this bridge, but the skill of the Freneh pontoneers saved it. We here remark, 1st, the passage secured to Villars an important victory; 2d, from having an inefficient bridge equipage, his whole army was placed in great peril, and the operation had nearly failed; 3d, if the Prince of Baden had possessed a skilful corps to oppose that of Villars, this single bridge would have been destroyed, and the army cut to pieces; 4th, the skill of the little corps of French pontoneers saved the bridge, and of consequence the army.

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time very doubtful," and had it failed, "Moreau's army would have been ruined for the campaign."

Napoleon's celebrated passage of the Po, at Placentia, shows plainly how important it is for a general to possess the means of crossing rivers. "I felt the importance of hastening the enterprise, in order not to allow the enemy time to prevent it; but the Po, which is a river as wide and deep as the Rhine, is a barrier difficult to overcome; we had no means of constructing a bridge, and were obliged to content ourselves with the means of embarkation found at Placentia and its environs. Lannes, chief of brigade, crossed in the first boats, with the advanced guard. The Austrians had only ten squadrons on the other side, and these were easily overcome. The passage was now continued without interruption, but very slowly. *If I had had a good pontoon-equipage, the fate of the enemy's army had been sealed; but the necessity of passing the river by successive embarkations, saved it.*"

In the campaign of 1799, the Archduke attempted to pass the Aar and attack the French on the opposite side; but for want of suitable equipage his operation was delayed till the enemy had collected sufficient forces to intercept the passage; he was now obliged to enter into a stipulation for a suspension of hostilities, and to withdraw his bridges.

The operations of the French in the campaign of 1800, led to the most glorious results, but their execution was attended with the greatest difficulties. The passage of the Alps was greatly facilitated by the ability of the chief engineer, Marescot, and the skill of the troops under his command; and the facility of passing rivers, afforded Napoleon by his pontoneers, had an important influence upon the success of the campaign. "The army of the reserve had many companies of pontoneers and sappers; the pontoons, of course, could not be taken across the St. Bernard, but the pontoneers soon found materials on the Po and Tesin for constructing bridge equipages." Moreau's army, in the same year, profited well by his pontoneers in the passages of the Inn, the Salza, the Traun, the Alza, &c., and in the pursuit of the Austrian army;—a pursuit that has but a single parallel example in modern history. The influence of the intrenched camp, constructed by the Archduke Charles, at Ulm, was very manifest in this campaign, as it arrested the victorious army of Moreau for *six weeks* before its walls. But in the campaign of 1805, these works had been completely destroyed, and Mack, having nothing better than a heap of rubbish for the security of the commanding heights, was unable to check, even for a moment, the overwhelming torrent of imperial conquest.

Immediately after the defeat of Mack, at Ulm, the French, flushed with recent victories, attacked the Archduke Charles, at Caldiero; but he had taken the precaution to intrench his position and secure the bridges between him and the enemy, and the most powerful and energetic efforts of the French were insufficient to carry his position. When the strategic manœuvres of Napoleon rendered it necessary for the Archduke to fall back towards Vienna, he so checked the pursuit of Massena, by a small force in the old fortifications on the Bachiglione, as to enable his army (of seventy thousand men), with its park and immense train, to escape by a single defile and bridge.

The facility with which Napoleon crossed rivers, made forced marches, constructed redoubts, fortified depôts, and grasped the great strategic points of the enemy, in the campaign of 1805, resulted from the skilful organization of his army and the efficiency given to the forces employed in these important operations. The engineer staff of the French army, at this period, consisted of four hundred and forty-nine officers, and there were four battalions of sappers, of one hundred and twenty officers and seven thousand and ninety-two men; six companies of miners, of twenty-four officers and five hundred and seventy-six men, and two regiments of pontoneers, of thirty-eight officers and nine hundred and sixty men. On the contrary, the enemy's neglect of these things is one of the most striking of the many faults of the war, and his ill-directed efforts to destroy the great wooden bridge across the Danube and the successful operations of the French sappers in securing it, formed one of the principal turning points in the campaign.

The same organization enabled the French to perform their wonderfully

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rapid and decisive movements in the Prussian campaign of 1806, and the northern operations of 1807.

In 1809, Napoleon's army crossed, with the most wonderful rapidity, the Inn, the Salza, the Traun and other rivers emptying into the Danube, and reached Vienna before the wonder-stricken Austrians could prepare for its defence. It was then necessary for the French to effect a passage of the Danube, which was much swollen by recent rains and the melting snow of the mountains. Considering the depth and width of the river, the positions of the enemy and his preparations to oppose a passage, with the disastrous consequences that would result to the French from any failure in its execution,—taking all these things into consideration, Jomini pronounced it "one of the most hazardous and difficult of all the operations of war." Here the fate of the army depended, apparently, upon the skill and efficiency of the engineers and pontoneers, and nobly did they discharge the trust reposed in them. When the pontons failed, tressel-bridges were substituted, and even fifty-four enormous boats were put in requisition; so skilfully were these operations conducted, that Napoleon's immense army crossed over in safety directly in the face of a superior enemy, and, the same day, fought the memorable battle of Esling. Forced to retire before numbers vastly superior to his own, Napoleon concentrated his forces on the island of Lobau, and intrenched his position; surrounded by the broad and deep channels of the Danube, and watched by numerous and skilful enemies, it required the most constant activity and the greatest good fortune to effect a passage. Here the skill and efficiency of the engineers shone conspicuously; a number of bridges were thrown across the river in the face of the Austrians and against obstacles almost insurmountable; the whole French army passed in safety and soon put the finishing stroke to that brilliant campaign. So high an estimate did Napoleon attach to the construction of these bridges, that, when the passage was completed, he offered to place Bertrand, the constructing engineer, though of comparatively low rank, at the head of the French corps du Génie.

On many occasions, during the retreat in 1812 and '13, from the Beresina to the left of the Rhine, across the Niemen, the Vistula, the Oder, the Elbe, and the numerous other rivers which divide that immense country, the French derived vast advantages from the experience and skill of their engineers and pontoneers, several times whole corps escaping through their means from the grasp of their pursuers. When, however, the disasters of this retreat had absorbed most of the material of the army, and had sadly thinned the ranks of men of skill and experience, they sustained many severe, and, in other circumstances, unnecessary losses. Of this character we may mention the passage of the Elster by the bridge of Lindnau, where, through the ignorance and carelessness of those charged with the mines, and through the want of suitable bridge arrangements, thousands of brave men were buried in the muddy waters of this small river. So sensibly did Napoleon feel this want of bridge equipages in the winter of 1813 and '14, that he addressed to his minister of war on this subject, the following remarkable words: "If I had had ten pontons, I should have already annihilated the army of Swartzenberg, and closed the war; I should have taken from him eight or ten thousand wagons, and his entire army in detail; but for want of the proper means I could not pass the Seine." Again, on the 2d of March, he wrote; "If I had had a bridge-equipage this morning, Blucher's army had been lost." Whoever will examine the details of the operations of this campaign, will be convinced of the full force of these remarks.

In Spain, in 1808, Sir John Moore, in order to assist the native forces, had penetrated so near the army of Napoleon, that retreat became exceedingly difficult, and he was several times on the point of being lost. The English army was at this time very deficient in engineer troops, and Moore suffered much for want of miners to destroy bridges, and pontoneers to construct new ones. In order to cover his retreat and impede the advance of the French, the commander-in-chief, says Napier, "directed several bridges to be destroyed; but the engineers [for want of miners and miners' tools] failed of success in every attempt."

In Soult's retreat in 1809, he crossed the Duero at Oporto, and destroyed the

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bridges so as to cut off the pursuit of Wellington. But while Soult, deceived by treachery in his own corps, neglected to guard the river with proper vigilance, Wellington collected boats at different points, crossed over his army, surprised the French, and, had it not been for the singular delay and indecision of General Murray, would most certainly have forced the entire army to capitulate. As it was, his operation produced a decided influence on the campaign and effected the safety of Beresford's corps. Soult destroyed his artillery and baggage, and hastily retreated through the mountain passes; but his army was again arrested at the river Cavado and placed on the very brink of destruction, when the brave and skilful Dulong succeeded in effecting a passage at the Ponte Nova; the same daring officer opened, on the same day, a way for the further escape of the French across the Misarella by the Saltador.

In the pursuit of Massena in 1810, it was important to the English to cross the Guadiana and attack the French before Badajos could be put in a state of defence. Beresford was directed by Wellington to pass this river at Jerumina, where the Portuguese had promised to furnish pontoons; but they neglected to fulfil their engagement, and the army had to wait till Captain Squire, an able and efficient officer of engineers, could construct other means for effecting a passage. Everything was done that genius could devise and industry execute, nevertheless the operations of the army were greatly delayed,—"*a delay*," says the historian, "*that may be considered as the principal cause of those long and bloody operations which afterwards detained Lord Wellington more than a year on the frontiers of Portugal.*"

We might prolong these remarks by discussing the passages of the Ceira and Alva, and their influence on the pursuit of Massena; Wellington's passage of the Tagus, and his retreat from Burgos in 1812; the passages of the Adour and Garonne in 1814; and the failure of the miners to blow up the bridges of Saltador, Alcantara, &c. &c.; but a sufficient number of examples, it is believed, has already been adduced to show the advantages of maintaining a properly organized and instructed body of pontoneers, and the fatal results attending the want of such troops as a component part of an army organization. But let us turn from these considerations to an examination of our own military preparation.

Within the last ten or fifteen years we have several times been upon the very brink of war, and twice within this time, with the colossal power of England. If we judge of the future by the past, another contest with Great Britain is an event noways unlikely to occur. The surest way of preventing this, is, in the opinion of Washington, *to be at all times prepared.* The preparation here meant is not the keeping up, in time of peace, of a large standing army ever ready to take the field; but rather the formation of a small body, educated and practised in all the scientific and difficult parts of the profession;—a body which shall serve as the *cadre* or framework of a large army, capable of imparting to the new and inexperienced soldiers of the republic that skill and efficiency which has been acquired by study and practice. How far have we accomplished this object, and what will be the probable operations in case of another contest with England? New and inexperienced troops will be called into the field to oppose a veteran and disciplined army. From these troops we shall expect all the bravery and energy resulting from ardent patriotism and an enthusiastic love of liberty. But we cannot here expect much discipline, military skill, or knowledge of the several branches of the military art. The peaceful habits of our citizens tend but little to the cultivation of the military character. How then are we to oppose the hostile force? Must human blood be substituted for skill and preparation, and the dead bodies of our citizens serve as epaulments against the inroads of the enemy? To some extent we fear it must be the case; but not entirely so, for government has not altogether neglected to make preparation for such an event. Fortifications have been planned or erected on the most important and exposed positions; military materials and munitions have been collected in the public arsenals; a military school has been organized to instruct in the military sciences; there are regularly kept up small bodies of infantry and cavalry, weak in numbers, but capable of soon making good soldiers of a population so well versed as ours is in the use of the musket and the horse; an

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artillery force, proportionally much larger, is also regularly maintained with a sufficient number of men and officers to organize and make good artillerymen of citizens already partially acquainted with the use of the cannon. But an acquaintance with infantry, cavalry, and artillery duties, is not the only practical knowledge requisite in war. In the practical operations of an army in the field, rivers are to be crossed, bridges suddenly erected and suddenly destroyed, field-works constructed and defended, batteries captured and destroyed; fortifications are to be put in order and defended, or to be besieged and recaptured; trenches must be opened, mines sprung, batteries established, breaches made and stormed; trous-de-loup, abattis, palisades, gabions, fascines, and numerous other military implements and machinery are to be constructed. Have our citizens a knowledge of these things, or have we provided in our military establishment for a body of men instructed and practised in this branch of the military art, and capable of imparting to an army the necessary efficiency for this service? Mr. Poinsett says truly that we are utterly deficient in this respect, and that a remedy is essential to the efficiency of service, the safety of the country, and the success of its arms in time of war.

The country is much indebted to Mr. Poinsett for his able administration of the war department. Possessing an extensive knowledge of military history, a familiar acquaintance with the army organization of other nations, and having made the military art his study for a long series of years, he brought into office a much greater degree of preparation and fitness for its duties, than most of his predecessors. Indeed, the heads of the war department have too often been selected for their political standing and influence, or for reputation in the legal profession, without the slightest attention to their qualifications for the administration of army affairs. It could hardly be otherwise, under such a system, than that important errors should be introduced. Many evils of army organization and practice were remedied by Mr. Poinsett, and others were pointed out to the authorities whose action was requisite for effecting the change. The insufficiency of our engineer organization was a defect too obvious to escape his notice, and he brought the subject to the special attention of the military committee of the Senate, and furnished the details of the plan for gradually effecting a remedy; it was favorably reported upon by the committee, and passed the Senate without opposition, but was lost for the want of the action of the House. It has since been several times brought forward, but again postponed in the same way, the political squabbles in the House calling attention from objects unconnected with party interests. Each of Mr. Poinsett's successors in office has adopted his measure, and repeatedly urged it upon Congress as a matter of the highest importance.

The measure is one fully sanctioned by the experience of other countries, and is incorporated in the army organizations of other nations. This may be readily shown by a brief statement of the relative numbers of the two arms of military service which are most allied in duties, and which it is most important to organize and instruct in time of peace.

In the Austrian active army, the artillery service consists of a general direction of 10 or 12 officers; a corps of bombardiers, of 12 or 14 officers; 5 regiments of artillery, each about 70 or 80 officers; and a corps of artificers, of 38 officers. There is a general direction of engineers, similar to that of artillery; an engineer staff, of 172 officers; 5 companies of miners, of about 25 officers; 6 companies of sappers, of about 50 officers; and 24 companies, of about 130 officers, charged with bridge-equipages and the crossing of rivers. These last companies, called Pioneers, Pontoneers, and Tschaikistes, or frontier pontoneers, have all nearly the same duties. Bodies of sappers, miners and pontoneers, are always attached to the Imperial guard and to each corps d'armée.

In the Prussian army, the artillery consists of a general staff and 9 brigades of artillery, and 2 companies of artificers, in all 912 officers. There is a general staff of engineer officers and 9 divisions of engineer troops, composed of 27 companies of sappers, miners, and pontoneers. The number of officers is between 250 and 300.

In the Belgian active army there is a general staff of four regiments of artillery, in all about two hundred and twenty officers, and a general staff, and

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a regiment of engineers, in all about ninety officers. The bridge-equipage is served by a company of pontoneers.

In the English army, there is a master general and board of ordnance, which fills the place of a "staff," for both the engineers and artillery. There is but a single regiment of English artillery, which is subdivided into troops, or battalions and companies. The whole number of officers in this regiment is about four hundred and fifty. The English sappers, miners and pontoneers, are all united into one corps, called the corps of royal engineers. The number of engineer officers is about two hundred and fifty. These numbers, of course, do not include the India service, which has a distinct organization.

In the Bavarian army there is an artillery staff, two regiments, in all one hundred and fifty-seven officers, an engineer staff, three companies of sappers and miners, and a corps of pontoneers; in all eighty-one officers.

In Spain, the artillery force amounts to 8,000 men, and the engineers to between 2,500 and 3,000.

In the French army organization, there is a general staff, and fourteen regiments of artillery, a demi-company of armorers, and several companies of "ouvriers." The whole number of artillery officers is about 1,400. There is an engineer staff of four hundred and twenty officers, of five hundred and fifty "gardes du Génie" (who rank on most occasions with sub-lieutenants of the other arms, and indeed perform the same duties as 2d lieutenants of engineers, a grade scarcely recognized in the French service except for the élèves), and of a number of "ouvriers d'état." There are several companies of ouvriers, forty-two companies of sappers, ten or twelve of miners, and three companies of sappers-conductors. The whole number of officers in these companies and forming their three regimental staffs, is about two hundred and forty. There are eleven companies of pontoneers, forming a regiment of sixty-three officers. The French army in Algeria, at the beginning of 1844, was 58,720. The following is the ratio for different corps and arms for every thousand men:

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|---|---|
| Staff | 4·68 |
| Gendarmerie | 11·92 |
| Infantry | 679·21 |
| Cavalry | 85·66 |
| Artillery | 60·45 |
| Engineers | 46·73 |
| Military equipages and administrative services | 111·35 |
| Total | 1000·00 |

The war in Algeria being something of a partisan character, the relative number of engineers and artillery, as compared with the other arms, is hardly so high as would be required at this day in regular warfare; but the ratio between those two arms is a fair one, being about five of engineers to six of artillery. This, it must be remembered, is a fighting force actually in the field.

In our own army, we have an artillery staff in the "ordnance department," consisting of three hundred and thirty-three officers, enlisted mechanics and workmen, and four regiments of artillery, consisting of one hundred and seventy-three officers and 2,168 non-commissioned officers and privates. We have a corps of engineers of forty-three officers, charged with the duties of engineer staff, and of sappers, miners and pontoneers. But we have not a single non-commissioned officer, sapper, miner, or pontoneer, nor a single enlisted mechanic or workman. Indeed, the corps, as now organized, perform the *staff* duties only.

It is shown in the above brief outline of the principal European armies, that the number of officers for engineer duty in an army organization is about two thirds that for artillery. In some of the best organized armies the ratio is still higher.

In our service, however, there is but one officer charged with engineer duty to about five charged with artillery duty, and the whole engineer force to the whole artillery force is as one to sixty-two!!

This comparison is not made to show that we have any superfluous artillery force, but merely to point out clearly the deficiency of our organization. We have already remarked, that the peculiarity of our service requires a much larger proportion of military engineers in time of peace than most others; the want of engineer non-commissioned officers and men is equally great, for the purposes of the military constructions, without at all taking into consideration the necessary organization preparatory to war. This want has been found imperious, and was to be supplied at great

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inconvenience, expense, and delay. In other services, engineer non-commissioned officers and enlisted men are employed as head mechanics, overseers, clerks, draftsmen, &c., and, being once instructed in these duties, are more useful than men now hired temporarily for these purposes, and paid a much greater amount of money. Good non-commissioned officers, capable, with proper instruction, of performing the above-mentioned duties, can be enlisted for $18 per month with clothing and rations (the amount paid ordnance sergeants, and which is proposed by Mr. Poinsett to be paid those in the engineer service), whereas we are now obliged to pay for these head mechanics, overseers, clerks, draftsmen, &c., from two to five and sometimes six and seven dollars per day! The reason of this is obvious. To perform these duties it requires men of superior intelligence, or if of ordinary capacity, men well instructed in the duties of sub-engineers. As their occupation is a temporary one, they being paid out of the appropriations for fortifications, and employed only when the expenditure of these appropriations renders their service absolutely necessary, they take advantage of this necessity to remunerate themselves for the time when unoccupied. Again, our system of military construction is of a much higher character than ordinary buildings for civil purposes, and when our overseers and master-mechanics become thoroughly instructed in this kind of work, their services bring a higher price from civilians. In this way we are placed under the necessity of paying higher wages to these men, or else of delaying and injuring public works, by continually employing raw hands. The case is very different with enlisted men. Having regular and permanent employment, they can afford to work more than a hundred per cent. cheaper, and when once acquainted with their business, the work progresses with greater rapidity and economy. Our annual appropriations for fortifications amount to near a million of dollars, and in expending this sum, by our present system of operations, much inconvenience, delay and loss will unavoidably occur; but most of these would be obviated by Mr. Poinsett's system of employing enlisted men. These large expenditures upon public works will undoubtedly continue for many years to come, and it is high time that a more permanent, economical, and efficient system of management be introduced. But important as would be the change effected in this respect by Mr. Poinsett's proposed corps of sappers and miners, this corps would produce a change of no less importance in the efficiency of our military organization. Col. Pasley states that only about *one and a half yards* of excavation per man was executed *in a whole night*, by the untrained troops of the Peninsular war, whereas an instructed sapper can easily accomplish this in *twenty minutes*, and that it has been done by one of his most skilful sappers in *seven minutes*.

We had intended to offer other examples illustrating the positions we have taken, but as our remarks have already exceeded the proposed limits, we will close by quoting a few lines from Jones' History, Mr. Poinsett's Report, &c., showing the importance of maintaining an efficient corps of engineer troops instructed in all the duties of sieges, bridge-building, &c.

"A siege," says Jones, "is one of the most arduous undertakings on which troops can be employed—an undertaking in which fatigue, hardships, and personal risk are the greatest—one in which the prize can only be gained by complete victory, and where failure is usually attended with severe loss or dire disaster. Success or failure at a siege frequently decides the fate of a campaign, sometimes of an army, and has more than once that of a state. The failures before Pavia in 1525, Metz in 1552, Acre in 1799, Prague in 1757, and Burgos in 1812, are examples of each of the above. By the first, France lost her monarch, the flower of her nobility, and her Italian conquests. By the second, she was saved from destruction, and 30,000 of her enemies perished. The third stopped her most successful general in his career. By the fourth, the greatest warrior of his age was brought to the brink of destruction; and by the last, a beaten enemy gained time to recruit his forces, concentrate his scattered armies, and regain the ascendency. Innumerable other instances of disastrous consequence attending the failure of sieges might be adduced; but the above are sufficient to make every one sensible of the importance of the undertaking, and feel that the dearest interests

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of a country are frequently staked on the sure and speedy reduction of a fortress. It is, consequently, of great moment to a state, that its sieges should be carried on in the best possible manner, that is, by a due union of science, labor, and force, be rendered not only short, but certain, and little costly in men."

"A siege, scientifically prosecuted, though it calls for the greatest personal bravery, the greatest exertion, and extraordinary labor in all employed, is beautifully certain in its progress. More or less skill or exertion in the contending parties will prolong or shorten, in some degree, its duration, but the sapper and the miner, skilfully directed and adequately supported, will surely surmount every obstacle. On the contrary, the sieges of armies, destitute of these capable and confident auxiliaries, are hazardous in the extreme."

"Indeed, as the result of general experience, it may be assumed, that should an army unprovided with sappers and miners, and the necessary materials and means to render their services efficient, be opposed by a place fortified according to the modern system, all the usual and known efforts to reduce it would prove unavailing, no period of time nor sacrifice of men would purchase success. These considerations have for many years had their due weight with the great powers of Europe, and induced them to form and keep up as integral portions of their military strength, every necessary auxiliary for the reduction of fortresses, and their sieges have in consequence become certain and comparatively bloodless. But England, constitutionally jealous of permanent military establishments, always discountenanced military organization and military preparation till the hour of need; and with respect to sieges, they being of rare occurrence, and moreover exclusively offensive operations, even carried her jealous feelings beyond the bounds of rational prudence; for, possessing a corps of officers professionally educated and well grounded in the science of attack and defence, she denied them every requisite establishment to render their acquirements availing, and most unreasonably expected her armies to reduce the skilfully fortified and well covered places of the nineteenth century with means inferior to those brought against the exposed and ill-constructed places of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

"The great importance," says our chief engineer, "of having in our army a body of men expert in the operations of sapping and mining, and military bridge-building, is obvious to all who are familiar with military operations. In time of war they must exist; and their organization cannot be deferred until that emergency has arisen, without entirely disregarding the blood-bought experience of other nations. The customs and organization of modern armies as essentially require sappers and miners as they do artillerists. The experience of their art in informal attacks of posts, intrenchments, &c., which are of constant occurrence in war, and also in sieges, saves the lives of large numbers, and converts enterprises of great uncertainty and peril into works of easy achievement. In a campaign, when not engaged in a siege, these troops would constitute a part of the advanced guard of an advancing army, and of the rear guard of a retreating one; in the first case, repairing roads, making bridges, and leading on the assault of intrenched positions; in the latter, destroying bridges, constructing barricades, and multiplying to the utmost impediments in the path of the enemy. In crossing rivers, their services as pontoneers would be almost indispensable. Whenever it may be necessary to strengthen a position by intrenchments, each sapper, from previous training, would be competent to direct the operations of a large party of workmen. For example: Col. Pasley says: No less than about 18,000 peasants and 2000 horses worked, by order of the Duke of Wellington, under the direction of officers of the royal engineers, in improving the defence of the Netherlands, for some months together, immediately before the great victory of Waterloo; and, by all accounts, the extensive works then in hand were conducted with the greatest regularity and despatch. Now, it may easily be conceived, that to have directed such a great body of workmen to proper advantage, by means of a few officers of engineers, would have been utterly impossible, but for the system of sub-dividing the various works amongst the non-commissioned officers and privates."

"It is in time of peace that this

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description of force must be prepared, because much time and practice are required to produce the necessary skill, and because there is little or nothing in the arts and business of civil life which prepares men for these peculiar services. But there are duties and services to be rendered by these troops, even in time of peace, which are of themselves of high importance in many points of view, and demand immediate attention from government."

"During the season of encampment at the Military Academy, the sappers, miners and pontoneers, would be carrying on a course of practical field engineering, in company with the graduating class of cadets, and under the direction of the officer of engineers, commanding the sappers, aided by all the officers of engineers who are stationed at the institution to assist in its instruction. By these means, this most useful description of knowledge will be diffused through every corps of the army; and officers of engineers, whose special duty it is to take charge of such operations, will be relieved from the necessity of taking the field without ever having seen constructed a gabion, fascine, or any other of the various and peculiar materials of their art."

"The instruction communicated to the sapper, miner and pontoneer, at the Military Academy, would, moreover, render them invaluable, as assistants to the engineer officers, carrying on civil or military works. If every officer in charge of a work in progress were supplied (according to the size of the work) with one or more of the men thus instructed, to act as overseers, the advantage to the public service, and the economy also, would be great. As it is, these officers are obliged to employ people who, however expert as mechanics, know nothing of the peculiar structures they are about to superintend, and are, moreover, almost always contaminated by the contract system of building, now generally applied to private edifices. And, after all, persons of suitable qualifications and character cannot be obtained, but at prices much beyond the highest rate proposed to be allowed the engineer soldiers. The presence in each of the ungarrisoned finished works, of one, two, or three of the engineer company, acting as fort-keepers, would produce not only a considerable saving of expense, but also result in a perfect state of repair and preparation for service at all times. These soldiers would be able to apply repairs of all sorts with their own hands; and their peculiar duty being to watch over the condition of the work, all injuries and dilapidation would be discovered, and arrested at the very commencement, when repairs would be easy and at small cost."

"An engineer non-commissioned officer, together with one or two engineer soldiers, to take charge of the fortifications, and an ordnance sergeant, and one or two ordnance laborers, to attend to the armament and ordnance stores, would constitute all the garrison absolutely necessary in time of peace, even in the larger works; and such a garrison might be confidently relied on to preserve the fortifications and their armament in good condition. This arrangement would allow the concentration of the other troops in masses, whenever the public service might require it; and it would at the same time be in perfect harmony with the purpose of exercising the volunteer companies of the neighboring cities and towns in the forts and batteries, thereby fitting them for the defence of these works in time of war."

"The want of this [engineer] force for services, both of peace and war, and the want in the officers of every corps in the army of that particular field instruction which can be acquired fully only by the aid of this force, are evils pregnant with important consequences; and as they are evils which can be cured only slowly and gradually, not a moment should be lost in resorting to the remedy."

"The creation of these engineer troops," says Mr. Poinsett, "is a measure essential to the efficiency of the service, and will have an important bearing upon the safety of the country, and the success of its arms in time of war. It is also recommended as a matter of economy. Taking the most unfavorable view of it, in this respect, the direct increase of expense to which it would subject the government would be but a few thousand dollars; much more than which would be saved by having such persons as the measure proposes for the important duties of overseers and sub-overseers, in the operations in progress at our military works under construction, and for taking charge of and

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keeping in proper repair those which, from various causes, cannot be occupied by troops. Being particularly trained for conducting, under the general superintendence of officers of engineers, the minor operations at the military works under construction, they would possess a degree of theoretical knowledge and practical skill that would enable them to undertake and accomplish, without loss of time, and without the cost of experiments, many important duties, which cannot be intrusted to the persons whom it is now necessary to employ as overseers, or could only be executed by them after considerable delay and (too often) costly experiment, because not possessed of the necessary information and experience. From the want of such persons, too, to take charge of fortifications, not occupied by troops, we are obliged to place some of them in charge of civil agents, who have not the requisite military information to enable them either to detect deteriorations, and suggest the repairs and improvements constantly required, nor to execute themselves or have them executed by others in the proper manner. But had we the persons to place in charge of such works, which a company of sappers would afford, instead of a large outlay of money for extensive repairs necessary in consequence of not having the means of detecting injuries to the works and applying the remedy in proper season, and for repairs and improvements of an unsuitable character, such as from time to time would be required, would be immediately seen, and could be made with but little comparative cost."

These are words of wisdom, and well will it be for our country if the government follow, in this matter, the recommendation of Mr. Poinsett, for his project is calculated to economise the public money in time of peace, and save the lives of our citizens and the honor of our flag in time of war. But let the subject be passed over in neglect, and the future historian will say of us, as Napier has said of the English: "*The best officers and finest soldiers were obliged to sacrifice themselves in a lamentable manner to compensate for the negligence and incapacity of a government always ready to plunge the nation into a war, without the slightest care of what was necessary to obtain success. Their sieges were but a succession of butcheries; because the commonest materials, and the means necessary to their art, were denied the engineers.*"

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The above article, from a pen highly qualified to treat of the topics which it embraces, we publish notwithstanding the fact that we look upon the general subject to which it refers from a very different point of view from that of the writer, as well as of the public at large. In other words, we so decidedly adopt the leading principles of the Peace Societies, as to have little favor for the military art, in any of its branches or applications, and little disposition either to extend or indeed improve our standing military system—regarding it as all wrong from beginning to end. On military principles, however, there can be no question of the soundness of the views of our correspondent; while the accumulation of facts and evidences by which he proves his positions cannot fail to have a high interest for the general reader, as well as for those who may look at the subject with a more scientific and professional eye.—Ed. D. R.

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# PASCAL.*

We do not propose, at present, to enter upon any discussion of Pascal, but to present our readers with some account of a work which we believe to be quite a novelty in the history of letters. A report, of five hundred pages length, on the necessity of a new edition of a classic, almost forces one to believe that the Republic of Letters is no fanciful corporation, no imaginary title, lent only by politics to literature to wear at her peculiar festivals; but that the august representatives of the mighty dead do gather together, from year to year, to adjust, in high debate, the false decrees of history, and, in council with each other, to strengthen and broaden their intellectual empire. The work before us might be a report of the great Eclecticist, as chairman of the committee to whom the subject of a new edition of Pascal's Reflections had been referred; but unlike most reports from committees, this would have the singular merit of being deeply interesting throughout to every cultivated taste. We hardly remember to have read any book of pure literature which gave us more engrossing and unmixed pleasure in its perusal.

The substance of his labors is thus briefly summed up by the author in his introduction, and will serve as a compendious account of the whole work:—

"I may say that the thesis, which forms the burden of this report, is demonstrated, to wit: the necessity of a new edition of the *Reflections*. Shall I ever furnish such edition? I would be glad to, but dare not pledge myself. I have here laid the foundations, however, and prepared the way—1st, by publishing the most important unpublished *Reflections* which are to be found in the autograph manuscripts: 2d, by replacing the true text of Pascal in essential points; 3d, by placing the authentic readings by the side of alterations of every kind which I designate; 4th, by giving separately and correctly many large passages of Pascal—that on the rule for betting upon the existence of a God; that on the two infinites, great and small; the entire letter addressed to Madame Périer (Pascal's sister) on the death of their father; the nine letters to Mademoiselle de Roannez, of which one alone was known to this time; several new letters of Pascal, and various unpublished writings of or about Pascal, which have been furnished from the manuscript in the king's library."

We deem no apology necessary to our readers for presenting them with a somewhat detailed account of M. Cousin's researches, and the conclusions to which he has been brought.

There seem to have been but two leading editions of the Pensées, prepared from original papers. Of these the first was the famous Port Royal edition, published in 1669, and the other and last, which made part of the *Œuvres complètes de Pascal*, edited by Bossut, was published in 1779. Fortunately the original documents, by which the accuracy of these editions may be tested, still exist. They were inherited by the Abbé Périer, a nephew of Pascal, and were deposited by him in the Abbey of Saint Germain-des-Prées, as appears by certificates attached to the MSS.; one of which we copy from M. Cousin, for the gratification of the curious.†

The Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, possesses, likewise, two copies of the

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* *Des Pensées de Pascal—Rapport à L'Académie Française sur la necessité d'une nouvelle edition de cet Ouvrage. Par M. V. Cousin. Paris*, 1843.

† "I, the undersigned, priest, canon, of the church of Clermont, certify that the present volume, containing pages, of which the first commences with these words: , and the last with these: , is composed of small pieces of paper, written on one side, or of loose leaves, which were found among the papers of my uncle, after his death, and are the originals of the book of *Reflections of M. Pascal*, printed by Desprez, at Paris, first in the year , and are written by his own hand, except a portion which he has dictated to such persons as have been near him on the occasion; which volume I have deposited in the library of Saint Germain-des-Prez, to be there preserved with other manuscripts there deposited. Done at Paris, this twenty-fifth September, seventeen hundred and eleven. Signed, Périer."



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"*Reflections*," made from the original, about the end of the 17th, or the commencement of the 18th century; to one of which was attached the following direction:—"If I should chance to die, let this packet be placed at Saint Germain-des-Prés, to facilitate the reading of the original, which is there deposited. Done in the Abbey of Saint Jean d'Angely, this 1st April, 1723. Signed, Fr. Jean Guerrier." Of this brother Guerrier nothing farther is known, save that his wishes were not complied with. Both copies remained with the family until in 1779 M. Guerrier de Bézame, *maître des requêtes*, entrusted them to Bossut for his use in preparing an edition of Pascal's complete works, upon which he was then engaged.

These are the sources which have been consulted in preparing the editions of the Reflections hitherto published. In addition to these, M. Cousin has examined two other manuscripts which are preserved in the Royal Library, and which are evidently, as he remarks, "very precious." The first is a folio entitled "*Manuscrit concernant M. Pascal, M. Arnaud, &c. Oratoire No.* 160;" and contains many important pieces relating to Port Royal, numerous letters from the members of that brotherhood, and among others from Pascal himself. The other, entitled "*Supplément aux Manuscrits Français*," contains the first part of the memoirs of all the family of Pascal, by M'lle Marguerite Périer, niece of Pascal, with many new autograph letters of Pascal and of his other distinguished associates; no part of which had ever been published until the present work of M. Cousin. The two manuscripts last referred to are now bound up in a large folio volume of 491 pages. Most of the leaves are written upon one side only and many are blank, so that the number of written pages is much reduced. These pages are for the most part small scraps of paper pasted together.* "One cannot suppress an emotion of melancholy," says Cousin, "in casting his eyes over this volume where the trembling hand of Pascal has traced during the agony of his last four years, those reflections which occurred to his mind, and which he expected one day to use in the composition of the great work he meditated."† They are thrown together in haste upon the first piece of paper which he found—in few words and sometimes in parts of words. His writing, always difficult to read, is sometimes indecypherable from the extreme smallness of the letters and the frequency of the most capricious abbreviations. A half page of his manuscript averages about two of the copies.‡ Some pages of the manuscript are in the hand-writing of strangers, although nine-tenths at least, comprehending all the larger pieces, are written by Pascal himself. He was in the habit of dictating to any person who happened to be near him, and the parts thus taken down may be distinguished always by their greater legibility, and occasionally by the awkward writing and bad spelling of some unaccustomed scribe, who happened to be trusted with the pen. The following examples will show that the great thinker was not very fastidious about the literary attainments of his amanuenses. We trust that their "having in spelling" may have been no fair measure of their fidelity.

"*Sommom jus somma injuria. La pluralité est la* meilieur vois, *parce quel est visible, et quel a la* forse *pour se faire obéire. Cepandant c'est l'avis des moins* abille." Msc. p. 44: "*S'il se veante, je l'abaisse; s'il s'abesse, je le veante; et le contreudit toujour jusqu'à se qu'il conpraine qu'il est un monstre inconpreansible.*"

"This writing," says the editor, "is probably by one of Pascal's domestics, for we can hardly attribute such blunders to any member of his family, not even his niece, Marguerite Périer, who at this time was about sixteen years of age." It would appear that Pascal labored his writing to the utmost. He is said to have re-written the Eighteenth Provincial sixteen times, which seems highly probable from the appearance of a lithographed fac-simile given in the appendix of a passage in his famous argument in favor of making a bet upon the existence of a God. This passage is repeatedly crossed and interlined, and is so crowded, as to be almost blotted with references to the margin and corners of the page, and even to different pages, while there is scarcely a word written out in full, or with even tolerable distinctness upon the whole sheet. It is from such fragments of paper, stuck together without

* Rap. 191. † Rap 10. ‡ Rap. 191.

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any arrangement, in defiance of the execrable chirography and worse spelling of the writing upon them, that M. Cousin proposes that a new and perfect edition of the Pensées should be prepared. The labor is immense, but it has been mostly executed already, the results of which are embodied in his Report to the Academy.

This Report is divided into three parts. In the first, the editor points out the "*Reflections*" contained in the editions of Port Royal and Bossut, which are not contained in the autograph manuscript, and also designates their origin and primitive form In the second, he shows what alterations in style and substance were made through the timidity and severe taste of the Port Royalists. In the third, are presented various important fragments from the manuscripts which have never before been published.

M. Cousin establishes clearly, that the chief and vital error of previous editors of this work, has arisen from their ignorance of its history. The "Reflections" were never intended to include all the pointed and brilliant *mots* of Pascal, or the more condensed expressions of thought or sentiments scattered over his works, but only those hints and memoranda, which during the last few years of his life, he put upon paper from time to time, as material to be availed of in the composition of what he intended should be the great work of his life, *An Apology for the Christian Religion.*

Madame Périer, in her touching biography of her brother, says that for some time preceding his death, he was chiefly occupied in collecting material for this task. In his conversations with his friends, likewise, he repeatedly stated the design of these memoranda, which make it apparent, independent of internal evidence from his manuscripts themselves, that the *Pensées* proper, were some of his reflections during the last four years of his life, upon the evidences of Christianity, and that properly none of his writings having a different import, belong to the collection.

This design, which should give a certain unity to those fragments, has been entirely lost sight of by all the editors of Pascal. They have ransacked all the religious writings of his life for startling or impressive reflections, for novel forms of expression, for brilliances of rhetoric, or examples of sententious logic, with which they have padded out the original work to twice its authentic size. Not content with this, Bossut, who edited the last edition of the works of Pascal, purporting to be complete, wandered still farther from the unity of plan upon which the *Reflections* were prepared, by dividing the work into two parts; the one containing Thoughts touching Philosophy, Ethics and Belles Lettres,—the other, Thoughts bearing more immediately upon Religion. The gross misconception of the author's plan which this arrangement implies, led to far more serious consequences in the compilation of the work.

The chapter on "The Condition of the Great," published as part of the Pensées, is the substance of three conversations of Pascal with the young Duke de Roannez, in the presence of Nicole, one of the Port Royal fraternity, who, nine or ten years after, writes it out from his memory. The famous chapter upon Epictetus and Montaigne, likewise, is the *débris* of a conversation which occurred at Port Royal between Pascal and Sacy, the great orientalist, several years before the appearance of the Provincial Letters. Fontaine, the secretary of Sacy, was present, and reported the whole of the conversation, and subsequently published it in his Memoirs. Not content with the manifest incongruity of publishing this chapter among the *Reflections*, which it preceded by a number of years, Bossut has so mutilated and disfigured it, that nothing scarcely but the topics are left to identify it. He has suppressed the colloquial form, stricken out everything that Sacy said, shortened any of Pascal's speeches that he thought a little prosy, amplified them where they seemed obscure, and removed all the logical forms of speech, so common at that period, which Fontaine had preserved, and finally stuck the whole together, according to his own ideas of what the occasion seemed to require. Besides these, there are three other chapters equally foreign to the Pensées, though unquestionably from the hand of Pascal. They constitute the three first articles in the first part of Bossut's edition. "*On Authority in Philosophy*," on "*Geometry in general*," and on the "*Art of Persuasion.*" These

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are separate essays, which were evidently written before the appearance of the Provincial Letters, and long before their author had conceived the design of the *Reflections*.

Thus says M. Cousin: "Out of the twelve articles composing the first part of Bossut's edition, behold five of the most considerable which clearly do not belong to it; two are not even by the hand of Pascal, and the other three, are papers composed upon other topics, and at a different period of his life."

There is scarcely a passage in the edition of Bossut, or in all the writings of Pascal, which has been dwelt upon so much, and valued so highly, as that in which he is represented as defending the part he took in the Provincial Letters, and declaring that if the controversy were to be undertaken again, he would be still more severe in his denunciation of the Jesuits. It had been stated, and very generally believed, that he had professed great regret at the course he had taken in the Jansenist controversy. This was of course a profound mortification to the enemies of the Jesuits, among which were comprised pretty much all save the members of the order; and when the contrary statement from the mouth of Pascal appeared upon the authority of Bossut, it gave universal delight to all the friends of its illustrious author. Bossut, however, does not give the source of this statement in his edition, but leaves the impression that it was one that had been overlooked by the Port Royalists and accidentally discovered by him among the MS. Reflections. Upon examination, it proves not to be one of the Reflections, but a statement by Mlle. Perier, Pascal's niece, of what was said by him upon that subject in her presence, though not to her, when she was about sixteen years of age. Instead of the language of Pascal, we have but the statement by a young girl of a conversation between her uncle and his friends, which she notes down in her memoirs, many years after the conversation occurred. It may be very true that Pascal made such a declaration, but there is no historian but must feel a very different degree of confidence in his written statement of the fact, from that which they could place in a woman's recollection of a conversation which transpired when she was only sixteen years of age, and in which she was taking no part except as a listener. M. Cousin has also made it appear that a large portion of the *Reflections* found in the 27th chapter of the Port Royal edition on "Miracles," and in the collection of "Christian Reflections," are taken from a series of nine letters from Pascal to Mlle. Roannez. The letters are long and discursive, and furnish, says M. Cousin, one thirtieth of the pages of the Port Royal edition. They were written after his second conversion, when all the fountains of his noble heart had been closed for ever to the world, and when he was exhausting by degrees, all the energies of his being in the vain attempt to emancipate his devotion from every natural affection or appetite. "They paint Pascal to us," says the Editor, "no longer as in 1651, retaining his friendly attachments, and reconciling them with progress in rational piety, but Pascal, under the discipline of the Abbé Singlier, engaged in the *sublimes petitesses* of Port Royal, delighted with and almost vain of the miracle of the Holy Thorn, with which he flattered himself that his conspicuous piety had been honored by his Creator, burying himself deeper day by day, and dragging others with him, in the depths of an exaggerated devotion." In this connection we may be pardoned for following the example of our author, by introducing a letter from Pascal to his sister, Mme. Périer, which has never been edited, and which, though it have nothing to do with the topics immediately under our consideration at present, is yet not altogether foreign to them, inasmuch as it illustrates the condition of Pascal's mind during the period he was meditating what he intended should be the great literary achievement of his life. Mme. Périer had secured to her daughter Jacqueline, then aged fifteen years, a highly eligible offer of marriage, and was anxious to have it sanctioned by the Port Royalists. Pascal opposed the marriage upon the extraordinary grounds stated in the following fragment, which is all that remains of a letter from Pascal to the mother.

"The substance of their opinion (of Messrs. Singlier, de Sacy, and de Rebours) was, that you could not in any wise, without doing mortal violence to charity and

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your conscience, and being guilty of one of the most terrible crimes, engage a child of her age and innocence, and even of her piety, to this most perilous and most base of the conditions of Christendom (*la plus périlleuse et la plus basse des conditions du Christianisme*); that though the world would see no objection to the marriage, and would have it consummated without hesitation, yet, in the sight of God, it was beset with objections, and was to be unhesitatingly rejected; because, however desirable is the condition of an advantageous marriage according to the world, it is as objectionable according to God. * *

* * * * * * *

That with their children, parents ought to endeavor to make reparation to God for what they may have otherwise neglected for other objects than God's glory. Besides that, husbands, though rich and wise in the world's estimation, are in fact but heathen before God. In fine, the last words of these gentlemen were, that to engage a girl to a man in marriage is a species of homicide and a *deicide* in their person."

Whether these excellent gentlemen assumed the necessity of some graceless sinners being left to enter the marriage state and forego the covenanted mercies of Providence for the propagation of our species, or that the race of man should terminate with the lives then in being, or that dwellers upon the earth would come like toads after a shower, without any apparent cause, doth not appear. They doubtless had some theory for the perpetuation of their kind, altogether satisfactory to themselves, for the mind that could adopt such absurdities would never be staggered by any of the logical consequences to which they would lead. For ourselves, however, meditating with only a finite intelligence upon this letter, in connection with the many other absurd things which have been done by great men, we feel constrained to say, that these absurdities have more deeply impressed us with the general equality of men's minds, than we have been impressed with their differences when we have contemplated their greatest achievements.

The most interesting portion of M. Cousin's labors is his exposure of the verbal alterations in the style of Pascal by his previous editors, where they thought they could improve it in word or thought. This should be interesting, because impudence is always stimulating, and we scarcely know in literature a rarer instance than was exhibited by the Port Royalist brotherhood in the parts they respectively took in making what they were pleased to call "*ces petits embellissements et eclaircissements*" of the writings of one who, says M. Cousin, "*knew as much of true rhetoric as any man has ever known.*" Bigotry, cowardice, pedantry, ignorance, bad taste, and vanity here united, like foul birds, to prey upon the literary remains of the great Corypheus of Jansenism. That we are not using too strong language will appear from the character of these alterations, a few of which we will extract. M. Cousin devotes over a hundred pages of his report to this exposure: we will select such instances as will be least diluted by translation to another language.

*Pascal.* The abode of truth is not here, she *wanders* unknown among men.
*Bossut.* She *is* unknown among men.
*Pascal.* It is ridiculous to say that an eternal reward is offered to *Escobarrish morals* (à des mœurs escobartines).
*Bossut* has it "licentious morals."
*Pascal.* "All other religions had failed. Let us see what the wisdom of God had effected."
*Port Royal.* "Let us see what the wisdom of God *teaches us on this subject, who speaks to us in the Christian religion.*"
*Pascal.* For two thousand years no Pagan had adored the God of the Jews.
*Port Royal.* "For two thousand years the God of the Jews had remained *unknown among the multitude of Pagan nations.*"
*Pascal.* "Thus not only the zeal of those who seek God, but the blindness of those who do not seek him, proves his existence."
*Port Royal.* "Thus not only the zeal of those who seek God proves *the true religion*, but also the blindness of those who do not seek him, and *who live in this horrible negligence.*"
*Pascal.* "Children abandon the delicate homes of their fathers, for the austerity of the desert."
*Port Royal.* Children abandon the home of their fathers to go to live in the deserts.
*Pascal.* "Devotees who have more zeal than knowledge."
*Port Royal.* Certain zealots who have no great knowledge.
*Pascal.* One has no idea of Plato or Aristotle but in the long robes of pedants.

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*Port Royal.* One has no idea *ordinarily* of Plato and Aristotle but in long robes, *and like personages always grave and serious.*

*Pascal.* From thence it happens that the pleasure of solitude is incomprehensible.

*Port Royal.* From thence it happens that there are so few persons *capable of enduring solitude.*

*Pascal.* We never live, but hope to live, and in always preparing to be happy, it is inevitable that we never shall be.*

*Port Royal.* "It is *indubitable* that we shall never have it, *if we do not aspire to another beatitude than that which one can enjoy in this life.*"

*Pascal.* For finally what is man in nature? A nothing compared with the infinite, everything as compared with nothing. A mean between nothing and everything. Infinitely incompetent to comprehend the extremes—the end and the origin of things are invincibly concealed in an impenetrable secret. He is equally incompetent to conceive of the nothing from whence he emanates, and the infinite in which he is to be engulphed."

*Port Royal.* "For finally what is man? A mean between nothing and everything. He is infinitely remote from *the two* extremes, *and his being is not less distant* from the nothing whence he emanates, and the infinities in which he is to be engulphed."

The third part of the report presents specimens of such unpublished materials as are to be found in the MS. works of Pascal, all of which appear to be curious, and which, for the most part, are impressed with the definiteness of thought and the felicity of diction, by which Pascal's published writings are distinguished. These passages are most valuable, however, as explaining more fully the real object and plan of the *Reflections.* The editor concludes his report by the following general allusion to them, and to the great work to which they referred :—

"These numerous indications prove incontestibly that the work to which Pascal had consecrated the latter years of his life, if he had been permitted to complete it, had not been merely an admirable theological or philosophical essay, but a crowning work of art, where one who, more than any other person, had studied the art of persuasion, would have unfolded all the resources of experience and of talent, all the power of dialectics, of pathos, of sarcasm, of vehemence, and of grace; who would have spoken all tongues, and have assumed all attitudes, to attract the human soul toward the asylum which Christianity has opened for its retreat. Of such a monument there has come to us but the garments, or rather the often unshapen materials, but out of them always shines the star of their author's genius. To collect and present these materials in the form they have reached us, is a pious duty which we have here commenced, which remains to be accomplished, and to the discharge of which we invite some young friend of letters. *Exoriare aliquis!* It will be sufficient for us to have indicated and marked out the route. We flatter ourselves, also, that the academy who have heard this long report through with so much indulgence, will not refuse its countenance, perhaps indeed its aid, to any person who, responding to our appeal, should undertake a critical and authentic edition of the Reflections.

We are sensible that this notice is already too long, but we cannot desist from extracting the following very curious incident in the early life of Pascal, which had never appeared before the publication of this report, but which is perfectly authentic. It is part of a fragment of seven pages, written by Pascal's niece, and is entitled

## MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF PASCAL.

### WRITTEN BY MAD'LLE. MARGUERITE PERIER, HER NIECE.

When my uncle was but one year old an extraordinary thing occurred to him. My grandmother, who, though very young, was also very pious and very charitable, had a large number of families to whom she was accustomed

* It would appear from the almost literal translation of this passage by Pope in the famous line,

"Man never is but always to be blest,"

that the illustrious bard of Twickenham was not wholly indebted to St. John for his philosophy.

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to give alms. One of her beneficiaries was reputed to be a sorceress. The world believed it, but my grandmother, who was a woman of very good sense and not credulous, ridiculed the charge, and continued to relieve the poor woman as before. About this time young Pascal fell into a decline. It is designated in Paris, "tomber en chartre;" but this decline was accompanied with two strange circumstances. One was that he could not look upon water without going into the most violent convulsions; and the other and more remarkable was, that he could not bear to see his father and mother approach him together. He enjoyed their caresses separately very much, but the moment they approached him in company, he screamed and struggled violently. This continued for more than a year, during which the disease augmented. He was thought to be at the point of death.

Everybody said to my grand-parents, that it was certainly owing to a charm which this sorceress had thrown upon the child. These suspicions were ridiculed or disregarded, and the woman was admitted and received alms as before. Finally, my grandfather was so importuned on all sides, that one day he called this woman into his cabinet, determined to get such facts as would put a stop to these charges. To the first questions put to her she replied gently, that these charges were made through envy of the charities which she was receiving. He determined to frighten her, and feigning to believe that she had charmed the child, threatened to hang her if she did not disclose the truth. He succeeded. She was frightened, and promised to tell all if he would spare her life. At this my grandfather was much surprised, and asked her what she had done and the cause of it. She said that she had once asked him to interest himself in a suit of hers, which he had declined because it was unjust; and to revenge herself she had thrown a *fate* over this child, which she had observed he loved very tenderly; and she was sorry to say it, but that its issue was death. My grandfather, much afflicted, cried, "What! must my child die?" She said there was a remedy,—but some one must die for him, and thus transfer the fate. My grandfather said that he would rather the child should die than any one else in its place. She replied that she could put the fate on a beast. My grandfather offered her a horse. She replied that was needlessly expensive, that a cat would do. He gave her one, which she bore off with her; and as she went down she found two Capuchins coming up to console my grandfather in the extremity to which his child was reduced. The friars said to this woman that she would yet invoke some charm with this cat. She took it and threw it through a window, from whence it only fell six feet, and was killed. She asked another, which my father procured for her. The great tenderness which he felt for this child so engrossed him that he did not think that the exorcism was only to be effected by a new invocation of the devil. This thought never occurred to him till a long time afterwards, when he repented his having given the occasion.

In the evening the woman came and told my father that she wanted a child under seven years of age, who before sunrise would gather nine leaves of three different kinds of herbs: that is, three of each sort. My grandfather mentioned the thing to his apothecary, who promised by the aid of his daughter to supply him, which he did the following day. Of the three kinds of herbs the woman made a cataplasm, which she brought to my grandfather's house, and directed it to be placed on the breast of the child. My grandfather applied it, and at noon, as he returned from the palace, he found the house all in tears, and he was told that the child was dead. He went up, found his wife weeping, and the child in the cradle, to all appearance dead. As he was leaving the chamber he met the woman who had brought the cataplasm on the steps, and attributing the death of the child to that application, gave her so violent a blow as to make her fall down the stairs. She got up again, and said that she observed he was angry because he believed the child dead; that she had forgotten to tell him in the morning that the child would appear dead until midnight, and that they must leave it in the cradle till that time, when it would "come to." My grandfather returned, and directed that the child should be kept, and not buried. Yet it appeared dead; it had neither pulse, voice nor respiration. It became cold, and had all the symptoms of death. They ridiculed my grandfa-

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ther's credulity. They kept the child thus; my grand-parents both being present, and unwilling to trust any one else. They heard every hour of the night strike, midnight included, without the child awaking. Between midnight and one o'clock, rather nearer to one, the child began to yawn. This was a great surprise. They took him up, warmed him, and gave him wine and sugar; he swallowed it. Afterwards the nurse presented her breast, which he took, without however exhibiting any signs of intelligence, or opening his eyes. He continued thus until six o'clock in the morning, when he opened his eyes, and recognized persons. Then seeing his father and mother together, he fell to crying as formerly, which made it appear that he was not cured. It was some consolation, however, that he was not dead. In about six or seven days he could bear the sight of water. My grandfather returning from mass one day, found him amusing himself with pouring water from one glass to another, as he lay in the arms of his mother. As my grandfather was about to approach, however, he would not endure it. In a few days after he did permit it, and three weeks from that time was perfectly cured.

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## THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

### A TRUE STORY OF TEXAS BORDER LIFE.

BY C. WILKINS EIMI.

My word for it, reader, I should never have ventured to construct a professed romance out of incidents so wild and strange as those of this narration. It is only with the hope that you will accept in good faith the assurance given in the same spirit, that these things *really did occur* while I was in the country, and most of them within my personal knowledge—that I venture to relate them at all. Remember, the scene is laid in a frontier county of Texas, and if you have even a remote conception of the history of that Republic and the general character of its social elements, you will be prepared for a good deal. But, though you might even have visited its cities and older settlements, you would still find it difficult to realize all that is true of frontier life, unless by extended travel and experience your faith should be fortified. When you can have to say, as I can, "what mine eyes have seen and ears heard,"—on that ground alone you will be "fit audience though few," to receive as matters of course, relations which would doubtless, for the moment, shock others as monstrous in improbability, if not indeed impossibility. The man of high civilisation will find great difficulty in understanding how such a deed as I am about to relate, requiring months to consummate, would have been carried through in the open face of law and the local authorities—but the man who knows this frontier will tell him that the rifle and bowie-knife are all the law and local authority recognized. Witness the answer President Houston gave when application was first made to him for his interposition with the civil force to quell the bloody "Regulator Wars" which afterwards sprang up in this very same county—"Fight it out among yourselves and be d—d to you!" A speech entirely characteristic of the man and the country, as it then was! It was in the earlier stages of the organization of this same "Regulator" association that our story commences.

Shelby county, lying in Western Texas on the border of the "Red Lands," was rather thinly settled in the latter part of '39. What population it had was generally the very worst caste of border life. The bad and desperate men who had been driven over our frontier formed a rallying ground and head-quarters here—seemingly with the determination to hold the county good against the intrusion of all honest persons, and as a sort of "Alsatia" of the West, for the protection of outlaws and villains of every grade. And indeed to such an extent had this proscription

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been carried that it had become notoriously as much as a man's life or conscience was worth who settled among them with any worthy purpose in view; for he must either fall into their confederacy—leave—or die! This was perfectly understood; and the objects of this confederacy may be readily appreciated, when it is known that every now and then a party of men would sally out from this settlement, painted and equipped like Comanchees, with the view of carrying off the horses, plundering, or murdering some marked man of a neighboring county; then returning with great speed, they would re-brand their plunder, resume their accustomed appearance, and defy pursuit or investigation. Not only did they band together for their operations in this way, but a single man would carry off a fine horse or commit a murder with the most open audacity, and if he only succeeded in escaping here, was publicly protected. I do not mean to have it understood that the whole population at this time were men of such stamp avowedly.

There were some few whose wealth to a degree protected them in the observances of a more seemly life—though they were compelled to at least wink at the doings of their ruffianly and more numerous neighbours; while there was yet another, but not large class of sturdy straightforward emigrants, who, attracted solely by the beauty of the country, had come into it, settled themselves down wherever they took a fancy,—with characteristic recklessness neither caring nor inquiring who were their neighbors, but trusting in their own stout arms and hearts to keep a footing. Of course all such were very soon engaged in desperate feuds with the horse-thieves and plunderers around them; and as they were not yet strong enough to make head efficiently—were one after another finally ousted or shot. It was to exterminate this honest class that the more lawless and brutal of the other associated themselves and assumed the name of "Regulators." They numbered from eight to twelve—and under the organization of rangers, commanded by a beastly wretch named Hinch, they professed to undertake the task of *purifying* the county limits of all bad and suspicious characters; or in other words, of all men who dared refuse to be as vile as they were,—or if they were, who chose to act independently of them and their schemes. This precious brotherhood soon became the scourge of all that region. Whenever an individual was unfortunate enough to make himself obnoxious to them, whether by a successful villainy, the proceeds of which he refused to share with them, or by the hateful contrast of the propriety of his course—he was forthwith surrounded—threatened—had his stock driven off or killed wantonly—and if these annoyances and hints were not sufficient to drive him away, they would publicly warn him to leave the county in a certain number of days, under the penalty of being scourged or shot. The common pretext for this was the accusation of having committed some crime, which they themselves had perpetrated with a view of furnishing a charge to bring against him. Their hate was entirely ruthless and never stopped short of accomplishing its purposes; and in many a bloody fray and cruel outrage had the question of their supremacy been mooted, until at last there were few left to dispute with them, and they tyrannised at will.

Among these few was Jack Long, as he was called, who neither recognized nor denied their power, and indeed never troubled himself about them one way or the other. He kept himself to himself, hunted incessantly, and nobody knew much about him. Jack had come of a "wild-turkey breed," as the western term is for a roving family; and though still a young man, had pushed on ahead of the settlement of two territories, and had at last followed the game towards the south, and finding it abundant in Shelby county had stopped here, just as he would have stopped at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, had it been necessary to pursue it so far. He had never been in the habit of asking leave of any power where he should settle, and of course scarcely thought of the necessity of doing so, now; but quietly set to work—built himself a nice log-cabin, as far off from everybody as he could get. And the first thing that was known of him, he had his pretty young wife and two little ones snugly stowed away in it, and was slaying the deer and the bears right and left.

The honest brotherhood had made several attempts at feeling Jack's pulse and ascertaining his availability; but

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he had always seemed so impassively good-natured, and put them off so pleasantly, that they could find no ground for either disturbing or quarrelling with him. What was more, he was physically rather an ugly-looking "customer," with his six feet four inches of brawn and bone; though the inclination, just discoverable in his figure, to corpulency, together with a broad, full, good-humoured face, gave an air of sluggishness to his energies, and an expression of easy simplicity to his temper, which offered neither invitation to gratuitous insult nor provocation to dislike. He was the very impersonation of inoffensive, loyal honesty, slumbering on its conscious strength; and these men, without exactly knowing why, felt some little disinclination to waking him. He had evidently never been roused to a knowledge of himself, and others felt just as uncertain what that knowledge might bring forth as he did, and were not specially zealous of the honor of having it first tested upon their own persons. So that Jack Long might have been left for many a day in quiet, even in this formidable neighborhood, to cultivate his passion for markmanship, at the expense of the dumb, wild things around him, but for an unfortunate display he was accidentally induced to make of it.

Happening to fall short of ammunition, he went one day to "the store" for a fresh supply. This cabin, together with the blacksmith's shop and one or two other huts, constituted the "county town," and as powder and liquor were only to be obtained there, it was the central resort of the Regulators. Jack found them all collected for a great shooting match, in preparation for which they were getting drunk as fast as possible, to steady their nerves. Hinch, the Regulator captain, had always been the hero of such occasions; for, in addition to being a first-rate shot, it was known that it would be a dangerous exertion of skill for any man to beat him,—for he was a furious and vindictive bully, and would not fail to make a personal affair of it with any one who should mortify his vanity by carrying off the prize from him. In addition, the band of scoundrels he commanded was entirely at his service in any extreme, so that they made fearful odds for a single man to contend with.

Everybody else in the county was aware of this state of things but Jack Long, and he either didn't know or didn't care. After they had fired several rounds, he went lounging listlessly into the crowd which had gathered around the target, exclaiming in admiration over the last brilliant shot of Hinch, which was triumphantly the best. The bully was as usual blustering vehemently, taunting every one around him, and when he saw Jack looking very coolly at the famous shot, with no grain of that deferential admiration in his expression which was demanded, he snatched up the board, and thrusting it insultingly close to his face, roared out—

"Here! You Jack Long-Shanks—look at that!—Take a good look! Can you beat it?" Jack drew back with a quiet laugh, and said good-humoredly—

"Psha! You don't brag on such shootin' as that, do you?"

"Brag on it! I'd like to see such a moon-eyed chap as you beat it?"

"I don't know as I'd be very proud to beat such bunglin' work as that."

"You don't! don't you!" yelled the fellow, now fairly in a rage at Jack's coolness. "You'll try it, won't you? You must try it! You shall try it, by G—d. We'll see what sort of a swell you are!"

"Oh, well!" said Jack, interrupting him as he was proceeding to rave for quantity,—"Just set up your board, if you want to see me put a ball through every hole you can make!"

Perfectly astounded at this rash bearding of the lion—for it was difficult to tell whether contempt or simplicity dictated Jack's manner—the men set up the board, while he walked back to the stand, and carelessly swinging his heavy rifle from his shoulder, fired seemingly as quick as thought. "It's a trick of mine," said he, moving towards the mark, as he lowered his gun; "I caught it from shootin' varments in the eyes;—always takes 'em there. It's a notion I've got,—it's my fun." They all ran eagerly to the target, and sure enough his ball, which was larger than Hinch's, had passed through the same hole, widening it!

"He's a humbug! It's all accident! He can't do that again!" shouted the ruffian, turning pale, till his lips looked blue, as the board was held up. "I'll

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bet the ears of a buffalo calf against his, that he can't do it again!"

"If you mean by that, to bet your own ears against mine, I'll take you up!" said Jack laughing, while the men could not resist joining him. Hinch glared around him with a fierce chafed look, before which those who knew him best quailed, and with compressed lips silently loaded his gun. A new target was put up, at which, after long and careful aim, he fired. The shot was a fine one. The edge of the ball had just broke the centre. Jack, after looking at it, quietly remarked:—

"Plumbing out the centre is my fashion; I'll show you a kink or two, Captain Hinch, about the clear thing in shootin'. Give us another board there, boys!"

Another was set up, and after throwing out his gun on the level, in the same rapid careless style as before, he fired; and when the eager crowd around the target announced that he had driven the centre cross clear out, he turned upon his heel, and with a pleasant nod to Hinch, started to walk off. The ruffian shouted hoarsely after him:

"I thought you were a d—d coward! You've made two good shots by accident, and now you sneak off to brag that you've beat me. Come back, sir! You can't shoot before a muzzle half as true!"

Jack walked on without noticing this mortal insult and challenge, while Hinch laughed tauntingly long and loud,—jeering him with exulting bitterness, as long as he could make himself heard, as "a flash in the pan,"—"a dunghill cock, who had spread his white feather," while the men who had been surprised into a profound respect for Long, and were now still more astonished at what they considered his "backing out," joined clamorously in hooting his retreat.

The fools! They made a fatal mistake, in supposing he left the insult unresented from any fear for himself. Jack Long had a young and pretty wife at home, and his love for her was stronger than his resentment for his own indignity. His passions were slow, and had never been fully roused—none of them at least but this love, and that presented her instantly, forlorn and deserted, with her little ones, in this wild country, should he throw away his life with such desperate odds; and seeing the turn the affair was likely to take, he had prudently determined to get away before it had gone too far. But had any of those men seen the spasm of agony which shivered across his massive features, as these gibing voices rang upon his ears in insult which no proud free hunter might endure, they would have taken the hint, to beware of chafing the silently foaming boar any longer.

This was an ill-starred day for Jack, though; from this time troubles began to thicken about him. The even tenor of his simple happy life was destroyed, and indignity and outrage followed each other fast. Hinch never forgave the unlucky skill which had robbed him of his proudest boast, that of being the best marksman on the frontier; and he swore, in base vindictive hate, to dog him to the death, or make him leave the country. Soon after this, a valuable horse belonging to a rich and powerful planter, disappeared. He was one of those men who had compromised with the Regulators, paying so much black-mail for exemption from their depredations, and protection against others of the same stamp; and he now applied to Hinch, for the recovery of his horse, and the punishment of the thief. This Hinch, under their contract, was bound to do, and promised to accomplish forthwith. He and some of his men went off on the trail of the missing horse, and returning next day, announced that they had followed it with all their skill through a great many windings, evidently intended to throw off pursuit, and had at last traced it to Jack Long's picket fence, and there could be no doubt but he was the thief! The planter knew nothing of Jack, but that he was a new comer, and demanded that he should be forced to give up the horse, and punished to the extremity of the frontier code. But this was not Hinch's policy yet awhile. He knew the proofs were not strong enough to make the charge plausible, even before a Lynch Court, of which he himself was both the prosecutor, judge, and executioner. His object was to first get up a hue and cry against Long, and under cover of a general excitement, accomplish his devilish purposes without question or mock trial even. So that, after a great deal of manœuvring, for eight or ten days, during which time the charge

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against Long was industriously circulated by his myrmidons, so as to attract general attention and expectation, as to the result of his investigations—he proclaimed far and wide, that he had found the horse at last, hid in a timber bottom near Long's! This, of course, seemed strong confirmation of his guilt, and though the mob were most of them horse-thieves, to all intents, yet it was an unpardonable crime for any one to practise professionally among themselves; so that Long was loudly denounced, and threatened on every side, and ordered to leave the country forthwith.

These proceedings Jack by no means comprehended, or felt disposed to be moved by; but gave them one and all to understand, that he meant to remain where he was, until it entirely suited his convenience to go; and that if his time and theirs did not happen to agree, they might make the most of it. And Jack was such an unpromising snaggish looking somebody, and his reputation which had now spread everywhere —of possessing such consummate skill with the rifle, that he thought it a condescension to shoot game anywhere else but in the eyes—was so formidable, that no individual felt disposed to push the matter to a personal collision. He might still, therefore, have been left in quiet, but Hinch had unfortunately taken up the impression, from Jack's conduct in the shooting-match affair, that he must be a coward, and if this were true, then all his skill amounted to but little; and like any other bloody wolfish brute, he followed him up the more eagerly for this very reason, which would have disarmed a generous foe. Besides, Jack had given fresh and weightier matter of offence, in that he had refused to obey, and defied his authority as Regulator. The very being of that authority seemed to require now that a wholesome example should be made of him, for the awing of all refractory persons hereafter. The wretch, who was cunning as ferocious, and had sworn in his inmost heart to ruin and disgrace Long, from the moment of that triumph, now availed himself remorselessly of all his influence, and knowledge of the society around him, to accomplish it. Several horses now disappeared, and robberies of other kinds, perpetrated with singular dexterity, followed in quick succession. All these things he managed, through the clamors of his scoundrely troops, to have laid, directly or indirectly, to Jack's door.

But in the popular estimation they counted as nothing, in fixing the charge of dangerous malice upon poor Long, in comparison with one other incident. About this time not only Hinch himself, but every other person who had made himself conspicuous, by insisting upon Jack's guilt, and the necessity of punishing him summarily, began to lose, every day or two, valuable stock, which was wantonly shot down sometimes in sight of their houses; and it soon began to be remarked that every animal lost in this way, *had been shot in the eye!* This was instantly associated, of course, with Jack's well known and curious predilection for that mark in hunting, and a perfect storm of indignation followed. A meeting was at once convened at "the store," of which the Planter was the chairman; and at it, by a unanimous vote, a resolution was passed condemning Jack Long to be whipped and driven out of the country —and Hinch with his Regulators appointed to carry it into effect! He could hardly contain himself for joy; for now, whatever extreme his pitiless malignity might choose to indulge itself in, he had no fear of after-claps or questioning. The meeting had been a mere form at any rate. But these "formalities" are all-powerful everywhere; and unsettled and elementary as was the condition of society here, this ruffian leader of ruffians felt the necessity of acting under their sanction, though he himself had dictated it. He would and could have consummated his purposes without it; but the faint life of conscience within him—by a species of logic peculiar to itself—felt relieved of the grievous responsibility of such a crime, in the sense of participating with so many others. Many a man has gone to the devil in a crowd, who would have been horrified at undertaking the journey alone.

It was the third day after this meeting. Jack, during all these persecutions, had deported himself with the most stolid indifference. Avoiding all intercourse with the settlers, he had continued to hunt with even more assiduity than usual, and was in a great measure ignorant of the unenviable notoriety he was enjoying. He had

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heard something of the charge with which his character had been assailed, but attributed them all to the jealous enmity he had incurred at the shooting match. He could understand perfectly how one man could hate another who had beat him in shooting, and thought it natural enough; but he could not understand how that hatred might be meanly and desperately vindictive, and therefore gave himself no uneasiness about it. He was only anxious that his wife should not hear and be annoyed by any of these things, and preserved his usual cheerfulness of demeanor.

He had just returned from hunting, and laying aside his accoutrements, partook of the simple meal her neat housewifery had prepared for him; then stretching himself upon the buffalo robe on the floor, romped with his two rosy-cheeked boys, who rolled over his great body, and gamboled and screamed in riotous joy around him; but mother wanted some water from the branch, and the frolic must be given over while Jack would go and bring it. So jumping up, he left the little-folk pouting wilfully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thicket. It was against Jack's religion ever to leave his house without his gun; but the wife, whom he loved above all the universe of sentiment and everything else, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short,—so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by brush, when he felt a light tap on each shoulder, and his career strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognized the voice of Hinch, shouting, "Down with him! Drag him down!" as the men who had hold of the lasso about his body jerked at it violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one convulsive effort, which would have freed him, but that the infernal noose had fallen true, and bound his arms. As it was, he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door, before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him over the head with the butt of a gun. The last objects which met his eye as he sank down, were the horrified faces of his two children and wife looking out upon him!

The blow deprived him of his senses for some time, and when he recovered he found himself half stripped, and lashed to a tree a short distance from his house,—Hinch in front of him, with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and outside this group a circle of men with guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eye took in everything at one glance. A shudder, like that of an oak rifting to its core, sprang along his nerves, and seemed to pass out at his feet and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead lintel of his door would have done; and the agony of that poor wife shrilling a frantic echo to every harsh slashing sound, seemed to have no more effect upon his ear than it had upon the tree above them, which shook its green leaves to the self-same cadence they had held yesterday in the breeze. His wide-open eyes were glancing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who stood around —those features are never to be forgotten!—for while Hinch lays on the stripes with all his furious strength, blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if it marked them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful—so concentrated —so still—so enduring! He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed—but those intense eyes of his!—the wretches couldn't stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other. But it was too late; he had them all—ten men! *They were registered.*

We will drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say, that after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him; telling his wife, that if they were not out of the country

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in ten days he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and, as it was said, returned with his family to Arkansas, where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

About four months after this affair, in company with an adventurous friend, I was traversing Western Texas. Our objects were to see the country, and amuse ourselves in hunting for a time over any district we found well adapted for a particular sport—as for bear-hunting, deer-hunting, buffalo-hunting, &c. Either of these animals is to be found in greater abundance, and of course pursued to greater advantage in peculiar regions; and as we were anxious to make ourselves familiar with all the modes of life in the country, we made it a point in passing through to stop wherever the promise of anything specially interesting offered itself. Prairies, timber and water were better distributed in Shelby than any county we had passed through—the timber predominating over the prairie, though interlaid by it in every direction. This diversity of surface attracted a greater variety and quantity of game, as well as afforded more perfect facilities to the sportsman. Indeed it struck us as a perfect Hunter's Paradise; and my friend happening to remember a man of some wealth, who had removed from his native county, and settled, as he had understood, in Shelby, we inquired for him, and very readily found him.

Whatever else may be said or thought of the Texans, they are unquestionably most generously hospitable. We were frankly and kindly received, and horses, servants, guns, dogs, and whatever else was necessary to ensure our enjoyment of the sports of the country, as well as the time of our host himself, were forthwith at our disposal, and we were soon, to our hearts' content, engaged in every character of exciting chase.

One day we had all turned out for a deer-drive. This hunt, in which dogs are used for driving the game out of the timber, scatters the hunters very much; they are stationed at the different "stands," which are sometimes miles apart, to watch for the deer passing out; for this reason the party seldom gets together again until night. We divided in the morning, and skirted up opposite sides of a wide belt of bottom timber, while the "drivers" and dogs penetrated it, to rouse the deer, which ran out on either side by the stands, which were known to the hunters. We were unusually successful, and returned to a late dinner at our host's, the planter's house. By dusk all had come in, except my friend, whose name was Henry, and a man named Stoner, one of the neighbors, who had joined our hunt. Dinner was ready, and we sat down to it, supposing they would be in, in a few moments. The meal was nearly over, when Henry, who was a gay, voluble fellow, came bustling into the room, and, with a slightly flurried manner, addressed our host:—"Squire, this is a strange country of yours! Do you let crazy people range it with guns in their hands?"

"Not when we know it. Why? What about crazy people? You look excited."

"Well, I think I've had enough to make me feel a little curious."

"What is it? What is it?" exclaimed everybody, eagerly.

"Why, I have met with either the Old Harry himself—a ghost—or a madman;—and which it is, I am confoundedly puzzled to tell!"

"Where? How?"

He threw himself into a chair, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and continued:—"You know, Stoner and myself, when we parted from you all this morning, took up the right-hand side of the bottom timber. Well, Stoner accompanied me to my 'stand,' where we parted; he to go on to his; and I have seen nothing of him since. Soon after he left me, a deer passed out—I shot it—wounded it—and jumped on my horse to pursue it. The deer had staggered at my fire, but was not so badly wounded as I supposed, and led me off, until it suddenly occurred to me that I might get lost, and I reined up; but I soon found that this sober second-thought had come too late, and that I was already out of my latitude. I wandered about nearly all day, though taking care not to go very far in any one direction, before I came across anything which promised to set me right again. I at last came upon a wagon trail, and felt relieved, for I knew it must take me to some point where I could get information. The trail was narrow, leading through scrubby thickets; and I was riding along slowly, looking down, in

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the hope of detecting the tracks of some of your horses, when the violent shying of my horse caused me to raise my eyes. And, by George! it was enough to have 'stampeded' a regiment of horse! On the left of the trail stood a very tall skeleton-like figure, dressed in skins; one foot advanced, as if he had stopped in the act of stepping across it, and a long heavy gun, just swinging down to the level, bearing on me. Of course, my heart leaped into my throat, and my flesh shrank and crept. Before I could think of raising my gun, my eyes met those of this strange figure; and such eyes! Surprise at their cold, unnatural expression, suspended my action; burning with a chill singular brilliancy, in deep-sunken sockets, they looked as if they never had winked. Dwelling steadily upon my face for a moment, they seemed to be satisfied, and the gun was slowly thrown back upon his shoulders; and plucking at a long grisly beard, with an impatient gesture of his bony hands, the figure made a stride across the trail, and without speaking a word plunged into the thicket. I was so confounded by this curious dumb-show, that he was nearly concealed in the brush before I found my tongue to shout to him to stop; but he kept on, not even turning his head. I was provoked, and spurred my horse in after him, as far as I could penetrate, but he kept on, and I lost sight of him in a moment, and whether he can talk at all or not, is more than I can tell!"

"Did you look at his feet, Henry?" interrupted one of the party. "I expect it was old—"

"Never mind what you expect—hear me out," he continued. "I followed the trail, which wound about, it seemed to me, towards all the points of the compass, for an hour or more; when at last it led me out into a prairie, which I thought I recognized. I stopped, and was looking around to make out the landmarks, when a horse with a saddle on burst from the woods behind me, and tore off across the prairie, as if he too had seen the devil."

"What color was he?" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices in a breath.

"He was too far off for me to distinguish more than that he was a dark horse—say about as much so as mine. I could distinguish the pummel of the saddle and the stirrups flying!"

"Stoner's horse was a dark bay," was buzzed around the table in low tones, every one looking seriously in his neighbor's face.

"Yes!" said the Squire, rising and stepping uneasily to the window. "Stoner's horse was a good deal like yours; he must have got away from him, and that is what detains him. But then the nag was a very kind creature, and well trained. I wonder it should have behaved so!"

"Don't believe 'bay' would have done it, Squire," said one of the men. "Something's gone wrong, I think! Was the bridle down, Mr. Henry?"

"It was too far off for me to tell. I followed in the direction the horse took, and soon found myself here, and expected to find it here too!"

"No! Stoner's is beyond here," said the Squire. "That wagon trail you were turning and twisting about in, is a road I had opened to a number of board-trees we cut and rived out there; you might have followed it for hours and not been more than a mile or so from the place you started from. That ghost of yours, by-the-way, may be some crazy fellow, who has wandered off into these parts, with mischief in him! Did you hear no gun?"

"I thought I did—about an hour after parting with that man, or devil, or whatever he was—but the sound was so faint and distant, that, for fear I might be mistaken, I did not go to it; and the road had turned so frequently, I could not tell whether it was in the direction he went off or not."

Here the "driver" interposed, saying that he had heard a rifle about that time on the right, but supposing it to be Henry or Stoner, he thought nothing of it. And a half-laughing discussion followed as to the probable character of the wood-ghost Henry had reported of—some asserting that he was quizzing us—for these men were too much accustomed to the exigences of a hunter's life to be for more than a moment seriously affected by the circumstance of Stoner's non-arrival. In the midst of this, a horse's feet were heard galloping up to the door, and a loud "Hilloa!" followed. The Squire rose hastily and went out. In a moment after he entered, looking pale and excited.

"Tom Dix (one of Stoner's neighbors) says that his horse has come home without a rider, the reins upon its

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neck, and a clot of blood upon the pummel of the saddle! Boys! he's been shot! Just as I suspected from the first!"

Everybody rose at this announcement—looking in the face of him opposite with a blank pallid stare.

"The crazy man!" ejaculated several. "Strange!"—"Very mysterious business!" said others.

"I tell you what," said the Squire after a pause, "has struck me from the first. It is that this strange-looking fellow Henry saw, mistook him for Stoner, until he looked into his face, for Henry's horse and general appearance are not unlike his,—and when he found that he was wrong, got out of the way and went on till he met Stoner himself, and has shot him!"

"No doubt of it!" said several.

"But it's a very mysterious affair," continued he—"I know of no such looking man in this region as Henry describes; but at any rate he will be hunted down to-morrow, for Stoner was one of the Regulators, and Hinch is a perfect blood-hound! He can hardly escape him—crazy or not crazy!"

This seemed to be the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and as it was too dark for us to do anything that night we resumed our seats to discuss over and over again these details; while the Squire sent off a messenger summoning Hinch and the Regulators to be on the ground early in the morning!

Before sun-rise in the morning, Hinch arrived with six men. I was waked by his loud blustering and swearing. He was raving, as I afterwards understood, about Henry; calling his story about the meeting with the remarkable personage—all humbug—and asserting his belief that if a murder had been committed, Henry was its author. Our host quieted him in some way, and when we came out to join them he greeted us with a snarling sort of civility. He was a thick-set, broad-shouldered, burly-looking wretch, with blood-shot eyes, and face bearing all the marks of riotous debauchery! Our search was for several hours entirely unsuccessful, until Henry by accident found the place where he had encountered the Bearded Ghost, as some one christened him. Here one of the keen-eyed hunters found the traces of a large moccassined foot. These were pursued for several miles and lost, but on spreading our line and continuing the same general course for some distance farther, we at last found indeed the body of Stoner! It had been so much mutilated by the wolves and ravens that little examination was made of the bones. We gathered them together to carry them home to his family, and in doing this I noticed the fracture of a bullet through the back of the skull. It had been stripped bare of flesh, and both eyes plucked out by the birds, and was too shocking an object for close examination. But what puzzled all parties most was the discovery, a short distance off, of the trail of a shod horse. Now, there was perhaps not a horse in Shelby county that wore shoes, and certainly not one in our party. Shoeing is never thought of, being unnecessary where there are no stones. This was as perfect a pozer as even Henry's story, and threw yet a greater air of inexplicability around the affair! It was thought that this track might be easily traced to any distance—but after worrying about it for several days, it was given up in despair, and the Regulators, fatigued and disheartened, scattered for their respective homes.

But one of their number never reached his. Being missed for two days, there was a general turn-out to look for him; and as had been the case with Stoner, his body was found torn to pieces by the wolves. The report was, that he too had been shot through the back of the head.

These murders, and the singular circumstances accompanying them, created great sensation. Hinch and his troops scoured the country in every direction, arresting and lynching suspicious persons, as they called them. One poor inoffensive fellow they hung and cut down four or five times, to make him confess; but nothing was elicited; and they left him with barely a spark of life.

That evening, as they were returning to their head-quarters at the store, one of them named, Winter, missed a portion of his horse furniture, which had become accidentally detached. He said he had observed it in its place a mile back,—that he would return to get it, and rejoin them at the store, by the time they should be ready to commence the spree they had determined on going into that night. He left them, and never returned. They soon got

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drunk, and did not particularly notice his absence until some time the next day, when his family, alarmed by the return of his horse with an empty saddle, sent to inquire after him. This sort of inquiries had come to be so significant of late, that they were instantly sobered, and mounting, rode back on their trail. Very soon a swarm of buzzards and wolves, near a line of thicket ahead, designated the whereabouts of the object of their search; and there they found his fleshless bones scattered on every side. They were appalled. The reddest-bloated cheek among them blanched! It was terrible! They seemed to be doomed! Three of their number dead and torn to pieces within ten days; and yet not the slightest clue to the relentless and invisible foe, but that ghostly story of Henry's, and the tracks which only served to tantalize them! It must be some dread supernatural visitation of their hideous crimes! They shivered, while the great drops started from their foreheads, and without thinking of looking for any trail, or even gathering up the bones, they started back at full speed, spreading the alarm everywhere. The excitement now became universal and tremendous. Nearly the whole country turned out for the purpose of unravelling this alarming mystery; and the superstitious frenzy was in no small degree heightened by the report, that this man had been shot in the same way as the others,—in the *back of the head!*

These incidents were all so unaccountable, that I own I felt no little sympathy with the popular association of a supernatural agency in their perpetration. Henry laughed at all this, but insisted that it was a maniac; and to account for the peculiar dexterity of his escapes and whole management, related many anecdotes of the proverbial cunning of madmen. The wildest, most absurd, and incredible stories were now afloat among the people concerning this deadly and subtle foe of the Regulators; for it was now universally believed and remarked, that it was against them alone that his enmity was directed. The story of Henry was greatly improved upon and added to; and, as some reports had it, the Madman,—as others, the Bearded Ghost, was seen in half a dozen places at the same time;—now on foot, stalking with enormous strides across some open glade from thicket to thicket—passing out of sight again before the observer could recover from his surprise;—then mounted, he was seen flying like the shadow of a summer cloud over the prairies, or beneath the gloom of forests, always haggard and lean, dressed in skins with the hair on, and that long, heavy, terrible rifle on his shoulder! I noticed that there was only one class of men who ventured to assert that they had actually seen with their own eyes these wonderful sights, and that was constituted of those who either had suffered, or from their characters and pursuits, were most likely to suffer persecution from the Regulators—the class of hunter emigrants. These men were most industrious in embellishing all the circumstances of character, feats, and relentless hatred to the Regulators, as highly as the excited credulity of the public would bear. They never saw him except in the vicinity of the homes of some one of these hated tyrants! In their versions this being was for ever hovering around them, waiting the moment to strike while they were alone and far from any help.

They carried this thing so far as to attract attention to it, and arouse in the cunning mind of Hinch the same suspicion which had occurred to Henry and myself, namely, that all this was the result of a profoundly acute and thoroughly organized scheme of this class, headed by some man of peculiar personalities and consummate skill, with the object of exterminating or driving off the Regulators. It seemed impossible, that, without collusion with many others, the murderer should have been able to so baffle all pursuit. Hinch and his band had been thoroughly cowed and awed; but the moment this idea occurred to them, the reaction of their base fears was savage exultation. Here was something tangible; their open and united force could easily exterminate an enemy who had acknowledged their weakness in resorting to secret combination and assassination from "the bush!" They forthwith proclaimed "war to the knife," with the whole class; and during the next week several outrages, so revolting that I will not detail them, were perpetrated upon these men in different parts of the county; and the fact that, during this general tumult, nothing more was seen or heard of the mysteri-



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ous Rifleman, encouraged them with the belief that they had succeeded in getting rid of him through the intimidation of his confederates.

They had now been for nearly a fortnight in the saddle—had glutted themselves with vengeance, and, as they conceived, broken down this dangerous conspiracy against their power; and if they had not succeeded in detecting and punishing, had at least frightened off their singular foe. They now concluded they might safely disband. That day, after they separated, one of their number, named Rees—almost as bad and savage a man as Hinch himself—was riding past a thicket, in sight of his own house, when he was shot from it. His negroes heard the gun, and seeing his horse galloping up to the house riderless and snorting wildly, they ran down, and found him stretched in the road dead. *He was shot in the eye*, and the ball passed out at the back of his head.

When Hinch heard this, he turned perfectly livid, his knees smote together, and with a horrible oath, he exclaimed, "It's Jack Long, or his ghost, by G—! come back for vengeance!" It was now perceived, for the first time, that all the men had been shot through the eye, instead of in the back of the head, where the ball had only passed out after entering at the socket. The other heads had been too unpleasantly mutilated for examination, and this fact had not been before observed. Of course, everybody was satisfied now, that this terrible being was in one way or another identified with Jack Long; for the notoriety of his favorite mark and his matchless skill instantly occurred to all, as accounting for much that was unaccountable in these occurrences. This produced a great change in public feeling. The better sort began to conceive that they understood the whole matter. The lynching Jack had received was fresh in their memories, and they supposed that its severity had shaken his mental balance and made him a monomaniac, and that the disease had endowed him with the marvellous cunning—the staunch, murderous hate—and the unnatural appearance, which had created such sensation. They could not understand how a being so simple-hearted and sluggish as he was reputed to have been, could have been roused or stung to such deeds by the mere depth and power of his natural passions. But monomaniac or not, such a vengeance, and the daring conduct of the whole affair, were very imposing to their associations and prepossessions, and they sympathized heartily with him. It was only while the general uncertainty left every man in doubt whether his own person might not be next the object of this murderous aim, that the public were disposed to back the Rangers in whatever violent measures they might choose to resort to, to drag the secret to light, and the actor to punishment; but now that it was apparent his whole hate was levelled against the Rangers, and all that uncertainty was confined to them, be he devil, ghost, madman, or Jack Long, the public had no intention of interfering again. It was a personal issue between him and them—they might settle it between themselves! Indeed, men felt in their inmost hearts that every man of the ten engaged in the lynching of Jack Long deserved a dozen times over to be shot; and now they looked on coolly, rather enjoying the thing, and earnestly hoping that Jack might have the best of it.

And of this there seemed to be a strong probability; for the Regulators made only one more attempt to get together; but another of their number being killed on his way to the rendezvous, his body bearing that well known and fearful signature of skill, the remaining five, perfectly unnerved and overwhelmed with terror, retreated to their houses, and scarcely dared for several weeks to put their heads outside their own doors.

The class to which Jack had belonged, at least those of them who had managed to keep a footing during the relentless proscription of the Regulators, now began to look up, and hinted that they had known of Jack's return from the time of Stoner's murder, and had aided and abetted his purposes in every way in their power; furnishing him with fresh horses when the noble animal he rode back from the States became fatigued; assisting his flights and concealments, and furnishing him with information, as well as spreading the exaggerated stories about him. One bluff old fellow remarked:

"You are fools who talk about Jack's being crazy! He's as calm and cold as a frosty morning up in old Kentuck;

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and his head's as clear as a bell! He's just got his Indian-fightin' and Tory-hatin' blood waked up in him by them stripes! That's a blood you know that's dangersomer than a catamount when it once gets riz!"

Jack was now frequently seen, but it was known that his work was only half done, and that he meant to finish it, and he was regarded with great curiosity and awe. The five wretched men were entirely unstrung and panic-stricken. They made no attempt at retaliation, but all their hopes seemed to lie in the effort to get out of his reach. That long, heavy rifle haunted them day and night. They saw its dark muzzle bearing on them from every bush, and through the chinks of their own cabins!

One of them, named White, who was an inveterate toper, with all his terror could not resist his inclination for liquor, and after a confinement in his house of nearly three weeks, determined to risk all and go to the store and buy him a barrel. He went in a covered wagon, driven by a negro, while he lay stretched on the bottom in the straw. The barrel of liquor was obtained—he got into the wagon—lay down beside it, and started for home. All the way he never raised his head until, near the mouth of his lane, a log had been placed on the side of the road which tilted up the wagon in passing over it, so as to roll the barrel on him. He forgot his caution, and sprang up with his head out of the cover to curse the boy for his carelessness, and at that moment a rifle was discharged. He fell back dead—*shot through the eye!* The boy said that his master suddenly cut short his oaths, and exclaimed, "There he is!"—at the moment the gun fired. He saw a tall man with a beard hanging down on his breast and dressed in skins, walking off through the brush with his rifle on his shoulder.

The next man, named Garnet, about two weeks after this, got up one morning about sun-rise, and in his shirt sleeves stepped to his door and threw it open to breathe the fresh air. He was rubbing his eyes, being about half asleep; and when he got them fairly open, there stood the gaunt avenger beside a tree in the yard—the fatal rifle levelled, and waiting till his victim should see him distinctly. He did see him—but it was with his last look! The bullet went crashing through his brain too! Long is said to have told one of his friends that he never in a single instance shot one of these men till he was certain the man saw and recognized him fully.

All were gone now but Hinch and the two youngest men of the party, Williams and Davis. The two latter were permitted to escape. Whether it was from relenting on the part of the dread avenger,—or that he had observed some trifling thing in their demeanor on the occasion of the outrage he was thus punishing, which recommended them to mercy, now that his resentment had so deeply drank of the bitter delight of atonement,—or that in his anxiety to secure Hinch, he confined his efforts and watchfulness to him alone—I do not know. They made a forced and secret sale of their property, and cleared out during the night. But it was for Hinch he had with passionless calculation reserved the most inconceivable torture. He had passed him by all this time, while one after the other he struck down the tools and companions of his crimes. He doomed him to see them falling around him with the certain knowledge that the avenging hate which slew them burned with ten-fold intensity for his life—that it must and would have it! But when would the claim be made? Should he be the next one? No! The next one? No! But then each succeeding death, so sure to take one of their number, drove away every sophistry of hope, and realized to him in bare and sterner horror that his own fate was as fixed as theirs. As each one fell away the circle of doom narrowed—slowly, steadily closing in about him. Soon there would be no one left but him! How could he call an hour his own? When could he feel safe? That relentless subtlety had baffled them all! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, strong men had all gone down before that fearful rifle—*every one of them shot through the eye!* God of Heaven!—and the sharp agony would spangle keen points of burning light through his brain, as if the ball were already bursting through a socket! "I too must be shot through the eye!" Horror! It was worse than ten thousand deaths, and he died them in lingering tortures told over day by day.

From the time of Rees's death he

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looked a changed and stricken man. In a few weeks he had lost a great deal of flesh, and became piteously haggard —his eyes and gait and voice were all humble. His turbulent and fierce animality faded before the harrowing suspense of this fear. The bully and murderous ruffian trembled at the rustling of a leaf. His own imagination became his hell—and hungry remorse grew stronger and stronger with feasting at his heart! He never left his house for weeks, until the escape of Williams and Davis inspired him with some hope. He procured a fine horse, and set off one dark night for the Red River! Everybody regretted his escape —for men had looked in quiet expectation upon the progress of this affair, and in strong faith that the sense of wild border justice would be gratified in seeing this stern, righteous and unparaleled vengeance consummated by the fall of Hinch—the monster instigator and chief actor in all the grievous outrages which had roused the simple-hearted Long into a demon-executioner of doom.

Hinch reached the bank of the Red River—sprang from his foaming and exhausted horse, after looking cautiously around—and threw himself upon the grass to wait for a steamboat. In two hours he heard one puffing down the stream, and saw the white wreaths of steam curling up behind the trees. How his heart bounded! Freedom, hope, and life!—once more sprang through his shrivelled veins and to his lips. He signalled the vessel; she rounded to and lowered her yawl. His pulse bounded high, and he gazed with absorbing eagerness at the crew as they pulled lustily towards the shore. A click—behind him! He turned, with a shudder, and THERE HE WAS! That long rifle was bearing straight upon him—those cold eyes dwelt steadily upon him for a moment—and crash! all was for ever blackness to Hinch the Regulator! The men who witnessed this singular scene landed, and found him *shot through the eye;* and saw the murderer galloping swiftly away over the plain stretching out from the top of the bank! And so the vengeance was consummated, and the stern hunter had wiped out with much blood the stain of stripes on his free limbs; and could now do, what I was told he had never done since the night of those fatal and fatally expiated stripes, look his wife again in the eyes, and receive her form to rest again upon his breast.

It was an awful deed. In view of all its circumstances, the provocation, the character of Long, the deranging influence of the outrage upon his brain, though no other indication appeared of impaired sanity—the mind is lost in uncertainty as to the judgment which should be passed upon it. He did not remain in Shelby county; but in what direction he had intended to go after returning to Arkansas for his wife and children, I could never hear. He is probably living now his old quiet and good-natured life in the heart of the green wilderness; and it is as likely as not that one of those two chubby boys who rolled with him about the floor of his log-cabin on that memorable night of which I have above simply related the events and the consequences, will some of these days come to Washington from congressional districts beyond the Rocky Mountains.

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## ROBERT J. WALKER.

Mr. Walker, Senator from Mississippi, was born in 1801, at Northumberland, on the river Susquehanna, in the State of Pennsylvania. His father, who was a native of Carlisle, in the same State, served faithfully as a soldier of the Revolution, and afterwards held the stations of President Judge, and of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, and also of the District Court of the United States in the State of Pennsylvania. The two first offices he held by successive appointments from Governors M'Kean and Snyder, and the last from President Monroe. His mother, who was also a native of Pennsylvania, was a sister of the late Thomas Duncan, so distinguished as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of that State. Mr. Walker's parents were both eminent for piety and worth, and great pains were taken by both in the education and moral training of their son. His father was distinguished for talents and learning; he was greatly beloved by the people of Pennsylvania, and many new townships of that State were called by his name. Having been trained for college at Bedford, Pennsylvania, by that learned divine, James R. Wilson, Mr. Walker was sent to the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, where he graduated in August, 1819, with the first honor of his class, unrivaled and undivided. His parents being anxious to continue to him the advantages of moral and religious training, he spent his collegiate years in the family of that eminent scholar and divine, the Rev. Dr. Samuel B. Wylie. Mr. Walker's class was very numerous, containing, among other graduates, a celebrated divine, a distinguished member of Congress, an able and learned professor, and an eminent member of the cabinet of Mr. Van Buren. On leaving college, Mr. Walker settled at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1821. In 1822, being then twenty-one years of age, he was appointed a member of the Democratic Committee, and in June, 1823, in the great struggle for Governor of Pennsylvania between the Federal and Democratic parties, he was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Democratic young men of Pittsburg, and wrote their address so extensively circulated in that canvass. In October, 1823, he, together with several other young Republicans, signed a call for a meeting of the Democratic citizens of the city of Pittsburg and county of Alleghany, for the purpose of nominating General Andrew Jackson for the Presidency of the United States. This meeting, which was very numerous, assembled at Pittsburg in November, 1823, and the resolutions offered by him, nominating General Jackson for the Presidency, were unanimously adopted. These resolutions also proposed a convention of the Democracy of Pennsylvania to sustain that nomination, and an address was then issued, written by Mr. Walker, appealing in behalf of General Jackson to the Republican party of the Union, and calling upon the party in Pennsylvania to send delegates to the State Convention, for the purpose of rendering General Jackson the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. In pursuance of this early movement of Mr. Walker, the Democratic Convention of the State of Pennsylvania assembled at Harrisburg, on the 4th of March, 1824, and nominated General Jackson for the Presidency. The resolutions of that convention were offered by him, and to him also was unanimously assigned the task, which he performed, of preparing their address. In this convention the nomination of De Witt Clinton, for the Vice-Presidency, was strongly urged, but it was resisted by Mr. Walker, on the ground of his opposition to the administration of Mr. Madison; and the nomination of Mr. Calhoun for that office was warmly and successfully pressed by him, chiefly on the ground of his early, able, and successful advocacy of the last war. Thus at the early age of twenty-two, we find Mr. Walker the acknowledged leader of the Democracy of the great and ancient commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in the mighty movement which terminated in the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency of the United States.

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In April, 1824, Mr. Walker came on from the Harrisburg convention to Washington city, where he became acquainted with General Jackson, who wrote a letter to Judge Duncan of Pennsylvania, from which we make the following extract:

"I need not say to you how much I was pleased with your young relative, Mr. Walker. He is certainly a young man of most extraordinary talents, and from all I hear from every quarter, he is as good and excellent, as he promises to be great and distinguished. I was informed before the receipt of your letter, that Mr. Walker was the author of the two addresses to which you refer in my favor, from Pennsylvania, of November, 1823, and of March last. Of these addresses I am not a good judge, for they speak so much and favorably of me; but all my friends regard them as most able and eloquent, and think they have produced surprising effects, not only in your State, but throughout the Union. Certainly I cannot but feel most deeply grateful to Mr. Walker for his vindication of my fame and character; but as regards the Presidency, it is my fixed determination most scrupulously to refrain from any interference, direct or indirect, in the contest."

In consequence of the active and efficient part taken by Mr. Walker in that great contest, the opposing party attempted to identify him and the whole movement with the Federal party, which elicited the facts stated in his defence in the following letter, which was published at that time, from the late Chief Justice Tilghman, himself a distinguished Federalist, but a man eminent for learning, talents, truth and honor.

"*September* 28, 1824.

"Gentlemen—I knew well Robert J. Walker, when at our University, in 1819. He received its highest honor, then the salutatory; and I understood from the President, Dr. Beasly, that his pre-eminence in every branch was undisputed, although the class was one of the largest and most distinguished. I gave him occasional instruction, as a student at law, to which he found time from his literary pursuits at college to devote some attention; and I then told his uncle, my learned associate on the bench (Judge Duncan), that his nephew would be one of the first men of the age. But what is better, his deportment at college, as to religion, morals, and good conduct, was most exemplary; and his father having a large family to support from a small salary, my young friend, partly by his industry at college, very shortly after refunded the whole of his boarding and tuition fees, advanced on loan by that eminent professor and divine, Samuel B. Wylie. I was on the bench when Mr. Walker made his first argument in the Supreme Court, in the case of Cooper, and remarked to my associates, that it was the ablest I ever heard delivered by any man of his age; in which they both concurred. I regret that my young friend has embarked in politics; but can say, that when a student here he was a Democrat, and somewhat enthusiastic as to popular rights, virtue, and intelligence. Knowing, however, the sincerity of his views, I trust he will never be found advocating jacobinical doctrines. Great as Mr. Jefferson was, Washington is a finer model. From my ancient friendship for his father, who was no less distinguished as one of the youngest of the volunteer soldiers of the Revolution, than for his great ability as a judge, and than whom a better man and purer patriot never lived, as well as from my regard for his son, I could not withhold this reply to your communication. Yours, respectfully,

"WM. TILGHMAN.

"To Messrs. Piers, Irwin, Cooper, and Wilkins."

At the same time, the Democratic Committee of Pittsburg and Allegany county published their address, from which we make the following extract:

"Robert J. Walker is the son of the late Judge Walker, who was a Whig and soldier of the Revolution. He has *always been a warm and decided Democrat.* He was, as above stated, the author of the address published in December last, in favor of the hero of Orleans, a production which more than any other contributed to rouse the people of the United States to a sense of their obligations to that distinguished patriot. He was, also, the author of the address of the Harrisburg Convention, which proclaimed to our sister States the voice of Pennsylvania, and gave to the friends of our veteran chief throughout the Union, a well-grounded hope of his election. Mr. Walker has done as much, if not more, than any other man in the Western country, to support the cause of Jackson and the people, and to baffle, counteract and expose the aristocracy of Allegany County."

In the spring of 1825, Mr. Walker was married to Miss Bache of Philadelphia, the grand-daughter on one side

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of Alexander J. Dallas, Secretary of the Treasury during the administration of Mr. Madison, and on the other side, the great grand-daughter of the illustrious American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin. When Mr. Walker was about leaving Pittsburg for the South, the Hon. Charles Shaler, then one of the eminent judges of Pennsylvania, and now a distinguished member of the Bar of Pittsburg, and of the Democratic party, wrote a letter under date of the 12th of January, 1826, and heretofore published, in which he says:—"To Mr. Walker belongs the honor of the State address upon the eventful occasion which called it forth, and he certainly is entitled to the credit of having wielded his pen with greater strength, and, if I mistake not, with greater effect, than any other person in this State, who entered the lists in favor of General Jackson's pretensions to the Presidency."

Early in the spring of 1826, he moved to the State of Mississippi, where he took a most active and zealous part in favor of the election of General Jackson. In 1832, he warmly advocated his re-election to the Presidency, and sustained his Veto upon the Bank of the United States.

In January, 1833, whilst he sustained the States-Rights doctrines of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and'99, he opposed the doctrine of Nullification. At that time he delivered an address in Natchez, which was published, in which he endeavored to show that Nullification was, as Mr. Jefferson had called it, a "natural right," like that of revolution, and not a constitutional remedy. In 1836, Charles Jared Ingersoll, the now distinguished Democratic Representative in Congress from Philadelphia, paid a visit to the illustrious Madison, who discussed the subject of Nullification, and made the following remarks, which we here quote from Mr. Ingersoll's publication in the Globe of the 12th of August, 1836:—"He (Mr. Madison) spoke very freely of Nullification, which he altogether condemned, remarking that, Mr. Walker of the Senate, in a speech he had delivered on some occasion, was the first person who had given to the public what Mr. Madison considers the true view of Mr. Jefferson's language on that subject."

Notwithstanding the active and zealous part Mr. Walker had taken in politics with the successful party, he uniformly refused all offices and all nominations for political stations, devoting himself with zeal and industry to the practice of the law in Mississippi and Louisiana, in both of which States his distinguished abilities as a lawyer were universally acknowledged. Such was his eminence as a lawyer in both of these States at that time, that he was recommended unanimously by the Legislature and bar of Mississippi, and by a large majority of the Legislature, and by very many of the bar of Louisiana, in preference to one of their own distinguished citizens, for the seat for that circuit upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, then about to be created by Congress. Gen. Jackson, it was understood, had determined to offer him the appointment, but the bill failed to pass the two Houses of Congress. In 1834, Mr. Walker was nominated for the Senate of the United States by a Democratic convention of the several counties of the State of Mississippi, and the danger to his party being very great, he did not feel at liberty, notwithstanding his very lucrative practice, to decline the nomination. Governor Poindexter was then the Senator from the State of Mississippi, having been elected to that station as a warm friend of General Jackson; whom he afterwards opposed and abandoned, carrying off with him a considerable portion of the Democracy of the State, of which for near a quarter of a century he had been one of the most distinguished leaders. In this crisis, it became necessary to select as Mr. Poindexter's opponent for the Senate, one eminent for his abilities as a political writer and public speaker, and with one voice Mr. Walker was selected as the man. After an ardent canvass, and many debates before the people, the Legislature convened in December, 1834, containing a large majority on joint ballot in favor of Mr. Walker's election; but in the Senate, the Whigs had a majority of one, and that body refused to go into the election of a Senator. In 1835, after a most active canvass, in which Mr. Walker discussed the great political questions of the day, and defended the administration of General Jackson in every county of the State, the contest terminated in his favor. During the canvass, a report was cir-

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culated on the alleged authority of a competitor of Mr. Walker, that General Jackson had declared that he had no confidence in Mr. Walker. This report was communicated to Gen. Jackson by Col. Anthony Campbell, to whom the General immediately replied in his letter of the 29th of July, 1835, heretofore published, in which he contradicts this report as "the reverse of the truth," and says:

"I have never spoken of Mr. Walker's character without expressing the high opinion that I entertain of his talents and worth. To Mr. Ellis and General Hinds of Mississippi, and others of that State, as well as to Mr. Plummer himself, and to many others in Washington, I have repeatedly expressed the regard and confidence I had for him, both personally and politically. And there is not an individual in Washington, or elsewhere, with whom I have conversed on the subject of the prominent men of Mississippi, and I have conversed with many, who cannot bear witness, that I have uniformly regarded Mr. Walker as among the first in point of talents, attainments, and political integrity.

"I have felt myself in some degree called upon after the attempt made by Mr. Poindexter in the Senate, to destroy his character at Washington, where he was not known, to speak of him as my information entitled me to do, for the purpose of counteracting the calumny to which I knew he was subjected, in consequence of the zeal and ability with which he supported my administration, as well as the personal friendship which he avowed for me at an earlier period. This consideration made me speak of Mr. Walker oftener, probably, than I otherwise would, and always advantageously, to mark the confidence I reposed in him, and the interest I felt in his vindication from the aspersions of his calumniators.

"I am very respectfully yours,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"A. CAMPBELL, ESQ., *Natchez, Miss.*"

Mr. Walker's triumph, both personal and political, in the canvass of 1835 was complete, and in January, 1836, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. During the same Session he opposed distribution and advocated the graduation and pre-emption system, in able speeches and a voluminous report. At the meeting of the Senate in December, 1836, he was elected by the Democratic Senators Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. In this capacity he introduced the bill graduating the price of the public lands in favor of settlers and cultivators, which bill under his direction passed that body for several successive sessions, but was lost in the House. At the same time, he introduced the permanent prospective pre-emption system, which subsequently became the law of the land. On the 12th day of January, 1837, he introduced into the Senate his celebrated resolution for the recognition of the Independence of Texas, the proceedings in regard to which, from their importance and the weight of talents (as shown by the vote) with which he had to contend, including nearly all the Committee on Foreign Relations, we quote from the Senate Journal, pages 110, 310, January 12, 1837. The following motion, submitted by Mr. Walker, was considered:

"*Resolved*, That the State of Texas having established and maintained an Independent Government, capable of performing those duties, foreign and domestic, which appertain to Independent Governments, and it appearing that there is no longer any reasonable prospect of the successful prosecution of the war by Mexico, against the said state, it is expedient and proper, and in conformity with the laws of nations, and the practice of this Government in like cases, that the independent political existence of said state be acknowledged by the government of the United States." After an ardent debate of several days, conducted chiefly by Mr. Walker on behalf of Texas, the resolution was adopted, ayes 23, noes 19, on March, 1837, as follows; Those who voted in the affirmative are, Messrs. Bayard, Benton, Black, Calhoun, Cuthbert, Ewing of Illinois, Fulton, Grundy, Hendricks, Linn, Moore, Martin, Niles, Parker, Preston, Rives, Robinson, Ruggles, Sevier, Spence, Strange, Walker, White.

"Those who voted in the negative are: Messrs. Brown, Buchanan, Clayton, Davis, Hubbard, King of Ala., King of Ga., Knight, Morris, Nicholas, Norvall, Page, Prentiss, Swift, Tallmage, Tipton, Tomlinson, Wall, Wright." Having thus succeeded after a long and doubtful struggle in intro-

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ducing the Republic of Texas into the family of nations, the two Ministers from that nation addressed to him the following letter:

"Texan Legation, Washington,
"*March 4th*, 1837.

"DEAR SIR:—We will not do injustice to our feelings by attempting to express the gratitude which we so deeply feel for your noble exertions in the cause of Independent Texas. Nor will we offend you by more than alluding to that generous love of liberty, which dictated your early vindication of our claims to an immediate recognition by the Senate of the United States, and the enduring spirit of perseverance which, under so many difficulties and adverse influences, still prosecuted the great object to its final accomplishment. We have but one more favor to desire of you, that you will permit us to obtain your bust, in marble, to be placed in the Capitol of our nation, in order that our present and future population may be enabled to behold the image of one of her earliest and most ardent benefactors.

"With the highest and most grateful consideration, we have the honor to be,

"Yours, &c.,
"MEMUCAN HUNT,
"WM. H. WHARTON.

"Hon. R. J. Walker."

To this letter, Mr. Walker replied as follows:

"Washington City, *March 4th*, 1837.

"GENTLEMEN:—I have received your communication of this date, requesting, on behalf of the Independent Republic of Texas, permission to have my bust taken, in marble, to be placed in the Capitol of your nation. In my own name, and for my poor services, I could never accept your proposition. It was as a representative of the wishes of the people of Mississippi, that I moved and advocated, in consonance with my own feelings and judgment, the recognition of your Independence. My humble name must soon be forgotten as connected with this or any other transaction; but may it long be remembered, that it was a Representative of the State of Mississippi, who, in the hour of your deepest gloom and danger, predicted your success, when not a voice in either House of Congress had been raised in your behalf, and who afterwards moved the resolution adopted by the American Senate, recognizing the Independence of Texas. For my State, then, and not for myself, in her name, and as one of her Senators, I accept your offer. Let me join you in congratulations upon the glorious event of the recognition of your National Independence, an event with which your names must ever be proudly associated as the future Franklins of Texas; for, I know, that without your aid and zealous coöperation, Texas must yet have remained unrecognized. I marked with many a rising hope and ebbing fear, your trembling solicitude, and I beheld the overflowing joy with which your bosoms throbbed, when my country first inscribed the name of Texas upon the roll of independent nations. It was done, and you have more than witnessed the birth of a new Republic, the only one worthy the name, except our own confederacy. Your Star is now beaming in all the brightness of new-born Liberty. The history of your struggle is a history of a series of actions of commingled valor and clemency, worthy your glorious parentage, unrivalled in moral sublimity, and which exalt and dignify the character of men. You are the child of our free institutions, the first-born of that race which will carry onward and onward still, our language, laws and liberty, throughout our own America. Go on, patriotic Americans—go on, my countrymen, for such I must call you,—go on, noble and glorious people, and may the great Disposer of the destiny of nations, so order the course of events, that the single luminary, which now shines from your country's standard, may break forth a constellation of lights, beaming with our own kindred stars, in perpetual brightness, from the banner of the American Union.

With the highest regard and consideration, I am "Yours most truly,
"R. J. WALKER.

"Genl. Memucan Hunt, } Ministers
"Col. Wm. H. Wharton, } Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Texas."

We extract this correspondence from the second volume of the History of Texas, pages 358 and 359. In May, 1837, by special invitation, Mr. Walker visited Texas, at whose Capitol he was received by a joint meeting of the two houses of the Texan Congress, and addressed by Dr. Branch T. Archer, the Speaker, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, as their benefactor, to which address Mr. Walker replied, advocating the reannexation of Texas, which was received with enthusiastic applause by Congress and the assembled multitude.

At the memorable extra session of Congress in 1837, Mr. Walker made an able speech in favor of the Inde-

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pendent Treasury Bill, going fully into the subject of the currency, and presenting many new and interesting views of that great question. From that day to the present, he has been one of the leaders of the Democratic party in the Senate, and has participated fully in all the debates in that body, uniformly supporting the men and measures of the Democratic party. In 1840, after an animated canvass, Mr. Walker was re-elected to the Senate of the United States, by a majority of nearly two to one over the Hon. Sargent S. Prentiss, the most eloquent and distinguished Whig of the South.

In 1843, he was presented by the Democracy of Mississippi, in a numerous county meeting, as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States; but he declined the nomination of the State convention for that office in favor of Colonel Polk, the President elect. Before Mr. Walker's name was withdrawn, he was addressed as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, by a Democratic meeting in Kentucky, and his opinions asked on the subject of the annexation of Texas. This elicited from him his celebrated letter on that subject, dated on the 8th of January, 1844. That letter has been more extensively read and circulated, and produced a more powerful and decided effect upon the popular mind, than any publication of any American statesman of the present day. It may be said to have laid the basis of the Texas party in the United States, and especially in the north and northwest. Although only designed as an argument in favor of the annexation of Texas, and addressed as such to all parties and all sections, from the unexpected events which followed, it may be said to have been the principal cause of the revolution in public sentiment, which resulted in the nomination and election of James K. Polk to the Presidency, as the avowed advocate of immediate annexation. This letter of Mr. Walker's, together with his subsequent speech on the Texas question in the Senate, were circulated by millions throughout the Union, and were the text-books of the Democratic party in the late victorious campaign.

Notwithstanding his constant and active participation in political discussions, Mr. Walker has devoted much time to legal and literary pursuits. His practice in the Supreme Court of the United States is very extensive, in cases requiring a knowledge of the civil as well as the common law, and from the north as well as the south; and as an evidence of his professional eminence we append the following letter from the late Judge Baldwin of the Supreme Court of the United States, which grew out of a controversy between a friend and opponent of Mr. Walker as to his speech in the case of Groves, and his course on the Missouri question:

"Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 12th inst., it gives me much pleasure to state, that I have known the Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, from his youth to this time well and intimately. He had acquired and sustained a fair unblemished character, with the high esteem of the whole community while he resided in Pittsburg. Before he left, he had developed talents of a high order, united to great industry and zeal in his profession, in which he gave every assurance of eminence. I much regretted his removal, but was highly gratified at hearing of his success in Mississippi, and the high standing he held there. Mr. W. has often appeared in the Supreme Court, where he has on all occasions sustained the high reputation he brought with him, and on one he added greatly to his fame. His argument in the case of Groves *vs.* Slaughter, was distinguished by powerful reasoning, deep research, and admirable method; if any argument made at that term equalled, none exceeded his, in all those qualities which denote professional excellence. Its character is stamped on its face to more advantage than can be done by any remarks of mine. The judges were highly gratified with it, expressing themselves in terms of warm admiration of his talents and professional ability. Mr. Walker's political course has always been with the democratic party, with whom he had much influence. In the controversy on the Missouri question, he took the most decided stand. In his support of me, he went to the full extent of every effort which personal friendship or public duty could prompt; his efforts contributed much to my re-election, as well as to reconcile public opinion throughout the State in favor of the rights of Missouri.

"Yours respectfully,
"HENRY BALDWIN.

"*February 19th*, 1844.
"Hon. W. H. Hammett, House of Rep."

Mr. Walker's speech of the 21st June, 1842, in opposition to the bill de-

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priving the States of criminal jurisdiction, in cases similar to those of M'Leod, and in defence of the rights of New York, was considered by the most eminent Senators and jurists as a profound and unanswerable exposition of those great questions of International and Constitutional law.

Speaking of that speech, the Globe says, "We call the attention of our readers to Mr. Walker's speech against Mr. Webster's habeas corpus to the States abolishing much of their criminal jurisdiction. His speech shows that Mr. Webster, in 1839, denounced the principles of this bill. Let him, with all the Federal lawyers, now answer this speech if they can; but we apprehend they will be as unsuccessful as they were in 1841, in answering Mr. Walker's argument in favor of the reserved rights of the States on the subject of the introduction of slaves, and against the investing this as an exclusive power of the General Government. In that case (argued by Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, and Gen. Jones), Judge Story, one of their political friends, pronounced Mr. Walker's argument not only the most able in that case, but the most able made at that term of the Supreme Court of the United States. That eminent judge and distinguished statesman, Henry St. George Tucker, of Virginia, pronounced Mr. Walker's speech in the M'Leod case, as "the most sound and able argument he had ever read on any question of constitutional and international law." Mr. Walker finished his profound and elaborate argument in that case by the following eloquent conclusion:

"But the bill of the Senator distrusts the courts of the States, although they have never inflicted an unjust sentence. His hope is in the strong arm of Federal power, which gathered, he says, 'from the great primal source—the people—light and fire for a central sun.' When I look at the origin of the Constitution, and behold *then* there, *as States*, those who *then* framed, and *now*, represented here, administer the powers of this Government; when, in rejoicing thankfulness, I view the glorious banner of the Union given to the breeze,—I see there the dazzling splendor of no central sun. I see there those radiant stars, representing confederate and sovereign States, forming one great constellation. I behold there all the light and all the power which we possess to carry out the objects of the American Union.

"And let me warn the Senator that, when his central sun shall rise above the horizon, the stars, representing these States, will fade before the solar effulgence. It will be the last hour of the Constitution; and that sacred charter of sovereign and United States will vanish with them, like the apocalyptic scroll in the day of the last conflagration."

In April, 1844, Mr. Walker delivered at Washington City the introductory address of the National Institute, before the first regular meeting of the scientific men of the Union. It gave a full account of all the inventions and improvements made by Americans in the physical sciences, and evinced deep research and extensive knowledge of those important and interesting subjects.

It will be perceived from this brief sketch, that Mr. Walker has been at all times, from his youth upwards, an active and leading member of the Democratic party, and his vote has been uniformly cast for Democratic men and measures. In his social intercourse, he is remarked for perfect simplicity of manners, great kindness and courtesy, constancy and devotion in his friendships, without the slightest blemish upon his moral character. In the domestic circle, he is surrounded not only by his wife and children, but by numerous and attached relatives, who make his house, from choice, their happy home. He is a man of untiring industry, possessing great powers of investigation and research, and is capable of great and continuous mental labor. His favorite study at college was mathematics, and the same turn of mind is exhibited in the statistical tables, calculations and details (especially his review of the commerce, navigation, imports, exports and products of the several States of the Union, contained in the closing part of his Texas letter), which accompany many of his productions. He is now forty-three years of age, in the full vigor of life and health, and with habits of great abstinence and temperance, promising a long life of usefulness to his country. As indicative of his humane and philanthropic views, he is believed to be the only Senator of the United States, except Mr. Livingston, who has openly ad-

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vocated in that body the abolition of capital punishment.

That Mr. Walker, with all his genius and learning, is eminently a practical man, is evidenced by the great success which has attended all his movements. His early nomination and zealous advocacy of Gen. Jackson's election, were eventually crowned with success. His resolution recognizing the Independence of Texas, succeeded beyond all expectation; and his powerful efforts for the re-annexation of Texas, seem destined to certain success. He has been equally fortunate as regards the measures introduced by him for the benefit of his State, having secured to her the pre-emption system, the five per cent. fund, the two per cent. fund, the Chickasaw school lands, and the location of half a million of acres in the fresh and fertile lands of the Choctaw cession.

Mr. Walker is eminently unassuming and unambitious for station; the office he now holds being the first and only one he ever held, having refused all others previously, and since his election to the Senate, having declined the offer of the highest stations at home and abroad. His ambition, the writer of this imperfect sketch well knows, is of that pure and lofty character which aims at the success of great measures, connected as he believes with the good of his country; and no station would be desirable to him that did not aid him in the accomplishment of these elevated views and patriotic purposes. He has already achieved a reputation sufficient to gratify the highest aspirations, and whether in or out of office, his friends feel well assured that he must go down to posterity as one of the most virtuous and distinguished of American statesmen.

If the writer of this sketch has, from his friendship for Mr. Walker, placed too high an estimate on his talents, he consoles himself with the reflection that such distinguished men as Madison, Jackson, Tilghman, Story, Baldwin, and Tucker, embracing both the great political parties of the day, concur with him in this estimate, as indicated by their opinions quoted in this sketch. It would be wrong to close this article without stating that Mr. Walker has ever been a sincere believer and enthusiastic admirer and advocate of the Christian religion, the truth of which he has repeatedly maintained in many published addresses.

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A portrait of the distinguished Mississippi Senator was published in this Review, which it was intended to accompany with a biographical sketch. The impossibility of procuring from that gentleman the necessary materials for its preparation, from his unwillingness thus to appear in public, caused a delay in the execution of that purpose and promise, which is only now terminated through the agency of a friend, whose personal familiarity with the details of Mr. Walker's life, enabled him to perform the task.—Ed. Dem. Review.

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## LOUIS DEVRIENT—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

In the following brief notice of this celebrated actor, the reader must not expect to find anything like a complete biography. The incidents of his life are in fact few and insignificant to the general observer. They could be rendered interesting only by an intimate knowledge of the artist himself and of their relation to his career, or their influence upon his character. Moreover, neither he himself nor any friend competent to the task, has given the world a history of him sufficiently in detail to do him justice. Even Rellstab, from whose account this sketch is taken, has only thrown together the information gathered at different times, when chance brought him into the society of

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Devrient, who often related, with simplicity and ingenuousness, occurrences of his past life. We must content ourselves, therefore, with a meagre outline; by which we may obtain, however, some faint impression of the features of one whose name is not the less immortal, that his greatness in his peculiar art cannot be perpetuated in marble, or on the speaking canvas.

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Louis Devrient was born in Berlin on the 15th day of December, 1784. His father belonged to the mercantile class, and destined him for the same business: he was sent to Potsdam to learn the trade of a lace-maker. But his inclination rebelled against the parental will. He did what many other boys of genius, oppressed by the authority of superiors, have done—ran away from home, determined to seek his own fortune in the great world. He arrived in Berlin hungry and thirsty, having had no breakfast; and was fain to drink the beer which had stood in the glasses since the preceding day. After this first experience of the troubles of independence, he made his way to Charlottesburg, where a friend of his father succeeded in inducing him to return home, having undertaken to bring about a reconciliation. This occurred when he was about ten or twelve years of age. It made him rather more careful in future; but the causes of his discontent still existed; and as his faculties developed with years, he became resolved to put an end to the struggle by escaping from his constraint. He had long determined to embrace the life of an actor. He did so, in 1803; and it was at Gera, in the company of Lange, that he trod the boards for the first time. He appeared under the name of Herzberg; and thus went with the company to Naumberg, Zeitz, Rudolstadt, and other small towns in the neighborhood, till some time after he formed his first engagement in the theatre at Dessau.

No details have been preserved of this important period in the life of our artist. During his abode with the strolling company, the scenes he passed through must have presented a strange intermixture of the richest romance with the boldest reality. How interesting would his own memoirs of these times have been! Only one or two anecdotes have been retained by his friend's recollection; and these owe their interest chiefly to the droll, graphic and original manner in which they were related by the actor himself, over a bottle of wine.

"We had passed," he said on one occasion, "through several of the small towns with our company, and obtained great applause, but marvellous little money. In fact, we fared very scantily, and whenever, in the representation of the pieces, anything like a banquet was to be served, the appearance of luxury was even more hollow and deceitful than usual. We sat down with craving stomachs at a table covered with paste-board dishes, and poured from empty flasks into our pewter cups. When, in the height of revelry, we had to drink to each other, our glasses were filled with colored water, or cold tea, instead of the Rhine-wine that should inspire us. Quite accustomed to these economical shifts, we were at length engaged to play at the castle theatre in R—, the capital of the Prince de R—. Among other pieces, "The Robbers" was to be represented. Everything required for the performance was furnished by the prince's steward, who delivered the articles to the manager of our company. We had at that time a tragedy hero with a tremendous bass; his throat was used to beer and brandy, and he could empty a can of Merseburger at a single draught. When he played at drinking from an empty bottle on the stage, the undulations of his throat, as he gulped down the imaginary liquor, the satisfied drawing of his breath as he stopped, deceived the spectators admirably. This night he appeared in the part of Karl Moor; and called for wine after his first wild and passionate scene, with stentorian voice, striding up and down the stage in all the terrible energy of his part. An immense goblet was brought to him, filled with wine, a circumstance quite as unexpected by him as any of the rest of us. Without looking at it, he took it from the hands of the attendant, and gazing the while earnestly on Spielberg (it was in his part to drink in this abstracted manner) brought the goblet to his large mouth, opened to receive its contents. But no sooner had he tasted the nectar within, than, forgetting his part, the theatre, the audience, and the royal box filled with persons intent on his performance,

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he suddenly changed countenance, started back, and shouted to Spielberg—"By jingo! this is real wine!" The story has nothing in it; but if the reader could have heard the actor's description of the comic scene that ensued, his picture of the confusion of the dramatists, and the amusement of the audience, he would have thought it a capital farce in itself.

Another anecdote he used to tell with much humor, as follows:—"We had for a stage director a stiff, pedantic old fellow, who looked down on us lads with as much haughtiness as the Emperor of China on European sailor-boys. So confident was he in his own dignity, that he might be quizzed to his face, for the suspicion that he was laughed at would never enter his head. I was an exception, and often teased him with ironical questions, which he would never notice but with the most elaborate contempt.

"We were still at Castle R——, and the stage director availed himself of the facilities afforded him without scruple in asking. One night a new play was to be represented, and he made unusually large demands on the liberality of the court-steward. I stood by, and heard all. 'And finally, my excellent lord-steward,' concluded he, 'I must ask a great favor of you. I saw yesterday, while the dishes were being carried from the Prince's table, a magnificent silver salt-cellar; can you lend it to me? I pledge myself that it shall not be lost.' At these words, the old man threw a contemptuous look at me, as if he would have added—that worthless lad shall have no chance of stealing it. 'That old-fashioned salt-cellar!' cried the steward, surprised. 'What can you want with that? It is big as the Strasburg Cathedral; I will procure you another, a more elegant one.' 'Oh no, my friend!' interrupted the director; 'I must have that one, and no other. Its size fills the eye, and will produce a fine effect.' 'Very well,' answered the steward, 'if you have need of the thing, it is at your service.' I could not understand what the old fool meant to do with the salt-cellar, but was convinced that there was some piece of folly behind it all, and felt unwilling to share the public ridicule with him; I therefore stepped up to him, and asked very modestly how the splendid salt-cellar was to be used in the piece. The old man frowned at me, and said shortly, 'I shall know how to use it.' With this answer he turned away haughtily, muttering something about the curiosity and forwardness of youngsters. I was forced to be content. The performance came on, and all went off admirably. We obtained great applause. The director played the part of a count, who tyrannized over his beautiful daughter; I was the secretary, her lover. In the third act we were discovered; at the catastrophe the daughter falls senseless, and the father calls to the attendants—'Salts, salts! the countess is in a swoon!' Scarcely had he pronounced the words, when I comprehended what was to follow, though I had no time to prevent it. A great clodpole of a chamberlain came in, carrying the salt-cellar, as tall as a tower, upon a waiter. The count probably intended sprinkling his unconscious daughter with its contents. But the immense salt-cellar, which had been an heirloom in the Prince's family, and always adorned his table, was instantly recognized by everybody. Such peals of laughter arose from pit and boxes, as were absolutely deafening; and the chamberlain who carried the waiter, supposing himself the object of such uproarious mirth, let fall the salt-cellar, and scampered in a fright off the stage."

The first considerable theatre on which Devrient appeared, was that of Breslau. Here his genius began to develop itself; and the fire of his early youth was tempered by the results of study and experience. His favorable reception, and the propitious external circumstances that attended his performances, contributed to nourish self-confidence. He felt that he was destined to be, not merely a clever or fortunate, but a *great* artist. Not that he was spared those inward struggles—those alternations of hope and misgiving, which are the lot of every gifted mind. But, on the whole, he gained a standing in Breslau, where his early aspirations began to be realized. The proof of his rising greatness lay not merely in the continued and increasing esteem, amounting to enthusiasm, which he won from a large and discerning public; he had now opportunity to measure himself by distinguished contemporaries, who trod the same path, and whom he had once looked upon as unapproachable. The comparison did not

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discourage him. IFFLAND came to Breslau; came repeatedly, and appeared in many of his best parts, in which Devrient had also distinguished himself. In spite of the fame that went before this artist; in spite of the splendor in which, being regarded as at the head of the theatre of the capital, he appeared on a provincial stage, the public, at his first appearance, compared Devrient with him, and did not decide between the two candidates for their favor. This trial tested the strength of the youthful aspirant; its result was all he needed to establish his trust in his own powers; and from this moment the exulting sentence of his heart was "*Anch' io son' pittore!*"

The testimony of numerous contemporaries assures us of Devrient's triumph at this period. But still more conclusive is the fact that Iffland himself feared the growing renown of his rival. He would not invite him to play at Berlin, though Devrient desired nothing so much as to appear in his native city and before the friends of his boyhood. Iffland must not be condemned; it was painful to him to see the eminence he had gained by toil, and held so long, disputed by another. He afterwards made amends for his injustice. He would not suffer himself to be dethroned by a youthful artist, so long as his hands could hold the sceptre; but so soon as his own strength declined, he fixed upon him as his successor, and yielded to him the place of authority. It was Iffland, who, towards the close of his life, procured for his rival an honorable engagement at the Berlin theatre; and thus in a manner restored the long exiled son to all the rights of birth as an artist. How affecting is this proof of devoted attachment to his art, in one about to leave the world! How mournfully is the thought forced on our minds, that the glory of a great actor, though its splendor may illuminate a world of his contemporaries—is as evanescent as splendid! that he can leave no monument to posterity! Iffland felt this truth; and sought to perpetuate his renown by finding a worthy representative, who should still animate his picturesque creations. Happy was he, that he found a successor; but on whom has fallen the mantle of Devrient? Beside the hoary tree stood then a vigorous sapling, crowned with luxuriant verdure; this now is stricken down, and who can tell if the barren winter shall ever again give place to spring?

Iffland died in the autumn of 1814; in April of 1815, Devrient appeared in the character of Franz Moor, on the Berlin stage. Long will the impression he produced be remembered. He conceived the character differently from all his predecessors; it differed from the representation of Iffland; nay, from the conception of Schiller himself. He improved upon the poet's thought. When Schiller threw off his gigantic work, he was carried away too much by feeling and imagination, to permit himself to weigh the results of this ferment of his genius in the scale of reason.

It may not be amiss should we endeavor to give some idea of Devrient's personation of this part. Always careful in his costume, he was here particularly so. In the first act he wore a dark under dress and doublet, ornamented with gold embroidery; and a dark crimson Spanish cloak, with a white collar. His neck appeared long and bare; and the contour of his features, the fire of his eyes, shaded by thick bushy brows, and even the arrangement of his hair, accorded with his peculiar conceptions of the character. There was all the terrible energy of wickedness; but he preserved our respect by the power of intellect, by his fine passion, and the versatile skill displayed in his hypocritical humility. There was no trace of that disgusting self-prostration, which other players have introduced into this part. As long as the scene with old Moor and Amalia continues, where Franz plays the hypocrite, the spectator remains in painful suspense, not knowing what is to come of these deceitful smiles, and this soft affected sympathy. Then Franz is alone; he breaks into a laugh that causes the inmost soul to shudder, and flings mockery after his father, whom he has just led to the door with assumed respect. The mask falls, and the monster stands before us; not the contemptible, degraded being some have conceived, but a dreadful image, armed with steel and poison—the Medusa of the drama—that turns the gazer to stone. This impression of terror, with a glimpse of the power Franz so passionately craves, and so fearfully uses—forms the ground-work of Devrient's representation. It is

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difficult to give an idea of the effect of the first monologue, as spoken by him. A profound stillness reigned through the whole house; expectation spoke in every face; every one held his breath, anxious not to lose a word or look of the actor. He spoke in a voice half-suppressed: the words seemed but half to escape from his involuntary agitation. All his action was rapid and passionate, but betrayed internal excitement rather than displayed it. Only a few words were uttered with all the brazen strength of his voice; but the expression of passion was instantly checked, as if he was terrified at himself—and lost in the angry stamp of his foot. Still, fascinated with terror, though breathing more freely, the spectators gazed after him as he left the stage with the resolve of unprincipled ambition on his lips.

It is not necessary to follow the actor scene by scene through the piece, or to observe how admirably he carried on his conception to the close. But a few points may be noticed in which his looks and tones can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed them. For instance, his words in the second act—"Provoke not my anger!"—when the mask falls before his father. Here he stood with clenched hand, every muscle rigid as iron; his look was lightning, his voice the thunder; demoniac rage glared in his distorted features. No wonder that the old man shrinks back with a feeble cry of horror, before such a picture.

As powerful, though quite different, is the horror excited in his second monologue, where he harbors the fiendish design against his father's life. The self-possession, the icy coldness, with which he considers this design, the exultation into which he finally breaks out, are so appalling as to chill every heart.

But all this is weak to his representation in the fourth act, where the sight of coming retribution fills us with poetic terror. Our interest is no longer confined to the individual character, claiming sole attention; we behold the outraged majesty of the moral law, about to crush the miscreant who has despised and sought to destroy it. It would be impossible to give to those who have never witnessed his playing, an idea of the power with which Devrient in the fourth act shows us the bold villain changed first into the suspicious and finally the fearful, trembling and despairing wretch.

A critic of high standing gives the preference to Devrient's representation over the poet's, as apprehended by the reader, in this part of the piece, especially. His scenes are as follows: Karl Moor, who is with Amalia, as Count Brand, in the picture gallery, has been standing with her before his own portrait. After both have left the stage, Franz comes on, with these words—"Since the Count has been within these walls, it is as if a spectre of hell followed my steps." Devrient is wrapped in his cloak, his hand pressed against his forehead, as in deep thought. His whole appearance betrays inward agitation; and when he removes his hand, and lifts up his face, his distorted features show plainly that the monitor in his breast has begun to make its voice heard. His eyes roll about wildly; his lips move without utterance; his steps falter, and a perceptible shudder at times goes through his frame. He stands before Karl's picture; a thousand thoughts crowd upon his brain; the past and future are connected, and the guilty one feels in his inmost soul the approach of retribution. He calls Daniel, questions him hastily and abstractedly, and at last sends him after Hermann. Now he has time to collect himself, so that he appears not self-betrayed before the accomplice of his wickedness. Deceived hopes of reward, and an awakened conscience, had converted that accomplice into a fearful enemy. The falling out of the two villains is painted in a masterly manner. Franz, conscious of his guilt, begins with flattering words; Hermann derides him; the quarrel waxes fierce; Franz grasps his pistol; Hermann holds one to his breast. In this moment, Devrient, as an artist, is truly sublime. Rage and hate, fear of his determined foe, and the consciousness of impotence, are seen struggling in his features, and in his whole form. He stands bent with half-averted face, his hand stretched out as if to parry the blow; glancing furtively over the left shoulder, as if to see if his enemy had really a murderous design, while his right hand, holding the pistol, has fallen powerless, and his knees seem to tremble beneath him. Hermann leaves him thus: but the spectral, avenging

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Nemesis remains. Overpowered by his emotion, in which anger preponderates, he sinks into a seat, and the words escape him: "O, that thou shouldst have given thy fate into this miscreant's hand! Moor, Moor! 'Twas a fool's act!" The manner in which the actor uttered these words, can never be forgotten. He smote his hard hand against his brow—speaking in a tone of bitter rage, half aloud, but which could be heard distinctly in the farthest corner of the house; "*Das war dumm!*" As yet self-reproach for his fatal error overpowers every other feeling; but at length he recollects himself and considers if it be not possible to render that error harmless by a decisive deed. He resolves to murder the Count with his own hand, and hastens on his way. But the measure of his crimes is full; his strength departs. For the first time, the awful image of conscience rises before him, and lays upon him an ice-cold hand. Till now she has stood afar off, and beckoned with faint warnings; now she has seized her victim, and he cannot escape. He suddenly stops while going rapidly off the stage, glances fearfully behind and around him, and pale and shuddering, asks—"Who steals there behind me?"

Never has a more admirable portraiture been seen than this of Devrient. Every step, every convulsive motion of the hand, every movement of the head was full of meaning. He throws back hastily his black cloak (for he wears mourning for his father), as if affrighted by its contact. Terrified, he looks around to see if the spectre visibly follows him. At length he ventures to turn, and once more faces the audience. It is no longer the same person whom we saw a few moments before, bent on a deed of sin; the face is pale and haggard; the muscles rigid; the teeth chatter; the eyes roll wildly; the hair seems to rise with horror. He strives to conquer his mortal anguish by strength of will; his bodily eyes see no spectre, and he would banish it from his mind. He thinks on his meditated crime, and would stifle his terror at thought of the deed itself by an idea of the possibility of failure. "Should he see me in the mirror!" he mutters. In vain! all his efforts avail him nothing under the load of guilt that crushes his soul. His limbs only half obey his will; they totter under him, though his right hand yet grasps the dagger. Thus pale and distorted, he stands in the front of the stage; he neither stands still nor walks on, but a trembling uncertain movement betrays his desire to escape from the spot. His right hand falls slowly: one finger after another looses its hold on the weapon, till it barely hangs by his side; and the murmur—"He is my brother; I will not lay hand upon my brother!" is wrung from his lips, while his left hand is passed across his forehead, and through his disordered hair. The interest is now at its height; a death-like stillness reigns throughout the house.

At last the dagger falls with a clash to the ground, and this unexpected sound, which startles even the spectator, unmans the criminal with excess of terror. He starts away, is gone, and the audience sit in breathless suspense, wondering if all has been a dream; no one venturing, for the first few moments, to interrupt the fearful silence. This is the highest triumph of the artist, and is worth far more than the tumultuous applause that succeeds it.

The fifth act begins; but though the interest of the drama is not diminished, the effect is less than in the preceding one. The rule holds good in Art as well as Nature, that the foreboding exceeds the reality. At the close of act fourth, the furies that are soon to seize upon the criminal, are dimly seen through the gloom; in the fifth, judgment is executed, and our vague horror is exchanged for pain and pity. But Devrient understood his art too well to give the spectator leisure to compare or analyze emotions. Like a pale ghost, driven by conscience from repose, the criminal rushes through the desolate hall of the castle. His disordered hair, his ashen face, his rigid stare, his trembling limbs, reveal the torture of his soul. With difficulty he holds the candlestick in his hand, till old Daniel, awakened by that fearful cry, hastens to support the unhappy man. Franz then tells his dream. To attempt to describe here the varied expression of the actor would be a degree of presumption. No one who has seen, can forget his delineation; especially the anguish of the criminal when he strives to pray, and the burst of rage with which he springs up, stamping his foot



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and exclaiming—"I will not pray!" The poet has here in a manner saved the character from the reproach of weakness and cowardice. Devrient knew how to make use of this point to the greatest effect. The triumph of his art is chiefly seen in the last outbreak of the criminal's rage, when he is brought in chains before Karl, and sees his judge in his injured brother; and in the moment when overcome by fear of his impending doom, he throws himself at his feet for mercy. In both these scenes, the physical expression was wonderful. Devrient had remarkable power in this way, and it enabled him to represent with startling effect, scenes in which any other would have appeared ridiculous. For instance, when Franz Moor, bound hand and foot, throws himself prostrate on the ground, that which would have spoiled the tragic effect in the acting of another, heightened it in his, reaching, without overstepping, its utmost limit.

In other parts, where a large portion of the effect depends on changes of countenance usually thought beyond the control of the will, Devrient proved himself equally great. The effect of his Franz Moor was beyond imagination. The theatres were always filled to overflowing; deep stillness prevailed from the moment he appeared on the stage, and the audience became almost indifferent to the other scenes. An English officer at Berlin, in 1818 or 1819, who knew not a word of the language, witnessed his performance, and was entirely absorbed in the interest of the piece, being able to trace the story by the expressive pantomime of Devrient. He declared that his own country had no actor to compare with him. In his wonderful control over his muscles, no one could equal or imitate him.

Another dramatic critic, speaking of Devrient, says: "He furnishes a proof how much the dramatic poet is dependent on the actor for effect. Devrient made Franz Moor the central character of the piece, to which all the others were subordinate. I was the more astonished at this, as I had seen Fleck in Karl Moor some years before, when none could turn their eyes from him to regard any other personage. Yet the part of Franz was then in the hands of no bad actor." In short, had this great artist appeared in no other character than that we have briefly noticed, it would have remained a monument of his genius in the memory of all who had the good fortune to see him, and of the friends of the drama; and caused his name to be transmitted with honor to posterity.*

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It is not admitted that Franz Moor was in all respects the greatest part in which Devrient appeared; but it was his own, and might be termed an original creation. He differed in this from all his predecessors. Among his other great partswere King Lear, Shylock, the Moor in Fiesco, Richard the Third, Schewa in the "Jews" of Cumberland, with several others in comedy; all characters in which Iffland had distinguished himself. Besides these, he appeared in many other pieces of minor claims to remembrance. His performance of Lear gave him a wide celebrity. Though he gave this character, as Schroder, Fleck, and Iffland had done before him, that is, according to nature, and Shakspeare's conception, still it received some coloring from his individuality, as it must with every artist of genius. Devrient here used to great advantage the singular power he possessed, of changing his countenance. In the face of Lear could be read the traces of that passionate vehemence, which had swayed him in youth, and which age had not yet subdued. But in the midst of his passion were gleams of kindness and of feeling. Affection beamed in the eyes that could so readily flash with anger, and spoke from those lips, that had pronounced the soul-appalling curse upon his child. In the whole representation of the old king lay the expression of a gigantic, but shattered strength. In many parts the acting of Devrient had a pathos that moved every heart. For instance, when in the moment of passion and grief, he smites on his breast and grasps the golden chain,

* In 1843, a young actor, Doring, had obtained considerable reputation in the part of Franz Moor. His was a reproduction of the creation of Devrient. Resembling that artist in form and somewhat in feature, he adopted the same style, and revived the recollections of many who saw him in his youth.

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the royal ornament, upon his neck; the convulsive motion, the tinkling of the chain, joined with the expression of irremediable wo in his face, pierce the very heart. At times he would pass his hand wearily over his bald head, as if striving to wipe off the anguish that oppressed him! The words —"Let me not be mad!" accompanied by this action, sent a cold shudder through the breast of the spectator, for he seemed with the unfortunate king to discern the shadowy spectre of madness advancing through the gloom, and about to seize upon its victim.

This part was so fatiguing to Devrient, mentally even more than physically, that he appeared in it but seldom; and in his later years was so exhausted by it, that he would faint between the acts. In the last years of his life he gave it up altogether.

One of the parts in which Devrient deeply affected his audience, but failed to obtain the approbation of the learned critic Tieck, was that of Shylock. He could speak the Jewish dialect in all its varieties. He made use of this talent in Shylock, and so idealized it, that so far from injuring the tragic and poetical effect, it heightened it by keeping the national prejudices and peculiarities of the Jew more vividly before the mind. It was such a distinction as the dark skin of the Moor, continually reminding us that there could be no brotherhood between him and the European. Tieck reproached Devrient with giving the character too much dignity and tragic passion; it should be, he thought, more skulking, knavish, and crafty. The interest in Devrient's acting was kept up in spite of the abhorrence his cruelty excited, to the very last, and even in the scene where he is crushed. The most breathless attention prevailed in the house up to the moment when he vanishes from sight; and then the remaining scenes were heard with impatience, so eager was the audience to call for and thank the great actor for his admirable personation.

The character of Richard the Third was long studied by Devrient, and only exhibited by him late in life. With his friend Hoffmann he used to hold conferences about Richard, and how the scenic difficulties were to be removed. Other friends were also consulted, and their suggestions received by the actor. His personation showed the deep thought he had bestowed upon the part. The manner in which he gave the scenes before the last night, was worthy of all praise. The king gives orders, while undoing his armor; and when it is to be removed, holds it as if involuntarily, on his breast. "I must leave it uncertain," said Devrient to one of his friends, "if the tyrant is influenced by dread of secret murder, or of a surprise by his enemies. He feels, however, that his hour is near; his inward disquiet is betrayed by his gloom and intervals of abstraction. His spirit is already in the battle, of the result of which he begins to be afraid. While they take away his arms, he points out with his sword the position of the forces, and seems to forget all around him."

It was a peculiarity in Devrient's personation, that Richard's loss of his firmness and self-command is dated from the mother's prophetic curse. He may be right or not; the thought is a grand one—to represent even a Richard, who in his bold villainy had trampled on all sacred relations, forced thus to acknowledge the most sacred of all. "All his drums," says Devrient, "cannot drown the maternal voice: he had heard—he must hear it; the solemn truth is more powerful than all his delusive arts." This and other examples may prove to the reader, that Devrient did not, as he has been charged, follow blind impulse in his acting, but carefully weighed and studied the part. We regret that we cannot afford space further to examine his personation of this and other tragic characters, in which he has been pronounced, beyond comparison, the first actor Germany has produced.

Besides his triumphs in tragedy, Devrient drew from the great mine of Shakspeare's poetry a character rich in comic humor—Falstaff. In this part he was admirable: exhibiting so much grace in his humor, as to lend wings, as it were, to the awkward bulk of his hero. He infused into him a lightness and liveliness of life, such as Shakspeare conceived, and such as only could form the bond of union between the bold-spirited prince, and a being to all outward appearance so entirely his opposite.

Leaving Shakspeare, to glance at characters in other dramas, our respect for the actor must increase in propor-

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tion as it declines for the poet; for he may be said to have created out of nothing pictures that deeply impressed the heart, and will long remain unforgotten. Among these are some of Kotzebue's heroes. The tailor Fips he presented with so much life and humor, such droll characteristic behavior, and such a physiognomy, as would have moved an assembly of Areopagites to laughter. As a contrast to this, his personation of the Poor Poet, in which he has filled up all the author's deficiencies, inimitable in pathos, lives in the recollection of all who witnessed it.

Long was the public of Berlin delighted with Devrient's charming performance in the comedy of "*Die Drillinge*" of Bonin. It is almost incredible with what admirable versatility he played in the three parts of the three twin children. His accomplishment in different dialects was here available. His fluency in the commonest Berlin dialects, and the peculiar accent of the various lower classes, was astonishing. This served him often; for instance, in Körner's comedy of the "Watchman." With several other German dialects he was as familiar as if he had learned them in infancy.

On the first of December, 1832, this great artist appeared on the stage for the last time, as Schewa in Cumberland's "Jews." Both actor and audience seemed to feel a presentiment that their hour of final parting was near. Perhaps this was seen in his evident feebleness of body, which did not, however, lessen the effect of his performance, but, on the contrary, added a characteristic feature to the part he had assumed. The sympathy of the audience was deepened by their knowledge that he had lately suffered under a long illness, from which he was not yet fully recovered. At the close of the piece, he was eagerly called for. It was his custom not to go before the audience in the costume of his part, but to remove his paint, lay aside such portions of his dress as he could in a moment, and appear wrapped in a cloak or upper garment. He did so on this occasion; and his exhausted looks and enfeebled appearance touched every heart with sorrow. His words, too, betrayed a misgiving that he stood before the assembly for the last time. In sadness he left the theatre that had so often witnessed his triumphs. The flame of his genius flickered, and was about to vanish for ever from the sight of man. A few weeks after came the news of his death. He expired the 30th December. His funeral, on the 2d of January, was attended by a large number of his admirers and friends. Friends bore his corpse to the grave, and it was interred with solemn ceremonies. A monument now stands on the spot where rest his remains.

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The probability that Devrient's life was shortened by his habits of intemperance, cannot be denied. A great part of the day, and too frequently the night, was often spent in drinking with his friends. But his indulgence never assimilated him to the coarseness and profligacy of other revellers. He was always the man of refinement, and the gentleman; though his social spirits and good humor were enlivened by the stimulus of wine; and his frankness on these occasions was sometimes abused. It was his nature to enter into the spirit of his boon companions; he would converse freely with those who spoke on the subject of art, and jest with those disposed to fun. There was a time in Berlin, when a house of entertainment, from being frequented by himself and Hoffmann, acquired such celebrity that it was visited by crowds of citizens and strangers, eager to see the two famous men. Some listened to their conversation at a distance, while some were so fortunate as to obtain a seat at the same table. Many will remember seeing them both, night after night, after the play was over, at Lutter and Wegener's, where Devrient always had a place reserved for him, after having played perhaps in Lear or Franz Moor. "That is he," was murmured from table to table, as he entered and took his seat by his friend. The flow of wine let loose the fountains of wit and humor. Hoffmann would use his weapon of satire with merciless severity; the play just ended, the opera, theatre, concerts—all furnished materials. Devrient's good humor would parry the strokes; jest would call forth jest, and missiles of wit would be exchanged. Then Hoffmann, who was a ready draughtsman, would take his pencil and sketch caricatures, with which to illustrate his sarcasms. Many of these drawings are preserved, in a collected book, and shown as curiosities. Rellstab, the

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biographer of Devrient, used often to be present at these meetings, and records, to the credit of his hero, that, even when Hoffmann's satire spared not even those present, Devrient never was heard to ridicule those whose envious intrigues caused him inconvenience. He always spoke of them with forbearance and patience, never indulging even in a good-humored joke at their expense.

Lutter and Wegener's establishment became the talk of the whole city, for seldom an evening passed that some piece of wit, or humorous incident, was not reported from it. One little anecdote, for instance, is mentioned of a morning meeting, for the friends often breakfasted as well as supped there. A new theatre was building, and the work proceeded with the customary slowness of the Berlin masons. Devrient and his companions often observed the work through the windows, with equal mirth and vexation. One morning they saw a workman standing on the brick wall, who looked about him as if quite at leisure, and at length slowly drew a snuff-box from his pocket. The phlegmatic ease of his whole manner amused the spectators, and Devrient cried, "I will lay a wager, I can drink a flask of champagne before that fellow, with box in his hand, takes his pinch of snuff!" The wager was accepted; Karl flew to the cellar for the wine; in a moment the cork flies, and Devrient tosses off the first foaming glass. The company look from him to the mason, and watch his movements. He taps with two fingers on the box; the second glass goes down; he opens the lid, the third glass is emptied;—slowly the workman takes the pinch of snuff between his fingers; the flask is already half emptied. "Lost! lost!" exclaim the other betters in triumph. The mason holds the pinch in his fingers, looks listlessly around him and yawns; an acquaintance comes up; he offers him the box, which is as coolly received; and stands talking for a moment, the pinch still in his fingers;—Devrient cries, "I am ready!" He has won the bet! The workman, little suspecting how interested the party within the house had been in his movements, now takes the snuff, with a long inspiration, while the house echoes with the laughter of the company.

Another incident is related, concerning Karl, the waiter above-mentioned. Devrient was remiss in settling his accounts. Karl had often reminded him of the debt; and was, at length, ordered to do so in a manner rather more urgent than usual. Devrient took the bill, and looked at him who had brought it, with his rolling eyes, so fixedly, that he began to fear he had committed some blunder. After the actor had surveyed him thus sternly for some time, he turned to his companions at the table and repeated, in a pathetic tone, the words of King Philip in Don Carlos:

"Der Knabe Karl fängt an mir fürchterlich zu werden."*

The company burst into a roar of laughter; the waiter stood a moment embarrassed, and then retired; and Devrient lived on credit as before.

Countless anecdotes could be related out of the life of this actor; but, besides that we have no space for them, they would lose their spirit unless told with his own vivacity and humor. He used to amuse his friends with many stories of himself, where he had been placed in some comic or ludicrous situation. One of these was his excursion on horseback with a friend, who had persuaded him to ride to Charlottesburg. He found his horse very troublesome, and exchanged with his friend; but the new nag proved less manageable than the old. At last, they reached Charlottesburg; the danger was passed; they ate and drank freely, and gathered strength for the ride back. Devrient by this time believed himself an accomplished horseman. "We went on well," continued he, "till at length the devil got in both me and the horse. We were passing the country-house of M—, the rich Jew, who was sitting with his family on the piazza. I had drunk enough to fill me with daring; I fancied myself a first-rate rider, and resolved to have some sport with the Jew. Certain that no one would recognize me in the dark, and least of all on horseback, where no mortal had ever seen me, I rode up to the piazza, put

* The boy Karl begins to be terrible to me.

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my head over the balustrade, and bawled out some impertinent nonsense to M—, intending to ride away instantly. My companion, when he saw what I was about, rode off at full speed, to escape recognition in such company, for he was an officer. I also gave the spur to my horse. But what did he do? He stood stock still. I belabored him with hands and feet. He would not budge a step, but began browsing the roses that came through the railing. Meantime Mr. M— comes forward, with light in hand, and sees a forlorn figure like a soldier condemned to ride the wooden ass. He knew me at once, of course. 'Good evening, Herr Devrient,' said he; 'you are just in time, we are sitting down to table; will you alight and sup with us!' I knew not what I did, for the sky and earth seemed to wheel around me; nor can I remember what I answered to his invitation. I only know that two of his servants took my horse by the bridle, and assisted me to dismount; and then —I cannot tell how—I found myself seated at the table, between Mr. and Madame M—. But I swore never in my life to mount a horse again!"

Candor obliges us to state, that Devrient, with all his good humor, did not prove either a happy or a kind husband. It may easily be understood that the qualities which made him an agreeable companion at the convivial board, did not particularly fit him for domestic life. The nights spent in revelry, for not unfrequently the morning found the company yet assembled, were no preparation for a peaceful day at home. Yet it is not to be supposed that Devrient was essentially incapacitated for quiet home enjoyment; he was only lacking in stability, and the resolution that could have kept him from excess.

With regard to Devrient's general scholarship and accomplishments, he was thoroughly versed in no particular branch of art, science, or literature; but had read most of the German, and the best foreign writers, carefully, and showed his own judgment respecting them to be founded on knowledge. His opinion of Hoffmann, to whom he would not allow the praise of being a painter, musician, or a classic, was juster than a friend's usually is found. In politics, he took a lively interest; not as a mere local partizan, but as an observer of men, and interested in the fate of nations. His breast was kindled with sympathetic fire, when the spirit of the French people awoke. "One day," says Rellstab, "we met in the corridor of the opera house; the Dumb Girl of Portici was to be represented. 'What brings *you* to the Opera?' I asked, in surprise. He looked at me with flashing eyes, drew his furred cap closer over his brows, folded his cloak about him, and answered in those tones that can only be heard in his tragic parts. 'The Revolution revives me! The chase of the sea tyrants!' It was a jesting reply; but it could be seen where its earnest meaning lay. His eyes—his whole look, his tones were most expressive. The great events of July, 1830, when the flames of freedom burst their prison, and consumed the yoke, and melted the fetters of a nation, rapt his soul also into enthusiasm. A new life was his in those days, as the phœnix rises from her ashes at the call of the Genius of Freedom, beckoning her upward and onward to meridian glory."

Here must we close this brief and imperfect sketch of the greatest actor of Germany, with renewed regret that none of his friends have furnished the public with a collection of the many characteristic anecdotes extant, which would constitute even a more faithful personal history than an elaborately written life. "Posterity weaves him no garland;" says the poet of the actor; it is therefore doubly the duty of his contemporaries to fix, if possible, the fleeting shadow of his triumph. How feebly can this be done, at best, through the cold medium of words!

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# FIRST EIGHT DAYS IN ENGLAND.

BY JUDGE CARLETON, OF NEW ORLEANS.

We took leave of Boston, under a bright sun, with a favorable breeze, amid the blessings of the multitude assembled to witness our departure. Our noble steamer bounded over the waves as if instinct with life, and the dark line of American coast grew fainter at every revolution of the wheel. But pleasure and pain are always near enough to shake hands. On the third morning, we encountered the last struggles of a gale that still lingered on the seas. The passengers grew pale and sick at the heaving of the ship, and terrified at the masses of water that broke against her sides. They silently withdrew to their berths, where nothing was heard, save the uproar of the storm, the trampling of feet, and the shrill notes of the sailor's song, as they rose upon the blast.

On the fifth day the scene had entirely changed. The clouds were chased away by the western winds, and the glad passengers crowded the deck to taste of the morning air, and look abroad upon nature, great here as in the hills and valleys of the earth. Around lay the deep unquiet sea, concealing in its unfathomed stream so many mysteries unrevealed to man. The sky stretched its blue mantle, without spot or stain, down to the very horizon, while the great king of day dispersed, as he climbed the steep heavens, light and life to the subjugated world that revolved about his throne.

But to the moon belongs the sceptre of the seas. She is a queen, and storms and tides are the ministers of power that move at her command. There is no peace in her watery domain; she is a capricious sovereign, most to be dreaded when most she smiles. The experienced mariner regards her with awe, her uprisings and down-sittings, her growth and decay, and upon the changes of her countenance hangs the good or ill that is to come.

Yet, oh moon! boast not of thyself! Thou, too, art the vassal of another greater than thee. Nightly dost thou kindle thy torch at the sun, to administer unto the earth, and in all thy wanderings thou art bound by fetters thou canst not break. Thou, too, like the earth, hast had thy throes, and the history of thy misfortunes is read in the astronomer's glass. Whole seas have dried up from thy bosom, and thou hast been rent by inner convulsions, until light is made visible through thy entire orb.

The saloon of the steamer resembles a coffee-house, where the guests spend their time in reading, playing at dice or dominoes, or descanting upon the pleasures of travelling by sea, while their brains are rocked as in a cradle. I did not believe them; it is against nature. A ship is a prison-house, filled with a subtle, loathsome vapor, that poisons the blood, and cuts short the mariner's life at a period when other men are in the vigor of their years.

Early on the fourteenth day we saw the snowy heights of Wales; and at 10 o'clock I put my foot on shore, amid the greetings of the populace, the cries of cab and hack-drivers, quite as obstreporous as in our own New York. I entered a carriage, with my head still giddy from sickness, which gave me no respite until I reached the quiet waters of the Mersey. I was conducted to an hotel, frequented mostly by the English. Though it was noon, gas-lights were visible in the interior chambers of the houses. The city was overshadowed by a curtain of smoke that almost shut out the oblique rays of the sun, whose feeble lamp hung low and dim in the distant south.

In the evening I saw the principal market, always in full operation on Saturday night. It is more imposing, because more concentrated and better lighted, than that of Philadelphia; though the provisions are, with some exceptions, inferior, dearer, and less varied, than in the Quaker city.

I walked through several alleys, occasionally tasting an apple that attracted the attention of some half-naked children, who snatched up the masticated pulp, rejected from my mouth. This occurrence, however trifling, was a painful

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commentary upon those institutions under which those little sufferers were born.

I was told that the vegetables I saw grew on tenanted lands, loaded with church and poor rates, independently of the landlords' heavy exactions; that the gardeners were generally destitute and often driven away because of their inability to pay the rent.

In Philadelphia, the butchers, clad in white linen and aprons no less white, sell the flesh of animals fed on their own pasture lands, while their wives, mistresses of the dairy, measure out milk from crock and jar, as temptingly neat as their own comely persons. The sellers, too, of fruits, gather from their own orchards, and every article of food and cookery, strewed along a line of four thousand feet in High-street, comes pure and unadulterated from the homes of the owners of the soil.

Next morning I partook of an English breakfast, of which travellers have not a little to say.

In the hotel is a quadrangular apartment, not spacious, called the coffee-room, where a series of small tables are arranged, intended each for the accommodation of one or two persons only. I took my seat at half-past nine. Before me stood a tea-pot of mock silver, a small porcelain cup on each side, containing the one an allowance of green and the other of black tea, a plate with two circular bits of butter, embossed with the name of the hotel, a three-penny wheaten loaf, and a small bowl containing a scanty portion of loaf sugar. These, with an accompaniment of three knives, a plated French fork and two spoons, displayed on a neat white cloth, constituted the furniture of the table. They who make tea-trays and send them to us do not always put them on their own tables. I followed the example of others, and prepared my own tea, by helping myself to boiling water from a kettle that stood on the shoulder of the chimney. This is a breakfast in its simplest form; any increase of quantity brings with it an increase of price. Some of the guests rose with plate in hand and helped themselves to a slice of cold ham, beef, or tongue, from a side-table, in a distant part of the room.

Opposite to me sat a stout gentleman whose abstraction announced that silence was not to be broken. He read the newspapers, taking tea only by way of parenthesis. He seemed unconscious of my presence; nevertheless I resolved to unlock his frozen speech. But how? I knew he hated the French, and if I mentioned the Americans, he might say they did not pay their debts. It was therefore unsafe to speak of either. Yet there was one topic to which no man was ever indifferent—his country. I studied my part, and throwing down my knife exclaimed, "At last I have seen that beautiful, that unspeakably beautiful England!" His features began to relent as he fixed his eyes upon me—— I continued—"I studied its geography when a boy, its history when a man, and the half had not been told me"—— "Then you are a stranger?" "Yes, I arrived in the Halifax steamer." "We were uneasy about you—you overstaid your time?" A spark was now struck from the flint: the words flowed warm from his heart. The other guests put in their contributions, and the conversation became general. They were gentlemen of manners and education, prompt to communicate, and not unwilling to hear what I had to say of the new-born Republic in the west. They had read Sam Slick and Mrs. Trollope; had heard of tarring and feathering, the abolitionists, Judge Lynch and his code. They insisted our laws had no binding force—that everything bent under the will of the people—that the whole machinery of government was running wild and must soon tumble to pieces. I replied, that on closer inspection, its movements, however complex, would appear to be held in constant balance, and that its laws of motion, like those of the planets, corrected its own anomalies—that the outbreakings of the mob in England had more than once overturned the government; that in France they were always political, and often terminated in a useless waste of life—that the case was wholly different in America: there the soil belonged to the people, and the government was of their own creation—that they would not pull down and burn their own houses, or destroy institutions which they could alter or abolish at pleasure.

They insisted that the Americans were too fond of change—that they had twenty-six legislatures besides a general congress in session every year—that they did little else than enact and rescind, build up and pull down, and

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had of late commenced their mad assaults upon the judiciary, the last prop in the yielding fabric.

I replied, that the Americans were in a new position: having no lights to guide them in forming their constitutions, they were thrown upon their own inventions. They have contrived to give every man the same interest in legislation he has in his own household—that their rapid growth, the progress of the arts, the mutations of commerce, required frequent changes and new enactments, to keep pace with their ever-varying and increasing wants—that the judiciary was the most imperfect part of the whole machinery—that judges, of all men, were most liable to abuse their power—that once upon the Bench, they seemed to grow to it, and no means had been discovered to bring them to account, but by shortening the duration of office—that in England it was well they should be independent of the Crown; but in America, no one should be independent of the people—that an office for life was above human responsibility, and utterly repugnant to the spirit of their institutions.

One of the gentlemen who had hitherto been silent, said he had travelled in the United States; that they were, indeed, a free people, but none the happier on that account—that they were ever complaining, discontented, restless, never standing still long enough to define their own position—that they might love their country, but had no love of place, for nobody stayed at home, or lived where he was born—that he had seen entire families mount a steamer in New Orleans, struggle under high pressure two thousand miles against the current, dart across the land by railroad, then again by fire and steam over the lakes; visit Montreal, Quebec, and all the watering-places in their interminable empire, in a single season. That they transacted business with the same headlong celerity; not satisfied with growing rich by patient industry, they strive to leap into fortune at a single bound—they live only in anticipation—would stake their fortunes upon events then taking place in the most distant parts of the world. That their politics were as unstable as the moveable sands—they would vote a man in office one day, and the next begin to pull down their idol to put up another in its stead. That their religion rested upon no settled interpretation of the Scriptures—too many were free-thinkers, and what was worse, free from thinking—that their ministers could not raise their congregations to their creed, but the creed must be lowered to their congregations, or they would be driven, one and all, from the pulpit, by the same all-absorbing power, the will of the people. That they were equally hot in the pursuit of pleasure; would go to a theatre or ball, as if on a foot-race, and in the same spirit would swallow their food with a rapidity that deprived them of speech.

In matters of love, they were equally hasty and reckless; a young man is shot dead at the first glance; takes a wife of fifteen, who at twenty-five is loaded with the cares of maternity, and becomes a grandmother at thirty.

This exaggerated strain was cut short by the appearance of a servant, who delivered a letter to the speaker, and the party withdrew.

In the evening the conversation became still more controversial. They insisted that the English language had been corrupted by the pronunciation and style of the best educated Americans. Here I took the field with Webster's two ponderous quartos. They admitted, with much candor and good sense, that Johnson's etymologies were not just, and that pronunciation was, in its nature, too variant and subtle to be fixed by any standard.

The fame of the great American lexicographer was not unknown to them; but they were surprised when told that his dictionary was about to undergo a second edition in their native capital. I insisted that he had traced the language up to its simplest elements, the Saxon tongue, which Johnson did not understand—that in the preface to his work, he had condensed all the learning of his predecessors, illustrated by his own deeper and more comprehensive researches—that a work of such magnitude, inspired by genius, reared by the industry of thirty years, would outlive all the assaults of rival writers, and that its republication was a sure guaranty of its final adoption in England—that no language could be fixed until the extinction of the people that spoke it—that the progress of the English for the last two centuries, was precisely the period in which the boundaries of science were most enlarged—that the varied signifi-

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cation of words among the Americans, and adoption of new terms, proved the rapid development of mind—that language being the expression of thought, must keep pace with increase of knowledge. It might be compared to one of their own great rivers, that widened and deepened in its course until the waters of the fountains were lost in the tributary streams that flowed into the common channel.

Of the public edifices in Liverpool and other works of art, I have nothing to say: my subject is *human life:* and though Lady Montague has said, there are nobody in the world but men and women, yet they do most strangely differ in their character, institutions and modes of living, and these are the charms that draw the traveller from his home. Born where nature and nations are young, the American goes abroad for instruction as the Greeks travelled to the East. He hastens to England, and great are his emotions when he first beholds those shores where the "footsteps of his mighty ancestors fell!" He had seen the English abroad; now he is to see them at home; their houses, furniture, features, dress, manners Are they proud, silent, repulsive, as he had read? What are the topics of conversation among a people descended from Locke, Newton, Shakspeare, Milton? What are the sources of that power that rebukes kings on their thrones, and fills the distant heathen with awe? Above all, are the English as happy as they are great? This is the problem he came to solve.

On the third day I entered the streets to look upon the face of society, and draw my conclusions from things as they are.

Near the hotel were several loaded wagons, whose drivers were from the country, not twenty miles distant from Liverpool. They spoke to each other in a rude, noisy dialect, which the population themselves understood with difficulty. In the United States, English is uniformly spoken almost without dialect, and a stranger easily understands the uneducated slaves.

I advanced but a few paces, when I saw several women, gathering with their naked hand, the ordure that fell from the animals in the streets, and carrying it off in baskets on their heads. I approached one of them, hesitating whether I should speak. Is she a woman? thought I; and has she the passions common to her kind? can she love and hate, feel resentment and pride? or can hope, which forsakes not the human breast, lie at the bottom of the ills she endures? I drew nearer, but we were both suddenly driven to the side-walk, at the approach of a long line of teams; she returned and I followed to give her a penny. "What are you doing?" "I picks up dung for Mr.—." "And what then becomes of it?" "He sells it to the market people when they goes home." "Have you a mother?" "No." "A father?" "Yes." "Where is he?" "He lives away two miles; he fell in the dock and hurt his side; he can't walk; I comes to this street every morning." "How much can yon make in the day?" "Sometimes four pence and sometimes six pence." "Who takes care of your father in your absence?" "Mrs. — sends him broken victuals sometimes."

She was, indeed, a woman of English flesh and blood, the same with Duke and Duchess, Lord and Lady, and uttered articulate sounds in a soft feminine voice; nay, had she been washed in the deep seas, her comely features might have restored her to her species, from whose rolls she had been struck by her loathsome trade. She was not more than seven years of age, with too slight a form for the load she continued to heap upon her basket. Her body was wrapped in a sort of frock, with a string tied about her waist, so tattered and polluted that its color could not be known. She was barefoot; wore about her temples the brim of a straw bonnet, stained with dirt and smoke, with which she continued to half conceal her face. In her bosom was a piece of white bread, which, with her unwashed hands, she occasionally applied to her mouth, without interruption to her business. Much as I had heard of want and destitution in England, neither the speeches in Parliament, books of travels, nor yet the reports of factory commissioners had prepared me for this appalling spectacle!

As I entered Lord street, the forms of misery began to vary and multiply. Whole families of men, women, and children, half naked, barefoot, in rags, shivering in the cold, lean and gaunt from hunger, without a hut to shelter them from the storm, or a pillow of straw whereon to lay their heads.

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They emerge daily from the crooked alleys and putrid cellars on the frontiers of the town, into the principal streets, where they strive by all sorts of artifice and beseeching gestures, to excite attention and awaken compassion. The fathers and mothers held each one, and sometimes two infants in arms, with other children at their sides, all walking in the middle of the streets, singing in joint chorus some coarse ballad, descriptive of their sufferings. One of the men preached a sort of sermon, setting out his misfortunes—that he had labored in a factory which had failed—that he was out of employment and could find none—that his children were starving, and concluded with an exhortation to charity. This revolting scene so engrossed my attention, that I hardly saw edifice or equipage; heeded not the array of shops or uproar of commerce. Nothing could I hear or see but these unhappy sufferers, disinherited and disowned by the very institutions under which they were born!

When in the evening I spoke of their condition, I was told they deserved no pity; that they dissipated their money and time in taverns and ginshops. Alas, poor wretches! they do indeed drink that they may forget, and better for them could they hide themselves in their graves, where sorrow cannot enter, and the wrath of man cannot pursue.

In the afternoon I made an excursion of sixteen miles to Chester, one of the oldest towns in the kingdom, and seat of power under the kings of the Heptarchy. It is surrounded by a wall, on whose broad undulating surface I made the entire circuit of the city, overlooking the antique grotesque houses and tortuous streets, and the distant hills and valleys of Wales beyond the Dee.

One of the streets is cut out of a rock, whose sides are formed into shops, and serve as the basement stories of a double range of houses with covered poticos their entire length.

The cathedral is an enormous mass of stone, fast crumbling into sand. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the choir and its exquisite carvings in wood. Here I first saw a cloister, and formed some notion of the architecture of the seventh century, when the church was said to be founded, under the patronage of St. Warburg. Beneath the pavement lie the remains of Smith the translator of Xenophon, and Parnell the poet.

The ride to Chester is performed in a few minutes by railway, through a beautiful country sprinkled with cottages and hedges, the earth yet green, nothing indicating the presence of winter but the loftier leafless trees of the forest.

On the fourth day I went by railroad to Manchester, whose population is employed in carding, spinning, weaving, and bleaching six hundred thousand bags of cotton, brought from three continents of the earth.

At two o'clock I rambled along the streets, inhabited by those who work in the manufactories, called operatives, to distinguish them from the laborers who cultivate the ground. I had not proceeded far, before I met a group composed, as in Liverpool, of father and mother with infants in their arms, leading two little girls by the hand. They also sung ballads, and asked for charity. A window flew up opposite to them, and a penny fell from the third story. One of the girls picked it up, while the father, perceiving he had caught my attention, approached to tell me he had eaten nothing that day; that they had been at work in a cotton-*mill*, as he called it, but were turned out of employment. He was barefoot, as were the children, though the keen winds were accompanied with rain that fell upon the half-melted snow. The wife wore shoes, and, as far as I could discover, but one garment of dirty cloth that sat tight about her body, leaving her arms and legs exposed to the weather. The eldest girl appeared to be about ten, and the other six years of age. Both extended their hands in a beseeching posture, but said nothing. Their skins were visible through the greasy rags that hung about their stinted frames; their hair was knotted and entangled by filth; their features wore an impression of idiocy, and their inflamed eyes were too sensitive for the light of the already declining sun. The feet of the eldest were red and chapped by the cold, resting flat upon the pavement, the hollow or palm of the foot having wholly disappeared. I inquired the cause; the father said, "she was obliged to stand all day in the factory where she worked, that she never wore shoes, and that many other children

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had feet as flat as her's." The limbs of the youngest were misshapen; the stomach preternaturally distended, as was her mouth, and so stupid that I could not obtain an intelligible word from her. I gave them a trifle, whereupon they renewed their song and went their way.

They were followed by a young man, apparently twenty years of age, almost naked, with his hands thrust in his trowsers, and a paper on the crown of his hat, on which was written, "I am starving." I told him to go to work; he replied he could get none; that the mill in which he was employed had stopped.

The number of sufferers soon became too great for detail. My attention was particularly arrested by a little girl five years old, who stood near a cellar door, with a box of matches in her hand, which she held constantly extended. Her naked feet were half buried in mud and snow; her garments a tissue of rags blown aside by the winds, exposing her infantine limbs to the rain as it fell. Her features were stained with dirt, stiff with cold, and frightfully deformed by endurance too great for her tender years. Great as were her sufferings, she did not complain or shed a tear. "Have you a mother?" She turned towards the cellar; I entered, full of resentment against the unnatural parent —what a revolution came over me at the sight of this abode of misery! I purchased my right of entrance with money, the St. Peter's key that unlocks every door. The apartment was some fifteen feet square; the filth heaped upon the floor concealed the material beneath; the damp, decayed walls were of a dingy hue; the chimney, the receptacle of every unclean thing, not of fire, for there seemed no means of cooking food. The sour, sickening vapor that loaded the air, drove me back to the first step of the door, where the mother sat mending a dirty coverlet, upon which she sewed patches of different colors. She was without shoes, wore a tattered cloak about her shoulders, a black filthy handkerchief over her ears, which she tied under the chin. Finding that I shut out the light from the poor woman's labors, I again advanced into the interior. "Is that your child at the door?" "Yes, your honor." "She will perish with cold." "I cannot help it." "Does she get anything by standing there?" "Yes, people gives her sometimes a penny, that helps keep us alive." "Have you other children?" She pointed to a corner where were four lying on straw, covered with a new blanket, which she said was bought with money given to the poor. One of them was an infant six months of age, another eighteen; a little girl eleven years old, and a boy thirteen. She said she made them lie in bed, as she had no fire; besides, they could do "better without eating."

The eyes of the little girl were much inflamed: I asked the cause;—she said the children that worked in the cotton mills always had sore eyes. That her son was sick, and her daughter had been out of employment three days—that her husband was a stocking weaver, and had gone in search of work—that her family was fed at a soup kitchen, where she went every day for her share.

In another part of the cellar, lay, stretched on a sort of litter, a man whose pale features and sunken jaws announced the near approach of death. On his body was a blanket, too short to cover his naked feet, that extended beyond the bed. His wife spoke of him with indifference; said they had been married three weeks; that he had taken a bad cold and could not live.

Conjugal and parental affection have but feeble hold of the wretchedly poor. Want separates the husband from a wife whom he cannot maintain, and the starving father snatches the bread from the mouths of his helpless, unresisting offspring: all distinctions of right and wrong, every affection of the heart, are swallowed up in the horrid struggle for life.

It being now three o'clock, a dark hour for a December day in England, I took leave of the little sufferer at the door, whom I left with outstretched arms, as I had found her. I followed a different route to my lodgings, encountering an array of beggars quite as frantic with hunger as the first I had met.

I have been in England only five days, yet have I seen whole streets radiant with bayonets, ready to tear the flesh of those who asked for bread. Though goaded by hunger, chilled by the wintry winds, they must be quiet, pray for the Lords spiritual and temporal, keep the peace, make no disturbance,

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The Corn Laws were intended for the protection of agriculture. The manufactures, too, are protected by the exclusion of foreign fabrics, and their rich proprietors have taken care to fix the price of wages at the lowest point of endurance, while a few land-holders, who have taken the island to themselves, have fixed the price of bread at the highest: so that there are six millions of operatives stripped to the skin, and five millions of peasantry that live to labor on potatoes and salt. Much has been said of the Dutch and Italian poor, yet I can imagine nothing more wretched than the ragged, shivering multitudes, that deform the face of society in England. They are put below the beasts that crop the grass and know their stalls at night. Nay, the very dogs of their lordly masters are fed and lodged in state; have keepers and pastimes assigned them; their genealogies recorded in books; more, their portraits are painted by the great masters in the art, at an expense that would feed an entire village of English poor.

The United States is the only country on the globe where the poor are able to protect themselves. Every son of Adam, soldier, sailor, cobbler, peasant, mechanic, almost every man on the highways or in the streets, forms a part of his government: he has a vote, and votes constitute power. Secure in his personal rights, he soon becomes master of the soil by the fruits of his industry. This is just. The earth was fitted up with hill and valley, mountain and river, and given to Adam and the children to be born of him, to each share and share alike, and to Cæsar no more than the rest. But in England, their constitution denies to the mass of the people any interest in the soil, or voice in the legislature. They have no hope of redress but in the revolution that is ever coming, but never comes. In the meantime, the rich become richer, and the poor poorer; want drives to crime, and crime outstrips increase of numbers. Six millions of men, women and children, pent up in work-shops, have become depraved beyond redemption. There is no healing power but in the cultivation of the lands. Vice flourishes in the crowd; virtue inhabits the silent fields; it grows with the seed the farmer sows, and when he reaps fills his heart with devotion. Blessings on his sweaty brow! He will stand fast by his sacred home, the fields he has ploughed, the trees he has planted, and as long as the right of soil and suffrage shall reside in him, so long will endure the liberties won by the sword of Washington and cemented by the genius of Marshall.

In the evening I conversed with travellers from Stockport, who confirmed the account given by the mother of the causes of inflamed eyes among the children. They said their lungs and throats were affected also; that the fibres of the cotton collected in the corners of their mouths and was taken in with the food, which they often eat from one hand, while they labored with the other. In some of the mills they were obliged to fall upon their faces, almost every instant, to avoid the ponderous beams that swept over their heads; that their limbs were distorted and bodies deformed from over fatigue, and their countenances rendered hideous from continual anguish; that they never played or prattled, as it became little children; that they seemed a part of the machinery, moving by the same impulses; that their understandings were almost blotted out; they knew not the distinctions between right and wrong; and had no sense of moral obligation or shame. It was not possible to educate them; as soon as they ceased to labor, they fell asleep on the door, door-steps, side-walks; even at their meals hunger often yielded to overpowering sleep; that at the first change of price in the commodity, of every fluctuation of fashion or of commerce, they were turned away, men, women and children, to roam the streets and highways; some enlisted in the armies for the distant Indies; poverty drove others to violate the law, and when convicted they were sent to Botany Bay, while the greater part of them wandered through the country begging their bread, lodging at the poor-houses, called "Unions," where they slept on straw, were fed on porridge at supper and breakfast, then compelled to pay their reckoning by breaking stone for the public roads, and sent their way.

One of the gentlemen, who had been long familiar with these scenes of distress, thought my compassion for them altogether misplaced. He insisted that pauperism and beggary were constituent elements of every community. He appealed to the Scriptures, "the poor ye have always with you," and cited

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the authority of Malthus, who affirmed that a portion of mankind in all countries must necessarily perish from want. That writer proposes to mitigate the evil by a law prohibiting marriages among the poor; but poverty had anticipated the law, and yet the number of children had not diminished.

They called for the London papers and showed me the proceedings of the factory commissioners, from which I made the following extracts.

First the testimony of a little girl—"I am thirteen years old; began to work at Mr. Marshall's mill when I was not quite eight; we had forty minutes allowed for dinner; no allowance for breakfast or afternoon drinking. As soon as I went home I fell asleep: we were not allowed to sit down at the mill the whole day; if we did, we were beaten—it was a common thing to beat the children. I had a sister that worked at Mr. Marshall's, and she got killed there."

"Mark Best, an overlooker, testified, that the regular hours for work are from six in the morning until seven at night, and when thronged, from five till nine, only allowing forty minutes at dinner: no time allowed for breakfast or drinking. The children put the food by their side and ate as they could. Sometimes when the work is bad, they are prevented from getting it at all; they have then to take it home again. Sometimes it is so dirtied, it is unfit to eat—the dust flies about until they can scarcely see each other. In the card rooms, the refuse hangs about their mouths while they are eating their food. The masters know very well the children are beaten and strapped; they encourage the overlooker to do it. The straps are about a foot and a half long, and there is a stick at the end of some of them—and the end of the strap they beat them with, is cut into five or six thongs: they are regularly made for that purpose. A Manchester machinery is not complete without a machine for thrashing children."

I set out the next morning for London by a devious route, the better to see this beautiful England, an universal garden filled with forbidden fruit, whereof to taste is transportation without hope of return. Part of my journey was performed by rail-road, with a velocity that outstripped the crows whose flight was more than once parallel with the cars.

At Chesterfield, the rain compelled me to take an inside seat, where was one passenger only, a lady whom the conductor of the coach treated with profound respect. I said, as I entered, "I have not yet seen a fair day in England." She replied, "It is a rainy climate, but the healthiest in the world," at the same time drawing aside a rich flowing veil, and lo! a *mulatress*, but none the less beautiful for that. Her dark olive skin, crispy locks, large black eyes and snowy teeth, bore testimony of her African blood, while her nose and lips were altogether European, and her chin the termination of a perfect oval. Her apparel was costly, and jewels, real or false, glistered on her fingers.

"You are not of this country I presume." "I am a native of Surinam." "But your language is English." "My father was an Englishman born, educated in Holland, then went to South America, where he found my mother." She entered into many details concerning the climate, plants, agriculture and population of that country, alluding more than once to those of her own complexion, insisting that the mixed race were more highly gifted in understanding. "I know moreover," she said, "a negro woman, black and beautiful, accomplished in music and the literature of three lettered languages. Mankind have all one common origin; negroes are not inferior to the whites; they who say so are infidels that do not believe in the Scriptural account of the creation. Nay, there is good reason to believe that Adam was a black man, and that the different complexions among his descendants arose from the operation of moral and physical causes. All colors would be alike respected, were it not for the distinctions kept up by the silly pride of the Americans—I hate the Americans."

She spoke of the standard works in English literature; lamented that Addison and Johnson were forgotten in the admiration bestowed on Scott, Bulwer, and other workers in fiction. She mentioned several Dutch authors of whom I was ashamed to be ignorant. She greatly extolled the "Praise of Folly," by Erasmus, who she said was another Solomon—"Both of these sages agreed, that increase of knowledge was

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not increase of happiness—that according to Erasmus, the people of Brabant were the happiest in Holland, because they were the silliest."

Having heard her called *Miss*, I alluded to the probability of uniting her fortunes with those of some happy Englishman. She replied with great emphasis, "That man, sir, is not born that can get me." "Then you are difficult to please and hard to persuade." "Men, sir, are deceitful; they are complaisant and courteous before marriage, but the money once in their power, they throw off the mask and betake themselves to the coffee-house, or to some low and vile pleasures—I hate them! During courtship, they call me angel." "Then you have been courted?" "I do not deny it, but I did not believe a word they said; I knew they wanted my money. Oh! they are such liars!" Strong language thought I, for a "negro wench!"

"I perceive you never intend to marry:" here I quoted Socrates who said, "That they who marry will repent; that they who do not marry, will repent." She replied, "The first part of the proposition is true; for if Bonaparte's code were in force in England, there would not be a dozen marriages left to a county. That the last part was false; Socrates, though famed for wisdom, said many silly things. There are, indeed, old maids who render themselves ridiculous by their affectation and lap-dogs; it is their own fault if they are not respected. If they have money, they can always command obedience; and if they do not die as soon as their nephews and nieces wish, they are in that respect no worse off than other people."

"You have travelled in the different States of Europe?" "Yes, in most of them." "Delighted, no doubt, with Paris?" "Not at all; they who have once seen England, can live nowhere else. England is my country; all my relations are here; the English are first among the foremost—none so wise, so learned, so great, and Lavater says they are the handsomest people in the world." "You must have met with some Americans on the continent, did you not think the women handsome?" "I did not; there was a party of them at Pisa, with two of their beauties of eighteen or twenty years of age. They had indeed white skins, slender forms, small feet and hands, flaxen hair and blue eyes; but they talked and laughed so loud, and were so free with the men, that the Italians were ashamed of them. As for the men, they could not speak without stopping to spit, as children learn their pauses in grammar. I hate the Americans; I believe every word Mrs. Trollope has said about them."

Having arrived at her place of destination, we bowed with mutual expressions of regret at parting so soon.

I pursued my journey a few miles further to a Village Inn, so neat, so sweet—carpets, walls, chairs, tables, fire-place, window glass; I could have kissed them all. No people on earth, French, German, Swiss, nor yet the Dutch of Boeck, are so neat as the English when not debased by poverty.

Here I stayed a day to visit the possessions of a noble Duke, famed throughout the realm. I approached under a line of elms that balanced their horizontal arms across the road that led to the castle. It is the palace of a king rather than the mansion of a subject. His income is stated at one million three hundred thousand dollars a year, yet is less than is received by the Duke of Northumberland, or Marquis of Westminster. His carpenters, painters, gardeners, physicians, attorneys, chaplains, stewards, butlers, ostlers, park-keepers, dog-keepers, barbers, laundresses, laborers, farmers and other dependants, attached to his five different estates, would form a little republic, and if employed in tilling the ground, might feed many thousand human beings, instead of one.

From the windows of the castle are seen the water-works, his Italian and English gardens and conservatory, filled with whatever is valued for fruit or flower, from the five zones of the earth. The walls of the apartments are covered with Russian leather, embossed and illuminated with gilt. His *orangerie*, sculpture room, library and drawing room, when thrown into one, measure four hundred feet in length. The statues alone cost more than half a million. Among them I recognized a Letitia—a Queen of the Scots by Westmacott; Hebe, Ceres, Venus of Medicis, Latona and two children; Mars, Cupid, Endymion, and Achilles drawing the arrow from his foot, by Canova. A Venus by Thorwaldsen—a colossal figure of the Duke himself

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and ten times as many more grouped in one vast apartment.

But my mind was ill at ease. These proud trophies of art made less impression upon me, than the squalid forms I had just seen shivering in the cold. I could not drive them away; they stood by the statues with uplifted hands; they followed me along the costly halls and ornamented grounds. Miserable wretches! All this gorgeous structure; these accumulated riches, luxuries without name or number, are wrung from you! Ye are the oxen that plough not for yourselves; the bees that make not honey for yourselves; nay, the very soldiery appointed to keep you in awe, are paid by the sweat of your brows, and if ye but taste of the fruit of that tree, or of the flesh in yonder park, ye are straightway sent in exile half round the globe!

I entered the first vehicle ready to depart, and in a short time found myself at Woodstock. Having rambled across the park of the Duke of Marlborough, I perceived at an exterior gate a beggar with his wife, crouched in the angle of a hedge, to catch the occasional sun that broke from the clouds. He advanced to ask alms. "No, you are a stout man, go to work." "I can't get work." "What is your trade?" "Me and my wife makes gloves; but everybody is running after them d—d French gloves, and the trade is done." "But you can wash your clothes." "I can, if you will give me others to put on while I am about it." I thought his answer pert, and I turned away. His wife followed me, and in a most beseeching manner, asked for money to buy bread; I gave it. She called me your honor, and sometimes bestowed a title. They said they had never seen an American before. When I spoke of the high wages and abundance that prevailed in America, he interrupted me, and in a manner bordering on insolence, asked, "Is there any parks in America like this? His Grace keeps two thousand seven hundred deer; did you see the lake his Grace had dug out? the bridge over it cost his Grace ten thousand pounds; Parliament gives his Grace money every year. I don't like America; I prefer England."

My philanthropy began to abate. I almost thought with that apologist for tyrants, who said that "a well fed horse, under tight rein and spur, was as proud and happy as his master." But this slaving wretch was not as well fed as his Grace's horse. A peck of oats would have given him daily bread, the summit of happiness for the English poor, whose desires seldom stray beyond a quiet stomach.

Nothing can reconcile an American to institutions that strip the multitude and give all to a few. He can understand how one man may be enriched by industry, and another impoverished by idleness, but that so many generations should live and die in want, is a riddle he cannot solve. Why are they not fed from the abundance that commerce can bring? In the capital of Ohio, there is an ordinance requiring butchers to throw their unsold meat into the river, that it may not decay on the commons. The great hotels are daily emptied by the refuse carts of provisions that cannot be consumed, and all travellers in the Mississippi steamers can testify, that there is thrown into the water, from the excess of the very tables where they have dined, enough to feed whole families of the hungry poor.

But, say the English, it is vulgar in the Americans so to overload their tables. If, indeed, quantity be a test of vulgarity, then are they the most vulgar people on earth, and the English the most refined; with this difference, that in England the rule works inversely, beginning with the aristocracy, who live in vulgar abundance, and receding to the humble laborer, who is refined into a mere shadow by potatoes and salt.

I passed the evening with an intelligent gentleman, who told me that Woodstock had been entitled to two members in Parliament, who bought their seats of the Duke of Marlborough, at three thousand five hundred pounds each: the bargain being struck, the Duke compelled his tenants to vote accordingly at the hazard of being expelled from their huts. The next morning my gentleman breakfasted with me, and I dined with him at six, having, in the meanwhile, rambled over the Duke's possessions, attended a sale of cattle, and visited the neighboring peasantry. The following day I reached London by way of Oxford, which completed my First Eight Days in England.

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# THE POETRY OF BRYANT.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

It has been well observed by an English critic that Poetry is not a branch of authorship. The vain endeavor to pervert its divine and spontaneous agency into a literary craft, is the great secret of its recent decline. Poetry is the overflowing of the soul. It is the record of what is best in the world. No product of the human mind is more disinterested. Hence comparatively few keep the poetic element alive beyond the period of early youth. All that is genuine in the art springs from vivid experience, and life seldom retains any novel aspect to those who have long mingled in its scenes and staked upon its chances. A celebrated artist of our day, when asked the process by which his delineations were rendered so effective, replied, that he drew them altogether from memory. Natural objects were portrayed not as they impressed him at the moment, but according to the lively and feeling phases in which they struck his senses in boyhood. For this reason it has been truly observed, that remembrance makes the poet, and that emotions recollected in tranquillity form the true source of inspiration. A species of literature depending upon conditions so delicate is obviously not to be successfully cultivated by those who hold it in no reverence. The great distinction between verse-writers and poets is that the former seek and the latter receive; the one attempt to command, the other meekly obey the higher impulses of their being. The first thought which suggests itself in regard to Bryant, is his respect for the art which he has so nobly illustrated. This is not less commendable than rare. Such an impatient spirit of utility prevails in our country, that even men of ideal pursuits are often infected by it. It is a leading article in the Yankee creed to turn every endowment to account: and although a poet is generally left to "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," as he lists, occasions are not infrequent when even his services are available. Caliban's lowly toil will not supply all needs. The more "gentle spriting" of Ariel is sometimes desired. To subserve the objects of party, to acquire a reputation upon which office may be sought, and to gratify personal ambition, the American poet is often tempted to sacrifice his true fame and the dignity of art to the demands of occasion. To this weakness Bryant has been almost invariably superior. He has preserved the elevation which he so early acquired. He has been loyal to the Muses. At their shrine his ministry seems ever free and sacred, wholly apart from the ordinary associations of life. With a pure heart and a lofty purpose has he hymned the glory of nature and the praise of freedom. To this we cannot but, in a great degree, ascribe the serene beauty of his verse. The mists of worldly motives dim the clearest vision, and the sweetest voice falters amid the strife of passion. As the patriarch went forth alone to muse at eventide, the reveries of genius have been to Bryant holy and private seasons. They are as unstained by the passing clouds of this troubled existence as the skies of his own "Prairies" by village smoke.

Thus it should be, indeed, with all poets; but we deem it singularly happy that it is so with our own. The tendency of all action and feeling with us is so much the reverse of poetical, that only the high, sustained and consistent development of the imagination would command attention or exert influence. The poet in this republic does not address ignorance. In truth the great obstacle with which he has to deal, so to speak, is intelligence. It is not the love of gain and physical comfort alone that deadens the finer perceptions of our people. Among the highly educated there is less real enjoyment of poetry than is discovered by those to whom reading is almost a solitary luxury. No conformity to fashion or affectation of taste influence the latter. They seek the world of imagination and sentiment with the greater delight from the limited satisfaction realized in their actual lot. To them poetry is a great teacher of self-respect. It unfolds to



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them emotions familiar to their own bosoms. It celebrates scenes of beauty amid which they also are free to wander. It vindicates capacities and a destiny of which they partake. Intimations like these are seldom found in their experience, and for this reason,—cherished and hallowed associations endear an art which consoles while it brings innocent pleasure to their hearts. It is, therefore, in what is termed society that the greatest barriers to poetic sympathy exist, and it is precisely here that it is most desirable, the bard should be heard. But the idea of culture with this class lies almost exclusively in knowledge. They aim at understanding every question, are pertinacious on the score of opinion, and would blush to be thought unacquainted with a hundred subjects with which they have not a particle of sympathy. The wisdom of loving, even without comprehending; the revelations obtained only through feeling; the veneration that awes curiosity by exalted sentiment—all this is to them unknown. Life never seems miraculous to their minds, nature wears a monotonous aspect, and routine gradually congeals their sensibilities. To invade this vegetative existence is the poet's vocation. Hazlitt says all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it. If so, habits wholly prosaic are as alien to wisdom as to enjoyment; and the elevated manner in which Bryant has uniformly presented the claims of poetry, the tranquil eloquence with which his chaste and serious muse appeals to the heart, deserve the most grateful recognition. There is something accordant with the genius of our country in the mingled clearness and depth of his poetry. The glow of unbridled passion seems peculiarly to belong to southern lands where despotism blights personal effort, and makes the ardent pursuit of pleasure almost a necessity. The ancient communities of northern latitudes have rich literatures from whence to draw materials for their verse. But here, where nature is so magnificent, and civil institutions so fresh, where the experiment of republicanism is going on, and each individual must think if he do not work, poetry, to illustrate the age and reach its sympathies, should be thoughtful and vigorous. It should minister to no weak sentiment, but foster high, manly and beautiful serious views. It should identify itself with the domestic affections, and tend to solemnize rather than merely adorn existence. Such are the natural echoes of American life, and they characterize the poetry of Bryant.

Bryant's love of Nature gives the prevailing spirit to his poetry. The feeling with him seems quite instinctive. It is not sustained by a metaphysical theory as in the case of Wordsworth, while it is imbued with more depth of pathos than is often discernible in Thompson. The sentiment with which he looks upon the wonders of creation is remarkably appropriate to the scenery of the New World. His poems convey, to an extraordinary degree, the actual impression which is awakened by our lakes, mountains, and forests. There is in the landscape of every country something characteristic and peculiar. The individual objects may be the same, but their combination is widely different. The lucent atmosphere of Switzerland, the grouping of her mountains, the effect of glacier and waterfall, of peaks clad in eternal snow, impending over valleys whose emerald herbage and peaceful flocks realize our sweetest dreams of primeval life—all strike the eye and affect the mind in a manner somewhat different from similar scenes in other lands. The long, pencilled clouds of an Italian sun-set—glowing above plains covered with brightly-tinted vegetation, seem altogether more placid and luxuriant than the gorgeous masses of golden vapor, towering in our western sky at the close of an autumnal day. These and innumerable other minute features are not only perceived but intimately felt by the genuine poet. We esteem it one of Bryant's great merits that he has not only faithfully pictured the beauties, but caught the very spirit of our scenery. His best poems have an anthem-like cadence, which accords with the vast scenes they celebrate. He approaches the mighty forest, whose shadowy haunts only the footstep of the Indian has penetrated, deeply conscious of its virgin grandeur. His harp is strung in harmony with the wild moan of the ancient boughs. Every moss-covered trunk breathes to him of the mysteries of time, and each wild flower which lifts its pale buds above the brown and withered leaves, whispers some thought

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of gentleness. We feel, while musing with him amid the solitary woods, as if blessed with a companion peculiarly fitted to interpret their teachings; and while intent in our retirement upon his page, we are sensible, as it were, of the presence of those sylvan monarchs that crown the hill tops and grace the valleys of our native land. No English park formalised by the hand of art, no legendary spot like the pine grove of Ravenna surrounds us. It is not the gloomy German forest with its phantoms and banditti, but one of those primal, dense woodlands of America, where the oak spreads its enormous branches, and the frost-kindled-leaves of the maple glow like flame in the sunshine; where the tap of the woodpecker and the whirring of the partridge alone break the silence that broods, like the spirit of prayer, amid the interminable aisles of the verdant sanctuary. Any reader of Bryant, on the other side of the ocean, gifted with a small degree of sensibility and imagination, may derive from his poems the very awe and delight with which the first view of one of our majestic forests would strike his mind.

The kind of interest with which Bryant regards nature is common to the majority of minds in which a love of beauty is blended with reverence. This in some measure accounts for his popularity. Many readers even of poetical taste, are repelled by the very vehemence and intensity of Byron. They cannot abandon themselves so utterly to the influences of the outward world as to feel the waves bound beneath them "like a steed that knows his rider;" nor will their enthusiasm so far annihilate consciousness as to make them "a portion of the tempest." Another order of imaginative spirits do not greatly affect the author of the Excursion from the frequent baldness of his conceptions; and not a few are unable to see the universe through the spectacles of his philosophy. To such individuals the tranquil delight with which the American poet expatiates upon the beauties of creation is perfectly genial. There is no mystical lore in the tributes of his muse. All is clear, earnest and thoughtful. Indeed, the same difference that exists between true-hearted, natural affection, and the metaphysical love of the Platonists, may be traced between the manly and sincere lays of Bryant and the vague and artificial effusions of transcendental bards. The former realizes the definition of a poet which describes him as superior to the multitude only in degree, not in kind. He is the priest of a universal religion; and clothes in appropriate and harmonious language sentiments widely felt and cherished. He requires no interpreter. There is nothing eccentric in his vision. Like all human beings the burden of daily toil sometimes weighs heavily on his soul; the noisy activity of common life becomes hopeless; scenes of inhumanity, error, and suffering grow oppressive, or more personal causes of despondency make "the grasshopper a burden." Then he turns to the quietude and beauty of Nature for refreshment. There he loves to read the fresh tokens of creative beneficence. The scented air of the meadows cools his fevered brow. The umbrageous foliage sways benignly around him. Vast prospects expand his thoughts beyond the narrow circle of worldly anxieties. The limpid stream upon whose banks he wandered in childhood, reflects each fleecy cloud and soothes his heart as the emblem of eternal peace. Thus faith is revived; the soul acquires renewed vitality and the spirit of love is kindled again at the altar of God. Such views of nature are perfectly accordant with the better impulses of the heart. There is nothing in them strained, unintelligible or morbid. They are more or less familiar to all, and are as healthful overflowings of our nature as the prayer of repentance or the song of thanksgiving. They distinguish the poetry of Bryant and form one of its dominant charms. Let us quote a few illustrations:

"I've tried the world—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promis'd to my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows frankly to my sobered eye
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

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"Then the chant
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
The thoughts that broke my peace, and I began
To gather simples by the fountain's brink,
And lose myself in day-dreams. While I stood
In nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I daily grew familiar, one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole
From cares I loved not, but of which the world
Deems highest, to converse with her; when shrieked
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades
That met above the merry rivulet,
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still—they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here,
Of all that pained you in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life."

Nothing quickens the perceptions like genuine love. From the humblest professional attachment to the most chivalric devotion, what keenness of observation is born under the influence of that feeling which drives away the obscuring clouds of selfishness, as the sun consumes the vapor of the morning! I never knew what varied associations could environ a shell-fish, until I heard an old oyster merchant discourse of their qualities; and a landsman can have no conception of the fondness a ship may inspire, before he listens, on a moonlight night, amid the lonely sea, to the details of her build and workings, unfolded by a complacent tar. Mere instinct or habit will thus make the rude and illiterate see with better eyes than their fellows. When a human object commands such interest, how quickly does affection detect every change of mood and incipient want—reading the countenance as if it were the very chart of destiny. And it is so with the lover of nature. By virtue of his love comes the vision, if not "the faculty divine." Objects and similitudes seen heedlessly by others, or passed unnoticed, are stamped upon his memory. Bryant is a graphic poet, in the best sense of the word. He has none of the excessive detail of Crabbe, or the homely exactitude of Hogarth. His touches, like his themes, are usually on a grander scale, yet the minute is by no means neglected. It is his peculiar merit to deal with it wisely. Enough is suggested to convey a strong impression, and often by the introduction of a single circumstance, the mind is instantly enabled to complete the picture. It is difficult to select examples of his power in this regard. The following scene from "A Winter Piece" is as picturesque as it is true to fact:

"Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad, arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.
But round the parent stem, the long, low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor.
* * * Raise thine eye,—
Thou sees't no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky, and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains frozen as they rose

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And fixed with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the cracking ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont."

As instances of the felicitous blending of general with particular description, take the following:

" And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
Strolled groups of damsels, frolicsome and fair;
The farmer swung the scythe, or turned the hay,
*And 'twixt the heavy swaths the children were at play.*

———these shades
Are still the abode of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness and spirit; while below
*The squirrel with raised paws and form erect*
*Chirps merrily.* • • •
The mossy rocks themselves
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sand, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
*Lest from its midway perch thou scare the wren*
*That dips her bill in water.*"

Bryant is eminently a contemplative poet. His thoughts are not less impressive than his imagery. Sentiment, except that which springs from benevolence and veneration, seldom lends a glow to his pages. Indeed, there is a remarkable absence of those spontaneous bursts of tenderness and passion, which constitute the very essence of a large portion of modern verse. He has none of the spirit of Campbell, or the narrative sprightliness of Scott. The few humorous attempts he has published are unworthy of his genius. Love is merely recognized in his poems; it rarely forms the staple of any composition. His strength obviously consists in description and philosophy. It is one advantage of this species of poetry that it survives youth, and is by nature progressive. Bryant's recent poems are fully equal if not superior to any he has written. With his inimitable pictures there is ever blended high speculation or a reflective strain of moral comment. Some elevating inference or cheering truth is elicited from every scene consecrated by his muse. A noble simplicity of language, combined with these traits, often leads to the most genuine sublimity of expression. Some of his lines are unsurpassed in this respect. They so quietly unfold a great thought or magnificent image, that we are often taken by surprise. What a striking sense of mortality is afforded by the idea,

" The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould."

How grand the figure which represents the evening air as

" God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth."

In the same poem he compares

" The gentle souls that passed away,"

to the twilight breezes sweeping over a churchyard,—

" Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,"
*And gone into the boundless heaven again.*"

And what can be more suggestive of the power of the winds than the figure by which they are said to

" Scoop the ocean to its briny springs."

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He would make us feel the hoary age of the mossy and gigantic forest-trees, and not only alludes to their annual decay and renewal, but significantly adds,—

"The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died."

To those who have never seen a prairie, how vividly does one spread before the imagination in the very opening of the poem devoted to those "verdant wastes!"

"There are the gardens of the desert, there
The unshorn fields boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies—I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. So they stretch
In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean in his gentlest swell
Stood still with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless?
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges."

He speaks of the beaver as rearing "his little Venice." The lonely place where the murdered traveller met his doom, is indicated in a brief stanza:

"The red-bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
*And fearless near the fatal spot*
*Her young the partridge led.*"

The unconscious flight of time, as years advance, is finely illustrated thus:

"Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
*As flit the snow flakes in a winter storm,*
*Seen rather than distinguished.*"

We are made to realize the antiquity of freedom by a single expression:

—— "thou didst tread
The earliest furrows on the mountain side
*Soft with the deluge.*"

The progress of science is admirably hinted in a line of "The Ages," when man is said to

"Unwind the eternal dances of the sky."

Instances like these might be multiplied at pleasure to illustrate the efficacy of simple diction, and to prove that the elements of real poetry consist in truly grand ideas, uttered without affectation, and in a reverent and earnest spirit.

A beautiful calm like that which rests on the noble works of the sculptor, breathes from the harp of Bryant. He traces a natural phenomenon, or writes in melodious numbers, the history of some familiar scene, and then with almost prophetic emphasis, utters to the charmed ear a high lesson or sublime truth. In that pensive hymn in which he contrasts man's transitory being, with nature's perennial life, solemn and affecting as are the images, they but serve to deepen the simple monition at the close:

"So live, that when thy summon comes, to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In "The Fountain," after a descriptive sketch that brings its limpid flow and its flowery banks almost palpably before us, how exquisite is the chronicle that follows! Guided by the poet, we behold that gushing stream, ages past in the solitude of the old woods, when canopied by the hickory and plane, the humming-bird playing amid its spray, and visited only by the wolf, who comes to "lap its wa-

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ters," the deer who leaves her "delicate foot-print," on its marge, and the "slow-paced bear that stopt and drank, and leaped across." Then the savage war-cry drowns its murmur, and the wounded foeman creeps slowly to its brink to "slake his death-thirst." Ere long a hunter's lodge is built "with poles and boughs, beside the crystal well," and at length the lonely place is surrounded with the tokens of civilisation:

"White cottages were seen
With rose trees at the windows; barns from which
Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer,
Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated.

* * * Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool,
And children, ruddy cheeked and flaxen haired
Gathered the glistening cowslip from its edge."

Thus the minstrel even

"From the gushing of a simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe."

What a just respect for humanity, recognizing its sacred claims with poetic emphasis, breathes in the "Disinterred Warrior:"

"Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away,
*Pay the deep homage taught of old,*
*The homage of man's heart to death,*
*Nor dare to trifle with the mould*
*Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.*"

The very rhythm of the stanzas "to a Waterfowl," gives the impression of its flight. Like the bird's sweeping wing, they float with a calm, a majestic cadence to the ear. We see that solitary wanderer of the "cold thin atmosphere;" we watch almost with awe, its serene course, until "the abyss of heaven has swallowed up its form," and then gratefully echo the bard's consoling inference:

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the trackless air thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright."

But it is unnecessary to cite from pages so familiar; or we might allude to the grand description of Freedom, and the beautiful "Hymn to Death," as among the noblest specimens of modern verse. The great principle of Bryant's faith is that

"Eternal love doth keep
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep."

To set forth in strains the most attractive and lofty this glorious sentiment, is the constant aim of his poetry. Gifted must be the man who is loyal to so high a vocation. From the din of outward activity, the vain turmoil of mechanical life, it is delightful and ennobling to turn to a true poet, one who scatters flowers along our path, and lifts our gaze to the stars, breaking by a word, the spell of blind custom, so that we recognize once more the original glory of the universe, and hear again the latent music of our own souls. This high service has Bryant fulfilled. It will identify his memory with the loveliest scenes of his native land, and endear it to her children for ever.

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## ROME: AS SEEN BY A NEW YORKER.*

This is the title of a new work by Mr. Gillespie, designed to give the author's own impression of Rome, while wandering over it and mingling in its society. We have had many books on Italy, but none that we remember on Rome exclusively. Yet many volumes could be written upon it, without exhausting the materials for an entertaining work. Rome is a magic word with which men conjure up all that is heroic in our nature. It has, during its history, furnished the type of everything that has since transpired, great in human life. The warrior turns back to the Roman soldier for examples of heroism—the statesman to its laws—the orator to its eloquence—the poet to its treasures of verse—the artist to its wealth of paintings and sculpture; and the Christian to its glorious bandof martyrs. The *corpse* of this dead empire is greater than all other living nations, for

"Decay's effacing fingers"

have not swept out all the lines of beauty. The very ruins of Rome are richer than modern wealth. Every stone is a history or monument, and one may spend years in wandering over the foundations of the ancient city alone, without troubling himself about modern Rome. Mr. Gillespie has looked upon this city with the eye and heart of a scholar. He does not take the miserable matter of fact view of it that Cooper did, nor yet the ultra classical one of Eustace. He does not go to the Coliseum to see how many it would hold for a mass meeting, nor yet wholly forget the present in too enthusiastic reverence for the past. He is not subject to the painful extremes of a more excitable temperament, nor cursed with the stupidity of a mere animal—like many who grumble around the Trattorias of the city—and hence he *enjoys* Rome. This very enjoyment of his communicates itself to his writings, and he involuntarily puts his readers in a state of feeling to enjoy it with him. He is happy with the very consciousness he is in Rome, and stands where the heart of the world once beat. This saves him many sad reflections, while he is too much buried in seeing to indulge in musing. This healthful state of the mental man adds much to the agreeableness of the narrative. The work is designed to give only the surface of things, taking up and describing those objects a stranger would be interested in. He not only gives us what his eyes behold, but he makes us acquainted with the impression things make on his feelings. Added to all this, the style is easy, natural and chaste.

The city is taken up in detail in the work before us, and each part considered separately. We scarcely enter Rome before we find ourselves at St. Peter's. Succeeding this come the Coliseum, Capitol, Forum, Vatican, antiquities and ruins. By way of interlude, he gives us a peep into the Trattorias and Cafés with which Rome abounds. The Café Greco is admirably described, but how an American can endure its filth and smoke, and heterogeneous multitude, has always puzzled us. After two trials, we abandoned it for ever. The villas that environ Rome—the art and artists with which it is filled, are given not only with accuracy, but a charm is thrown around them by the style of the author. For a rarity he errs on the side of charity and affection, and will not see the deformities that so much disgust others. The modern Romans especially he defends in our opinion with more amiability than justice. Our artists are spoken of at length, and Mr. Crawford receives a high but merited encomium.

The book opens in good taste, and the reader is started with the exclamation, "Roma," as the domes and battlements of the city rise on his view. Mr. Gillespie, however, does not go off into ecstatics—not quite so much, indeed, as we would wish; but, nevertheless, feels deeply the influence of the eternal city upon him. The opening paragraph is

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in the author's own style, and quite characteristic of the rest of the work.

"'ROMA!' shouted the postilion with his stereotyped emphasis and a melodramatic wave of his whip over the desolate *Campagna*, as a turn in the road disclosed in the distant horizon an irregular mass of churches, towers and palaces, above which rose supreme a huge dome at once recognized as that of Saint Peter's. A traveller becomes callous to the excitement of famous names and historical associations, for he daily eats and sleeps in their shadow: but ROME has a spell to arouse the most phlegmatic, and the attainment of this goal of every voyager seemed like a dream, which at the very next moment might vanish into thin air. But as we advanced, infinitely too slowly for our eager excitement, through the *Campagna*, so silent and barren that it seemed impossible that so great a city could be so near, its battlemented walls suddenly came into view, and the *Tiber* itself was crossed by the *Ponte Molle*, the same on which Cicero arrested the ambassadors of the Allobroges, and whence Constantine had his vision of the cross."

His first impressions on entering St. Peter's are given with much clearness and beauty; and whoever has stood in the centre of that magnificent structure, and endeavored, for the first time, to collect his amazed senses and comprehend into what strange temple he has fallen, will feel the force and beauty of his description.

Around the Forum are the most interesting fragments of old Rome. There are the Capitoline and Palatine hills—the steep Tarpeian, and the mouldering columns of the Temple of the Gods. Standing at one end of the Forum, the Capitol rises behind you, the Arch of Septimius Severus at your feet; the Palatine, on whose top rose the Golden House of Nero, and the Palace of the Cæsars on your right. The Arch of Titus throws its curve at the farther end, while the grey old Coliseum draws its semi-circular summit against the sky. Brutus, and Cæsar, and Antony, and Cicero, and Catiline, have been there before you. On that very spot Cicero turned to the Capitol, which stood like a beautiful vision on the hill, shining in silver and gold, and burst forth in that terrible denunciation against Catiline, and thanked the Gods for their providence over the city, and declared that their interference had been so manifest, "*ut eos pæne oculis videri possimus.*" But the past sinks away, like a ghost at morning, and there are the spinners leisurely weaving their lines in the setting sun, and you wake to the consciousness that the Forum is a *cattle market*. Mr. Gillespie feels the influence of such a scene, as is seen in the following extract:—

"THE FORUM AND COLISEUM.

"The chief ruins of ancient Rome lie in the southern extremity of the city, as far as possible from the inhabited district, as if the degenerate modern Romans shrank from the sight of these solemn tokens of what their ancestors had been, and dared not contrast their present degradation with their former glory. The annual swarms of stangers—those hordes of modern Goths, who now rush down from the tramontane regions, not to destroy, but to admire and to sustain—all crowd together under the northern walls. A mile to the south are the Capitol, the Forum and the Coliseum. On a summer-like evening in the beginning of December, I strolled alone down the *Corso*, passing churches and palaces, till this narrow "Broadway" of Rome divided at the foot of the Capitoline hill. Taking the left hand branch, and leaving the Capitol on my right, I followed the narrow and dark *Via di Marforio*, till suddenly I emerged from its shadows, and a blaze of moonlight lit up for me the Roman Forum, which spread out before my dazzled eyes in a wide waste of ruins, entered by a triumphal arch, terminated by the Coliseum, and dotted with columns, standing singly and in groups, crowned with moss-grown fragments of their cornices, and looking like tall mourners over the fallen greatness of their companions, or like the sole survivors of the field of battle on which the great works of man had contended in vain with the destroying angel of Time. A thrill of neither pleasure nor pain, but of intense quivering excitement, ran through every nerve, till my very fingers' ends tingled with enthusiasm. Such a unique and never-to-be-repeated sensation is alone enough to repay a dozen voyages across the Atlantic. Behind me a broad and lofty flight of marble steps led up the hill of the Capitol; before me rose the triumphal arch erected in honor of Emperor Septimius Severus; on the right stood three columns of a ruined temple; beside them were eight pillars of another edifice; and a little farther rose the lonely column of Phocas. I walked on in solitude through

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the fields which were once the Forum, in which the people met to decide upon the fate of empires, and in which the eloquence of Cicero had re-echoed from the temples and palaces which then studded every eminence and filled every valley, but which have now left only these scattered fragments for their memorials. There 'a thousand years of silenced factions sleep,' and the deep hush was unbroken, except by my own footsteps, till I was challenged by the sentinel before the *Coliseum*. The colossal amphitheatre rose like a mountain of stone, with stupendous arches above arches, half hid in deep shade and half bathed in the splendor of a day-bright moon. In the oval area within, in which so many gladiators had slain each other, and so many Christians had been torn to pieces by wild beasts, now rose a tall cross in emblem of the new religion which had changed the destinies of the place. On the arches which sloped up and back all around, and which once bore the seats of the ninety thousand spectators who there exulted in the butchery of the arena, trees were now growing high in air, and the long grass threw its veil over the yawning chasms. In the interior galleries, arcades and passages which form an immense labyrinth, I wandered for hours, climbing to the topmost arches to avoid an English party, whose ladies were giggling and babbling below in profane desecration of the influences of the spot. In such scenes, one's mind becomes fused and incorporated with the genius of the place, and I could almost fancy myself an old Roman, and forget the cruelties of the conquerors of the world in admiration of their greatness of conception and execution, until the place

'Became religion, and the heart ran oe'r
With silent worship of the great of old,
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.'"

But *eating* is also a part of an existence in Rome, and the trattorias and cafés form one of the distinctive features of the modern city. They are the place of rendezvous to the stragglers from every quarter of the globe. Our author goes into details here with apparently great *gusto*, and unravels more than we ever knew of the mysteries of the kitchen. The information is valuable to the traveller, for he needs a great deal of skill and knowledge to escape eating the leavings of the tables of cardinals and nobles. These cafés also are the places of meeting to transact business or folly with the artists. We give the following excellent description of the initiation of an artist into the Association of Artists, as characteristic of the manner these strange unconventional beings transact most of their business.

"Though visitors of all degrees are attracted to the *Café Greco* by the excellence of its coffee (which the proprietor imports directly from Mocha), the majority of its habitual guests are artists, and in the company of some of them I adjourned thence one evening to a PONTE MOLLE, or Artists' Festival. One of my companions was that night to be initiated into the general Association of Artists in Rome, the majority of whom are Germans, and who unite for mutual assistance and social enjoyment. The *Ponte Molle* is the bridge by which Northerners enter the city, and its name is therefore given to the *fête*, which is the tax of the initiated. It was held in the *trattoria Monte Citorio*, behind the post-office: and about two hundred artists of all nations were there assembled in their most extravagantly picturesque costumes, most of them looking like Cavaliers of Charles I., all busily eating, drinking, and smoking. At the farther end of the chief room, the President was selling at auction a collection of drawings, paintings, &c., contributed by the more prosperous members of the society, that the proceeds of the sale might be applied to the relief of their poorer brethren in art. All currencies were named in the biddings, and when an Austrian offered a *zwanziger*, an American paralleled it precisely with 'A Yankee shilling.' The sale went off gaily and successfully. Some fine glees were then sung, all joining in the chorus and beating time with clashing glasses. The initiation then took place. The doors of an adjoining room were thrown open, and displayed the *tableau vivant* of the candidate, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, standing on a table, and assuming successively the postures of the Apollo Belvedere, the flying Mercury, and the like, as proofs of his artistic taste. The assembly was then asked, if they thought him worthy of being elected '*Knight of the Baiocco*.' The response was a chorus '*Yes*,' '*Oui*,' '*Si*,' '*Ya*,' and other affirmations, and he was immediately invested with the ribbon and medal of the order, *to wit*, a new *baiocco*, or Roman cent; a democratic burlesque on the orders of knighthood, in token that artists should acknowledge the aristocracy of genius alone. The new knight then re-

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ceived a horn of *terra cotta*, holding about a quart, as his Scandinavian drinking cup. He went the rounds of the room, touching the glasses of every one, and a German ode, composed in honor of him and the society, was then sung. The election of officers next took place, and finally the crowd dispersed in perfect harmony, having renewed and strengthened, by their friendly festivities, the fraternal ties which here unite into one brotherhood the thousands of every nation who congregate in Rome for the common pursuit of Art."

We have not time for further extracts, and can only say, that, whoever wishes to obtain a close and familiar view of Rome will get it nowhere better than in this work. The chief fault is a negative one. It does not cover enough ground. The two great features of modern Rome, the Carnival and Holy Week, we hear nothing of. We see the Corso in this work, but we want to see it streaming with maskers, while the city reels to the boisterous mirth of the multitude. We get a clear conception of St. Peter's, but we would also behold it crowded with the pomp and ceremony of Easter Sunday, and blazing in its grand illumination at evening, the great closing act of the magnificent farce. So also the fêtes of various kinds that occur in the spring, many of them handed down from antiquity and especially interesting to the traveller, are not noticed by Mr. Gillespie.

A map of Rome accompanies the work, and there is an Appendix attached, giving directions how to see it.

It is a valuable index to the traveller as well as a pleasant companion. It is beautifully got up, as a book written in the graceful style of this always should be.

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## LITTLE MARY.

A SWEET and blessed moment 'tis to me,
One passing full of silent, pensive pleasure,
When Little Mary, resting on my knee,
Turns up her face of priceless cherub treasure;
With eye of heaven's fairest, brightest hue,
And smile no spoken words can e'er portray,
Her soul's reflex, so spotless, pure and true,
Untroubled by that spectral sad array,
Which haunts my years—but with them, never steals away.

Thy image, Mary, on my heart is sealed,
And wand'ring on thro' life, whate'er my doom,
One joy will be to find it still revealed,
When thoughts of thee break in on hours of gloom.
As years glide by, and scenes are swiftly changed,
And thou art grown to girlish womanhood,
And I've no place 'mong those around thee ranged,
Thy lovers, friends, the trusted and the good,
Unknown, I'll see thee as when at thy side I stood.

By full a score my years outnumber thine,
And much of grief and sadness have I known,
But gems will glitter in the darkest mine,
And joy has found some moments all its own:
Since, then, one life is not unlike the rest,
Tho' Fate in same proportion weaves not all,
Why should I fear that thine will prove unblest,
Or more than fleeting shadows on thee fall?
Why fear, when Life's good angels blessings on thee call?

D. D. S.

*Christmas*, 1844.

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# SONNETS.

## ASPIRATION.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

The planted seed, consigned to common earth,
  Disdains to moulder with the baser clay,
  But rises up to meet the light of day,
Spreads all its leaves and flowers and tendrils forth;
  And bathed and ripened in the genial ray,
Pours out its perfume on the wandering gales,
Till in that fragrant breath its life exhales.
So this immortal germ within my breast
  Would strive to pierce the dull, dark clod of sense;
  With aspirations, wingèd and intense,
Would so stretch upward, in its tireless quest,
To meet the Central Soul, its source, its rest:
So in the fragrance of the immortal flower,
High thoughts and noble deeds, its life it would outpour.

—

## SOUNDS AFTER A SHOWER.

BY R. S. S. ANDROS.

I love to seat me in the open door
  After a summer shower, and feast my ear
  With the sweet sounds, that one, such time, may hear,
As eve's still steps come stealing softly o'er
The twilight landscape. Faintly from afar
  The swollen rill its simple music sends,
And the low whisper of the leaves ajar
  In the cool night-air with the murmur blends,
Making quaint harmony;—while now and then
  The flitting of the bat's strange wing is heard,
Circling anear, and from the distant glen
  Comes the fond note of some still wakeful bird,
Singing her mate asleep, and from my breast
Chasing each thought of sorrowful unrest.

—

## TO ———, SINGING.

BY R. S. S. ANDROS.

Nay, sing no more—no more—my soul is lost,
  Now swallowed up in most unfathomed caves
  Of wondrous song, and now upon the waves
Of melody borne onward, and uptossed,
  Whither I know not, till all grosser things
Swim from around me, and I soar afar,
  Or rapt or sorrowful, on viewless wings,
Woven of beams caught from some tremulous star
  In the blue infinite. Nay, sing no more,
But let the strain pass gradual away;
  For while thou singest, I of needs must soar,
And dwell with thy sweet voice; and never may
One who has dwelt with angels, be again
The fit companion of most selfish men.

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## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

THE events of the past year, briefly enumerated in our last number, seem to have wrought a change in the state of affairs generally. Money has become less abundant in proportion to the demand, and the rate in consequence relatively higher. This result has been produced by the losses sustained during the year by the mercantile classes, and through large sales of goods to the interior on credit, which goods being, at prices necessarily high with a heavy duty added to the cost, beyond the cash means of consumers, are not sold, and the collections of the city dealers are difficult to realize, and considerable amounts have been returned under protest. Throughout the year 1840, there were considerable profits realized upon the national exports, which profits were returned to a great extent in cash to the sea-ports. At the same time the stocks of goods previously held in the cities were converted into cash, under the demands from the interior. Hence it was experienced both in the spring and in the autumn, that the more business progressed the more abundant money became, and the lower its price in the discount market. This plenteousness of money, in a great degree, promoted those speculations noticed in our last number. In the exports for the year 1844, great losses were sustained. The money paid out into the interior for produce was not replaced by the profitable sale of that produce abroad; at the same time, the mercantile capital expended for goods, and the large duties collected thereon, were not replaced by cash sales to the interior as in the previous year. On the other hand, in the autumn, the large stock and falling prices induced a renewal of the old system of credit sales. The goods thus sold to the country dealers have not been sold to advantage. The low prices of agricultural produce have left the consumers of goods but little means to pay for them. Hence as the obligations of the country merchants mature, they are met with great difficulty. This backwardness of payment creates an "accommodation" demand for money, to meet which there are now no large accumulations seeking investments, and money in the discount market commands the full legal rate. We look upon these circumstances, however, as temporary in the nature and the embarrassments they occasion, as the legitimate reaction from the artificial prosperity created under the moral influence of the tariff last year. Most fortunately there is in operation now no extensive system of banking credits revolving round, and centering in a national institution to counteract, by its artificial regulations, the natural action of the exchanges, and by so doing "accumulate disasters" that sooner or later must burst with overwhelming force upon the whole country. The imports of the past year were too much in excess of the exports, and some $6,000,000 of specie were sent out of the country to pay the balance; a most singular fact when we remember that the "present beneficent tariff" was ostensibly enacted to prevent for ever such a result. The operation was, however, a very healthy one. The export of the coin, by depleting the currency, promptly checked the imports, which for the month of January are less than half of the amount for January, 1844. The operation of a National Bank under such circumstance, would have been, by furnishing the exchange market with bills drawn against its own credit, to have prevented the healthy export of specie, and consequently to have kept the currency at a redundant point, and continued the imports until the balance should have swelled so large as to have been beyond its powers. When the trade between two countries is interupted by any untoward circumstance, as war, embargo, or excessive duties, new currents of business are formed on a reciprocal basis, and when the old channels are reopened they cannot be immediately again filled with a healthy business. It becomes a work of time to recover the lost ground. Hence it is that a sudden import of goods into this country from England will not be immediately followed by an increased export of United States produce. England can procure all, with the exception of cotton, that we have to sell, from other countries, with which

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for years she has maintained an uninterrupted intercourse. Gradually, however, our products become suited to her markets, and the quantity sent thither increases. This is indicated in the following table, showing the progress of a trade which has sprung up with England since the reduction of her tariff:

EXPORTS OF CERTAIN ARTICLES TO ENGLAND FOR FOUR YEARS.

| | 1840. | 1841. | 1842. | 1843. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tallow, lbs. | 29,580 | 25,222 | 1,716,320 | 3,653,614 |
| Hams, " | 1,061 | 26,394 | 160,274 | 656,328 |
| Butter, " | 183,499 | 1,657,801 | 676,265 | 1,059,776 |
| Flour, " | 620,919 | 215,984 | 208,024 | 24,915 |
| Meal, bush. | 101,936 | ——— | 123,665 | ——— |
| Flaxseed, " | 76,961 | 32,194 | 17,220 | 34,915 |
| Lard, lbs. | ——— | 437,781 | 3,430,738 | 4,569,474 |
| Cheese, " | ——— | 611,021 | 1,414,784 | 2,313,643 |

The articles of tallow, hams, lard, and cheese have increased with great rapidity, and the trade promises to be very large, more particularly as the consumption of such articles in Great Britain is likely to be very much increased. The annual balance of trade between the United States and England is now greatly in favor of the United States, and against that country. Nearly all of her produce which she sends to this country is absorbed in payment of the single article of cotton, and it becomes manifest, that to encourage her in the purchase of large quantities of those articles which, as above seen, she begins to use freely, the products of her industry must be taken in payment. The balance in trade between the United States and England has been for many years as follows:—

EXPORTS TO AND IMPORTS FROM GREAT BRITAIN IN THE UNITED STATES.

| | *Exports.* | | | *Imports.* | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Dom't'c goods. | Foreign. | Total. | Goods. | Specie. | Total. |
| 1840, | 52,287,219 | 5,125,186 | 57,412,405 | 32,060,021 | 806,306 | 32,866,387 |
| 1841, | 43,219,249 | 3,386,538 | 46,605,797 | 41,092,342 | 581,840 | 41,674,182 |
| 1842, | 38,254,511 | 3,012,419 | 41,266,930 | 33,998,430 | 205,819 | 34,204,249 |
| 1843, | 39,720,951 | 1,120,721 | 40,841,672 | 11,998,547 | 14,304,952 | 26,303,499 |
| | 173,481,930 | 12,644,864 | 185,126,794 | 119,149,340 | 15,898,917 | 135,048,327 |

This gives a general result as follows:—

EXPORTS TO ENGLAND.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| United States produce,..... | $173,481,930 | |
| Foreign goods,..... | 12,644,864 | |
| | | 186,126,794 |
| Imports of English goods,..... | | 119,149,340 |
| Balance in favor of the United States,..... | | 65,971,454 |
| Paid in specie,..... | | 15,828,917 |
| Balance,..... | | $50,072,537 |

This large balance was drawn against in favor of other countries, China, France, &c., and was partly paid in interest on stock, &c. Near 25 per cent. of the whole balance was however paid in specie, disclosing the fact that the trade between the two countries is not one of equality, that the purchasers of the United States are insufficient to pay for what we sell to England, and the trade languishes in consequence. It presents the same difficulties as does that of China, where it is alleged that there is no difficulty in making sales, to any extent, provided some products in exchange can be found. It cannot be expected that England will go on, year after year, making

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purchases of produce from the United States to an extent four times as great as the value of her sales. The money, the specie, of a country has been described as the machine with which its internal trade is conducted, and by means of which its exchangeable wealth is produced. No nation can continue to part with its "machinery" for any length of time, and still continue its productive labor. Hence it becomes necessary, in order to extend the export from the United States of the above articles, that the trade between the two countries should speedily be placed upon a basis of mutual exchange of commodities. Her consumption of raw cotton is extending itself with unexampled rapidity, and, notwithstanding the enormous supply of the present year, growing out of the high speculative prices obtained during the last by the planters for their crops, consumption is already in excess of it, and the accumulated stocks are melting away before the enhanced production of goods which have been made equal to the demand for export and the home trade of England, leaving the stock in the Lancashire warehouses unusually low. The exports of cotton goods from England in the nine months of 1844, ending with September, as compared with former years, were as follows:

VALUE OF COTTON MANUFACTURES AND YARNS EXPORTED FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

| | 1841. | 1842. | 1843. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| First 6 months, | £11,199,736 | 10,506,378 | 11,282,826 | 12,107,444 |
| Seventh " | 12,356,797 | 1,864,651 | 2,045,663 | 2,577,631 |
| Eighth " | 2,082,338 | 1,948,036 | 2,134,387 | 2,840,723 |
| Ninth " | 2,417,344 | 2,083,575 | 2,524,775 | 2,642,249 |
| Total 9 months, | 18,056,215 | 16,502,640 | 17,987,551 | 20,168,047 |

The latest advices from England evince that the home consumption of cotton is progressing to even a greater extent than is here appparent in the export trade. The prices of the leading goods have also advanced 12½ to 20 per cent. over the rates current in the summer of 1843, while the price of the raw material slightly declined to the close of 1844. The following is a table of prices in England:—

| | Upland Cotton. | | | | 40 in Power-loom Cloths. | | | | | Bank. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. | Fair. d. | Good Fair. d. | No. 40. Mule yarn. d. | No. 30. Twist. d. | 66 reeds. s. d. | | 72 reeds. s. d. | | Wheat. s. d. | Interest per cent. | Circulation. mills. | Bullion. mills. |
| 1836. | 10 | 10¼ | 15¾ | 15¾ | 16 | 0 | 17 | 0 | 36 0 | 3¾ | 17¼ | 7 |
| 1837. | 9¼ | 10¼ | 17 | 16 | 16 | 9 | 17 | 9 | 59 6 | 5 | 17¼ | 4¼ |
| 1838. | 7¼ | 8 | 12½ | 12½ | 13 | 9 | 15 | 0 | 52 11 | 3½ | 18 | 8¾ |
| 1839. | 8¼ | 8¾ | 12¼ | 12¼ | 14 | 3 | 45 | 4½ | 78 8 | 3¾ | 18¼ | 9¼ |
| 1840. | 6¼ | 6¼ | 11 | 11 | 12 | 6 | 13 | 6 | 66 4 | 5¼ | 16¾ | 3¼ |
| 1841. | 6¾ | 7 | 11 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 11 | 9 | 62 1 | 4½ | 16¼ | 3¾ |
| 1842. | 5¼ | 5¼ | 9¼ | 9¼ | 9 | 4½ | 10 | 4½ | 62 9 | 4½ | 16¼ | 5¾ |
| 1843. | 4¼ | 5¼ | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 47 2 | 2 | 19¼ | 10¾ |
| 1843. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| June. | 4¼ | 5 | 8¼ | 8 | 8 | 7½ | 9 | 9 | 47 9 | 2 | 19¼ | 11¼ |
| July. | 4¾ | 5 | 8¼ | 7¼ | 8 | 4½ | 9 | 6 | 49 7 | 1¾ | 19¼ | 11¼ |
| Aug. | 4¾ | 5¼ | 8¼ | 8 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 57 5 | 1¾ | 19¼ | 11¼ |
| Sept. | 4¼ | 5¼ | 8¾ | 8¼ | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 55 11 | 1¾ | 19¼ | 12 |
| Oct. | 5¼ | 5¼ | 9¼ | 9 | 9 | 3 | 10 | 1½ | 50 2 | 2 | 19¼ | 12 |
| Nov. | 5¼ | 5¼ | 8¼ | 8¼ | 8 | 9 | 9 | 7½ | 51 1 | 2¼ | 19¼ | 12 |
| Dec. | 5¼ | 5¼ | 8¾ | 8¼ | 8 | 9 | 9 | 7½ | 51 3 | 2¼ | 19 | 12¼ |
| 1844. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Jan. | 5¼ | 5¾ | 9¼ | 9¼ | 9 | 4½ | 10 | 3 | 50 6 | 2 | 19 | 13 |
| Feb. | 6 | 6¼ | 9¾ | 9¾ | 9 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 52 2 | 2¼ | 20¼ | 15 |
| March. | 5¼ | 6¼ | 9¼ | 9¼ | 9 | 7½ | 10 | 9 | 55 7 | 2 | 21 | 15¾ |
| April. | 5¼ | 5¼ | 9¼ | 8¾ | 9 | 9 | 11 | 0 | 55 10 | 1¾ | 21¼ | 16 |
| May. | 5¼ | 5¼ | 9 | 8¼ | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10½ | 55 4 | 1¼ | 21¼ | 16 |
| June. | 4¼ | 5¼ | 9¼ | 8¼ | 9 | 6 | 10 | 3 | 55 7 | 2¼ | 21¼ | 16 |
| July. | 4¼ | 5¼ | 9 | 8¼ | 9 | 4½ | 10 | 0 | 53 1 | 2¼ | 20¼ | 16 |
| Aug. | 4¼ | 5¼ | 9¼ | 9 | 9 | 3 | 10 | 0 | 51 9 | 2¼ | 21¼ | 15¼ |
| Sept. | 4¾ | 5¾ | 9 | 8¼ | 9 | 3 | 10 | 0 | 48 4 | 2¼ | 20 | 14¼ |
| Oct. | 4¾ | 5¾ | 9¼ | 9 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 3 | 46 4 | 2¼ | 20 | 14¼ |
| Nov. | 4¼ | 5 | 9¼ | 9¼ | 9 | 4½ | 10 | 1½ | 46 2 | 3 | 18 | 14¼ |

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This gives the movement of all the elements of the cotton trade for a long period of time, embracing the highest prosperity and the most disastrous revulsions. The two first columns give the Liverpool prices of two qualities of cotton; the next two columns those of mull yarn and water twist; the succeeding two columns those of 40 inch power loom cloths, 66 and 72 reeds; the seventh column is the price per quarter of wheat, being the average which governed the duties; the eighth column is the broker's rate of discount upon choice bills; the ten last show the circulation and bullion of the Bank, expressed in millions and parts of millions of £. It will be observed that the lowest point of cotton was the summer of 1842, and that the rates at the close of November were scarcely above that level, although yarn and power loom cloths have advanced about 12 per cent., affording a much larger margin to the spinner and manufacturer. It is also observable that the raw material bears a far less proportion to the cost of the manufactured articles than in 1836, since when the expenses of manufacturing have been greatly reduced. Thus in 1836, one hundred lbs. of cotton, costing $20, manufactured into 300 yards 66 reed cloth, was worth $27 80, an excess only of $7 80 per one hundred lbs. The same quantity of cotton is now worth $9, and manufactured into the same article is worth $17 26, a difference of $8 26 on the outlay of half the capital, with a greatly reduced cost of labor, which, in the department of mule spinning, is as 34 cts. now to $1 02 in 1838. In 1839 the wages of a spinner were 45s. per week; they are now 30s., and, at this latter rate, he is required to tend two to three mules, where, at the former rate, he attended but one. These are facts which indicate the great profits which present prices afford to the Lancashire manufacturers, and the margin which exists for an advance in the price of cotton. The price of bread in England, as seen in the corn averages, is less than it has been at any time since the early part of 1836, while money has been and will probably continue to be even more abundant. These are of themselves the generally recognized elements of an extensive home trade. It is a well established fact, that when the price of food is high in England the purchases of manufactured goods are very much diminished, owing to the unfortunate circumstances of the mass of the people, the produce of whose labor is in regular years barely sufficient for their maintenance; and when the price of any article of first necessity is unusually enhanced, the consumption of other articles declines in proportion. The lowest price of wheat, January, 1826, was attended by the highest of all other articles, which fell in value under the high range of wheat down to the middle of 1842, since when wheat has been falling, and all other articles, with the exception of the raw material, cotton, advancing. The employment of the people is also a great element in improved trade. The great speculations now afloat in rail roads, are likely to have a great influence in this respect. It appears, from recent advices, that 220 new projects had been laid before the board of trade, for them to pass upon in relation to the feasibleness of the plans, the respectability of the projectors, and the chances of their being carried honestly and successfully out. These new schemes, with extensions of old ones, require a capital of £170,000,000, or $650,000,000, and they have already effected an advance in the value of iron. The expenditure of sums so large, and the great employment it must give the people, in the construction of works so magnificent, must have a material influence upon the consumption of goods, accompanied as it is by cheap food.

These are circumstances which should be taken fairly into the account, when estimating the probable enhancement of the export trade to England. The abundance of money is now there very great, and as there is no speculation in foreign stocks, or any means by which, as in some former years, unusual amounts of capital will leave the country, the prospect of continued abundance of money influencing favorably the produce market is great: this being the more probable, when we consider the course of banking under the new charter of the Bank, which has been weekly as follows:

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MOVEMENTS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, WEEKLY, UNDER THE NEW CHARTER.

| | DEPOSITS. | | SECURITIES. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Public. | Private. | Public. | Private. | Notes on Hand. | Bullion. | Issues. |
| Sept. 7.— | 3,630,808 | 8,644,348 | 14,554,834 | 7,835,616 | 8,175,025 | 15,209,060 | 28,351,295 |
| " 14.— | 4,417,067 | 8,475,101 | 14,554,874 | 8,146,689 | 8,620,220 | 15,197,771 | 28,500,880 |
| " 21.— | 5,293,615 | 8,511,771 | 14,554,834 | 8,802,714 | 8,964,545 | 15,378,964 | 28,582,705 |
| " 28.— | 6,010,225 | 8,286,772 | 14,554,834 | 9,795,860 | 8,460,705 | 15,022,256 | 28,362,830 |
| Oct. 5.— | 6,202,322 | 8,225,082 | 14,554,834 | 10,510,120 | 7,930,010 | 14,702,307 | 28,082,905 |
| " 12.— | 8,147,290 | 8,230,673 | 16,352,834 | 10,528,785 | 7,610,025 | 14,455,034 | 27,838,085 |
| " 19.— | 3,965,196 | 8,506,798 | 15,676,037 | 8,418,826 | 6,648,665 | 14,190,082 | 27,731,910 |
| " 26.— | 3,556,646 | 8,291,481 | 14,408,775 | 8,387,508 | 6,244,845 | 14,096,898 | 27,545,730 |
| Nov. 2.— | 3,471,119 | 8,757,379 | 15,070,775 | 8,675,659 | 6,678,715 | 14,033,751 | 27,498,580 |
| " 9.— | 3,653,893 | 8,340,444 | 14,409,775 | 8,731,567 | 6,844,275 | 14,115,649 | 27,400,995 |
| " 16.— | 3,879,458 | 8,020,934 | 13,539,775 | 9 398,630 | 6,927,045 | 14,221,252 | 27,507,795 |
| " 23.— | 4,812,191 | 7,864,144 | 13,379,775 | 9,547,462 | 7,410,400 | 14,365,590 | 27,598,875 |
| " 30.— | 5,226,633 | 8,345,610 | 13,389,775 | 9,958,645 | 7,943,850 | 14,558,336 | 27,786,190 |

It will be observed that the movement of the government funds is an important item in the account. These are from September 7 to October 12, from £3,690,808 to $8,147,290, and in the succeeding week over $4,000,000 was paid out for government dividends, recently that have again been accumulating for the January dividends. The principle which governs the new charter is, as we have observed in former numbers, to cause the currency furnished by the Bank, to fluctuate precisely as it would do if it were purely metallic. To attain this object the institution was allowed to issue notes to the extent of £14,000,000 on securities, and to make farther issues to an amount equal to the coin in her vaults. Now her average issues have seldom gone over £20,000,000; and when this law came into operation she had in her vaults £15,209,060 in specie, which added to the securities made a sum of £28,351,295 of notes transferred by the issue department to the banking department. This according to the September return was £8,175,025 more than the bank department could put in circulation. Hence it is evident that so long as this surplus of notes remains on hand, the supply of currency will not vary with the movement of specie, but with the ability of the Bank to force these surplus notes into circulation, in order to do which she reduced the rate of interest in October. The effect of that measure was to raise the private securities from £8,387,508, Oct. 6, to £9,958,645, November 30; the actual issues of the Bank, November 30, were £19,842,340, there being £7,940,850 notes on hand, and the amount of bullion £14,558,376. Now it is apparent that the bullion may diminish to the amount of notes on hand, £7,947,850, before any actual decrease of the circulation will take place. In order to insure the operation of his principle, Sir Robert Peel should have provided that issues on credit of securities should not take place until the subsiding specie left a deficit to that extent between the sum on hand and the usual amount of circulation. The country Banks were restricted to a certain amount, to which they have not yet been able to extend their circulation. Their position is as follows:—

| | Issues allowed. | Actual Issues, Nov. 9. | Deficit of Issues. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 208 private Banks, | 5,153,407 | 4,635,041 | 518,366 |
| 78 Joint Stock, | 3,495,445 | 3,220,171 | 275,274 |
| Total Country, | 8,648,852 | 7,855,212 | 893,640 |
| Bank of England, Nov. 30, | 28,786,190 | 19,842,340 | 7,943,850 |
| Total, | £36,435,041 | 27,697,552 | 8,847,490 |

The Bank of England being now released from the responsibility of "furnishing a currency," enters freely into competition with the other Bankers, who have the same means of procuring circulating bills that she enjoys. Hence there is a supply of near £9,000,000 of currency constantly seeking employ, and as new enterprises are entered into, and the demand for money increases, there is every prospect that the value of the English currency will be swelled to an extent which it has not reached since the war. The usual and inevitable effect of such a state of things is an advancement of prices and a consequent



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increase of imports until the balance shall have created an export of specie. This latter event, in all former seasons of abundance of money and speculative movement, has been hastened by investments of capital in foreign stocks and enterprises, and by a sudden failure of the harvests. The harvest is now good, and the outlay of British capital is confined mostly within the United Kingdom, while the large sums annually due England for interest on former loans made abroad, and the return of portions of capital from the liquidation of previous modes of investment, act as a powerful corrective on exchanges disturbed by excessive imports. Hence it is probable that a redundant currency may for a considerable length of time be maintained in England, notwithstanding that a cash balance may be annually due the United States on purchases of its produce at improving money rates. This is, however, evidently a trade depending on contingencies; the failure of the English harvest might destroy it, because it is not based upon a mutual interchange of commodities. Whereas, were English goods now freely taken in exchange for American produce, the business between the two countries would become consolidated on a permanent basis. The failure of the English harvest would then, through its effects, by reducing the prices of merchandise, add a new stimulus to the national intercourse, and form the channel through which her increased demand for produce would be drawn from our own farmers.

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## MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

### AMERICAN.

No book of modern times seems to have received more courtly treatment at the hands of critical censorship than Miss Barrett's late volumes "The Drama of Exile and other Poems:" and, what is scarcely less remarkable, all seem alike emulative of awarding to her genius the highest tribute of praise. Besides an elaborate criticism in the "Westminster Review," we have just seen another scarcely less able and judicious, from the pen of Tuckerman, written with all the feeling and appreciative discrimination of the true poet. It is so good that we are tempted to transcribe a few passages from it. "There are situations in life which in a manner evoke from retirement those whose tastes are all for seclusion. If we look narrowly into the history of those with whose thoughts and feelings literature has made us most intimate, it will often appear that in them there was combined a degree of sensibility and reflection which absolutely, by the very law of the soul, must find a voice, and that it was the pressure of some outward necessity or the pain of some inward void that made that voice—(fain to pour itself out in low and earnest tones)—audible to all mankind. "My poems," says Miss Barrett, "while full of faults, as I go forward to my crit cs and confess, have my soul and life in them." We gather from other hints in the preface, and especially from her poetry itself, that the life of which it is "the completest expression" attainable, has been one of unusual physical suffering, frequent loneliness and great study. As a natural result there is a remarkable predominance of thought and learning even in the most inartificial overflow of her muse. Continually we are met by allusions which indicate familiarity with classic lore. Her reveries are imbued with the spirit of antique models. The scholar is everywhere co-evident with the poet. In this respect Miss Barrett differs from Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Norton, in whose effusions sentiment or passion gives the tone and color. In each we perceive a sense of beauty and the pathos born of grief, but in the former these have a statuesque, and in the two latter a glowing development. The cheerfulness of Miss Barrett appears the fruit of philosophy and faith. There is a native tenderness and grace, a child-like play of emotion, a simple utterance that brings genial refreshment. The sound and vigorous thought visible in Miss Barrett's poetry, and the self-dependence she inculcates, will command the respect and win the attention of a class who sneer at Tennyson as fantastic, and Keats as lack-a-daisical. They may thus come to real-

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ize how the most kindling fancies and earnest love, aye the very gentleness and idealism which they deem so false and weak, may coexist with firm will, rare judgment, conscientiousness and truth, lending them both fire and grace, and educing from actual and inevitable ill thoughts of comfort. Miss Barrett's imagery is often Dantesque and Miltonic. She evinces a certain distrust of her own originality; but her tastes, both natural and acquired, obviously ally her to the more thoughtful and rhetorical poets. In the "Drama of Exile" are numerous passages, born of the same earnest contemplations which give such grave import to the language of the sightless bard of England and the father of Italian song."

A new work, by Cornelius Mathews, to be entitled 'Big Abel and the Little Manhattan,' is about to appear early in the spring; which, we hear, is to be spiced with the *facetious*, and to partake of the other characteristics of style by which this writer has rendered himself conspicuous.

Among the latest issues of the press in this city is an elegantly-printed volume of poems by Mrs. Mary Noel McDonald. We have read these beautiful effusions with much pleasure; they exhibit no ordinary degree of refined poetic sweetness and force. As we believe they are but as yet little known beyond the immediate circle of the friends of the authoress, we take much pleasure in commending them to the notice of our readers. Apart from the positive merit of this work, we learn that there are pecuniary reasons which present additional claims of the fair authoress to the consideration of the public—by severe domestic affliction in the premature loss of her husband, and consequent deprivation of many of the comforts and endearments of social life. These poems may be obtained of the publisher, Mr. Onderdonk, John street, or of the several booksellers. While on the subject of poetry, we might mention that Longfellow is busily engaged in preparing his illustrated edition of his poetical writings, which are to be embellished in the first style of the art. Lea & Blanchard are also preparing a splendid edition of "Bryant's Poems," with illustrations by the *Sketchers' Club*, a society of artists of our city, on the plan of the Etching Club of London. We hear of another literary project in contemplation, of high promise, to be styled "The Missionary Annual," which is to be richly embellished by a series of splendid line engravings, accompanied by original contributions from some of the most eminent pens our country has produced. It is intended to divest this work of al sectarianism, by incorporating the most valuable matter from the rich resources of the various orthodox denominations of the Christian world. The demand for such a production has long been acknowledged by the religious public, and especially in the present remarkable era of Christian missions, betokening such high promise of success—it cannot fail of deserved popularity.

Maunder's new work, "The Treasury of History," a work of great valuable information, has been commenced in numbers by Mr. Adee of this city—to be completed in about a dozen issues, at twenty-five cents each, forming, when finished, two octavos. The plan of the work is novel, differing from all other compends of history extant, each country being treated of separately, under a given epoch—a mode for a work of reference of great facility. J. Inman appends a history of the United States, rendering the work complete. The popularity of the previous works of this laborious writer, leaves no room to doubt of the entire success of the present.

Charlotte Elizabeth's *last* is called "The Deserter," a tale of Catholic Ireland. The narrative is, like all of her admired productions, extremely well managed, and as almost everybody in the religious community reads her works, it is only necessary to cite the title of the work in question.

A neatly-printed and modest little tome has just appeared, entitled "The Last of the Plantagenets," a tragic drama, in three acts, by Caroline M. Keteltas. Our gallantry will not be at fault, when we say that there are traces of more than average merits in this production, as to its poetic force and dramatic skill. There is, however, another motive for commending its perusal to the public, from the design of the work, seeking to rescue the ill-starred name of Richard the Third from its accustomed odium; which act of generous charity seems authorized by certain documentary evidence to which the author appeals.

Wiley and Putnam have just issued a first portion of the renowned Dr. Müller's "Chemistry of Vegetable and Animal Physiology," edited by Professor Silliman. The author of this learned work is as high in repute in Holland as Liebig is in Germany; and therefore no scholar will neglect to refer to his new production on a subject so interesting, especially at the present time. They

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have just printed a work of striking character, and one of evident ability, evincing a thorough acquaintance with scientific lore, and a pleasing facility of *popularizing* the same. It is styled "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," and comprises an interesting group of topics connected with the primal condition of physical and animal creation, geological investigations, origin of animated tribes, history of the vegetable kingdom, notices of the stellar system, &c. &c.

They also have in press a work that will attract some notice—"Tour through the United States, with Remarks on the Geology of the country. By Charles Lyell, Esq."

Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, will publish in a few days, "Talfourd's Rambles;" "The O'Donohue," by C. Lever; "Punch's Snap-dragons," with Illustrations; "Nuts and Nut-crackers;" "Fortunes of Frank Fairfield."

Dickens' "*Chimes*," a ghost story for Christmas, seems to be extremely interesting and well done.

Dr. Thomas Spencer, of Geneva College, has just published, by request of his class, an abstract of his "Lectures on Vital Chemistry," containing a new theory of calorification and animal heat, which is calculated to attract the attention of the scientific world.

The esteemed productions of Mrs. Ellis have earned for her so proud a name in the world of letters, that any fresh emanation from her pen is sure to arrest universal attention. Her forthcoming work, which is entitled "*Look to the End, or the Bennets Abroad*," differs somewhat from the usual tenor of her previous productions, partaking more of the character of elegant fiction; but since nothing she has ever written fails of inculcating the principles of pure and high-toned morality, we do not suppose the reading public will regret the choice she has made. H. G. Langley, 8 Astor house, will issue the American edition, beautifully printed, uniformly with his fine Library edition of her other works.

Mr. Dodd has published Mr. Geo. P. Marsh's Address, delivered before the New England Society of the city of New York, on the 24th December last; printed at the request of the Society. Those who had the privilege of listening to this eloquent effusion need not be reminded of its high claims to consideration, and those who were denied that pleasure had better avail themselves of this publication, for the enjoyment of so rare a literary repast.

E. Walker, 112 Fulton street, has just issued a little hand-book of manual exercise for the militia, entitled "The Recruit." It is scarcely necessary to say that the class for whom this work is designed will find it precisely adapted to their requirements, and consequently few will be so unwise as to neglect to avail themselves of its advantages.

Appletons have just ready, "Arnold's Lectures on History," uniform with their edition of "The Life and Letters" of this eminent and ripe scholar. Both of these works cannot fail of proving highly acceptable to the man of literary taste. The same may be affirmed of Dr. W. Cooke Taylor's forthcoming "Manuals of Ancient and Modern History;" which are about to be issued forthwith from the same press. The Supplement to Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, &c., is also just published by the same firm. "*Mora Carmody*," is the title of a clever little work of fiction, developing the gentle influence of the gentler sex on the charities of life; it is from the press of E. Dunigan, of this city, who has also just issued a beautifully-printed volume from the pen of the well-known Dr. Constantine Pise, with an illustrative frontispiece, entitled "*St. Ignatius and his First Companions*," a work characterized by much ability, and one that cannot fail of winning the approbation of the numerous admirers of this author. "The Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated," is the title of a new octavo volume written by that distinguished theologian, Bishop Kenrick, of Phila.: said to be a work of deep research and high value, by those who have read it and are capable of estimating its merits. As the subject of which it treats is one of considerable interest, we doubt not many will be induced to consult its pages. While upon Catholic publications, we might again refer to Dunigan's cheap and elegant edition of the Douay Bible, issued in numbers, and which is, we believe, now completed in one handsome octavo, with numerous rich steel engravings, and finely colored title-pages. We understand this experiment of giving to the Catholic community, for the first time, a truly elegant edition of the Vulgate, has been crowned with signal success: the sale of it having far exceeded the sanguine expectations of its publisher.

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ENGLISH.

Longman & Co. announce for speedy publication the following works: On the Principles and Practice of Taxation, by the late Wm. McCulloch. Travels in India, from the German of Von Orlich, illustrated by many wood cuts and some colored plates. The History of Society in England, by Rev. Thomas Wright. The History of Great Britain and its various Resources, from the earliest times to the Norman Conquest, by Archdeacon Williams. The Physical Description of New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land, by P. E. De Stezelecki. Pencil of Nature, being specimens of the new art of Photography. Letters on Agriculture, by Mechi, in 4to, with plates. Elements of Physics, by C. T. Peschel, translated by E. West. A new Cookery Book, by Mrs. Acton. Two new School Books, by Mrs. Mureet; a Grammar and Spelling. Also a new School Speaker, by Rev. W. Sewell. Mrs. Loudon has a new work in press, styled The Lady's Country Book, indicating how to enjoy a country life rationally, &c. Mary Howitt has another new juvenile just ready for press, said to be the real autobiography of her childhood, which closes her series of 'Tales for the People and their Children.'

We have a pretty full list of literary novelties, besides the foregoing, but we can do no more than cite their titles. An ingenious work has just come over, entitled, "Light in Darkness, or Churchyard Thoughts," by I. Snow; containing suggestions for epitaphs and head-stones. A beautiful new work of art is about to appear next month, by D. C. Read, entitled "Etchings from Nature," designed to illustrate the beauties of English scenery—a folio volume, with a series of fine etchings.

Charles Knight announces a "Pictorial Gallery of Art," comprising numerous wood-cuts and colored illustrative plates. Lord Nugent has a work in hand, to be called "Lands Sacred and Classical;" and Finden has a new series of his "Tableaux," comprising a series of beautiful plates, illustrative of the national character, beauty, and costumes of Great Britain; edited by Mrs. A. Watts.

A new and improved edition of Meadows' "Illustrated Shakspeare," comprising over a thousand beautiful designs on wood, and numerous steel etchings, with a memoir and annotations, by Barry Cornwall, is about to be published in monthly numbers. The United States' Exploring Expedition, in 5 volumes, royal octavo, is announced for publication in London, by Wiley & Putnam, early in February—in advance of its appearance here. We observe a literary novelty from the classic pen of Sergeant Talfourd, with an attractive title,—"Vacation Rambles, and Thoughts comprising the Recollections of three Continental tours."

A multitude of new periodicals make their debut on the advent of the new year:—"Cruickshank's Table-book," with his inimitably facetious illustrations. Douglas Jerrold's "Shilling Magazine," illustrated—the successor to his "Illuminated Magazine," which seems to have sunk into a quiet grave. Another of the new monthly issues just commenced is called the "Gallery of Nature," a pictorial and historical tour through creation, showing the glories, beauties, and wonders of the universe, by Rev. Thos. Miller. The "Novel Times," comprising original fictions, by some of the first writers of the day, is another. Parker's "London Magazine," takes the place of his well-known "Saturday Magazine." We also notice No. 1 of the "Edinburgh Tales," conducted by Mrs. Johnstone. The "Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London." In theology, the following appear the most important: "Horæ Apocalypticæ," by Rev. E. B. Elliot. A supplement to Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ," by Rev. E. Biley. "Lectures on Tradition," by J. T. O'Brien. The "Literary History of the New Testament." "The Church in the Middle Ages." "Eight Dissertations on Prophecy," by Rev. G. S. Faber; and "Practical Astronomy," by Rev. Thos. Dick. Harry Lorrequer's new work, to be issued in Colburn's Magazine, is styled, "The O'Donoghue, a Tale of Ireland fifty years ago." "St. Ethenne," is the name of a new anonymous novel, inscribed to Maria Edgeworth.

"Hawkstone: a Tale of and for England in the year 184–." 2 vols. (Murray.)

"Christmas Festivities, and other Sketches." By John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry."

"Valentine McClutchy;" a new novel by Wm. Carleton, author of "Irish Traits," &c.

We observe a Grammar of the Cree (N. A. Indian) Language, by J. Howse, announced, also the following:—"A Physical Atlas," being a series of maps, geographical and descriptive of natural

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phenomena, with copious letter-press descriptions: "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official"—the authorship is ascribed to Col. Sleeman, of the Bengal service: another work of somewhat similar class, called "Ocean Thoughts Homeward Bound from Indin," by an officer of the E. India service: and "Adventures of an Officer in the service of Runjeet Singh," by Major Lawrence. Lady Blessington's pen has been somewhat dormant lately, but it is about to make amends for this in a forthcoming novel in *four* volumes (!) to be called "Strathern, or Life at Home and Abroad." Two or three other novels are just ready for publication in London: "Hampton Court," an historical romance; "The Chevalier," by Mrs. Thomson; and in one of the magazines, we believe Bentley's Miscellany, Albert Smith announces, "The Fortunes of the Scatterwood Family," to be issued in monthly portions. There seems to be quite a rage for Biblical Illustration at the present day: we hear that Longmans propose to issue in portions the Sacred Oracles, done in the gorgeous missal style of embellishments: the project is a terrific one, as it would prove a prodigious expense, and extend over a surface of parchment or paper that would be only equalled by its prodigal cost. Fishers, of London, have just commenced the issue in royal 4to., of a superbly embellished edition of the Bible, copiously illustrated by exquisite engravings after the old masters. Martin & Co., of our city, have an edition in elephant quarto of scarcely inferior claims in course of publication, edited with annotations by Rev. Alexander Fletcher: and Harper and Brothers have rendered their profusely embellished edition so universally popular, that we need say nothing of the rare attractions the magic pencil of Chapman, aided by the beautiful designs of Adams, have imparted to it, and which have assigned to it such a proud pre-eminence among pictorial works. A new poem, from the charming poetess, Hon. Mrs. Norton, is announced, entitled "The Child of the Islands," illustrated by the celebrated Maclise. Miss Jewsbury has a new work just ready, entitled "Zoe, a History of Two Lives." A kind of government Register of Marriages, Births and Deaths, is just commenced, under the patronage of the public authorities. We are happy to find that an embellished edition of the works of that much neglected, but true poet of nature, Robert Bloomfield, is about to appear, under the supervision of Van Voorst, the publisher of "Blair's Grave," illustrated. Mr. T. R. Jones has consigned to the press an abstract of his three courses of Lectures on the natural history of animals, delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, embellished by over 100 fine plates. The new volumes of Murray's Colonial Library comprise, "Lewis's Residence amongst the Negroes of the West Indies," and "The Court of the Emperor of China," described during a residence at Pekin, by Father Ripa; and here close we for the present our rather extended gossip on the doings and designings of the literary and learned.

We ought not, however, to forget a passing tribute to one or two distinguished names which exist no longer but in the treasured storehouse of memory or the chronicles of fame. We refer to the demise of Corbould, the admired artist, which occurred recently at the house of Lady Chantrey, at St. Leonard's; that which occurred at Paris, of Theodore Gechter, the eminent sculptor; and that of the renowned Russian poet, Kryloff, who attained to the remarkable age, for a poet, of eighty-three years. His funeral obsequies were conducted with unusual magnificence at St. Petersburg; his body was placed in a coffin of great splendor, enveloped in the national costume, and wearing on its brow the laurel crown of gold, awarded to the poet by the Imperial Academy of Arts, on the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his first poem; and on its breast a rich bouquet of flowers sent by the Empress. The solemn pageant was attended by 30,000 persons, including all the wealth and wisdom of the Russian Capital, and followed by 500 equipages, amongst which were three belonging to the Emperor. His remains were deposited by the Imperial hands in their lowly resting-place, over which a sumptuous sarcophagus was to be erected to his memory.

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## NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The January meeting of this body was held on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., at their rooms in the University; the first Vice President, Mr. Lawrence, in the chair, supported by the second Vice President, Dr. De Witt.

The minutes having been read and approved, the Secretary read letters from Clinton Haring, of Detroit, John V. L. Pruyn and S. S. Kendall, Esqs. of Albany, acknowledging their election as corresponding members.

Professor Mason, the Treasurer, presented his annual report on the finances of the Society, from which it appears that the receipts during the past year have been $2,026 12; the expenditures have amounted to $1,970 66—leaving a balance in the treasury of $55 46, and about $500 now due from the members. The report further stated that a large part of the expenditures had been for book-cases, fixtures, and old claims of many years standing, and that the society was now free from all debts and liabilities of every kind.

Mr. Gibbs, the Librarian, announced the donations during the past month, and read a letter from Mr. W. A. Whitehead of this city, presenting an original portrait of his grandfather, Lewis Morris of Morrisania, the father of Governeur Morris, our former Minister to France, &c. By whom it was painted is not known, but it has always been considered by the family, a good likeness. This portrait is a valuable addition to the Historical Gallery, as Mr. Morris was a prominent citizen of the Province of New York, a member of the Legislature, and subsequently until his death, Judge of Vice Admiralty for New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. Also a letter from Joseph G. Cogswell, Esq., presenting the Bibliotheca Historica of Mensel, which contains a better catalogue *raisonné* of books belonging to our history, than can be found elsewhere. The Historical Library was originally compiled by Struvius, then enlarged by Bader, and finally brought out in its present form every way improved by Mensel. Its plan is not merely to specify the various works referred to, under their appropriate heads, but also to give some account of their contents, and of the estimate in which they are held, and being written in Latin, is, or ought to be, acceptable to every reader. Mensel, in his day, was regarded as one of the most learned and accurate of the historical and statistical writers of Germany. Mr. Cogswell imported this work for his own use, about a year since, but as it is rare here, there being no other copy in New York, he generously presented it to the Society, regarding it as a work which will be more generally useful by being placed in a public library.

Mr. Gibbs read a letter from Robert Greenhow, Esq., of Washington, in acknowledgment of the resolution passed by the Society at their last meeting, requesting him to prepare a memoir on the Discovery and Exploration of the Atlantic Coast of the United States. Mr. Greenhow stated that the history of the northern portion of the coast has been investigated with minuteness, and with respect to that portion, he should have to perform only the humble office of abridging. With regard to the coast south of the Delaware, and especially that of the northern side of the Mexican Gulf, some researches in which he has been engaged have convinced him that much curious if not important information lies buried in volumes rarely opened. Mr. Greenhow has already collected many valuable hints relating to the discovery and settlement of the countries last named, which he will, in any event, communicate to the Historical Society.

The Librarian then read his annual report on the state of the library, giving an account of the additions thereto during the year, and submitting a list of the same. The report contained also a statement of the progress of the catalogue of the library, now preparing, and urged upon the Society the necessity of providing a Library Fund.

Gen. Wetmore presented a report from the Executive Committee of the nominations referred to them, and the following gentlemen were elected:

*Honorary Member.*—M. Joachim Lelewel, of Poland, now residing in Paris.

*Corresponding Members.*—Edward S. Cary, of Philadelphia; Henry Stevens, jr., Boston; Nathaniel L. Bowditch, do.

*Resident.*—Andrew Warner, Edward A. Tappan, Abner Benedict, Willard Parker, M.D., George W. Hatch, James O. Smith, M.D., Walter H. Peckham, M. D., John S. Lawrence, Thomas Bulkley, jr., R. Putnam, M.D., Edmund M. Young, Prof. John McVickar, D.D., Richards Kingsland, Samuel M. Hicks, Edward C. Halliday, J. J. A. Ebbetts, William Wilson, John P. Crosby, Paul Spofford, Paul N. Spofford, George Endicott, Francis Burritt, and J. Romeyn

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Brodhead, Esq., a life member, without the payment of dues.

Gen. Wetmore then presented and read the Annual Report of the Executive Committee. The report gave a flattering statement of the condition of the Society, and of the prospect of its continued prosperity. It numbers now about 320 active resident members, and a very large number of honorary and corresponding members.

The annual income is about $1600, and is fully adequate to all unavoidable demands upon the treasury.

It is a source of just pride and congratulation to the members, that the Society is entirely free from debt. The Society has exercised a large and beneficial influence upon the cause of historical literature, and not only the State of New York, but the country generally, is interested in the continuance of its useful labors.

The Executive Committee closed their interesting and valuable report by observing that they had no desire, nor was it their province, importunately to urge the claims of the Historical Society upon the liberality of its members, or of the public; but they felt it to be an imperative duty to ask earnestly, in the city of New York, wealthy and powerful, and justly proud of her position, character, and resources, whether a quiet sense of duty, and a feeling of just liberality, ought not to unite with a worthy sentiment of patriotic pride, in placing the library of the institution upon a footing that shall render it an honor to the munificence of her citizens.

Dr. Thomas Ward, at the request of the Executive Committee, read a poem on the "Romance of American History," which was received with applause, and the thanks of the Society were returned to the author.

The Librarian read two interesting letters, written by Major Samuel I. Thurston, of the Connecticut Continental Line, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Wensley Hobby, of Middletown, Ct., dated at Peekskill, in the year 1777. The Society then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the following gentlemen were elected:

Hon. Albert Gallatin, *President.*
Hon. Luther Bradish, 1*st Vice President.*
Thomas De Witt, D.D., 2*d. do.*
John R. Bartlett, *Foreign Cor. Sec'y.*
John Jay, Esq., *Domestic Cor. Sec'y.*
John Bigelow, Esq., *Recording Secy.*
Cyrus Mason, D.D., *Treasurer.*
George Gibbs, Esq., *Librarian.*

Hon. Mr. Campbell offered the following resolution:—That the thanks of this Society be tendered to the Executive Committee for the able and impartial discharge of their arduous duties during the year which has just closed.

The 1st Vice President having resigned his seat, Hon. B. F. Butler was immediately called to the chair, and the following resolution, offered by Mr. Campbell, was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved,* That this Society tender their thanks to Wm. B. Lawrence, Esq., for the faithful manner in which he has discharged the duties of 1st Vice President.

Mr. Lawrence expressed his thanks in a few words, and the Society adjourned.

Among the valuable donations to the gallery during the last month, in addition to the portrait of Lewis Morris, already mentioned, are an excellent portrait of Petro Van Schaac, from Frederic De Peyster, Esq., and a framed engraving of John Endicott, the first Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from his descendant, William Endicott, of this city.

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NOTE TO ARTICLE VII.

A circumstance connected with the publication of the story in our present Number, entitled "The Shot in the Eye," requires explanation in a note. It had been furnished by its author several months ago, but, being mislaid, was supposed irrecoverably lost. The writer accordingly re-wrote another story, different in structure and language, yet founded on the same striking incident, for another periodical, the Whig Monthly Review and Magazine, recently established as an offset to the Democratic. This was without the knowledge of the editor of the latter, by whom the lost manuscript was afterwards found, and sent to the printer's, without further communication with the author. It has thus happened, by a combination of accidents, without blame anywhere, that the two stories have found their way into the two works at the same time—having gone through the press, in both, beyond recall, before the circumstance became known to the Editor of either. This explanation is due to the public, as well as to all the parties concerned.

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C J Ingersoll

Engraved for the Democratic Review by J. H. Forrest from a Daguerreotype Miniature

by Anthony Edwards & Clarke

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Henry C. Langel & S. A. Mitchell New York

of Mr. Tyler's term, certain events have concurred to produce the effect of

ranks and out of camp, and then driven over to the enemy as the only place of

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refuge, is another, and a very different thing. And when the person thus expelled was himself already a deserter in the enemy's camp, from the side to which he is thus again ignominiously driven back—when his prolonged continuance there up to the time of that expulsion, has involved in itself the grossest treachery to the side from whom he again supplicates a refuge—it cannot be pretended that any very strong case is made out for a very cordial welcome. This is no overcharged picture for Mr. Tyler's position.

In the year 1840, what Whig out-Whigged the renegade "Virginia Republican?" Nay, not only was he a Whig of the intensest sort, but he was peculiarly, and *par excellence*, a *Henry Clay* Whig. To be a Harrison Whig, or a Scott Whig, at that time, meant comparatively little or nothing; to be a *Clay* Whig was full of the deepest and strongest meaning. There was no non-committalism about the bold Kentuckian. His name, his name alone, constituted as distinct an announcement of a system of political doctrine—and political doctrine of the worst sort—as could have been conveyed in any form of creed or catechism. And in the Convention of 1840, Mr. Tyler was so furiously a friend to the selection of Mr. Clay, to be the Presidential candidate and national representative of the Whig Party, that, as has been subsequently proved, it was to the bitterness of his lamentations for Clay's failure of nomination that he partly owed his own selection for the Vice-Presidency.

We should not have made this fact alone, "*per se*," the foundation of the charge against Mr. Tyler of having been a "*renegade* Virginia Republican," if he had not, by the palpable corruption of his subsequent course, reflected back upon his position at that time the clearest of lights by which to read his character and conduct. In his zealous Clayism of that day, there was no honesty of conversion, from what he had of old professed. He was sinning against great light, and he knew it. He has subsequently, when ambitious interest prompted a different course, thrown himself back again, with an ardor of Republicanism re-invigorated by its long intermission of repose, upon the old principles, and the old party, which he was then betraying. With no disposition to withhold from Mr. Tyler a charitable judgment even, nevertheless the undisguised and unblushing excess of the political corruption which has rioted through his administration—now, happily, exhaling its very last breath—has been such as to compel justice, in the interpretation of former equivocal conduct, to accept in all cases the worst construction as the more probable truth.

The history of Mr. Tyler's administration may be briefly summed up. Becoming Acting President by accident, his polar star was a *second term*. With this view he first, in conjunction with Webster, aimed at an amalgamation of parties, until it became evident that neither Whigs nor Democrats would have anything to do with such a scheme. The former fairly scourged him forth from any place among them; while the latter as sternly and contemptuously denied him admittance even within the outermost verge of their gates. Then, and not till then, did Mr. Tyler adopt, as the next tack of his policy, the effort to force or buy his way into the Democratic party, by patronage and Texas, —discarding Webster, and all things Websterian, excepting faithlessness and recklessness; and hoping to throw us into such confusion as to create at least a probability, if not necessity, of rallying upon him for reëlection, as the only means of averting the worse evil of the election of Clay. Hence his convention at the same place and day with that of the Democratic party. To this hope he clung long and desperately, till the ridicule of his position became intolerable, even to the proverbial fatuity of himself and his family; and then, months after the nomination of Mr. Polk, he at last withdraws, only after an absurdly transparent attempt to make, by implied understanding with some of our party, the best terms of capitulation in his power for his office-holders. This is the naked outline of Mr. Tyler's administration.

Does any reader doubt its truth? Let it be remembered—the almost suppliant tenacity with which Mr. Tyler during his first year clung to the Whig party. At that time, be it borne in mind, the Whigs were fresh from the late contest, which had placed them in the attitude of an overwhelming ascendency; while the Democrats were apparently a broken-down party, not only comparatively feeble in force, but containing within themselves many elements of

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confusion and disorganization. In concert with Mr. Webster, the bitterest enemy Mr. Clay has ever had, Mr. Tyler's game then was, clearly, to shake off Clay, retain the great bulk of the masses whose rush had borne Harrison and himself into power, trusting afterwards gradually so far to disintegrate the Republican party, as to bring in at least a considerable proportion of them around his administration. Hence, although he vetoed Mr. Clay's Bank Bill, he offered at the same time a much worse one, and actually clung to the profession and name of a Whig, pleading with them imploringly in one of his Messages on the ground of the number of other Whig bills he had signed, until all hope of success vanished, and Clay's controlling ascendency in the party succeeded in flinging him forcibly and scornfully off into a portion in which it became acknowledged treason for any Whig to maintain any sort of party communion with him.

Let it be remembered—the manner in which he then proceeded to address himself to his next aim, that of courting the Democratic party. Then was witnessed a spectacle of the corrupt abuse of the patronage power of the Executive, unprecedented, unimagined before. One of Mr. Tyler's first acts after his entrance into power had been to promulgate a special declaration against the interference of the Federal office-holders in politics. On former occasions, also, Mr. Tyler had in a peculiar manner identified himself with this principle. And yet, as soon as he began the working of this policy, that of worming his way into a position in the Democratic party by means of his offices, systematically and universally throughout the country, they were held up as the bribes for adhesion to him and his interest, and activity in his cause. Every man then in the Democratic party occupying any sort of position capable of being represented as one of influence, had office at his disposal for the mere acceptance of it. Democratic Representatives in Congress had almost unlimited command over the Federal patronage of their districts. Anything to prove himself a Democrat—to get admission as such—recognition as such. In all directions were to be seen Whigs removed from office who had scarcely had time to get adjusted in the seats to which they had been appointed either by General Harrison or by Mr. Tyler himself—Whigs of unimpeached personal worth and capability—for no other even pretended reason than to confer their offices on Democrats. It was a positive public scandal—undisguised, undissembled. We need not dwell on details—a single prominent fact will suffice to illustrate it. The whole system adopted is typified in Mr. Tyler's Baltimore Convention, of which body nearly all were already his office-holders when they went there, while all the rest, with scarcely an exception, have been made so since!

The direct application of the vast machinery of the Federal patronage to the object of buying a deserter's way into some kind of welcome or reception by a party on which he seeks to fasten himself, presented a novelty in our politics. It certainly wrought a vast amount of mischief. It scattered broadcast through the land, seeds of demoralization, which could scarcely fail, almost everywhere, to find at least a little soil adapted to their too-ready germination. Everywhere a certain number of persons were to be found, urged perhaps by their necessities, or little disposed to be scrupulous in such matters, whom a little judicious dangling of these baits before their eyes could scarcely fail to attract, with an eagerness little disposed to quarrel with the hand from which they were to drop. Unprincipled men were also at many places to be found, who had little difficulty in palming themselves off upon the facile and foolish confidence of Mr. Tyler and his family as their special friends, and as persons of astonishing zeal, activity, and local importance, in whose hands the local management of their interests might safely be reposed. In general able to get only the lowest and worst to fraternize with them in their loud-mouthed partizanship of Mr. Tyler, this class of persons, at many points, and especially in the cities, succeeded in getting together miserable little knots of persons, rarely more than sufficient to fill the bar-room of some mean haunt which constituted their head-quarters, and these, in connection with the higher incumbents of the lucrative offices, constituted the "party" worthy of their creation and creator, the Tyler Party. With the aid of a few newspapers, supported by the public patronage and by a heavy system of

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assessed taxation upon the holders of office, these little pot-house knots of "the friends of John Tyler," were constantly astonishing the country with "mass meetings," and "great popular demonstrations," of which it is needless to say that they rarely in numbers much exceeded that of the officers reported to have presided over them. To what extent this system of humbug the most impudent, succeeded in imposing upon Mr. Tyler, so as to make him actually believe in the existence and growth of a great popular sentiment in his behalf, we have no means of knowing. It is, at any rate, very certain, that even if deceived in regard to the imaginary popular sentiment in his favor, manufactured by these persons, he could not have been ignorant of the great fact which constitutes alike the chief characteristic and the worst evil and disgrace of his administration, that it was mainly, if not wholly, by the active plying of the power of his *patronage*, that the organization of his friends as a "party" was constituted, and sustained to the point of real or fictitious zeal. And this is the leading feature of his term, the employment of office and every manner of patronage to create a party, and keep it up to the due point of stimulus. We fear that a deeper mischief has been thus wrought to the political morality of the country, than would have attended the signing of fifty charters of banks or banking exchequers.

These people have in general been exceedingly clamorous in behalf of "Polk and Dallas," since Mr. Tyler's withdrawal—an event which did not take place till nearly three months after the nomination of the Democratic candidate. We believe they even so far surpass themselves in all those attributes which are the opposites of modesty and veracity, as to claim a large share, if not the whole, of the glory of the Democratic victory. In truth we have from the commencement felt satisfied that they did more harm than good. Their numbers were utterly insignificant. In point of moral force, they added only a weakness and a weight hard and heavy to be borne. It was felt that they were introducing into the Democratic party, and into a position of self-assumed clamorous prominence, frothing on the surface, a class of persons felt generally to be equally unworthy of personal respect or of political confidence. While it cannot but be a matter of regret, that the country has lost the moral benefit of witnessing that just retribution of rebuke which awaited this weakest and worst of our Presidents, in the utterly insignificant number of popular votes it had the slightest chance of obtaining.

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We by no means design to include the whole body of Mr. Tyler's office-holders within the application of the above remarks. A considerable number of gentlemen of the highest political and personal merit, are indeed to be found among them—either selected through the agency of friends,—or by happy chance—or by way of good leaven to leaven the lump, as respectable endorsers to the bankrupt worthlessness of so many of the rest. Still less, of course, will any portion of them be received as applicable to Mr. Tyler's Cabinet—the members of which have had little—most of them nothing—to do with the meaner matters of party-making management. Mr. Calhoun's position in it, in particular, is known to all to have been one far aloof from and above anything and everything of this kind. He accepted the State department at the call of the country for a specific object of the highest public importance, with personal reluctance, entire independence of control, and full understanding of his purpose of retiring as soon as he should have completed the Texas and Oregon negotiations.

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# THE SONG OF THE BELL.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

FIRMLY built within the earth,
  Built of loam the mould doth stand;
To-day the Bell must have its birth,
  Courage, comrades, be at hand!
    From the heated brow
    Down the sweat must flow;
If praise be to the master given,
Still the blessing comes from Heaven.

A serious word doth well betide,
  When we prepare for serious deeds;
By good discourse accompanied
  Then labor cheerfully proceeds.
Then let us now with care revise
  What are of man's weak strength the fruits;
That foolish man we must despise,
  Who unreflecting executes.
For thought it is which man doth grace,
  And he was framed to understand
That in his bosom he might trace
  The types of his creative hand.

Take ye wood of the pine stem,
  But be sure 'tis fully dry;
That the inly-narrowed flame
  Strike up to the roof on high,
    The copper mass melt down,
    Bring the pewter on,
That the tough bell-metal may
Liquify the proper way.

What now we build in the cavern's pit,
  With fire's assisting agency,
Within the belfry's topmost height
  Shall loudly of us testify.
'Twill strike the ear of many men,
  And will endure through distant time;
With the afflicted will it 'plain,
  And with devotion's chorus chime.
Whatever changing fate may bring
  Unto the lowly son of earth,
From this metallic crown 'twill ring
  Pealing significantly forth.

White bubbles now to rise begin—
  Good! the mass is liquified—
Quickly cast the potash in!

---

* The celebrated poem of Schiller, which has been so gloriously illustrated by the kindred genius of Retzch, is known at least by name to everyone. The present translation, though often simple to rudeness, and far from being a fitting English version of the original, is accepted for publication, to give our readers who may not have access to the latter, at least an idea of what it is.

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Much will that the founding aid.
From scum and refuse free,
Must the mixture be,
That from the metal clear and round,
Clear and full the voice may sound.

For with its joyous festal din,
It hails the loved child greetingly,
When in sleep's arms it doth begin,
The journey of mortality.
As yet lie hidden in time's womb,
The shade or brightness of its doom,
Maternal love's soft cares watch o'er
The infant's golden morning-hour.
The years with arrowy speed glide by;
From the maid the proud boy breaks away,
And wildly storms into life's danger,
On wanderer's staff o'er earth to stray,
And seek his home again—a stranger.
Then glorious in the pride of youth,
A form in heavenly guise arrayed,
Her cheeks deep-dyed with bashful truth,
He sees before him stand the maid.
A nameless longing seizes on
The youth's wild heart; he roams alone;
Unbidden tears break from his eyes;
His brethren's noisy sports he flies;
Blushing he in her steps doth tread,
By her soft greeting happy made;
The fairest flowers doth he seek,
Wherewith his gentle love to deck.
Oh, tender languor! oh, sweet hope!
Love's golden age of youth is this;
The eye beholds the heavens ope;
Revels the heart in purest bliss.
Oh, that it e'er would verdant prove
The beauteous season of young love!

Already how the pipes are browned!
This little staff I now dip in;
If glazed over it be found,
Then the casting may begin.
Hither, comrades, hie!
Quick the mixture try;
If the pliant metal join
With the staff, 'tis a good sign.

For then a perfect tone we find,
When soft and hard are well combined,
The mild united with the strong.
Then whoso forms eternal bonds
Should weigh if heart to heart responds;
The dream is short, the sorrow long.
'Mid the bridal tresses clinging,
Twines the virgin garland light,
When the merry church-bells ringing
To the glittering feast invite.
Alas! life's fairest festival
Closes also life's young May;
With the girdle, with the veil,
The lovely dream is torn away.

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Passion flies,
Love must endure;
The blossom dies,
Fruit must mature.
Then man must abroad
Into hostile life,
'Mid labor and strife,
With craft and with pain,
Must gather and gain;
Must venture and stake
Good luck to o'ertake.
Then infinite wealth rushes in like a stream.
With costly possessions the granaries teem,
The space is extended, enlarged the abode,
While indoors governs
The modest housewife,
The mother of children,
With prudent care
The domestic sphere,
Instructing the girls,
Restraining the boys,
And plies without end
Her diligent hand;
By method sure
Increasing the store.
She fills with treasures the scent-breathing chests;
Round the whirring spindle the thread she twists;
And the bright polished presses she storeth full,
With snowy white line, and shimmering* wool;
The gay to the useful uniting ever,
And resting never.
And the father with cheerful gaze,
From the far-seeing roof of his house
His blooming fortune wide surveys;
The lofty poles of the stacks discerns,
And the well-filled spaces of the barns;
The treasure-laden granaries,
And the corn-field's waving seas.
Elate he looks around—
"Firm as the very ground,
Spite of misfortune's cross,
Is the wealth of my house!"
But with the powers of fate mankind
No eternal bond can bind;
Misfortune swiftly strides behind.

Good! begin the founding new;
Well cleft doth the breach appear;
Yet before we let it flow
Breathe ye first a pious prayer.
Strike the stopper loose!
God preserve the house!
With fire-brown billows smoking, lo,
It shoots into the hanger's bow!

Beneficent is fire's strong might
When man subdues and watches it.
Whate'er with art or toil he does,
Unto this heavenly power he owes.
But dread the heavenly power grows,

* For the revival of this word we are indebted to Mr. Hayward, the able and indefatigable translator of Faust. See his note upon it, p. 224 of his work.

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When breaking from its fetters loose,
At its own will it ranges wild,
Nature's free and fearless child.
Wo! when from its bonds released,
When naught its spreading way withstand,
Through crowded streets it now doth haste,
Rolling the monstrous flaming brand.
For the elements detest
Every work of human hand.
From the cloud
The blessing pours,
Stream the showers;
From the cloud indiscriminate
Lightnings fleet,
Hear ye from the tower that moaning peal?
'Tis the 'larum-bell!
Blood-red now
Are the skies—
That is not the daylight's glow!
Hark! what noise
The streets along!
Smoke upward twines—
Fiery columns blazing rise!
Through the streets' extended lines,
The flame with wind-speed onward flies.
As from furnace jaws out-streaming,
Glows the hot air—timbers shatter—
Pillars fall and windows clatter—
Children moan and mothers wander—
Cattle groan
The ruin under—
All is running, rescuing, shunning—
Clear as day the night is gleaming—
From hand to hand, along the band,
In rivalry,
Flies the bucket—arched on high,
From the engines water-waves are gushing.
On comes the storm—howling, rushing—
And the flame with roaring breath doth fan,
Crackling 'mid the well-dried grain
It falls—among the granaries;
The beams, and rafters dry, doth seize;
And with mighty blast, as though
'Twould tear away, in furious flight,
With itself the earth's dead weight,
High in the heavens it doth grow,
Giant-great!
In hopeless state
Man succumbs to strength divine,
And amazed and supine,
Sees his handiwork laid low.
Empty-burnt
Is the space,
Of wild storms the resting-place.
In the hollow window cells*
Horror dwells,

---

* *Feusten-Kohlen*; literally, window-hollows or window-cavities; let it not be mistaken for window-*sills* (*feuster-schwellen*), which would, of course, give no idea of a gutted house.

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And the heaven's clouds peer in
From on high.
One look—the last—
Toward the tomb
Of his home,
Doth the man behind him cast,
Then bravely grasps his staff to roam.
Whate'er the fire's rage hath removed,
One sweet comfort still is left—
He counts the heads of his beloved,
And not of one is he bereft.

'Tis received within the earth—
The mould it happily doth fill—
Will it issue beauteous forth,
To requite our toil and skill?
Should it fail—
The mould prove frail!
Perhaps while we are hoping thus,
Mischance ev'n now hath stricken us!

To the depths of sacred earth
We our handiworks confide;
The sower, too, entrusts his seed,
And hopes that it shall yet shoot forth,
To bless as heaven may have decreed.
Far costlier seed do we commit,
Lamenting, to the earth's dark womb,
And hope that, from the coffin, it
Unto a fairer life may bloom.

From the dome
Tolls the bell,
Dull and heavy
Funeral knell.
Alas! it is the wife, the dear one!
Alas! it is the tender mother!
Whom the Prince of Shadows doth convey
From her husband's arms away,
From the group of children dear,
Which in her bloom to him she bare,
And growing on her faithful breast,
Watched with a mother's interest.
Alas! each soft and tender bond
Of love for ever now is loose,
For she dwells in the shadow-land,
Who was the mother of that house;
Now her faithful rule is wanting,
No more will watch her loving care;
In the lonely place a stranger
Void of love will domineer.

While the bell is cooling now,
Resonous toil may pause to rest;
As gambol birds upon the bough,
Each may sport as likes him best.
When stars appear,
Released from care,
The workman hears the vespers toll;
But doubts now rend the master's soul.

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Afar in the wild forest gloom,
The wanderer hastens to his home;
Bleating, homeward, wend the flocks
And the herds,
The glossy-skin'd, broad-fronted ox,
Come on lowing,
To fill their wonted mangers going.
Heavily in
Reels the wagon,
Harvest-laden;
Upon the sheaves
Of chequered leaves
The wreath doth lie;
And to the dance with youthful ardor
The reapers fly.
Street and market grow more still;
Round the candle's social flame
The dwellers of the house assemble;
And the town-gate closes gnarring.*
The earth doth deck
Herself with darkness;
But the guarded burgher feels no awe
At the night,
Which the bad to evil deeds doth wake.
For ever watchful is the eye of Law.

Holy Order! blissful child
Of Heaven, in union free and mild,
And joyous, she hath equals bound.
She the first did cities found;
She from the uncultured plain
Called unsocial savage man;
Entered in the rugged hut,
Its inmates gentler manners taught;
And that dearest, strongest band
Wove—the love of Fatherland.
Thousands of hands, with mutual aid,
Bestir in cheerful unison,
And in ardent zeal displayed,
Are all the powers of man made known.
Master and workman ply their skill
'Neath the calm guard of Liberty;
Contented each his place doth fill,
And each the scorner doth defy.
Toil the burgher's pride should be;
Success the prize of labor's cost;
The King may boast *his* dignity,
Our industry shall be *our* boast.

Kindly Peace!
Gentle Concord!
Hover still,
Friendly over this our town!
Be that fearful day afar,
When the hordes of rugged war
Shall riot through the tranquil vale;

---

* "When he 'gan to rear his bristles strong,
And felly *gnar*."—*Fairie Queen*, B. i., Canto 1.
"The *gnarring* porter durst not whine for doubt."—*Fairfax*.

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When the heaven,
From which the gentle blush of even
Doth lovely beam,
Shall with the frightful conflagration
Of towns and villas fiercely gleam!

Now the mould we may destroy;
Its object it hath answered well;
That we may feast both heart and eye
On the well constructed Bell.
Swing the hammer, swing!
Till the mantle spring!
Ere the Bell rises from below,
The mould must first to pieces go.

The master may break up the frame,
With prudent hand, at fitting hour;
But wo! if e'er in streams of flame
Self-freed should gush the molten ore!
Blind-raging, with the crash of thunder,
It splits the bursting house asunder;
And as from hell-jaws, gaping wide,
Casts forth destruction's blazing tide.

Where rude and senseless powers prevail,
There form and shape will ever fail.
When nations by themselves are freed,
No public welfare can succeed.

Wo! when the fuel hath been amass'd
Silently in the city's womb,
Bursting their chain with dreadful haste
The madd'ning mob self-aid assume.
Then at the Bell's ropes Uproar pulls,
'Till, loudly clanging forth, it howls;
And, hallow'd but to peaceful chimes,
It sounds the alarm to force and crimes.
"Freedom! Equality!" they call;
The peaceful Burgher grasps his arms;
The streets are filled—the market—hall—
On all sides rage the murd'rous swarms!
Women into Hyenas start,
Disgustingly, with horrid jest,
With panther's teeth their victim's heart
They tear, yet panting, from the breast.
Naught holy is there more: all ties
Of pious shame are rent in twain;
The Bad the place of Good supplies;
And uncontroll'd the vices reign.
To wake the Lion is perilous;
Destructive is the Tiger's tooth;
But terribly more dangerous
Is Man in his delusive wrath!
Wo's them, who to the ever-blind
The heavenly torch of light would trust;
For him it beams not—can but tind,*
And land and cities turn to dust.

* This verb is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *tendan*, and is, no doubt, the same as the modern German *zünden*.—"As one candle *tindeth* another."—*Bp. Saunderson's Sermon*, 1, 56; as quoted in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary.

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Joy unto me—God hath given!
Look ye! like a star of gold
From its shell, all bright and even,
The metal kernel doth unfold.
From helm to crown, the ray,
Like sunlight, clear, doth play:
And the neat armorial shield
Doth credit to the workman yield.

In! in! with me,
Comrades all! and close the ring!
To assist at the Bell's christening.
"CONCORDIA" its name shall be!
In concord's heartfelt harmony, its summons
Shall oftentimes collect the loving Commons.

Henceforth its task let us fulfil,
The purpose of the master's will;
O'er lowly earth-life it on high
Shall wave, the Thunder's neighbor near,
In heaven's cerulean canopy;
And border on the starry sphere.
A voice it shall be from above;
Like the bright constellated throng,
That praise the Maker as they move,
And lead the crownéd year along;
Only to grave and lasting things
It shall devote its metal chime;
And hourly with its rapid swings,
Upon its flight, shall it touch Time:
To destiny it a tongue shall lend,
*Itself* unfeeling joy or grief,
Yet with its swing it shall attend
Upon the changeful game of life,
And as its tones in the ear decay,
While pealing loudly it sounds forth;
So let it teach that naught shall stay,
That all must fade that is of earth.

Now with the power of the rope,
Raise the bell from off the ground;
Into the air let it mount up,
Into the heavenly realm of sound.
Pull! pull! strongly heave!
It moves now, and now doth wave!
May it forebode us happiness!
And let its first chime utter PEACE!

H. M. M.

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## FRAGMENTS FROM THE GREEK.

### MIDAS'S EPITAPH.

*Χαλκέη παρθένος εἰμι, Μίδεω δ' ἐνι σήματι κεῖμαι.*

I, a brazen virgin, stand by Midas' tomb,
While the water floweth; lofty trees shall bloom;
While the sun ariseth; sheds the moon her light;
While the streams are swelling; sounds the ocean's might;
By this grave remaining, spot where many weep,
Tell I to the passers, "Here doth Midas sleep!"

—

### THE LYDIAN STONE.

*Λυδία μὲν γὰρ λίθος.*

GOLD thou seek'st the Lydian Stone,
Can reveal to thee alone;
But where Virtue may be found,
Or where Wisdom doth abound,
By a mortal man possessed,
TRUTH, all-powerful, is the test!

—

### TO VENUS.

*Ἔλθε, Κύπρι, χρυσείαισιν.*

HASTEN, Venus, nectar pour
From these cups of golden ore,
Circling round the festal shrine,
For thy worshippers and mine!

—

### CROSSING A RIVER.

*Μηδέ τοτ' αἰναῶν ποταμῶν καλλιῤῥοον ὕδωρ.*

ERE thou cross a river's graceful-flowing tide
Gazing in its waters, kneeling by its side,
Lift thy voice to Heaven, in the crystal wave,
Then from all pollution stoop thy hands to lave.
Wilt, with hands still tainted, pass its waters o'er?
Dread thou Heavenly vengeance, sorrow evermore

—

### TO A PAINTER.

*Ἄγε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε.*

RHODIAN painter, long confessed
Of all painters far the best,
Paint my love, though far away,
Rhodian painter, as I say.
  Unconfined each raven tress,
As the leaves when winds caress.
Can thine art such power assume?
Paint them breathing forth perfume—
Underneath those tresses now
To the cheek, an ivory brow.
Let the eye-brows, arched, unite,—
I mistake—they do not quite—

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As they are—stay—leave them so,
Whether they unite or no!
Next her eye to truly make,
From the fire a portion take;
Then Minerva's blue unite
To Cythera's liquid light.
Milk and roses, if but blent,
Best her cheek would represent.
Paint such lips as none withstand,
Kisses that from all demand.
Graceful from her dimpled chin,
Now her neck's transparent skin.
Robe the vest so there be seen
Proof of what is hid within!
Stay thine hand—her form I see—
Soon the wax will speak to me!

*St. Paul's College.* G. H. H.

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## A HYMN OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE W. CURTIS.

As sunlight dims the fire,
So I in thee expire,
When thy deep, holy eyes upon me turn;
When I am left behind,
A better life I find,
I only live, while in thy light I burn.

Before thee, every mood
In which I sullen stood,
Melts pleasantly and graciously away,
As when the sunbeams flow
On icicles and snow,
And scatter them afar in diamond spray.

When by thy side I stray,
Thy presence is the day
That makes the roses red, the violets blue;
When thou art from me gone,
The mystic night comes on,
With stars of memory for ever new.

Thy life is a clear wave,
In which I ever lave,
Through every pore it comes unto my heart;
Not when alone I see,
But only hear I thee,
A certain health unto my life thou art.

The still midsummer prime,
The golden Autumn time,
Enamel in thy eyes their fairest hue;
I need not see the flowers,
Or ever mete the hours,
My life to thee, than flowers to Spring, more true.

Thy strength doth make me strong,
Thy love bears me along,
To the great rest where all life-currents meet;
From thee for ever clear,
A solemn hymn I hear,
Serene and stately as when angels greet.

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## THE CABMAN'S STORY.*

Possibly, many of my readers have never thought of noticing the difference between the hackman and the cabman.

The former, grave, motionless and cold,—bearing the inclemencies of the weather like a stoic,—he sits upon his solitary seat, cut off from all intercourse with the world about him,—his only amusement a crack of his whip at a passing comrade,—without a thought of his two miserable hacks, and without civility for his unlucky fares, unless they choose so to regard the grimace with which he entices them, and his standing phrase: "Ready? all right!" To complete the picture, he is very selfish, very surly, wears flat straight hair and swears hard.

The cabman is quite another being. You must be in a very bad humor if you do not relent, and, in spite of yourself, concede a smile to his advances upon your good will,—the assiduity with which he puts straw under your feet, and the readiness with which he deprives himself of covering, no matter how heavy the rain or how sharp the hail, to shelter you; and your fit of silence must be obstinate if his thousand and one questions, his numberless exclamations, and his infinity of historical allusions, do not inveigle you into a chat. He has seen the world,—has moved in society,—he knows something. Perchance his very last fare was a candidate for the Academy, making his nine and thirty visits: hence a notion of literature for our cabman. He drives a deputy to chambers, and—he gets a touch of politics. A couple of medical students hire him; they can talk about nothing but operations: and lo! our Phæton picks up a tincture of medicine. In a word—a smatterer, if you will, but knowing a little of everything, he is a gossip, sharp and lively,—sports a cap, and has always a friend or relative who passes him free to the play. It is with regret we find ourselves compelled, by our love of truth, to add that the place assigned to him there, is always the bottom of the pit.

The hackman belongs to the old times, and has no more to do with any person, than is strictly necessary, in the discharge of his duties: very dull, but very honest.

The cabman, on the other hand, belongs to the advanced stages of society: civilisation wanted him, and he sprang into existence. His morality is—again truth constrains us to say with regret—rather accommodating.

Most hackmen wear for a badge a coachman in oiled hat and blue wrapper, his whip in one hand, and in the other a purse, with the motto, "Reward of Honesty."

I have never seen any representation of a cabman in the same moral position.

No matter for that—I have a particular predilection for cabmen; perhaps, because I very seldom have a purse to leave after me in their vehicles.

When I am not pre-occupied thinking of my last new drama, nor going to a tiresome rehearsal, nor returning from a public spectacle where I had fallen asleep, I chat with them, and am sometimes as much amused during their ten minutes' drive as I had been bored for four hours previous.

Therefore do I keep a corner in my head solely devoted to these two shilling recollections. There is one which left a profound and lasting impression.

It is nearly a year since Cantillon told me what I am about to relate.

Cantillon drives No. 221.

He is a man, apparently between forty and forty-five, of swarthy complexion and strongly-marked features. At the period of which I speak—the first of January, 1831—he wore a felt hat with a scrap of lace, a dark claret-colored coat with a scrap of livery, and boots with a scrap of their top-leathers. During the last eleven months, these relics must have all disappeared; but on the aforesaid first of January you saw at a glance whence came the remarkable difference between his dress and that of his fellows, as I have in another place described it.

It was, as I have said, the first of

* Translated for this journal from the French of Alexandre Dumas.



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January, 1831: the hour, six in the morning. I had laid out in my head a series of visits which I should, of necessity, make in person; and arranged, street by street, my list of those friends whom it is always proper to salute on both sides of the face and shake by both hands, at least once a year; I mean those sympathetic souls whom a person is sometimes six months without seeing,—whom he cannot visit by proxy with his card, and whom he always meets with open arms.

My servant had gone to get me a cab; and had selected 221, a preference which Cantillon owed to his bit of lace, his bit of livery and the remains of his top-leathers. Joseph spied out at once the fellow-servant. His cab, too, was chocolate color instead of a daub of yellow or green; and, stranger still, the springs of the leather-top were silver-mounted. I smiled, and Joseph saw that I was satisfied with his good taste: I gave him the rest of the day to himself. I settled myself snugly and squarely upon Cantillon's fine cushions, he drew over my knees a neat, coffee-colored gig apron, and at a click of his tongue the horse was off without his using the whip, which during the whole drive indeed remained at rest, being there apparently rather in compliance with usage as an orthodox ornament, than as a means of coercion.

"Which way, Monsieur?"

"To Charles Nodier's—at the arsenal."

Cantillon received my answer with a gesture which said plainly—"I know the place well enough, and the name too." Being at the time engaged with "*Antony*," and the Cab being very comfortable, I set myself to thinking how I should manage the close of the third act—a matter which was troubling me considerably.

For the poet, I know not an instant of greater happiness than when his work satisfies him. So many are the days of toil he has gone through, so many the hours of discouragement, so many the moments of doubt, that when, in the struggle of the man with his mind, he sees the obstinate idea which he has tried at every point, attempted on every side, yield at last to his perseverance, he has a moment of pleasure somewhat like—if in his infinitely lower and less perfect nature there can be anything resembling infinite perfection—that which the Almighty felt when He said to the earth, "BE!" and it was. In His words he may say, "I have made something out of nothing: I have created a world."

The poet's world, it is true, is rarely peopled by more than a dozen persons; its orbit in the planetary system is but the thirty-four square feet of the theatre, and it often comes into existence and goes out of it in one evening.

No matter; my comparison holds good, nevertheless. I prefer a comparison which lifts up, to one which drags down.

Thus, or nearly thus, ran my thoughts: in my mind's eye I saw my world take its place among the planets of literature; its inhabitants spoke and behaved themselves entirely to my liking; I was satisfied, and from a neighboring sphere I heard sounds—by no means equivocal—of applause, showing that those who passed my world in review found it to their taste, and were satisfied with me.

These pleasing reveries did not prevent me from observing, though still plunged in my doze of gratified pride—the poet's opium-heaven,—that my neighbor was dissatisfied with my silence, disturbed by my fixed, reflective eye, and absolutely afflicted at my profound pre-occupation. I could notice that he was using all his arts to engage my attention: sometimes he would say, "the apron is down, Monsieur"—I drew it up again, without a word; then he would blow his fingers—involuntarily my hands found their way into my pockets; again he would fall to whistling *la Parisienne*—I beat time mechanically. I had told him, on getting in, I should want him for four or five hours, and he was almost in despair at the thought, that during all that time I would persist in my silence,—to the great disappointment of his earnest desire to talk. At last his symptoms of uneasiness increased so that they fairly pained me. I opened my lips to say a word to him. He seemed quite relieved. Unluckily for him, the idea I had been wanting, to close my third act, struck me the moment I had half turned round to the side where he was, and half opened my mouth to speak; and I fell back quietly into my place, murmuring to myself, "It will do—*it will do.*"

Cantillon thought I must have lost my senses.

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Then he heaved a sigh.

A moment after, he drew up, saying, "Here is the place, Monsieur." I was at Nodier's door.

I should like, dear reader, to tell you about Nodier; in the first place, for my own sake, for I know him and love him; and in the next place for yours, who love him but probably do not know him. We must defer it, however.

At present it is our friend of the Cabriolet we have in hand. Let us return to him.

In half an hour I was ready to start again. With what marked politeness he lowered the steps for me! I resumed my place beside him, and after a preliminary brrrrrr! and a few motions of the upper half of my body, I found myself again in that species of easy chair which had once already so disposed me to contemplation. I said to him—my eyes half closed—

"Taylor, rue de Bondy."

Cantillon seized at once my communicative moment. He asked quickly:

"M. Charles Nodier—isn't he a gentleman that makes books?"

"He is: how the deuce did *you* know that?"

"I've read a romance of his; it was when I was with Monsieur Eugéne" (and a sigh escaped him); "there was a girl, and her sweetheart was guillotined."

"*Thérèse Aubert*, you mean."

"That's the book, Monsieur. ——— Ah! if I knew him—that M. Nodier—I could tell him something to write a romance about!"

"Ah?"

"You may well say it, Monsieur! If I could use a pen as well as I can a whip, I would not tell it to any one else,—I would write about it myself."

"Well, then, tell it to me," I said.

He looked at me with a knowing wink, as he replied:

"Oh! *you*—that's another thing!"

"Why?"

"You don't make books,—do you?"

"No; but I make plays, and perhaps your story may be of use to me for a drama."

He looked at me again, and asked:

"Perhaps you are the gentleman that composed *les deux Forçats*?"

"No, my friend, I am not."

"Or, *L'Auberge des Adrets*?"

"Nor that, either."

"For whereabouts, then, *do* you make your plays?" he inquired.

"Just now I make none, unless for the *Theâtre Français* and the *Odeon*."

His lips moved and he made a face which gave me clearly to understand that I had fallen considerably in his estimation. Then he reflected for an instant, and as if he had made up his mind, he said:

"Well,—I went once with Monsieur Eugéne to the *Français*; I saw Talma play Sylla,—it was the likeness of the Emperor complete,—a fine piece all through,—then in a little thing afterwards there was a rogue in a valet's dress, making mouths!——Well, *I* like *l'Auberge des Adrets* better."

To this there was no replying. Besides, I was already over head and ears in literary discussions at the time.

"You make tragedies, perhaps?" he inquired with a side glance.

"No, friend,—I do not."

"Then, what do you make?

"Dramas."

"Oh! you are in the romantic line,—are you? The other day I drove an academician to the academy who fixed off you romance-people nicely. He makes tragedies himself,—he spoke off for me a piece of his last one. I do not know his name,—he was a dry old chap with the cross of the Legion and a red nose. You must know him."

I nodded—yes, and asked:

"But your story?"

"Ah! Monsieur, 'tis a melancholy thing, you see; there's a man comes to his death in it."

The tone of profound emotion in which he spoke these words increased my curiosity. I urged him to go on.

"'*Go on*'—'tis easy enough to say it; but if I should fall a-crying I could not go on ——."

It was now my turn to look at him.

"You see," he continued,—"I have not been a cabman always, as you can tell by my livery," (and he showed me, with much self-complacence, the remains of red facings yet left upon his dress.) "'Tis ten years since I went into service with Monsieur Eugéne. You didn't know him perhaps?"

"Eugéne who?"

"Ah, d—n! 'Eugéne who' ——. I never heard him called by any other name: I never saw his father nor his mother. He was a tall young man

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like you, Monsieur, and about your age. How old are you?

"Twenty-seven."

"Just so,—he was not so dark-complexioned quite; and then your hair is curly as a negro's, and his was as straight as could be. In two words he was a nice young fellow, only that he was as melancholy as a coffin. He had ten thousand livres a year; though that did not seem to do him much good, he always seemed so sad. I went into service with him,—very well. One word came out of his mouth just like another; and always so quiet. It was 'Cantillon, my hat'—'Cantillon, put the horse to the cabriolet'—'Cantillon, if Monsieur Alfred de Linar should call, say I am not in.' You must know he didn't like this M. de Linar;—the fact is, he was a rake,—and such a rake! His rooms were in the same hotel as ours; and so he was always on top of us,—too much of a good thing, that. The very day I got my orders, he came to see Monsieur Eugéne: 'not in!' said I; when pop! my master gives a cough; the other hears it and turns on his heel, with—'your masteris a puppy.' I kept that to myself, and made as though he hadn't said a word.

"Talking of that, Monsieur, what number Rue de Bondy, is it?"

"No. 64."

"It is, eh?—here we are!"

Taylor was not at home; and I merely went in and came out.

"Well, go on."

"Oh!—my story —— but first, Monsieur, where do I drive to next?"

"Rue Saint Lazare, No. 58."

"Ah!—Mademoiselle Mar's,—she is a famous actress still—that lady. Well, as I was saying, we went the same evening to a soirée in the Rue de la Paix; I was at my horse's tail, and the word was, 'go along!' On the stroke of twelve, my master came away. He was in a savage humor, for he and Monsieur Alfred had met, and had had some words together. He said, as he got into the cab to go home, 'The coxcomb! I must chastise him.' I forgot to tell you, my master was a good shot; but with the sword—oh!—Saint George could not stand before him. As we came to the bridge—where the statues are, you know, though there were none there then—we met a woman, sobbing so that we heard her above all the noise of the cab. 'Stop!' cried my master; stop I did. While you could turn your head he was out in the street.

"It was so dark you could hardly see your hand. The woman was ahead, my master behind. All at once she stops in the middle of the bridge, gets up on the parapet, and then—splash! Before you could count two,—jump! goes my master, head first, over after her. You see he could swim like a fish.

"'Then,' said I to myself, 'if I stay here in the cab it won't do much good; then, again, I don't know how to swim; and if I jump in there will only be two to pull out instead of one.' I said to my horse—that fellow there, only he had four years less over his head then, and two pecks of oats more in his belly—said I, 'Coco, don't stir!' You would have thought he understood me: he stood like a statue. Very good.

"In one jump, I am at the river-side. There was a little boat there. I leap in: it was fast by a rope. I pull and pull. I search for my knife—I had forgotten it. All this time my master was diving like a wild duck. I give a desperate jerk, and—crack!—the rope breaks. A little more and I should have fallen in backwards into the river; but, by good luck, found myself instead, on the flat of my back in the boat. Said I to myself, 'No time now to count the stars;' and up I sprung. The boat was launched I look for the oars—when I was upset. I had knocked one of them overboard. I pull away with the other, but only spin round and round like a teetotum. Then said I to myself 'Tis no use; I may as well sit still.'

"I will never forget that moment, Monsieur, while I live. It was horrible. It seemed as though the river ran ink; it was so black; unless when now and then a little wave rose and broke in foam. Then in the middle of the stream I saw the girl's white dress for an instant, or else my master's head as he came up to draw breath. Then again,—and that time only,—both rose at once; and I could hear Monsieur Eugéne cry out for joy as he caught sight of her. In two strokes he was at the spot where he had seen her dress floating the moment before. Directly, I could see nothing of him but his legs struck out above the water,—then he disappeared entirely——I was floating down with the current, not ten steps from them, griping my one oar in my hands as though I could wring it into

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splinters, and crying 'God of Heaven! that I don't know how to swim!'

"The next moment he rose again. This time he had hold of the girl by her long hair. She was senseless; and my master was not much better. I could hear his breath come and go hard, and he had just enough strength left to keep her on the top of the water; for you see she could not move hand or foot, and was as heavy as a stone. Monsieur Eugéne turned his head to see which bank was nearest him, and he saw me. 'Cantillon,' cried he, 'this way!' I was on the boat's edge, stretching out the oar to him, but—curse it!—it wasn't long enough by more than three feet. 'This way, Cantillon!' again he shouted. My heart sank within me. 'Cantillon!' he shouted, and a wave went over his head. Here I was, mouth open and eyes fastened on the spot; at last he reappeared and oh! what a load was off my breast! I still kept the oar out to him; he drifted a hair's breadth nearer; 'courage, dear master, courage!' cried I to him. He was not able to answer me. 'Let her go,' I shouted 'and save yourself!' 'No, no!'—he cried,—'I——,' and his mouth filled with water. Ah! Monsieur, there was not a hair on my head but was wringing wet. I was still leaning out of the boat, reaching the oar. Everything was whirling round me. The bridge—the Hotel de Gardes—the Tuileries—everything—went round and round; but I had eyes only for that head which by little and little was sinking before me, for those eyes just under the water, still looking at me, and seeming to grow larger and larger as I gazed; then I could see nothing but his hair; then the hair disappeared like the rest; and only one arm was above the water, with the fingers clutching at nothing. I made one last effort,—I stretched out the oar,—now then!—He got hold of it——ah!———"

Cantillon wiped his forehead; it was heavy with large sweat-drops. I breathed again, and he continued:

"They say well that a drowning man will grasp a red hot bar of iron; my master griped the oar so that he left the mark of his nails on it. I rested the oar on the boat's side and bore down my end; that raised the other end, and Monsieur Eugéne came to the top of the water. I trembled so that I was afraid every moment I should let go the d——d stick. Here I lay—upon it with my head close to the edge of the little craft; drawing the oar to me as I steadied it with my whole weight. My master's head was thrown back as if he were in a faint; I kept drawing in the stick, and bringing him nearer and nearer. At last I stretched out my arm and got hold of his wrist;—it was a sure case then!—I held him like a vice. Eight days afterwards, his arms were covered with black and blue marks.

"He had never let go his hold of the girl; I dragged him into the boat, and her with him, and there they lay in the bottom, both of them,—one about as dead as the other. I called to my master,—not a word! I tried to beat the palms of his hands, but they were clenched as tight as if he were cracking nuts in them. I could have bit my tongue off for vexation. I took my oar again and tried to pull ashore. Even with two I am not a very great oarsman; with one I had no chance. It was the same old story. I pulled one way,—the boat went the other,—the current all the while taking us down. When I saw it was carrying us off to Hâvre surely,—said I to myself, 'not this road, any how,—let's call for help'—and I fell to shouting like ten men.

"The chaps in the boat for picking up drowned people and bringing them to, heard me. They had their craft afloat like lightning,—in two pulls they were alongside, and had us in tow. Five minutes after, my master and the young girl were as snug as packed herrings.

"They asked me if I had been drowned too; I told them no, but just the same as drowned, and that if they would give me a glass of brandy it would put new life into me. My knees shook under me like paper.

"My master was the first to open his eyes; he threw his arms round my neck; I sobbed, and laughed, and cried, all in a minute. My God! what fools men make of themselves!

"He looked round him and saw them busy with the girl, trying to bring her to. 'A thousand francs for you, my friends,' he said, 'if you save her life; and you, Cantillon, my brave fellow—my friend—my preserver' (here I could not help it—I broke out again)—'bring the cabriolet.'

"'Tis true, every word, as I tell you,

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and Coco there knows it. Didn't I make haste to fetch the cab! I reach the place where I had left it—neither cab nor horse there—it was as clear as the palm of my hand. Next day the police found them for us; they had been taken off by an amateur.

"I go back to my master and tell him; 'Very well,' says he, 'then call a hackney-coach!' 'And the young woman—how is she?' I asked. 'She has moved one foot,' said he. 'Good!' I brought a hack; and by that time she was entirely recovered, only she had not spoken a word. We carried her into the coach. 'Rue du Bac, No. 51, driver,—as fast as possible.'

"But—here we are, Monsieur, at Mademoiselle Mars's,—No. 58."

"Your story's finished then?" I asked.

"Finished!—pooh!—not quarter!—and what I have told you is nothing to what is to come."

His narrative had really won upon my interest. I had but a word for the great actress,—a hope that I might find her as sublime in '31 as in '30. In ten minutes I was back in the cab.

"Your story?"

"First, where am I to drive you next?"

"Where you please—straight on—go on with your story."

"Where were we then?——oh! 'Rue du Bac, driver, as fast as possible.'

"On the bridge our young girl fell senseless a second time.

"My master made me go down upon the Quai for his doctor. When I returned with him, I found Mademoiselle Marie—did I tell you her name was Marie?"

"No."

"Well, that was her name. I found Mademoiselle Marie lying on a bed with a nurse by her. I cannot tell you how pretty she was, with her pale face, eyes closed, and her hands crossed upon her breast; looking just like the Virgin she was called after.

"The doctor made her smell of a little bottle: I sha'n't soon forget that bottle. He had laid it out of his hands upon the chest of drawers, and I, like a fool, seeing it had brought her to, said to myself, 'It must be a famous scent, that.' I hung around the place without pretending anything, and the moment their backs were turned, I pulled out the stopper and put the neck of the bottle up to my nose. Oh! what a dose! It could not have been worse, if I had snuffed up a swarm of bees. 'Good,' said I, 'I know you now!' and the hot tears filled my eyes. M. Eugéne said to me, 'Do not distress yourself, my good fellow, the doctor engages for her.' I said to myself, 'He may be a very smart fellow, this doctor, but when I get sick, 'tis not for him I shall send.'"

"All this time Mademoiselle Marie was recovering more and more. She looked round the room and said,—'Strange! where am I? I don't know this room!' 'That may be,' said I, 'for the reason you were never in it before.' 'Hush! Cantillon,' my master beckoned me, and then—for he knew how to talk to women—he said to her, 'Compose yourself, madam; you shall have from me all a brother's kind and respectful treatment, and the moment your health permits of your being taken home, I shall see that it is done.' 'I am sick, then!' she exclaimed in astonishment; then, recollecting herself, she cried all at once, 'Ah!—I remember—I tried'——and she gave a low shriek that seemed to go through and through me. 'Doubtless it is you, Monsieur, who have saved me!—Oh! if you but knew how fatal is the service you have done me!—what a future of misery your devotion to a stranger has re-opened for her!' I heard all this, while I kept rubbing my nose, which still smarted awfully, so that I did not miss a word, and can tell you everything just as it happened. My master consoled her as well as he could, but to everything he said, she answered only, 'If you but knew, Monsieur!' At length it seemed as if M. Eugéne got tired of always hearing the same thing, for stooping down he said in her ear, 'I know all.' 'You?' she exclaimed. 'Yes, you loved, were betrayed and abandoned.' 'Betrayed, yes,' she replied, 'basely betrayed, cruelly abandoned!' 'Well, then,' said M. Eugéne to her, 'confide your griefs to me: I ask it not from curiosity, but from a desire to serve you; it seems to me you should not any longer consider me a stranger.' 'Oh! no, no!' she cried, 'one who could risk his life as you have done, cannot but be of a noble nature. You, I am sure, have never abandoned an unfortunate young woman, leaving her to a life of anguish, or a speedy death. Yes, yes, I will tell you all.' Said I to myself, 'So

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far so good; it begins well, it must be interesting, we will listen.'

"'But first,' she added, 'allow me to write to my father—my father! for whom I left a letter of farewell, informing him of my resolution. He thinks I have accomplished it. You will permit him to come here, Monsieur, will you not? Oh! God grant only that in his grief he has not been hurried to do something desperate! Allow me to write to him to come here at once; I feel it is only in his arms I can weep; and tears will be to me such a relief!'"

"'Write, write by all means,' said my master, pushing the pen and ink to her. 'Who would delay for a moment this solemn re-union of a daughter and a father who had thought themselves forever separated? Write, I beg of you: do not delay an instant! Your father!—what must be his sufferings!'

"Meanwhile she had scribbled a note in her pretty little fly's-feet writing. When it was finished, she asked the address of the house where she was; 'Rue du Bac, No. 51,' said I.

"'Rue du Bac, No. 51!' she repeated; and, hallo! down dropped the inkstand out of her hands upon the sheets. In a second or two she added with a melancholy air, 'Perhaps it is a providence that I have come into this house.' 'Providence or not,' said I, 'it will cost a good package of *sel d' oseille* to take out that stain.'

"My master seemed dumb with surprise. 'You are astonished, Monsieur,' said she, 'but you will soon know all, and you will understand why the address just given me by your servant, so much affected me.' With this she handed him the letter to her father.

"'Take this letter, Cantillon.' I glanced at the direction; it was Rue des Fosses de Saint Victor. ''Tis a long stretch there,' said I. 'No matter,' said my master,—'take a cabriolet and be back in half an hour.'

"In two moments I was in the street; a cab was passing,—I jumped in. 'A hundred sous, neighbor, to take me to Rue des Fosses de Saint Victor and back.' I wish I could have now and then such rides as that, I tell you.

"We stopped before a little house; I knocked and knocked. The portress opened the door with a grumble. 'M. Dumont, old Grum.?' I asked. 'Ah! *mon Dieu!*' cried the old woman,—have you any news of his daughter?' 'Capital!' said I. 'Fifth floor,—top of the stairs.' Up I went, four steps at a time: I came to a half open door,—I looked in, and there was an old soldier all alone, crying like a child, in silence kissing a letter, and loading his pistols. Thinks I, this must be the father, or I am greatly mistaken.

"I pushed into the room. 'I come from Mademoiselle Marie.'

"He turned round like lightning, grew as pale as death, and said,—'My daughter!'—'Yes, Mademoiselle Marie, your daughter. You are M. Dumont, late Captain under the General.'

"He nodded.—'Then,' said I, 'here is a letter from Mademoiselle Marie.' He took it. It is the truth I tell you, Monsieur,—his hair stood upon his head, and more drops ran off his forehead than from his eyes.

"'She is alive!' he exclaimed, 'and it is your master who has saved her? Bring me to her this instant!—this instant!—but hold, my friend, hold!'

"He rummaged in the drawer of a little *secretaire*, and taking out three or four five-franc pieces, he thrust them into my hand. Not to hurt his feelings, I took them; but I looked round the room, and said I to myself, 'You are not much of a nabob, captain!' With one pirouette, I slipped the twenty francs behind a bust of the General, and said I,—'Thank you, captain!'

"'Are you ready? I am waiting for you,'—he replied, and at the word off he went down the stairs, like a flash. 'Halloo! captain, halloo! I say,' I sung out,—'I can't see my way down your winding stairs!'—Pooh! he was already at the bottom.

"At last, we are in the cab. 'Captain,' said I to him, 'if you have no objection to tell, what were you going to do with those pistols you were loading?' He knitted his brows, and said,—'One was for a wretch whom God can pardon; I will not.'

"'Um!' said I; 'the father of the child.'

"The other was for myself.'

"'Tis much better that things have fallen out differently."

"'Tis not all settled yet,' said he. 'But tell me—how was it your master—noble young fellow!—saved my poor Marie?'

"I told him all just as I have told

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you. He sobbed like a child. 'Twas enough to split the heart of a stone to see that old soldier cry. The driver said, 'Monsieur, 'tis all foolishness, that; I cannot see to drive. Only that the horse has more sense than all three of us, we would bring up at the Morgue.'

"'The Morgue!' cried the Captain, with a shudder. 'The Morgue! when I had no hope of ever finding her again unless there!—when I thought to see my poor Marie, the child of my heart, laid out upon that black, damp marble! Oh! my friend, your master's name! his name! that I may bless it and preserve it in my heart by the side of another dear and honored name.'

"'You mean the General's—him whose bust you have?'

"'Marie, my child!—You are sure there is no danger?—has the doctor engaged for her?'

"'Don't talk to me about your doctor; he's an old humbug!'

"'How!—you have still some fears for her?'

"'No; none,' said I—'tis myself I mean—my nose here.'

"All this while we were driving very fast, so that before we expected it, the driver said, 'This is the place.'

"'Your help, my friend,' said the Captain to me; 'my limbs fail me. Where is the place?'

"There—on the second floor, where you see a light behind the curtains.'

"'Oh!—Come, come!'

"Poor man; he was as pale as a sheet. I took his arm under mine; I could feel his heart beat. 'If I should find her dead!' he exclaimed wildly.

"Just then the door of M. Eugéne's room opened, two flights of stairs up, and we heard a woman's voice cry, 'Father! father!'

"''Tis she! 'tis her voice!' cried the Captain, and the old man, who, a moment before, trembled so that he could hardly stand, darted forward like a young man of twenty-five, rushed into the room without saying as much as 'By your leave,' to anybody, flung himself on his daughter's bed, weeping and exclaiming, 'Marie, my dear child, Marie, my daughter!'

When I got in, 'twas a picture to see them—in each other's arms—the father kissing his daughter all over with his lion's face and old moustache—the nurse in tears—M. Eugéne in tears—myself in tears—in fact, a regular shower all round.

"Then said my master to the nurse and me, 'We must leave them alone.' We left the room all three; and my master took me by the arm and said, 'Watch for M. Alfred de Linar when he comes in from the ball; I wish to speak a word with him.' I took my post upon the stair-case, and kept sentry.

"In about a quarter of an hour I heard the bell—terling, terling. It was M. Alfred; he came up stairs singing. I said to him quite politely, 'Excuse me, Monsieur, but my master wishes to speak a word to you.'

"'Could not your master wait until to-morrow?' he replied with a sneer.

"'It seems not, since he wants to see you directly.'

"Well, where is he?'

"'Here I am,' said M. Eugéne, who had overheard me. 'Will you please to walk into this room, Monsieur?' pointing to the room where Mademoiselle Marie was. I could not understand this.

However, I opened the door. The Captain was just getting into the inner room; he made a sign to me to wait until he had hidden himself. I did so, and then—'Walk in, gentlemen!' My master pushed M. Alfred into the room, drew me out, and shut the door upon us both. Next I heard a trembling voice say, 'Alfred!' and another voice reply in astonishment—'Marie! you here?'

"'M. Alfred is the betrayer?' said I to my master.

"'Yes,' said he, 'be still with me, and let us listen.'

"At first, we could only hear Mademoiselle Marie; she seemed to be entreating M. Alfred. That lasted some time. Then we could hear him say, 'No, Marie, 'tis impossible. You must be mad to ask it. I am not my own master in this. I cannot marry as I choose. I am dependent upon a family that will not permit it. But I am rich, and if money—'

"Then you should have seen!—there was the deuce to pay. Without stopping to unlock the door of the cabinet, where he was hid, the Captain drove it open with one kick—Mademoiselle Marie gave a scream—the Captain thundered out an oath fit to lift the roof off the house—and said my master—'Let us go in.'

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"It was high time.

"Captain Dumont had M. Alfred down, with his knee on him, and was twisting his neck as though he were a chicken. My master separated them.

"M. Alfred got up, pale as death, his eyes ready to start from his head, and his teeth set. Without looking at Mademoiselle Marie, who lay in a faint, he walked up to my master, who was waiting for him with his arms folded. 'Eugéne,' said he, 'I did not think your room was a slaughter-house. I shall not come into it again without a pair of pistols.' 'Precisely how I should prefer to see you come,' replied my master—'for otherwise I shall be under the necessity of begging you to walk out instantly.'

"'Captain,' said M. Alfred, turning round, 'you will not forget, I have an account to settle with you too."

"'And you shall settle it this moment,' said the captain. "I do not leave you until you do.'

"'Be it so.'

"'The day is just breaking,' continued M. Dumont. 'We will find weapons.'

"'I have swords and pistols,' said my master.

"'Pray have them put into a carriage,' said the captain.

"'An hour hence at the wood of Boulogne, Porte Maillot,' said M. Alfred.

"'Very well,' replied my master and the captain, both at once. 'Go find your seconds.' M. Alfred went away.

"The captain then bent over his daughter's bed. M. Eugéne wished to call for help; but the old man said, 'No—better she should be ignorant of everything. Marie! dear child, farewell. If I fall, M. Eugéne, you will avenge me, will you not? and the orphan girl, you will not abandon her?'

"'Never! I swear it to you, by herself!' replied my master, throwing himself into the poor father's arms.

"'Cantillon, call a hack.'

"'Yes, sir; shall I go with you?'

"'You may.'

"The captain embraced his daughter once more, and then calling the nurse he said—'Assist her now, and if she should ask where I am gone, say I will soon return. Now, my young friend, let us go.'

"They went back into M. Eugéne's room. When I brought the hack they were down stairs waiting for me. The captain put the pistols in his pocket, and my master the swords under his cloak.

"'Wood of Boulogne, driver.'

"'My friend,' said the captain, 'if I am killed, give this ring to my poor Marie; 'twas her mother's wedding-ring; a good woman she was, young man,—now with God, or else there is no more justice up above than there is in this world,—and see that I am buried with my cross of the Legion and my sword. You are now my only friend; except my daughter I have neither kith nor kin; so, then, you and my Marie following my coffin,—there will be no other mourners.'

"'Why these thoughts, captain? They are sad ones for an old soldier.'

"The captain gave a melancholy smile, as he said,

"'Since 1815, everything has gone wrong with me: and as you have promised to be a guardian to my daughter, better one that is young and rich than a poor old father.'

"He said no more; my master could not speak another word, and there was silence until we reached the place of meeting.

"A cabriolet followed us a few steps behind. It stopped, and M. Alfred got out with his two seconds.

"One of them approached us.

"'What are the captain's weapons?'

"'Pistols,' he replied.

"'Stay in the carriage and take care of the swords,' said my master to me; and all five plunged into the wood.

"In ten minutes, or less, I heard two pistol shots. They made me leap as though I had not expected them. Ten minutes more passed without another shot, and I knew it was all over with one of them.

"I sunk down into the bottom of the hack; I did not dare to look out. All at once the door opened.

"'The swords, Cantillon!' said my master.

"I gave them to him; and as he stretched out his hand for them I saw that the captain's ring was on his finger.

"'And—and—Mademoiselle Marie's father?' said I.

"'He is dead.'

"'Then—the swords'—



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"'Are for me.'

"'For Heaven's sake, let me go with you, Monsieur.'

"'Come, if you wish.'

"I leaped out of the coach. My heart, Monsieur, was no bigger than a mustard-seed, and I trembled in every limb. My master entered the wood, and I after him.

"We had not gone ten steps, when I saw M. Alfred standing laughing between his seconds. 'Take care!' said my master to me, pushing me aside; I made one spring backward. I had nearly trodden on the captain's body.

"Monsieur Eugéne threw one glance upon the body, then advanced towards the party in front, dropped the points of his swords on the ground, and said—"See that they are both of the same length, gentlemen.'

"'You will not consent, then, to postpone this matter until to-morrow?' asked one of the seconds.

"'Impossible!'

"'Well, friends—no matter,' said M. Alfred. 'The first affair has not tired me in the least; only I should be glad to drink a glass of water.'

"'Cantillon, go get a glass of water for M. Alfred,' said my master.

"I would as lief he had told me to go hang myself; but he waved his hand a second time to me to go, and I started off to the restaurant at the entrance to the wood, scarcely a hundred feet from where we stood. Before you could turn round I was back. I handed M. Alfred the glass, saying to myself, 'Take it—and I wish it was poison to you!' He took it; his hand was perfectly steady, only when he gave it back to me I noticed that he had broken the edge of it between his teeth.

"I threw the glass over my head, and went back to my place. I saw that my master had been making ready in the meantime. He was stripped to his shirt and pantaloons, and his sleeves were rolled up nearly to his shoulder. I went up to him, and said I, 'No orders for me, Monsieur?' 'None,' he replied—'I have neither father nor mother; if I should die (he wrote something in pencil)—you will see that this paper reaches Marie.'

"Then, with another glance at the captain's body, he advanced towards M. Alfred, saying:

"'Come on, gentlemen.'

"'But you have no seconds,' replied M. Alfred.

"'One of yours will answer.'

"'Ernest, be so good as to take your place beside Monsieur.'

"One of the seconds crossed to my master's side: the other took up the swords, placed my master and M. Alfred at four paces distance, gave each of them a sword, crossed their blades, and stood off, saying, 'Now, gentlemen.'

"At the instant each of them advanced a step, and their blades were engaged up to the guard.

"'Fall back!' said my master.

"'I never break!' replied M. Alfred.

"'Very well,'—and M. Eugéne fell back a step, and again stood at guard.

"Ten dreadful minutes followed. The swords flew and twisted round each other like snakes at play. M. Alfred was the only one that thrust; my master, following his sword with his eyes, parried just as coolly as if he were in the fencing gallery. I was in a rage! If the other one's servant had been there, I would have strangled him.

"Still the fight went on. M. Alfred was smiling bitterly; my master was calm and cold.

"'Ha!' cried M. Alfred.

"He had touched my master on the arm, and the blood came.

"'A mere nothing,' said M. Eugéne. 'Come on.'

"The sweat stood on me in large drops.

"The seconds approached. M. Eugéne signed to them to stand off. His enemy took advantage of this,—lunged—my master came to guard too late, and the blood flowed from his thigh. I was sitting on the grass: I could not remain standing.

"All this time M. Eugéne was as calm and cool as ever; only his lips were apart, and I could see that his teeth were set. The sweat streamed down the other one's forehead; he was tiring himself out.

"My master made a pass forward. M. Alfred broke.

"'I thought you never broke,' said my master.

"M. Alfred made a feint; my master's sword came to parade with such force, that his enemy's point was thrown up as though he were saluting. For one instant his breast was bare, and the next my master's sword was buried in it up to the very hilt.

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"M. Alfred threw out his arms, dropped his sword, but did not fall, because the blade run through his body kept him up.

"M. Eugéne drew out his weapon, and he fell.

"'Have I behaved like a man of honor?' he asked the seconds. They nodded yes, and approached the body.

"My master turned to me, and said he, 'Cantillon, go back to town and bring a notary to my house. Have him there on my return.'

"'If you want him for M. Alfred's will,' said I, 'it will be so much trouble for nothing; for see how he writhes—like a snake—and vomits blood: that's a bad sign.'

"'Tis not for him,' replied my master."

"For what was it, then?" I interrupted.

"To marry the young girl," replied Cantillon. "She was so beautiful and so good, Monsieur!—and to own her child ——"

"And did he do it?" I asked.

"Yes, Monsieur; nobly!"

"Then, some time after, he said to me, 'Cantillon, we are going to travel, my wife and I; I should be glad to keep you in my service: but—you understand—the sight of you would be a constant grief to her. Here are a thousand francs; I give you my horse and cabriolet; do what you please with them; and if ever you should want anything, let me know before any one else.'

"So, as I had the establishment, I set up for cab-driver.

"You have my story, Monsieur; and now where am I to take you?"

"Home—I will finish my visit some other day."

I returned to my house, and wrote down Cantillon's story just as he had told it to me.

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## OUR TIMES.

Every human being, no doubt, has some peculiar trait, which distinguishes him from all other human beings past, present, or to come. For each is a special modification of that great Spirit of Humanity, which underlies and pervades all individuals, and makes all to be *Men*. One high function, therefore, of every man is to be and to exhibit his own distinctive Self, that so he may manifest not alone the common Humanity he shares with his whole kind, but the attribute of Humanity which is incarnate in him, and in none beside.

In like manner, every nation has a peculiar type, which discriminates it from all other nations and gives it its proper nationality. Its function is to manifest a peculiar *social* phase of Humanity, as it is that of the individual to manifest a peculiar *individual* phase.

So, again, it is the function of every age to display *in action*, on a vast platform, some special idea pertaining to humanity,—to evolve the entire force and beauty and good embraced by such idea,—thus writing, in characters which the whole world in all following time may read, a new chapter in the history of humanity.

It is with heightened interest that we search the records of nations and ages gone, by the light of this thought. A new and large significance is thus breathed into what were else but an inorganic, dead mass of facts, united by no vital ligament and channelled by no vital circulations. This thought, too, imparts additional interest to our observation of living men, as it tasks our penetration for the detection of the distinctive idea, of which each individual is constituted the type.

Among the world's ages, our own of course is the one concerning us most highly, since it is herein our destinies must be shaped. What special aspect of humanity the time present is fated to exhibit in contradistinction to all other times, it is not easy to pronounce. For our vision is confused by the multiplicity of processes going on about us, combined with our nearness to the stage of movement. That *large changes* are

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at hand,—closer at hand in some parts of the world than in others,—we have strong reason to suspect. One sees at a glance that existing social arrangements are many of them false, nor is it easy to conceive how such arrangements can long withstand the pressure of the novel and extraordinary forces now in operation. It would seem that millions of our race must, ere long, be crushed to the very death unless their burdens be taken off, and to remove these burdens will necessitate changes of a radical, *organic* sort. No mere *alteratives* will suffice. Whoever then survives many years must, it is more than probable, be a spectator of, if not an actor in, quite unusual social movements, and it may be witness the establishment of social conditions not even dreamed of now.

To comprehend, therefore, the leading features of our time is a matter of universal concern. It will not, however, be expected that we handle in much detail so broad and fruitful a theme. We shall only undertake to touch on a few of those tendencies, which arrest attention most forcibly. And if it can be shown, that these tendencies are such as promise more of good than of evil and are fitted to awaken rather hope than fear, our time and labor will not have been wasted.

Our age is peculiarly distinguished by its successful culture of physical science and its extraordinary triumphs in mechanism. This feature of the age is matter of debate between two antagonist classes, the one hailing it as rich in present benefits and bright hopes for the future, while the other taxes the age with being, on this very account, material, mechanical, unspiritual, empty of religion. How stands the truth?

Nobody pretends that the world has reached perfection. Nobody denies that evil, deficiency and wrong, yet prevail to a deplorable extent. But how does the present compare with foregone conditions of our race, and is the race advancing or retrograde in consequence of the impulses above mentioned as marking our times? This is the real point at issue.

One thing must on all hands be admitted, that the phenomena presented by our times are fitted to rivet attention irresistibly, and to enlarge all previously existing conceptions of what man is capable of achieving. Indeed it would almost seem as though he were now but just entering on that dominion over the earth, which was assigned him at the beginning. No longer, as once, does he stand trembling amid the forces of nature, but erect and fearless he fronts them and makes of them companions or servants. The wide air and deep waters, the tall mountains, the outstretched plains and the earth's deep caverns, are become parcel of his domain and yield freely of their treasures to his researches and toils. The terrible ocean vails to him, and stooping its broad back to his burdens conveys them submissively "whithersoever the governor listeth." He has almost annihilated space and time. He yokes to his car fire and water, those unappeaseable foes, and flying from place to place with the speed of thought carries with him, in one mass, commodities for supplying a province. He constrains a simple contexture of wood and iron to do the tasks of a hundred men. The dread lightning he makes his playfellow, and bids it, harming none, pursue the track he indicates. Through his skill the old prophetic word is verified, and "every valley is exalted and every hill is brought low; the parched ground becomes a pool and the thirsty land springs of water; the wilderness and the solitary place is glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose." No longer do

"Mountains interposed make enemies of nations."

They do not so much as hinder *neighborly* reciprocation. By mechanical appliance the most far divided regions can, in briefest time, interchange the products of their soil and workshops; and better yet, the light flashing from a single mind may circle the earth with almost the speed of the sunbeam, its material emblem. The world is fast growing to a single vast public, capacious of common thoughts and moved by common impulses.

Here, undeniably, is a very imposing spectacle, and mighty indeed are the forces creating it. But, is our race, after all, really the better for the action of these forces, and do they promise auspiciously for the future?

Let us see, first, how the case stands with that numerous body, who eat and always have "eaten their bread in the sweat of their brow." Their state, it

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must be owned, is yet very far below what philanthropy could wish. But it will not be questioned that these better days have done much for its melioration. No foregone age can be named, wherein so few out of the whole have been *mere* "hewers of wood and drawers of water," without being or hoping or even aiming to become aught beside. Nor can any be named, wherein so many of the comforts and luxuries of life, over and above its absolute essentials, have been diffused so widely. And this is, so far, well—not only well in itself, but as a basis of something better. It is all in vain that philosophy, poetry, or religion even, appeals to men, who are hungry, naked, shelterless, diseased, or taxed by everlasting drudgery for meeting these primary needs. The suasory tones of the one are utterly drowned in the hoarse clamors of the other.

Therefore the "economists and calculators," so disparaged by Mr. Burke in his requiem over the grave of chivalry, are in fact occupied in laying the corner-stone of the *spiritual*, together with the *temporal* prosperity of man. For the physical and mechanical science, which assuages the pains of the diseased and rekindles the dying light of life, which dries up the plague-breathing marsh, which draws from the earth and the waters plentiful and nourishing food, and provides clothing and shelter protective against elementary inclemencies,—which, in a word, liberates man from degrading bondage to bald material *necessity*,—is, so far forth, a positive, unspeakable blessing. For it draws after it results, which throw those already named, however valuable, wholly into shade. The railroad, which lets the warm sunlight into the forest's gloomy heart, lets in also the light of knowledge; and the cars stuffed with commodities, which dart along its iron track, bear also a freight, the "merchandise whereof is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold." The steamer which, as though "taking the wings of the morning" flies to the "uttermost parts of the sea," carries to the savage denizens of the isles the products of the school and the study along with those of the forge and the loom. A well ordered and well furnished physical state soon begets higher cravings than itself supplies. Men covet *mental* culture. They become aware of intellectual wants craving satisfaction. *These* wants, felt more widely than in any previous time, our age is at least endeavoring to supply.

Is this, so far, well or ill? Is it well, or is it not, that not a single small class merely, but that all men of every class, should know that they have minds, and should cast about for means and methods of cultivating those minds? We think it will be agreed universally, that so far it is well.

There may, however, possibly be evils sufficient to overbalance all this good. If, as sometimes is charged, our age is enslaved and growing more enslaved to matter, is unspiritual, unreligious, we may well turn despondent away from the triumphs of physics and mechanics. For surely there is a knowledge higher than of objects, that may be seen and handled, and there are things more to be desired than the well-being of the body.

But wherein lies the evidence of this supposed dying-out of religion? Is it in the decay of that implicit reliance on authority, of that unquestioning submission to ecclesiastical dictation, which have so marked some eras past?

We confess we see in this no ground of apprehension. If the forms and ceremonies of religion have lost their hold on the general mind, it is otherwise with its *substance*. If religious metaphysics have lost their interest, not so with religious action. Never before was the mandate, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," obeyed so widely and with such various applications as now. The old principle, "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," is fast growing obsolete. The social spirit enjoined by the second Christian law, overpassing all bounds of nationality and caste, is striving to fold the entire world in its embrace. He were a bold man, who should now controvert the proposition that all men, Greek and barbarian, bond and free, of whatever tribe, tongue, color, or sky, have a valid title to our good-will and services. So long, then, as we see Christian philanthropy everywhere alive and vigorous, scheming and laboring to remove evils, under whatever guise, so soon as believed to *be* evils, and digesting plans (however absurd many of them) for bettering man's estate, we can follow tearless at the funeral of many more an-

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tiquated usages and beliefs, besides those already laid in the cemetery. To us healthy fruit is sufficient warrant for the soundness of the tree. Nor are we curious to plunge into the dark well to inspect its condition, if we may draw from it pure and wholesome water at our will. And for the freedom, not infrequently pushed to irreverence, with which all topics, sacred as well as secular, are handled in these days, we have no fear of the final result. What can better sustain scrutiny than things the most sacred, than the highest truths? How feeble our faith, if we doubt of the comparative might of the powers of good and evil? Give but a fair, open field to truth and falsehood, and if the former cannot hold its ground, cannot win a decisive, manifest triumph, then it has no title to our veneration and obedience.

But our age is called *unspiritual.* Let us test the soundness of this imputation by glancing at some familiar scenes, which are specially characteristic of our time. Look, for example, at the life-movements of one of our large cities. How exact the order presiding over its infinitely various activities! A thousand things, such as men covet, are spread out within sight and touch of the needy, and even the dishonest, and yet no finger is laid upon them. No visible armed police here keeps watch against human covetousness, backed, as this often is, by seared conscience and unscrupulous habit. What, then, is this power so efficient to protect? It is an impalpable, imperceptible thought, a Being, that is, of the spirit-world—this is the guard, and it is guard enough!

Behold the hurrying sons of labor! From the rising of the sun till the going down of the same, see them toiling patiently for a pittance! And what nerves that laborer's tiring arm and keeps his heart whole and cheerful? Thread that narrow lane and enter that humble dwelling. Behold there a mother, encircled by her noisy, playful brood. It was the images of these floating before his inward sight, that braced the laborer's heart and sinews. And a better recompense than the coin that requites the day's labor, is the thought of laying it at evening in the lap of her who waits his coming.

Note, again, that person moving slowly and feebly along the street. There is nothing imposing in his presence,—no beauty to catch the eye,—no signs of the physical prowess admired of man. Why, then, do the crowd so make way for him? why, so reverently, render him obeisance in his passing? It is simply that he hath spoken some burning words. Some glowing thoughts his soul hath poured forth, which in others' souls have found a welcome and a home. For *this*, it is, men bow reverently, not to that puny, visible body, but to the unseen majesty of eloquence, beauty and goodness!

And now, for contrast, note that other individual. He has a stately form, and a face of manly beauty, and both in garb and demeanor bears the impress of refinement and elegance. Such as he use not to wear the brand of shame, nor are men accustomed to turn from such with aversion or contempt. And yet remark the averted eyes of the passers by, their steps turned aside, their glances indignant or scornful. And note, too, how shame and anguish knit his brow and print perpetual unquiet on his face! He has outraged public sentiment, that intangible force against which none can stand erect, and hence this spectacle!

Our time is signalized by the unusually potent sway of law and public opinion. And what are laws? Not parchment rolls,—not lines traced with type or pen. These are but the clothing drapery, the containing vehicles. The substances, of which they are emblems, are ideas, sentiments—in a word, beings of the spiritual world.

And what is this Public Opinion? No eye hath seen it. No hand hath grasped it. It hath no shape, nor color, nor ponderable bulk. And yet, "in thoughts," alike of the day and the night, "it passeth before the faces of men, and the hair of their flesh standeth up and fear cometh on them and trembling, which maketh all their bones to shake. It hath a path, which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen,—the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. Nevertheless, it poureth contempt upon princes and weakeneth the strength of the mighty,—the pillars of Heaven tremble and are astonished at its reproof!"

Is it not, then, somewhat singular that an age should be stigmatized as *unspiritual*, which is less swayed by

shows and appeals to the senses than any previous, and which, beyond all prior example, is moved by *impalpable* influences through all departments and relations of life?

But, it is said, "these governing influences are of the baser sort—these spirits are of the lowest order—profit and loss, hope and fear, are the general and paramount motives to activity." It is, at the same time, maintained that the only religion and philosophy deserving of veneration is that which teaches that the true, the beautiful, the good, should be loved and pursued purely for *themselves*, and irrespectively of their bearing on our happiness.

Of all this, it may be said, that it is ill refining on the *motives* of action, provided such action be beneficent in quality; nor is good likely to come of analyzing character into its ingredients, so long as character itself is, to the appearance, sound and pure. The moss-rose is not the less a thing of fragrance and beauty, nor the oak a creature less magnificent and kingly, that they are rooted in dirt and nourished by compost. It irks us to hear what "God hath cleansed," called "common and unclean." If the leading impulses of our age are "mechanical," they are certainly those appealed to by the teacher of teachers. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; come, ye blessed of my Father." "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not; depart, ye cursed." Such is *His* teaching; a forcible appeal to hope and fear. "What shall it profit a man, if he *gain* the whole world and *lose* his own soul?" Here, again, is an appeal to the consideration of profit and loss, stigmatized by the philosophy in question, as among the very meanest of all impulses to action.

Now, how it may be with a pure spiritual essence, we can hardly guess. It is possible he may exist in a region of simple abstractions. His piety, like the fabled lamps in old enchanters' tombs, may burn on, self-fed and inexhaustible, in the lone chamber of his own being. His intellect may find congenial subjects in the metaphysical entities, which our Time cares little for, and, like Milton's fallen spirits, may

> "reason high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate."

And his activity may need no principle, either to impel or guide it, save *mere attraction* towards the true and holy, the beautiful and good. But with a *two-fold* being, like man, a compound of matter and spirit, it is otherwise, as is manifest, both from his structure and from common experience. For, in order that he may exist at all in this mortal sphere, a material organization of infinite complexity is indispensable. And the same law of complexity applies to the formation of character, both intellectual and moral. The gravitating force of high abstractions is insufficient to preserve *mortal* spirits from shooting madly from their orbits. "The child is father of the man;" and in this, our being's infancy, we must stay our steps, as infants do, by props nighest at hand. In the crucible of our earthly life, a thousand ingredients meet and intermingle. Nor can we, with fleshly eyes, expect to witness a *whole* exhibiting no trace of the elements that compose it.

Meanwhile, all exclusive culture, all partial development and activity, is certain to result in evil greater or less. The old anchorites and monks solved this problem as regards religion. To escape the swords and dungeons of persecuting Nero, they fled to the solitudes and caves of the Thebaid. But not so did they leave *danger* behind. They there learned the fact, that the hardships and tasks, the temptations and trials of social life, are suited to exert a *conservative* as well as a *disturbing* influence on the *spiritual* health. Often it was in vain they addressed themselves to their prescribed task of nourishing the flame of Divine love in their souls. Even within their cloistered seclusions was present the same tempter, who of old,

> "At one slight bound, high overleaped all bound
> Of hill or highest wall"

that encircled Eden, and close at their ear, as there at our mother Eve's, framing

> "Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams."

And so that sacred passion, robbed of the open-air, health-preserving exercise, which it would have found in philanthropic activity, sometimes fumed up

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into insane fancies and wild fanaticism, and at other times was debased into a pander of propensities most alien to itself. And thus it was, that many an institution, founded for a nursery of piety, was transformed to a very conservatory of sin.

The history of philosophical systems, one would think, had solved the same problem as respects philosophy. How little, from the days of Pythagoras to those of Kant, have these achieved for the great mass of humanity! Intellects the acutest, most brilliant and comprehensive have, for ages, devoted their whole energy to philosophical culture, and how poor the result! Platonists and Peripatetics, Stoics and Epicureans, Schoolmen and Transcendentalists, emerge from the "void inane," glitter for a season, and disappear.

> "Like waves of the summer, as one dies away,
> Another as bright and as shining comes on;

and yet the beach they wash remains but hard, barren sand at last. The Platonic cycle is completed far more rapidly with regard to philosophical opinions than any other, and ever and anon we are summoned to examine, as if momentous *novelties*, systems of thought which once and again were cultivated and exhausted ages ago.

In fact, the philosophy of our time differs not so much from those of the past in its principles, as in its objects and uses. The method of Lord Bacon is as old as Aristotle—nay, some thousands of years older—dating back to the period when earth's first-born child began exploring the new world, into which he had been ushered. Substantially it thus teaches, "*Prove* all things, hold fast that which is good." Eliphaz, the Temanite, was not the best of comforters to his afflicted friend. Nevertheless he uttered some things as true and weighty as they were unseasonable. "Shall a wise man," he asks, "utter vain knowledge and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk, or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?"

Our age answers "No!" Not flowers merely, however brave in show, will serve its needs. It demands *fruit*—fruit alike in religion, in philosophy, in schemes of polity—and the demand has constrained a hearing. This test has been applied to physics—and a vernal breath is stealing over and renewing the face of earth. It has been applied to religion—and religion, feeling the keen significance of the question, "If thou lovest not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how canst thou love God whom thou hast not seen?" has quitted its seclusions, prolific of dreams and dogmatic subtleties, and come out into the midst of men's businesses and interest, not afraid to sit down with "publicans and sinners" as well as with "pharisees and scribes," not keeping back from the "receipt of customs" and the fisher's hut more than from the temple and the fuming sacrifice, and ready at all times and for all men with the "word fitly spoken." It has been applied to politics—and patriotism, no more content to rear a few palaces magnificent with painting and sculpture by the weary toil of the ill-sheltered many, strives the rather to sprinkle the land all over with comfortable cottages, "decorated with happy human faces." It has been applied to philosophy—and philosophy is no longer cultivated, as of old, as a mere system of mental gymnastics, but rather as the source of results that endure and bless. It has been found that the arm may develope muscular strength no whit the less, that, instead of "beating idly the air," it strikes the palpable stroke that rives the rock or fells the tree for ends of secular utility; and that architectural skill may be gathered quite as well by the exercise of rearing the edifice sheltering beings of flesh and blood as of building the air-castle, fit abode

> "Of those gay creatures of the element
> That in the colors of the rainbow live
> And play i' the plighted clouds."

Now, what jeopardy to man's highest interests is to be apprehended from all this? Says the very leading assailant of the tendencies of our time, "Undue cultivation of the inward or dynamical province leads to idle, visionary, impracticable courses." Therefore the requisition, which our age makes of philosophy, that it yield fruit—the demand that the professed teacher keep not his eyes so fixed on the stars as to stumble over the pebble in his path—is admirably suited to restrict inquiry within wholesome bounds.

Nor need it be feared that all depart-

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ments of culture shall not in turn receive fitting care. Nature is, after all, stronger than art, and original bias will break through all barriers of an uncongenial age. What have not the children of our age witnessed—the age on whose breast, it is lamented, broods the nightmare of mechanism? Mormonism, Irvingism, Mesmerism, Fourierism, Abolitionism, Non-resistance, and Radicalisms and Ultraisms beyond naming or reckoning. What time ever like this verified the poet's words,

> "The earth has *bubbles* as the waters have?"

No, we have no ground to fear the world's being crushed into a dead level by the weight of mechanism. The freedom of thought and speech now prevailing and growing more prevalent, guaranties that whatever of genuine there is in individual minds worthy of utterance, shall find a hearing. Meanwhile the main concerns of the race may safely be left under the guidance of a genius which already (what the genius of antique philosophy never did) has greatly meliorated the condition of the mass of mankind.

But it is, after all, somewhat random talk to speak of universal or even general systems of thought. Each individual man (consciously or not) creates, or has created for him, his own. His peculiar organization and the circumstances that environ him,—the sins, sorrows, and struggles of this manifold life—are his teachers and guardians. From the composite mass of his experience, principles are perpetually evolving and taking their place in that circle of ideas, of which his *individuality* is the centre. To live——yes, to live—is a more efficient instructor than were the combined Doctors of the Porch, the Academy, and the Sorbonne!

No chains forged by mechanism can long hurtfully bind that humanity which God willed to be free. Above all the smoke and din of this our social existence lie evermore the unspotted heavens, garnished with their starry pomp, and filled with that sacred silence which makes itself more than heard over all the world's uproar. And there is no highway of our journey so dusty that it is not bordered by blooms and greenery and venerable forests sheltering many a "hidden brook,"

> "That all night to the sleeping wood
> Singeth a quiet tune;"

and mountains lifting far aloft their shapes of mystery and awe, and

> "poured round all
> Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste."

And in the very midst of our marts and storehouses and habitations are heard the frequent marriage peal and the funeral knell; and love

> "here lights
> His constant lamp and waves his purple wings,
> Reigns here and revels;"

and here lisps and frolics infancy, with its own "Heaven lying about it;" and here youth is setting forth westward from being's threshold,

> "And by the vision splendid
> Is on its way attended;"

and here is manhood, assailed by tumultuous passions within and hardships, griefs and disappointments without,—now, like the Hebrew champion, blinded and shorn of strength through a moment's weak oblivion of its better self, and anon, by a desperate struggle, redeeming its own freedom and putting under foot its mocking enslavers; and under happier stars exhibiting a luminous example of the conquest of self and of circumstance fully achieved and long undisturbedly enjoyed. While such things as these make part of our every day existence, we fear not the dying out of the higher faculties and aspirations of man.

We have no need, if we had space, to speak of the sins and imperfections of our time. All see them,—"he that runneth may read them." It is no age for the timorous, the indolent, the mere lovers of contemplative quiet. It is, and long must be, a time of change, of transition, of revolution, and turbulent activity. For the philanthropic, the noble, the brave, it is an era to quicken the pulse and make the heart beat high. But not lightly is he to be furnished forth, who would now work efficiently for his race. Not by dint of arms, but by force intellectual and moral must the conqueror achieve his triumphs. Nor can we so well set forth the fit endowments of such an one as in the words

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of one who needed only a happier star to have gained from his contemporaries a crown more unfading than laurel.

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power that seems omnipotent;
To love and bear, to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, to falter, nor relent;
This is thy glory, Man! This is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free,—
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

D. H. B.

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## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"Now look around and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age."—Byron.

"Some faultless monster that the world ne'er saw."

The false and erroneous views of life which most works of fiction inculcate, is a theme that has so often employed the pen of the moralist, that it may almost seem an act of supererogation to waste time and paper upon it; and yet, so strong is my sense of its evils, that I cannot feel I have fully performed my "mission"—to adopt the cant language of the day, until I have given to the world *my* views upon the subject. I allude not now to works confessedly immoral, like those, for instance, which are daily emanating from the French press, works of so vile and infamous a character, that, says a lively writer, "Should you happen to touch a page, or turn a leaf, you must follow the old Levitical rule, bathe in the first running stream and remain unclean until the even;" but to those of our own countrymen and countrywomen; highly respectable people too, and who, doubtless, have no worse motive in giving them to the public, than to provide the "siller" for themselves, and amusement for their readers. It is not my intention, however, to pursue the subject in all its length and breadth; but simply to regard it in one particular aspect, and that is, the undue importance that is attached to personal beauty.

If physical perfection were essential to our well-being here, or if the representation of it would enable us to obtain it, there would be some reason for this continuous harping upon "the might, the majesty of loveliness;" but since this is not the case, that writer who falls into this error, forfeits all claim to be considered a faithful delineator of *life as it is*, and does infinite mischief to the class for whom he writes. It gives false notions to the stronger sex, as to what is essential, and what they have a right to expect in a companion for life, and the effect is not less disastrous upon the youthful part of my own; for while it unreasonably elevates those who consider themselves as favored in respect to externals, it in the same degree depresses their less fortunate sister. To be personally agreeable is one of the strongest desires of our nature; and when this feeling is fostered and encouraged by their entire course of reading, it can scarcely be expected that plain common sense reasoning upon the subject will produce any permanent effect. "Yes, disguise it as thou wilt," homeliness, "thou art a bitter draught;" and though the utilitarian and philosopher may affirm, that the varied charms of nature fall as delightfully upon that eye that "looks seven ways for Sunday," as upon one that is "in itself a soul," or that the fragrance of the rose is inhaled as sweetly by that sense enshrined in a pug or a bottle, as by one chiselled by the very hand of Praxiteles, still this is poor consolation to her who never seeks her mirror without fearing she may snap it, or who moves about with an

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ever-present consciousness that at *any* moment her looks may fall upon her stomach and destroy her.

Why our Creator, who has decked the world with beauty, should have dealt it so sparingly to the human family, is one of those questions it is impossible for us to understand; but since it is so, it is our unquestionable duty to acquiesce in the wisdom of the arrangement, and not by a constant dwelling upon its importance and advantages, impart to its possession a false value. That beauty is a great and glorious gift, far be it from me to deny, but it is the rarest and most perishable of all human possessions; for let poets and sentimentalists rave as they will, no truth is more evident than that the world is made up of ugly men and ugly women. We will confine ourselves to the latter, and let us take a practical, and, perhaps I might say, a statistical view of this matter. In these United States, there are ten millions of females—among them are a few beautiful women, perhaps an equal number of interesting ones, for the terms are not synonymous, a great many pretty ones, and the remaining two-thirds we will class under the head of sensible, homely, excellent women, most exemplary in the discharge of their duties, and who doubtless make their husbands as happy as —they deserve to be. Now what would be the most sensible and natural course for an author who wished to benefit his fellow beings, and give just views of life? Would it be to enlarge upon that which is wholly unattainable, or to dwell upon noble and elevated traits of character which all could at least endeavor to imitate? We will ascertain the truth of this, and let us take a modern love story.

Perhaps there are two female characters. One is a "dark-eyed one" with the air and mein of a Juno, and formed to command rather than obey; the other, and this is by far the most favorite creation, is a sweet, arch, merry, mischievous, wilful little mad-cap, and so playful, so intensely sportive, that she is fairly a living witch. Avoiding the opposite extremes of scragginess and obesity, she is of middle height, and of exquisite proportions, which the closely fitting dress obligingly reveals. Her hair is of "paly gold," and of that peculiar tint from which the light is reflected so bewitchingly. It is usually "escaping from its confinement" in luxuriant ringlets, and what is most remarkable, is not affected by the changes of the atmosphere, but under all circumstances, favorable or unfavorable, is never to be seen except in full buckle. Unlike ordinary flesh and blood, she is not forced at evening's close, to *do up*, so to speak, those glossy tresses in unbecoming *papillottes*, and then reposing as best she may, with bullets, as it were, pressing into her temples (oh! man, man, man! what will we not endure for thee), but each little spiral ring is ready at a moment's notice to do duty, and fall in beautiful confusion upon her snowy shoulders. And then her eyes of such a heavenly liquid blue—that brow so dazzlingly pure, and those fair lips, one touch of those rosebud lips would be worth a kingdom—be calm, dear reader!—and that arm so exquisitely moulded, and that hand, that tiny hand, formed only to be worshipped, and if worst comes to worst, to be kissed! and that crowning beauty—the "fairy little foot" which peeps forth so daintily. It is a singular physiological fact, and one which I leave for wiser heads than mine to explain, that no heroine has ever achieved her conquests in slippers of a larger size than number 2 (think of that, poor mortals, who stub about in capacious fives and sixes!) Strange, and stranger still, that mounted upon such mere points, she should be able to trip about with such consummate grace and elegance! And then her voice, so "low and musical," and exercising such a bewildering power upon the heart; and her light "ringing" laugh, enough to wile the very bird from off the tree. But the best part remains untold; her loving heart so trustful and so confiding, she cannot control its impulses, and is ready the moment the beloved one begins to break ground as it were, to hide her burning blushes—

Where? where? In her hands, I trust!

No, upon his breast, or manly shoulder, which he, dear creature, indulges her in, knowing the force of the temptation, and that though custom or nature has enjoined that he should be the first in the outward demonstration, yet in the hour of deep feeling strict etiquette must not be insisted on.

Now I would ask if such descriptions are true to nature, or if such delicious abandonment is common in real life?

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No doubt the other sex are always *measurably* interesting, still never less so methinks than in the act of making a solemn tender of their precious persons; and I acknowledge I feel indignant when writers, and particularly female writers, thus libel their own sex, by representing them as recreant to all true dignity, self-respect, and delicacy, because forsooth one of the lords of the creation, in the plenitude of his goodness, offers, that, if she will eschew her natural friends and bind herself to his service during her natural life, he will supply her with board and clothing, pay the doctor's bill and travelling expenses,—which is often, divesting it of the halo thrown about it by sentiment and young romance, the plain English of a proposal of marriage.

But I hear some youthful creature exclaim, "What signifies the opinion of a cross, old, wrinkled"—

Stop a moment, if you please. I may be old or I may be not; and if I am, old age is no disgrace I trow; and as to wrinkles, convince me they do not give character and expression to the face, and I'll pin them behind my ears. But I prove myself a weak sister by noticing such contemptible impertinence; therefore I will proceed, dear reader, as if nothing had happened to ruffle me.

But although no exertions will enable us to be beautiful, the charm which arises from good temper, correct principles, and conversational talent, is within the reach of all, and has this additional advantage, that it is independent of the ordinary accidents of life. Were I inditing a sermon instead of an essay, preliminary to a story, I should dwell principally upon the two first-named qualities, but as it is, I shall confine myself to the latter, simply remarking that, in doing so, I am not influenced by any doubts as to their superior importance.

To possess the art of conversation in perfection, implies a high degree of mental cultivation, but of this we are all capable. "Knowledge is power," and that the wit, using the word in a comprehensive sense, exercises a greater influence in society than the beauty, is too evident to require proof. It follows, then, that to converse with sense and spirit, is a most enviable accomplishment. Possessed of this talent, the youthful belle need fear no rivalry, and for her who basks in the sunshine of wedded life, it is of more consequence still, since it enables her not only to make her husband happy, but—to manage him. "There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told," is the candid admission of the poet; and that bliss is, the *having one's own way*, a happiness of which the female sex are peculiarly susceptible.

But by what right, exclaims some surly cynic, do you claim exclusive possession of this luxury?

Listen to me, my masculine friend. Are we not "Heaven's last best gift?" Are we not sent to soften your rugged natures, (and a tough time of it too we have sometimes!) to strew your path with roses, to play the ivy to your oak, in short to make this world a paradise?—and that we do so, let the sentiments at every Independence dinner bear me witness. And how can we perform this task unless permitted to achieve it according to our own just views of things? It is true there occasionally gleams across the mind of the most obtuse a suspicion that these choice expressions are mere flowers of rhetoric, and that there exists a slight discrepancy between words and actions:—still, far be it from me to insinuate aught so derogatory to your noble natures, and if when writhing under the agonies of a compulsory celibacy, I have been led to utter sentiments that seemed unjust, attribute it to anything rather than a mean unwillingness to acknowledge your immense superiority, or that I regard you in any other light than a "blessing—in disguise!" No, I have many sins to answer for, but let me wash my hands of this; but I have been led into a digression; I was speaking on the happiness of consulting no one's wishes but our own, and I will now resume the thread of my discourse.

Had we only to deal with heavenly and seraphic intelligences, we should have little difficulty; but as it is, our course is often an up-hill and tortuous one. Some wedded ones accomplish their plans by intense argument; others by wheedling, so to speak; and if one is willing to "stoop to conquer," this is undoubtedly the best. For myself, I am free to confess, that could I not succeed by fair argumentation, I should disdain to owe it to the weakness of his mortal nature; but tastes differ. The tempers of the lordly sex are so varian t

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that it is impossible to give any definite rules of action; the best general one is contained in that homely irregular couplet:

> "Study your man,
> Then do the best you can."

Be careful, however, not to press your point too far—you may rue it. My friend, Mrs. B——, well understood this. Finding, on a certain occasion, that her "bosom's lord" was neither to be moved by her wishes nor her arguments, how beautifully she surrendered her feelings to his. "Say not another word," she exclaimed, tapping him soothingly on the cheek, "*it shall* have its own way! *it shall, it shall!*" To yield gracefully is confessedly the most difficult thing in existence, but Mrs. B—— achieved it.

But I fear I have wearied my reader with my rambling. My object was to point out some of the *absurdities* of fiction, and to show their practical effect in real life.

It was the misfortune of my brother, Henry Calvert, to lose his wife, a most amiable and interesting woman, and as he had not come into the popular doctrine that the true way of proving affection for the first wife, is by instantly marrying a second, I was invited to take charge of his family. It consisted, beside himself, of two children: Charles of the age of eight, and Julia, some two years younger. Were I writing for *effect*, I should describe them as prodigies of beauty and goodness, but truth being my object, I shall not invest them with attributes to which they could lay no claim. Julia was a quiet, affectionate little girl, with a reasonable share of comeliness and good sense, and Charles was manly and intelligent, with an honesty and singleness of purpose that augured well for his success in life, but still—he was a boy. Politeness and good breeding do not come by nature, and if the observance of the common courtesies of life require such constant enforcement, what must it be with the conventional usages of polite society. "Hoc opus, hic labor est" (indulge me, learned reader, with a touch at the classics), and though such continuous drilling cannot but be wearisome to the flesh, yet doubtless it is beneficial to the spirit,—as it certainly was in my own case, since it kept me in one perpetual hymn of thanksgiving that the sphere of my exertions was not more extensive. Charles was probably neither better nor worse than most of his contemporaries. He clattered about in shoes no ways remarkable for their small size or high polish, and his fondness for personal neatness could not, strictly speaking, be said to amount to a passion. Interested in the *auxiliaries* of education, rather than in the cause itself, he was an adept in the manufacture of lead hatchets, red ink and pounce, and gave practical proof of his belief in home industry, since his pockets were never free from choice *bijouterie* in the shape of old nails, black wax, and elder pin-boxes. "Let not grandeur hear with a disdainful smile" of these simple pleasures;—they at least were innocent, and life is made up of small occurrences. At all events, they contributed to *his* happiness, and his *smile* was always pleasant, with the exception, perhaps, of that particular period when dental science levied her tax upon him, when it could not be denied, that it was more *open* than becoming. This special point in early existence is the least interesting portion of childhood, and furnishes a clue to the singular fact why so few marry those they have known from infancy, since there is nothing so killing to sentiment and young romance, as an early vision of your would-be lover "a-sitting on a rail," munching gingerbread, with a barn-door opening in his front teeth.

But to return to our hero. Years brought their usual changes:—in due time the kink got out of his back, the magic games of Hul-gul and Three Men Monis ceased to interest, and he could be induced to pay some trifling civilities to his sister, without invoking the parental mandate. His collegiate course was an honorable one, and when he graduated with the highest honors of his Alma Mater, our pride was not a little gratified. He had grown up tall —"an excellent thing in" man; and though he could lay claim to no superior beauty, yet with his talents, his correct habits, and his frank and gentlemanly manners, he was a welcome guest in every circle. But, for who is not obnoxious to a but? he had his weaknesses. Possessed with a strong taste for reading, he had devoured everything within his reach, and unfortunately the popular literature of the day had

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claimed a large share of his attention. The result was an unhappy one:—he was fastidious in his tastes, loathed everything that was dull and commonplace, and was looking for a degree of perfection, at least in the female world, that never was and never could be realized.

The lumbering machinery of legal science, it was hoped, would act as a sedative upon his ardent imagination; but he passed through the initiatory studies, and entered upon its practical details, without its having any perceptible effect; and he would indite a sonnet upon the very heels of a case of *trover*, or concoct one of his most extravagant essays upon the back of that embodiment of dullness and tautology, a bill in Chancery. He was not, however, a mere idealist; he was fond of female society and frequented it, but none equalled the *beau ideal* of his imagination. One was too short, another too fat, and though occasionally he might meet with one who approximated reasonably near to his ideal standard of perfection, yet there was always some material objection; in short, he seemed in a fair way of remaining a bachelor for life for the mere want of some perfect specimen of humanity upon whom to bestow the rich treasure of his affections.

It is one of the advantages of domestic life, that weaknesses of character stand little chance of becoming permanent from want of being properly exposed, and Master Charles's sublimated nonsense was treated with a degree of ridicule that would have angered a less amiable temper. His father, eminently rational and practical, had little sympathy with such refined absurdities, and was loud in his wishes that "he would settle in life," form a "*suitable* matrimonial connection," etc. etc., phrases that were perfect gall and wormwood to his son's romantic ear, and which led to innumerable discussions.

"But," said I one day, after a more than usually brisk debate—"if such consummate beauty is essential to wedded life, what is to become of that vast army of ordinary women that we are surrounded with? Are they to remain mere useless drones in the body politic?"

"Why, you seem to forget the promise," said he, "there swims no goose so grey, etc., and intended expressly to comfort your sex. You must remember there is an equal number of my own of precisely the same description, who stand ready to appropriate them. But you women have no just views on this subject—you receive our devoirs as a matter *of course*; whereas it is no small thing to offer to support, absolutely *maintain* a woman during her natural life, sick or well, just as it comes. Depend upon it, you have much to answer for on the score of ingratitude."

"Well, well,—the more merit then on your part, since you meet with so few returns; but self-imposed trials are not much entitled to sympathy. However, I admit that such disinterested goodness would be unaccountable and perfectly intolerable to a generous mind, were it not for a sort of equalizing process going on in the world. You believe in the doctrine of compensations. Is it nothing to have a person always at hand upon whom you can exercise your spleen with *perfect safety?* No being turned, neck and heels, out of doors, no being incarcerated in a gloomy prison, which you surely would be, if such conduct took place anywhere but at your own hearthstone. Answer me that."

"Come, my esteemed aunty, you are getting quite too ferocious. You are a lone woman, and have been treated very ill, in your day, I've no doubt, but let 'bygones be bygones.' What I say, is the same that I have said a thousand times before, that I shall never marry a plain woman; I couldn't love her, at least in that relation," he added hastily, in compassion doubtless, to the old puckered visage that was gazing at him, "and I shall never consent to 'sign, seal and deliver' until I have seen some person more attractive than I have met with yet."

"Oh! very likely your time has not come yet, but mark my words, young man, you will never meet with such a being as your fancy paints, for the best of all possible reasons, that such an one never had an existence."

"Well, then there never will be a Mrs. Charles Calvert, that's all."

"Oh! what pre-eminent selfishness, such an agreeable creature as you are, and such an ineffable happiness as you could confer—the only thing is, it would be too much for any *one*. However, just recollect my words, you will not only marry a plain woman, but you will con-

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fess to me on your bended knees, the absurdity of your former notions."

"Never, never," said he gaily, "but enough for the present."

Poor Charles had no better success than the cynic of old who went about with a lighted lanthorn in the day-time in pursuit of an honest man, and yet so earnest was he in his delusion, that I verily believe he never took his daily walk without believing some angel face would beam upon his path, or leave the city without a secret expectation that in some sylvan nook or secluded dell, a cottage maid would burst upon his sight with the usual captivating accompaniments of gipsey-hat, sunny ringlets and wild flowers.

It was during a temporary absence of his from town, that Julia received a letter from a former school-fellow, accepting her oft-repeated invitation to visit her. Miss Murray was the daughter of a retired country gentleman, and though a constant correspondence had been maintained between them as beseems a boarding-school friendship, yet circumstances had prevented their holding any more direct intercourse. The announcement was received with unfeigned delight, and Julia was never weary of the praises of her friend.

"I hope Charles will like her," she exclaimed, as she read for the twentieth time her letter, "and I am sure he will; but I should hope for a stronger feeling, were it not for his absurd vagaries as to personal beauty: but Mary, though sufficiently well-looking, is not beautiful, and would not be considered so, and has, moreover, none of the languishing graces of a heroine. Her education has been solid rather than showy, and the only accomplishment she possesses, is that of music, and this, too, not in a way to please a fashionable ear, for she has none of that *oo-oo-ooing* style of singing, like blowing through a tube, so universal among modern performers."

Miss Murray arrived in a few days, as per order, and my first impressions were agreeable. She struck me as well-bred and lady-like, with no particular beauty of features, but with a refined and intellectual expression. A short time convinced me she had not been over-estimated:—she was full of mind and energy, with great warmth and enthusiasm of character, but with an utter abhorrence of affectation in all its forms, and particularly that of false and sickly sentiment. Were I inditing a fancy sketch instead of a veritable history, I should paint her to suit the taste of a certain class of my gentlemen readers (if I have any) as a gentle, dependent creature, formed only to love and be loved, and who would hang, as it were, about their necks all the days of their lives; but Miss Murray was none of these, for though no termagant and sufficiently feminine, she had her own opinions and could maintain them, and there was a point and originality in her remarks, that might have degenerated into satire, had it not been controlled and checked by a severe self-discipline. When I add the crowning grace of her character, a deep and habitual sense of her responsibilities as a rational and accountable being, our visiter is before you.

I was not a little curious to observe the effect she would produce upon 'our nephew,' and I was kept not long in suspense, for he reached home a few days after her arrival. Her reception of him was frank and cordial, as of one of whom she had often heard, and with none of that simpering consciousness which seems to say "Oh! here's a beau, what will he think of me!" There was, therefore, little occasion for reserve, and they were soon conversing with the ease and familiarity of old acquaintances. Contrary to his usual practice, under the plea of unusual fatigue, Charles spent the remainder of the day and evening at home, and a merrier party never gathered round the social fireside. When the usual adieus for the night had been exchanged, he reseated himself and seemed disposed for conversation.

"So Miss Murray has been with you a week!"

"Yes, and is to remain a fortnight longer."

"Indeed—I wonder Julia did not write me, my services might have been of some use to them."

"Why, in the first place we were ignorant of your whereabouts, and in the second we might have interrupted a delicious affair with some angel beauty, and received little thanks for our pains; and as to services, there is no want of those where Miss Murray is, to say nothing of Julia."

"Is there anybody in particular?"

"Oh no; but she is a very agreeable girl, as you perceive; pity she is not a little handsomer."

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"Why, she is not strikingly otherwise, I am sure, and no one can know her without considering it a matter of small consequence whether she is beautiful or not. She certainly is, as you say, uncommonly interesting. Oh! there's nothing like mind and talent, after all."

"Of course *I* think so; but some persons, you know, have an antipathy to plain people, and can tolerate no one unless they are beautiful. But how long is it since you became so enamored of good sense, and such every-day qualities?—since to-day noon?"

"Why when did you ever hear me speak disparagingly of such qualities?"

"Never, perhaps, in terms; but this is not what I wish to say. We are all so delighted with Miss Murray that we are anxious to retain her here. Who do you think I have selected for her?"

"I cannot imagine."

"John Gray."

"Has he ever seen her?"

"No, he has been absent; but I want your coöperation. Do invite him here, I am sure she would just suit him; neither too handsome nor too plain, but just right."

"Well, indeed, I believe I must decline the honor. I never *have* turned my attention to match-making, and I think I never shall. But why are you so solicitous for Mr. Gray's happiness?"

"I told you my reasons if you had attended to them; but I supposed you liked Mr. Gray; I am sure I once heard you say that you thought any woman's happiness would be safe with him."

"All that may be true, and still it may not be one of the duties of friendship to provide our friends with partners for life. Most people claim that privilege for themselves; and Miss Murray, too, she may not like to be so unceremoniously transferred to your favorite."

"Oh dear! I perceive you are in anything but a blessed frame to-night, so we will put an end to the whole matter. Mr. Gray shan't have Miss Murray, and Miss Murray shan't have Mr. Gray; each shall 'act conjunctly for himself,' that is, if you will let them."

It required no great penetration to discover what would be the result of all this so far as Charles was concerned, but it was not so easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion with respect to Miss Murray. It certainly would not have been surprising if a young girl, brought into constant proximity with an agreeable young man, and one too, who, do his best, could not conceal that he was getting desperately in love, should make the discovery that some people were vastly more interesting than others: but however this might be, Miss Murray had too much maidenly reserve and delicacy to voluntarily afford the slightest clue as to the estimation in which she held him. Whoever wished to marry her must *ask* her, and she would scarcely have been willing even for the sake of securing that inestimable treasure (when a treasure at all), a husband, to follow the advice of a Reverend author, that if a lover hung back longer than was needful, "to throw yourself a fair enchanting object upon his generous protection."

However, spectacles and experience are not given for nothing, and old bodies often see and understand more than is suspected (for notwithstanding the flare up I made a minute ago about my age, thus much I *will* concede, that I *am* past the period for doing military duty). There was a mighty shaking of hands one night previous to separating, in which Charles figured somewhat conspicuously, and when it came to Mr. Calvert, senior, he in the warmth and plenitude of his affection, for the undeviating good temper and sprightliness of Miss Murray had completely won his heart, blundered forth something about adopting her as his second daughter. Now it was an old man's speech, and nothing more; and yet Miss Murray must needs color and avert her face, and as to Master Charles, he seemed wholly absorbed in contemplating the toe of his boot, just as if he did not know before that it wanted a patch.

But while we young folks were thus enjoying ourselves, to our hearts' content, our happiness received a cruel interruption by the arrival one morning of a young Master Murray, charged with special instructions from the home department, touching the return of our young friend. His reception was not particularly cordial; but conscious rectitude and self-respect prevented him from feeling it the least. The dinner hour passed gloomily enough; an unwonted taciturnity prevailed, and poor brother and myself were at the expense of the whole conversation, sustained in a way I would fain trust that was not

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suggestive of second childhood and "garrulous old age." At tea it was not made better, and again we took the field, and by a series of rapid and brilliant manœuvres succeeded, in some degree, in restoring the spirits of the party.

At length, like old King Cole, we called for some music; and Charles, for the first time, roused himself; handed Miss Murray to the piano, and prepared to do the needful. Now it was natural, at such a moment, when one young guest was so soon to leave us, that I should lay aside my knitting and look at her. I appeal to the reader if it were not so; and yet, innocent as a lamb as I was, and thinking of nothing at all, I saw, despite my failing vision, something that looked the least bit in the world like incipient love-making. Whatever it might portend, of this I am certain, that Charles, after giving a hasty search among the music, at length selected a song, and quietly calling her attention to the title, placed it, with some significance, before her. Now whether it was the sentiment which pleased him—

"Lady, farewell! but ere we part,
Accept my vows so true!"—

or whether it was the vignette, which represented a lover kneeling before his mistress, with his hand on his heart, placed somewhat lower and more central than physiologists usually assign it, I am unable to say. I only know that Miss Murray sang with less self-possession than usual, and that when she had finished it, she rose and left the instrument.

The next day Miss Murray left us, and the very spirit of dulness took possession of the family. Charles seemed to make himself over to a sort of tender melancholy, which lasted several days; till finding it excited no particular solicitude, he very wisely concluded no longer to let concealment prey upon his vitals, but to come forth and "own the soft impeachment." A favorable moment soon occurred, and after considerable beating about the bush, which I was determined not to understand, he continued: "Yes, Julia is, indeed, most fortunate in her choice of a friend. Ah! if she could only be persuaded to make us another visit."

"Perhaps *you* could persuade her," said I carelessly.

"Do you think I could? Do you think I could?" said he with much more animation than my remark seemed to call for. "Can you give me any hope?"

"Hope? for what? If it's a visit you mean, certainly. She is an obliging girl, and if she knew you had set your heart upon her spending another month with us, I dare say she would strain a point to accommodate you."

"But then, if that visit was for life!"

"For life!" said I, laying down my work and looking as if the idea had for the first time presented itself. "What do you mean?"

"Why, to ask her to become my wife, if I must put it in plain English. You seem wonderfully obtuse to-night."

"*Your wife!* You are not serious?"

"Perfectly."

"Oh, impossible, impossible! What, you, with your romantic notions of exquisite perfection, marry a plain piece of flesh and blood like Miss Murray? I'm dreaming. Give me a pinch to wake me!"

"Why, in the first place," continued he, evidently nettled, "I do not agree to the truth of your remark that she *is* so plain; these things are mere matters of opinion. I never expected to go round with a pair of dividers and ascertain how near the woman I fancied approached to the Venus de Medici. And in the second place, if I've come to my senses, it ought rather to be matter of gratulation than ridicule."

"Well it is, it is, I assure you; but you must allow for the disappointment of not having a perfect angel united to the family; for though *I* think Miss Murray is sufficiently well-looking, you must admit she is not much like those ethereal creations you have raved all your life about. I have seen many who had the advantage of her. How much you must have suffered in relinquishing your long cherished notions! I declare, my heart bleeds for you."

"You may spare your pity, every bit of it;—but the next question is, shall I succeed?"

"That's for her to say, not me; but I did everything for you in the way of commendation, while she was here. 'He may have his faults,' said I; 'undoubtedly he has, but they are all good, respectable faults,—he has no weaknesses of character, no romantic notions,—he is so eminently practical, and takes such common-sense views of life. It is really refreshing to meet with such a character!'"



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"Oh, I've no doubt you did, and made me ridiculous enough; but there's one comfort, if you ruined my case, you will suffer nearly as much as I shall. But as all lovers say, anything is better than suspense. I shall leave to-morrow; if I am prospered, then you may exercise your wit *ad libitum*."

He was absent a week, and when he returned, the bright smile which illumined his features as plainly assured me of the result of his 'mission,' as did the two short words which he breathed into my ear as he bent over to give me his usual affectionate salutation.

"But the particulars," said I, when the usual hour had arrived for uninterrupted communing. "I've a right to know the love affairs in my own family."

"Well, *my* experience confirmed the truth of the remark respecting 'the course of true love,' but unfortunately my difficulties might all be classed under the head of ridiculous. I found Miss Murray in the midst of her family, rejoicing in the possession of some half dozen brothers, all younger than herself;—not fancy boys, but the genuine article, with turned-up noses and dirty fingers, and who manifested quite as much curiosity to learn the business of their visitor, in despite of family winks and private nudges, as was consistent with perfect good breeding. She seemed much embarrassed at meeting me, and so many times inquired particularly concerning your health, in apparent forgetfulness that the subject had been thoroughly exhausted, that I began to fear you were suffering from some secret malady, of which I had been kept in ignorance. The family, of course, were inclined to treat me with hospitality, but how to find an opportunity to declare the object of my visit, was the question. The truth is, never was poor mortal so troubled to give it even the semblance of sentiment. A morning call, with little bullet heads glancing in and out of the room, was no time; it was too cold for an evening stroll, and pitch dark into the bargain; and a ride over the frozen grounds would have been utterly inadmissible, so that I feared I should be absolutely driven to ask her to give me a private interview in another apartment, and without any circumlocution put the question, 'Pray, will you marry me, dear Ally Croker.' However, 'where there's a will there's a way.' In due time I blundered forth something which she understood, and in due time she accepted me, and there's the entire history of the affair; and I can assure you, the whole scene and its accompaniments were as little in accordance with my preconceived notions on this subject as you can well imagine."

"You expected she would bury her head on your shoulder in a transport of gratitude I suppose."

"If I did, I was disappointed. I believe she would as soon have thought of cutting it off—and I am not sure but I like her the better for it. As to any emotion she displayed, the deponent saith not."

"No doubt, everything was 'virtuousest, wisest, discreetest, best,' and then there was the asking the Pa and Ma."

"Yes! but it was much less embarrassing and awkward than I anticipated. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should ask them for their daughter; and knowing her as they did they must have expected as a matter of course that I should fancy her; but it cost them a great effort to resign her. Why, he said, and he grasped my hand warmly as he spoke, 'that she was the very joy of his heart,' and when I endeavoured to express my sense of obligation for so priceless a treasure, his eyes moistened, and I am not sure but my own twinkled a little."

"But the time?—when is the happy moment?"

"Ah! there's the rub, I thought I was very good that I named no earlier period than next month; but will you believe me they would not listen to it before Spring; and Mary, too—she turned traitor and only laughed at my agonies. It was in vain that I entreated and implored, and expended eloquence enough to have immortalized me if it had only been in court or in Congress. I left nothing undone, I humbled myself upon my knees, I loaded her with reproaches, and her parents; till finding I could not be silenced, will you believe it, that *she*, the uncompromising advocate of liberty of speech and opposer of gag-law, went the unjustifiable length of putting her hand over my mouth. I think she did not get it *away* in a hurry!—However," said he, pausing to recover breath, "our wooing was a most proper one, and I attended as strictly to the 'proprieties' as do dramatic authors to the 'unities.'"

"But," said he, after a brief silence, "it is not alone her unrivalled powers of conversation, or her delightful man-

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ners, that have won me—(here I am willing to abjure my former heresies, and admit that a fair outside is but of small consequence)—it is her strict religious principle, her noble and elevated views of duty for which I admire and love, and would fain imitate her."

"Thank God," said I, much moved with the depth and earnestness of his manner, "and may He give you strength to do it!"

"And now, my dear aunt, good night," said he, rising and affectionately kissing my cheek; "I believe I owe half my success to her love for you; but be that as it may, she's a dear good girl and I wish she was here this minute."

Winter, tedious winter, at length passed away, and our hero was made happy by the possession of the lady of his love. The winding up was like all other similar occasions; the bride looked beautiful—(everybody looks handsome *once*—I wonder if I should!) the bridegroom tried hard to avoid the look of silliness, so universal in young connubial happiness, and the young Masters Murray, in imitation of their elders, squeezed out a few tears, until the passing round the creature comforts rendered further sorrow utterly impossible.

And here we will leave them—Charles to rejoice that his eyes have been opened to discover, that there is "something than beauty dearer;" and both to realize, that life is made up of sunshine and sorrow, and that as we use or abuse it will be our happiness or our misery.

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For myself I have little more to say. Denied by cruel fate the happiness of a mutual attachment, there is nothing left for me but to paint the joys and felicities of others. While other lorn ones fly to knitting for a relief, my grey goose quill shall be my solace. Eschewing all false and sickly sentiment, all exaggerated views of life and unnatural description, it will be my aim to portray *life as it is*, and to inculcate the homely virtues of patience and contentment. He who has not learned that these are the virtues most needed in such a world as this, is but a babe in all that respects realities. *Poetry is good, but truth is better;* and there is a moral power and force in truth which he who truly realizes the object of existence will not willingly relinquish for the most successful achievement in the fields of fancy and Romance.

STELLA.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS.—No. I.

### A SKETCH OF '98.

THERE are few lives of fifty years entirely uneventful; few, but in so many annual rounds must have either seen or suffered some things, if not of great note, yet bearing a warning or moral not altogether unprofitable to our fellow beings, if faithfully and simply narrated. How many incidents are dormant in the chambers of memory, how many vivid portraits of the actors in the past, are still gleaming among her mingled stores of good and evil, pleasant or painful relics of the experience of fifty years! And though those days may not have been spent among the high, the learned, the heroic, the great or glorious of earth's poor denizens, is there not often a better and a truer lesson found in the humbler paths of life, for all ranks and all ages, than in those loftier walks attainable by few, and less trodden by the general sympathies of human kind? And of one predominating truth amid these varied scenes and changeful years, deep and solemn experience has most fully convinced me, that all wealth, all dignities, all power, all pleasures, are dross, foul, perishable, and deceptive as the apples of Sodom, if not born of or united to a firm, unwavering, unquestioning belief in the Christian's pure religion—all, indeed, is vanity saving that one bright and holy reality. But it is a religion of trials—the peace which the world cannot give is inward; it is born and nurtured in suffering and sorrow—

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its best and truest disciples are among the deeply smitten, the sorest stricken, the most keenly afflicted of the human family—they are sanctified in wo. And we ask why does this lot of calamity so frequently, so inexplicably, fall to the virtuous and unoffending; but the mystery must remain unsolved till mind expands in the boundless light and surpassing knowledge of a future existence.

When I was a little child I lived with my parents in a small town in the north of Ireland; it was shortly after the fearful struggle of an oppressed people against the oppressors, in '98. There was still a strong underworking of party feeling—an occasional sparkle of the embers that showed where the fire was smouldering, but not quenched; and in all classes there was an evidence of partizanship, which often gave an unpleasant character to general society. The upper people of the town were decidedly loyal; some of the middle rank doubtful or neutral, and the lower, of all parties, though unheeded, unless some uncommon demonstration of feeling was made for either one side or the other among them.

We were new comers, and had of course little interest in the feuds and factions of the place; but we soon found acquaintances, and among the most attentive of these was a family called Williams, consisting of the father, a jocular easy-going man, enjoying some trifling place in the revenue, and the distinction of being lieutenant of the M—— Yeomanry; the mother, a proud, flighty, nervous, melancholy woman, of uncertain temper; a grown-up daughter, sensible, but rather disposed to toadyism of the Rector's sister-in-laws, widow ladies (being the great people of our vicinity), and two or three wild, half-educated, good-humored boys, between fourteen and twenty.

My mother often visited Mrs. Williams; more, I believe, from compassionating her ill health, and pity for the many privations endured in a situation beneath her original standing, than from any pleasure she could take in the querulous gossip, or tedious details of the poor woman's daily life, and nervous conceits, and fancies. They lived in a long, rambling, old-fashioned house, one of a row all similar, facing the principal street, and not very distant from ours; and frequently during the tiresome morning and evening visits in which I accompanied my mother, as there were no young children to play with, they used to send me to sit on a stone bench by the front door, that I might while away the time by looking at the passers-by in the street, knowing, according to the strict rules of those days, there was no fear of my stepping beyond the prescribed boundaries, or disobeying orders.

There was another stone bench just adjoining Mr. Williams', belonging to the house next door; and there sometimes came a little girl, two or three years older than I; and there our short acquaintance commenced, with the unceremonious confidence of childhood, requiring no artificial mode of bringing our young friendship to ripen in its happy simplicity.

From talking of our toys and plays, after a few meetings, it was natural to speak of ourselves; we were each only children, with this distinction, that she had but a mother, while I was blessed with both my parents. She spoke of this mother with a tender and serious love, remarkable in a child of her age, and also with a sort of mystery that made me, young as I was, curious to see one regarded with so grave and melancholy an affection. At length one late summer afternoon, little Jane proposed to me to go in with her to look at her garden; at first I declined doing so, more from shyness than thinking it wrong to accept her invitation; but as she pressed me very much, I yielded not unwillingly, and leaving our stone seats I followed her through a narrow, damp, brick-paved passage, to a back room, where she stopped and said, opening the door, "But you must first come in to see my mother."

We went into the parlor; it was a dark low-ceiled room, wainscotted with oak, the floor of oak, black and uncovered, but in one place beside a small table, where lay a coarse rug; the table was opposite a wide, very old casement window, the panes in leaden lattice work being of the very smallest diamond-shaped pattern. It was partly open; a pale white rose-bush had grown above the ledge, and a few of its fragrant flowers were visible touched by the golden rays of the setting sun gleaming softly through, and falling on the widowed mother, who sat in a large, old, carved

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chair beside the table, whereon she leaned, reading in a black-covered yellow-leafed Bible.

She was an undersized woman, dressed decently but humbly in a rusty black gown and apron; a white handkerchief seen partly under a larger black one that covered her shoulders, and a close widow's cap of thick white linen bound round her head with a very broad black ribbon, scarce relieved the sombre dreariness of her appearance. Contrasting her in my own mind with my own fresh, handsome, blooming mother, I said, "this surely cannot be Jane's mother!" for so wan, so corpse-like, so dim-eyed, so fallen in the cheeks, and the single tress of hair visible on the forehead, so silvery white, she seemed to me older than my grandmother; and her broken hollow voice, as if of one ever shedding tears, gave me a cold shuddering sensation which I could not overcome, and from which I felt glad to escape, when, after a short salutation, saying, "I am pleased to see you, dear; I knew your father well," she dismissed us into the garden.

Jane's garden was not much more cheerful looking than her house or mother; it was but a narrow border at the end of a small stone-paved yard; in one corner near the wall grew a pear tree, from which the fruit had been gathered; a bush of southernwood, some rue, mint, balm, a clump of ribbon-grass, and some stiff, primitive sweet-william, completed its floral treasures. The rose-bush by the window was like a remnant of happier times and brighter days, but evidently decaying with other things that told a master's careful hand was missing among them. Of course these thoughts were not suggested at that time; I only felt a generally sad, uneasy lonesomeness—it was in years after, when looking back to what had been so vividly impressed on my memory, I moralized over the sad and simple lesson learned in little Jane's garden.

We soon returned to our seat on the stone bench; I was not called by my mother, she staying later than usual, and Jane and I, wearying even of our childish prattle, gradually became silent, and gazed earnestly together up to the dark blue summer sky, through which a few bright stars were glimmering.

"I often think," said the little girl after a long deep sigh, "how happy my father will be when my mother and I go to heaven."

I gazed at her with a sort of awe—her fair pale face, and sad blue eyes, and light hair falling back, uncurled and long, from her upraised head, gave so unearthly an expression to the child, that it was fearful even to me.

"How long since your father, Jane? ——" I asked, and stopped short.

She turned to me without a tear. "How long since my father went to Heaven? Three years; and mother says we shall soon follow him. My mother will never go out of this door until she is carried to the grave-yard, she says," continued the child solemnly.

"Why, Jane?" I asked.

"Do you see there?" said she, pointing to a large dark building in the middle of the street, to the left as we sat, but not far from the house, "Do you see the market house?"

"Yes."

"And do you see there on that gable end facing this, a point of stone and something like a ball upon it?"

"Yes."

"That is my father's head," said Jane in a low whisper. "You might have seen the evening sun shine on his thin grey hair a little while before you came to live here, but there is nothing but the bones now—my mother will never come out of this door for fear of looking at my father's head."

Oh, how I shivered and trembled, young as I was, and held Jane's hand fast in mine, and stared up at the black old Market House, unable in the darkness to distinguish the object of my terror!—I asked no more questions; and I felt relieved as if taken from the depths of a dungeon, when I heard my mother's voice calling me, and as I grasped her hand in safety, and hastened with her home.

Our sitting room was an upper chamber: how cheerful it seemed as I looked around after tea!—a little fire burning in the grate, for it was late in summer, and rather chilly; my father a most pleasant and sweet-tempered man, sitting at one side of the fire, my mother sewing by a table opposite, and I with my low chair between them—my pet dog a pretty terrier, lying at my feet. How comfortable we were! I felt it without knowing why, as I glanced at the ruddy glow of light on

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the tall shining presses in one corner, the large embayed window, its heavy green worsted curtains closely drawn, and the stiff, upright, but sociable-looking black oaken chairs standing primly against the wall, all plain and old-fashioned, but homelike and delightful.

My father noticed my remarkable quiet, and asked me what was the matter. I answered nothing, but said:

"Jane Currie took me in to see her mother this evening, and she says she knows you, sir."

"Ah, that she does, poor woman—so she does indeed—and how does poor Mrs. Currie?"

"I don't know, sir—but Jane told me something about her father," I stopped suddenly, then breathing hard I partly whispered, "I would like to hear, father, why they put his head upon the market house."

"God bless me, child!" exclaimed my mother. "Who spoke to you of such things?"

"Jane said it, but I did not like to ask her why; will you tell me, father?" I repeated.

"I will try, my dear, but it is hardly a fit story for you to hear."

However, my father told me enough to satisfy my curiosity then, and here is the substance of the tale, as I have heard it more at length in after years.

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William and Alice Currie were of mature age when they united their fates together; having waited with a prudence unusual to their country and the time, until a prospect of decent maintenance was before them. Alice, who had seen thirty calm summers, was a pleasing, meek-looking woman, well suited in countenance and manner to the sober and sedate cheerfulness of her husband, who was rising forty-three. They were of the strictest sect of Dissenters, commonly called Covenanters, the remnant of the Scottish Cameronians of later days, those rigid followers of the tenets of the stern old military disciples of the Solemn League.

There were but few of their own peculiar sect in the town of M——, so that the new married couple lived a retired, and to their gayer neighbors' notions, an unsocial life, almost isolated from those around them, by reason of their exceedingly different habits of thinking and acting. But though having little visiting intercourse with their neighbors, they were kindly regarded and generally respected; and deservedly, for no one could be more obliging or tender-hearted than Alice, on any occasion calling forth her sympathy; and equally so her husband, while his constant industry, and steady uprightness in all dealings, secured the place he held in the good opinion of the townspeople, and those of the vicinage.

When he first began his business of wheel-wright, he took a long lease of the residence I have described; his workshop was beyond the stonepaved yard at the back of the house; he was therefore always at home, and could see his Alice spinning or knitting, as he worked at the lathe, or hear her soft voice singing the ancient psalm-tunes familiar from infancy, as she busied herself in more stirring labors. His little world of hopes and cares was concentrated in a small space; and here for the first years of marriage he enjoyed a placid and holy happiness, a mellowed bliss, that he often, when thanking the Almighty Giver of good for his numerous blessings, said, he trembled at heart in the midst of his gratitude, knowing the lot of mortality in general was not such as to encourage him to trust in a continuance of such felicity. And after a year or two little Jane, a solitary flower, came to brighten yet more the path of these happy creatures; and while fully conscious of their high responsibility, in having a living soul committed to their charge, with humble hopes of fulfilling every duty, their souls rested in a most sweet and pure repose.

People more opposite and unsuitable in every way to William and Alice Currie, could not have been found than the Williams family, who, when Jane was three years old, hired the house next door. They were reduced in circumstances, of great pretension, improvident, mean without frugality, and presumptuous with servility. By dint of fawning, and a willingness to watch and report the proceedings of every one near them, or into whose houses they could find entrance, they had established a sort of intimacy with the only great gentry of the town, old Rector Sodoun, and his sister-in-law, residing with him, who took especial note of the affairs of their humbler neighbors, more from a meddling curiosity than any desire to be serviceable with either coun-

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sel or assistance. They were all particularly active in the cause of loyalty —you might have supposed the fate of the nation depended on their exploration of their acquaintances' cellars and kitchens. The old Rector, though nearly superannuated, was a bitter partisan of Orangism; and to give proof of his being ready to stand to the death for his principles, he figured away as captain of yeomanry cavalry; but unable to sit on horseback, he had always to be driven in a gig at the head of his troop to parade.

The flaming politics of Mrs. Williams, therefore, ensured her his exclusive patronage, and a ready welcome to his abundant table; while the ladies having microscopic delight in the minutiæ of every household, and the private history of every individual, received the daily budget, so charming a variety in the dull monotony of the Rectory, with unwearied eagerness, and ever craving demand for more.

The humble Curries very soon became obnoxious to the censures of Mrs. Williams. She could not avoid envying the neatness and comfort of their house, in contradistinction to the confusion, wasteful slovenliness, and scanty fare, of her ill-managed family; while she affected contempt for their lowly occupation, and (as she chose to consider it) pretended sanctity of life and manners.

Many little annoyances were borne uncomplainingly from the boys by William Currie, more than he ever cared to acknowledge to Alice; as they were often leaping over the wall, breaking his tools, chasing the cat, and in all kinds of mischief; but as there was nothing really bad in their disposition, he excused them even to his wife, who, in her own department, was likewise a sufferer from the occasional domiciliary visits of the lady, and more frequent ones of the gossiping maids, who on some pretext or other, seldom allowed a day to pass without their very inconvenient company being forced upon her.

Now it so happened the pear tree before mentioned in Willie's strip of garden, being carefully tended by Alice, produced remarkably fine summer fruit of the earlier species, which she usually sold to the green-grocer or huckster women; but in the present season Mrs. Williams purposed another destination for her neighbor's little luxury. And being desirous to conciliate her great friends at the smallest possible expense, she scrupled not to send to Mrs. Currie for a basketful of pears for the Rectory ladies, who had none so early ripe, even in their own fine garden. Alice civilly gathered a few and gave them to the servant who brought the message, for Mrs. Williams herself, but refused to comply with her demand, as she had already engaged them to the women who depended on having them to sell at the summer fair, to be held in a few days from that time. Mrs. Williams was exceedingly indignant at this denial, but there was no help for it; so day by day she watched the tempting pears with a longing and envious eye, finding no alleviation for the pangs of covetousness while seeing Alice carefully pick them off to put away as they became ripe enough for her customers.

One dark night, a thick close rain falling, Pincher, Currie's house-dog, barked so fiercely, and ran so furiously round and round the yard, it disturbed his master's sleep. Willie jumped up from bed and opened a window, saying to his wife, he believed some one was shaking his pear-tree, as he heard the sound of fruit tumbling on the ground; so he hurried down stairs, and out, just in time to seize on one of the marauders, who struggled stoutly with him, as he endeavoured to draw him towards the light Alice was bringing to the door. But at length after being well cuffed and shaken, the lad succeeded in escaping through a back lane by the workshop, and Billy returned to the house, saying there was no use in risking health by looking after fallen pears in the rain; and replying to Alice's wonderings of who it could be, by a grave and rather sorrowful shake of the head, he sat down in the kitchen with the candle lighted in the window, to prevent the thieves coming back for their prey, and laying the large old Bible before him, told Alice to go to bed, as he should watch till morning, muttering sadly, "Poor lads, poor lads, it's a dreadful bringing up for ye, a dismal example."

"But, Willie dear," interposed the wife, "you forget the law, dear, the light must go out this minute:" and each looking fearfully pale at the other, mutually whispered, "How could we do this?" and immediately extinguished the candle.

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Now it so happened, but a few weeks before, the battles of Antrim and Randalstown, towns at no great distance from M——, had begun the rebellion of '98 in the north of Ireland, and almost every place was occupied by soldiers, and put under the terrible rigors of martial law. M—— was also suffering under this infliction, besides having infantry and dragoons quartered there, commanded by officers of noted severity towards all suspected of disloyalty.

Good reason, therefore, the timid couple had for alarm; yet supposing it not likely even the inquisitorial spies of loyalty might be stirring on such a night, they went to bed, consoling themselves with the hope of no greater evil occurring than the one already experienced.

There was a perceptible commotion among their neighbors next morning very much substantiating the Curries' suspicions: the boys, instead of leaping on the wall as usual, kept to the farther side of their own yard; while on the contrary, the slatternly servant-maids directly espying the tree divested of its fruit, were loud in their condolence to Mrs. Currie; and very soon one of them hurried in, more conveniently to wonder, pity, exclaim, and abuse, greatly to the annoyance of the quiet Alice, who repeatedly told her the matter was one of far less consequence to them, than she, Biddy Sheehan, seemed disposed to make it.

"Well, how ye can bear such roguery, Mistress Currie, I can't understand. I'd be at the bottom of it. I'd root them out that did it—faith, it's not the stocks only, but the jail I'd get them into, av' it was my pear-tree."

"If you could find them out, Biddy," said Alice.

"Oh, sure, ye may guess pretty near. Phil Skinner wasn't peepin' and creepin' round the back wall yesterday evening for nothing."

The said Phil was a desolate orphan, who, in his half-naked leanness, and elfish agility, looked more like a monkey than a child, and was a suitable scapegoat for the delinquencies of all the better-clothed and protected lads in the neighbourhood.

"Oh, poor Phil," replied Alice, "he might assist, but could not possibly have done the mischief without older and stronger hands than his own in the business."

"Oh, ye don't know him, Mistress Currie—ye can't consave the devilment he's up to—sure our lives is pestered with him, bekase Master Joe will be givin' him a bit or sup now and then; and troggs, its often he stales that same for Phil."

Just then Willie Currie came into the kitchen with part of an old lattice frame in his hands. Having a long lease of his house he was altering and improving an upper room, into which, for the being better lighted, he was putting modern sash-windows, and removing the old lozenge-paned lattices, one of which, as I said, he carried in his hand, as he entered to interrupt the declamation of Mistress Biddy Sheehan.

"Oh," remarked Willie, quietly, "if we desired to track the thief, Biddy, it is perhaps more easily done than you suppose. I picked up an old shoe under the tree this morning, not a bad landmark."

Biddy looked uneasy, and colored deeply.

"Then I judge you'll be tryin' to find the foot for it too, Mr. Currie?"

"I don't know, Biddy; it would hardly be worth while for the value of a few pears to bring some foolish boy, or his friends, into trouble."

"Then I'm sure you've a kind heart, Mr. Currie; but there's nobody denies that any how."

"But," said Alice, "Willie, is it not a conniving at sin, dear, and a snare to lead others into evil ways, not to give some punishment to offenders?"

"Well," he answered smiling, "I punished one pretty severely last night at any rate; and indeed they may have suffered more than the few pears were worth, if we knew all."

"Oh, then," said Biddy, "perhaps, Mr. Currie, you're not so sure of the people as ye pretend to be, and by not sarchin' them out, you're making a virtue of needcessity."

"May be so, Biddy, may be so," as stripping the lead off the lattice panes he kept rolling it up in a ball, and coolly looking direct in the girl's face, he asked, "What ails Master Joe's leg, that he goes so lame this morning?"

Biddy was evidently both angry and frightened at this question.

"What should I know? Some of his jumpin' tricks, no less. What d'ye think I can tell about his limpin'?"

"No need to be angry, my woman," said Willie, laughing; "you look almost

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as frightened as he did, when I called to him this minute from the room above, in answer to his question of what I was doing with the lead I'm stripping off these panes, that I was going to make bullets to shoot thieves with. He, he, he! Poor lad, he grew so red and pale by turns, I was sorry to see him, though I was only joking."

"I'm sure you're very funny about it," retorted Biddy, tossing her head—"but I must be off,—it's well you can take everything so asy, Mr. Currie—mighty well indeed it is."

"And now, Alice, dear," said Willie, as the door closed after the prying servant, "there's the proof of our neighbor's idle boy's folly," throwing an old light slipper on the table, "I found it awhile ago in the yard, and do you see on the lining yet visible, the shoemaker's writing, 'Master S. Williams?' But let us thank God, we have hopes our ways of bringing up children will be under wiser regulation than these proud and erring people, and never let us say another word about it."

In the parlor of the Rectory that same afternoon, at the ample dinner table, covered with a handsome dessert, steaming punch, and generous old wine, sat, in addition to the family, two officers of the regiments then quartered in M——, Captain Clavering of the —— dragoons, and Major Horner of the —— infantry. Also a tag of gentryhood, who just then subsisted on ferreting out evil-doers against government, a Mr. Musgrave; and in an accession of nervous irritability, partly proceeding from the disasters of the previous night, the favorite Mrs. Williams.

Their conversation was of course local, and turned principally on the abuses crept in among all classes and conditions beneath their own; and the imperative necessity of strenuous measures being taken to regulate the people, and prevent the spirit of rebellious independence spreading further. Instances were given of the presumptuous aspirings to think for themselves and their individual miseries among the poor; and means of greater restraint and needful precaution were debated among the gentlemen; while terrible and exaggerated stories of the outrages of the peasantry, and some of the better classes, on the late open stand made against the king's army, were related to the horrified ears of the good ladies of the Rectory, who having been in France during the Revolution, and the Reign of Terror, their heads were half-turned with fears of similar excesses in their own country.

"But the worst of it is," said Mr. Musgrave, "steady, sober persons now give countenance to this ungovernable desire of liberty as they call it; and in particular, the dissenters are not a whit behind, but even worse than the papists, in my opinion."

"Very true indeed," affirmed Mrs. Coxe, "and their impertinence and want of respect to superiors, you have no idea. Only think of that quiet, decent man, as we always thought him, Willie Currie, having the insolence to threaten my friend Mrs. Williams' sons with punishment on pretence of having robbed his pear-tree. And showing the lead he is pulling off his lattices; for you must know—however he has made it—he is rich enough to be putting new windows in his house: but as I said, showing the lead to the boy, he told him it was to make bullets to shoot thieves with! Imagine such impudence—upon my word!"

"Ah?" said Musgrave, with a sharp glance at the officer, "bullets indeed! Bullets are rather ticklish things to meddle with just now. I thought all firearms were delivered up," he continued, inquiringly.

"Of course," replied Major Horner; turning to Mrs. Williams, "You say, madam, this Currie has lead in his possession?"

"Just as Mrs. Coxe said," she answered; "he has taken it off his windows; and he not only threatened my son, but showed it also to my servant Biddy Sheehan."

"Ah!" drawled the Major, looking at Musgrave with a peculiar smile.

"The fellow," interposed the old Rector, pompously waving his hands, "has been always contumacious; he belongs to the most stiff-necked sect of dissenters, those abominable Covenanters. They own allegiance to nothing; they have respect for neither King nor laws."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Williams, bitterly, "they despise every one's law but their own; for in defiance of orders, Biddy told me, there was a light burning in Currie's window at twelve o'clock last night."

"Musgrave," whispered the Major, "we shall retire soon; it is proper to inquire into this affair: there are, you

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know, stragglers afloat from the skirmishes of Antrim, &c.," he finished, smiling malignantly.

"I am quite ready, my dear sir," replied the eager satellite, springing to his feet, and with a few words of apology he departed; and not long after the two military gentlemen, excusing themselves on account of pressing business, followed him.

The evening psalm was sung, and the evening prayer was made by the solitary couple, kneeling with their little child between them, as the last gleam of summer twilight faded from the sky. They retired to bed, but William felt an indescribable restlessness that disturbed approaching slumber. He seemed haunted by a vague fear of coming evil which he prayed against and strove to quiet, but could not. Hours wore on—he heard the wind rising moaningly, and then gusty rain falling,—and then a strange tramp of many footsteps—not the patrole—and suddenly the clash of grounding arms on the pavement before his door, accompanied with a loud knocking and halloos for admittance. He got up hastily, and spoke out of the window, but was told to come down immediately, which he did, and opened his front door, saying, "I have no light, my friends—so what do you want here?"

"Oh, we must have a light—let us have one instantly—go, my lad," said the sergeant, "rout up a candle."

But just then Alice, who had followed her husband down stairs, and heard them calling for light, brought one.

"Ah, here it comes; you," said he to Currie, "are our prisoner: take him between you, men, while we search the house."

And then commenced the scrutiny, from garret to cellar, of every nook and cranny, without regard to what injury or molestation was done to the owners. Presses were broken open, drawers smashed, clothes torn and scattered about, beds ripped up, but nothing found to inculpate poor Currie, until one man came in from the workshop, carrying the ball of lead Willie had rolled up off the lattice that same morning.

"You had more than one of these balls, my lad," said the sergeant.

"I had," said Billy.

"And where is it now?" asked the soldier.

"I sold it to a stranger this day—a man I never saw before."

"Aha! Very well, come with us now; perhaps you will remember his name before to-morrow," said the sergeant.

Seeing the guard prepare to take her husband away, Alice anxiously implored leave to go with him; but before her request could be denied, Currie desired her not to think of such a thing.

"Stay with our child, my dear—be not uneasy—there is nothing against me. I have no reason for alarm; leave me in God's care—He is a good caretaker."

And kissing her pale cheek, he turned off with the soldiers—while she, closing the door of her lonely house, went to watch and pray by the bed whereon so long she had reposed in peace and security.

In the long, low, smoked and desolate-looking cloth-room of the market-house, before a table, over which two tin sconces, holding dim tallow candles, shed a faint and dreary light, sat the gentlemen who had dined at the Rectory, with one or two others, waiting for the appearance of the prisoner; and to their presence he was soon introduced, when a sort of examination was gone through, of seemingly little consequence, until Musgrave, producing a bundle of papers, read what he stated to be the depositions of Master Joe Williams and Bridget Sheehan—similar to what we have before mentioned, but rather more detailed.

Currie could not deny any part of the evidence, but he could explain what they held criminal, if permitted. The light burning at forbidden hours was mainly insisted upon, and also his inability or unwillingness to give the name of the person to whom he sold the lead, was yet more condemnatory. Captain Clavering was disposed to hear the whole in a favourable manner, but Major Horner, a narrow-minded, suspicious man, urged on by Musgrave and others, and sustained by the malevolence of party, regarded the proof against Currie as decisive; and coupling the circumstances with the known partiality of his people for the rebel cause, they all at last concluded the grounds were fully sufficient to warrant their proceeding to extremities. So wantonly, so infamously, so inhumanly were men's lives

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thrown away at that period, it caused no surprise, no regret, nor even pity, among these worthy associates, when Horner declared, unless Currie chose to account for the lead he had sold, and give some satisfactory cause for breaking the law by having a light in his house at midnight, he should be hanged and beheaded at the market-place on the day after to-morrow.

"And now, sir," he concluded, having pronounced sentence, "what have you to say for yourself?—have you any defence to set up? Speak, sir—it wears late."

Horner drew himself up, regarding the prisoner with a cold rigidity which showed his familiarity with but too many scenes of the same kind, and his habitual want of feeling towards the wretches over whom he exercised his brief authority.

Currie stood as in a dream—he could not feel the reality—he could not bring home to his understanding the difference a few hours had made in his fate. Without the slightest participation in the disturbances of the times, to be at once a convicted criminal—struck as if by a thunderbolt—condemned to death without the benefit of the boasted laws of his country—it was impossible—it was a fantasy—a hideous nightmare! He moved his limbs, his fettered hands—he looked around steadily, struggling to shake off this dreadful load of slumberous vision; but no—it was a truth, a positive, terrible truth; yet he choked down the wild cry of despair rising to his lips, and replied to his judge with a wonderful composure, while he felt the very current of life palsying in his veins.

"I have, sir, a great deal to say, but you will not be willing to hear it, nor would it avail if you did; for, I believe, nothing I could say would have any influence with you, or those who agree in making me out guilty, when even yourselves find it hard to get as much proof as will secure a tolerable excuse for your unmerciful and unwarrantable chastisement of a few thoughtless words, and the error of a moment in lighting a candle, without recollecting the law against it. Who bought the lead from me I do not know; and were I sure it would save my life, I could not give you the least clue; he was a stranger, a common man, wrapped in a dark grey coat; it was towards evening—I took little notice of him—and that is all I can say. But, sirs, you never would have heard of me, or my poor windows, or the light, or anything else, if I had not been so unfortunate as to offend Master Williams, and rouse the malice of his family. The Scriptures most truly say, we shall surely account for every idle word we utter. Now, in the course of my life I have been very scrupulous in speech, and tried, as much as human nature could, to avoid foolish conversation; but oh! if every one has so dreadfully, either here or hereafter, to account for the silly communications of the lips, what will be the doom of many, when for these few idle words of mine, I am brought so suddenly, so fearfully both to an earthly and a heavenly tribunal?"

"Enough, sir," interrupted Horner, "if you have nothing more to the purpose to say, we want no preaching. Musgrave, see him lodged in the room below to-night; let us clear away, there is a good deal to be done before to-morrow."

After some consultation between the various persons constituting poor Currie's judges and jury, he was taken to a damp cell on the ground floor, used for delinquents or rioters on market-days. The sentinel good-naturedly allowed him a light, and brought him a Bible; also humanely offering him refreshment, which he refused; and there, seated on a truss of straw, William Currie sought comfort and consolation in the Sacred Volume, the fountain of his hopes and happiness from childhood; but alas for poor and faltering human nature, shuddering on the verge of a precipice so appalling, it was long, long before his despairing spirit could bend in submission, and say, 'Thy will be done!'

By day-light next morning, Mrs. Currie was informed of the particulars of her husband's mock-trial and atrocious sentence, by a compassionate soldier, who advised her to apply to the different influential gentlemen of the town and neighborhood, to intercede for at least a mitigation of his doom. It might have some effect, he said; it could do no harm anyhow. So she wrote a few lines by this man to Willie, stating her intentions being the cause of her absence and from him, promising to be with him in the evening; and then aking her little girl by the hand, she set out to make her preliminary attempt at the Rectory. Mr. Sodoun and the ladies heard hersad story patiently, and, with much

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apparent interest, promised interference. They evinced an uncommon degree of sympathy and feeling for her affliction, as there was do doubt the sting of conscience at the bottom, her misery having originated in uncharitable discussions at their own table.

As she returned to town, she crossed by a near path through the shrubbery and church-yard, and there she met, hurrying along with a wild eye, and unequal step, her clothes rumpled and disordered, her hair streaming about her face, swollen and distorted with weeping, everything denoting the wretchedness within, Mrs. Williams. She suddenly stopped, and seizing Alice by both hands, exclaimed, "Oh, Alice Currie, Alice Currie, you do not believe either I or my children have brought this horrible fate on your husband intentionally! Oh, for God's sake forgive the folly we committed! Oh God, what folly! Oh, idle tongue, babbling fool! Oh what do I say? Alice, Alice, forgive me, my brain is bursting! What shall I do! What have I done?"

She was weeping hysterically, her hands clasped over her eyes—Alice also wept, but quietly, as a suffering saint.

"God pardon you, Mrs. Williams, as I do—God pardon you and yours! But let me pass, I have a deal to do this day, and must not be delayed."

Then gently releasing her hands, which the miserable woman had again caught, she went on her way, leaving the other seated on a grave-stone, screaming and rolling in paroxysms of the wildest agony.

And all that day did Alice travel from one to another of the most respectable houses of the place, till night came at last, when wearied and exhausted, yet her woman's love still strong to sustain her, she sought her husband's prison, and was admitted to share in his hour of bitterness. She knew that nothing had been done, nor could be done, to alter that iniquitous but irrevocable doom. She went to him hopeless, but not despairing, hopeless for earth, but not in Heaven. Two covenanting ministers were with him, and stayed till late in the night; but by a wondrous stretch of mercy she was permitted to remain until the fatal sentence should be executed.

After the clergymen left them, Willie gave way to a long burst of passionate sorrow; then somewhat relieved, he was able to talk with her of his worldly affairs, and give some papers and directions necessary for the welfare of their child, who, poor thing, early initiated in sorrow, sat gazing at her father, the quiet tears falling from her eyes, until she dropped asleep in the mother's arms. They then conversed and prayed together as of wont, and Alice persuaded him to lie down by little Jane and try to take some rest. "You need strength to support you, my Willie—you must sleep, dearest—lay down your head in peace, my Willie; this short grief brings a long, an eternal joy—rest, my Willie, the angels of God have charge over you."

"I will, Alice, I will sleep; I must act my part like a man and a Christian to the last; and now, dear, I feel resigned, and patient and comfortable. There is no more suspense, no more lingering after the few years by nature allotted to us. I have sought and found composure; patience shall have her perfect work. But, Alice, I confess to you, this is all a mysterious dispensation to me. I cannot comprehend it—I cannot bring it home to me. One so clear, so guiltless of offence to man, so utterly separate from all dealings with the misguided creatures they are pursuing to death. For one foolish joke—a silly gossiping woman's talk—a thoughtless boy—Alice, it is all a very, very mysterious dispensation. I am not questioning the decrees of the Almighty, but I cannot see through it—and oh, why should I, poor helpless worm, search into Thy inscrutable purposes! God have mercy on me! If I have prayed, as my Redeemer did, that this cup should pass away from me, I am also strengthened, Alice, to say, 'but not my will, but Thine, oh God, be done!'"

With these words he fell asleep, and she watched, kneeling by that pallet bed, till the grey dawn appeared, and the loud reveillée awakened the slumberer to the reality of wo.

There were severe trials of the fortitude and constancy of Currie that morning. Several friends came to see him, who were driven away by the orders of the commanding officer. It was a cheerless, dull, drizzling day; at eight o'clock he was led out between files of soldiers; he had been removed to the barracks the day before, and now had to walk some distance to the market-

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house, in front of which, and in sight of his own door, the gallows was erected. He had endeavoured with his wife's help to make himself look as decent as possible, though he had not been allowed a change of clothing; and attended on one side by one of the clergymen who had visited him the previous night, and on the other, by the true-hearted and Heaven-supported wife, still leading her little fair, sad, wondering child, and restraining her natural tears, that she might not disturb her husband's composure, he set forth, bareheaded, his thin fair hair (having turned nearly white during those two nights of mental agony), combed back from his calm forehead, and with a pale cheek, but a firm, steadfast look, he walked on, singing in a clear, full, sonorous voice, from an old psalm-book, the thirty-fifth psalm, those terrible denunciations so singularly applicable to his own case, while the minister, from excess of agitation, was unable to accompany him, and on many a soldier's hardened cheek tears were rolling down in defiance of their habituation to scenes of death and misery.

Almost every window of the street was closed; only here and there did a venturous head peep out to gaze at the doleful procession; for in these dismal times, the appearance of pity or sympathy was but too often a warrant to lead to a similar fate, and none dared show themselves but those known to uphold the rigors of the savage law-dispensers of that lawless and terrible period.

When they came to their destination, the psalm was not quite finished, so Currie paused and shook hands with his minister, then clasping Alice and his child in his arms at the same time, he kissed each once, and whispering, "My Alice, no more, you must not unman me! No more, till we meet in our Father's Kingdom," calmly turned and commenced singing the last verses as he ascended the ladder; when, just as he concluded, a brilliant ray of sun-light fell from the breaking clouds on his upraised head, the cap was quickly pulled down over his face, the ladder drawn away, and the world had closed on him for ever.

Alice, strong to the last, fell fainting into the arms of a soldier, and was borne into her own house, where some female friends waited to attend on her in her deep affliction. Yet still other sufferings were to be borne. At the moment of Currie's final struggle, a wild yelling scream burst from the house of Mr. Williams; his wife was a raving maniac—and for some time, until her removal to the seat of a distant friend, Alice had to listen to those appalling shrieks and blasphemies night and day, which the unfortunate woman uttered in the rage of delirium. Young Williams was also taken with brain fever, but both he and his mother recovered, though she was always subject, at intervals, to fits of hysterics and despondency. She died in great poverty and destitution. Of her daughter I know nothing; but of her three sons, one sank into sottishness, one was lost at sea, and one, poor 'Master Joe,' ended his days in a French prison.

After residing in M—— two years, we returned to our farm, and some years subsequently, we heard the conclusion of the widow Currie's story. She had a wealthy brother, who had emigrated to Philadelphia: where he entreated his sister and her daughter should leave the country of their sorrows, to seek peace and resignation among strangers. They bade farewell to Ireland—but there was disease in the ship, and little Jane took the small-pox, died, and was committed to the bosom of the waters. After this strangely calamitous bereavement, Mrs. Currie lingered on for a year or two among the shadows of mournful memories, and then departed in the blessed hope of being reunited to those she had loved and lost, where there is neither separation nor sorrows for ever more.

So of this small virtuous household, one found a criminal's grave in his native island—one in the deep, moaning ocean—and one among strangers, in a foreign land. Truly God works in a mysterious manner, and His ways are past finding out! Yet behold how faith and an abiding hope smoothed the rugged path, and sweetened the bitter cup to those poor people. Well for them they could declare, 'though they slay me, yet will I trust in Him!'

L. LESLIE.

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# WILHELMINE SCHRÖDER-DEVRIENT.

## A SKETCH.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The following brief notice of the first tragic singer of Germany, condensed from a more extended sketch by Rellstab, himself a distinguished critic in art, will not be deemed useless by the reader who reflects on the evanescent nature of the actor's fame. The more difficult the task of preserving for posterity a vivid recollection of one whose performance has delighted and instructed his contemporaries, the more incumbent is it upon the writer to do his best to paint the picture in unfading colors; to hang a wreath over the urn of one who has spent life in toil, and reaped no adequate reward.

Seldom has the life of an actress been so propitiously commenced, as that of the subject of this notice. Endowed by nature with every personal gift, genius in art seemed her proper inheritance. Wilhelmine was the daughter of the celebrated Sophia Schröder, one of Germany's greatest tragic actresses, so far as declamation and expression are concerned. Her marriage also was auspicious: Karl Devrient, her husband, is well known as a gifted performer; and the name of Louis Devrient shines as a star of the first magnitude among a cluster of lesser splendor. Wilhelmine Schröder Devrient was born at Hamburg, on the 6th of October, 1805. She was early accustomed to the stage, appearing on it for the first time when only five years old, to represent a Love. Sweetly as she enacted the part, the spectators could never have anticipated the perfection of grace and majesty that was to be unfolded from this tender germ. In her tenth year she became a regular member of a children's ballet company in Vienna, whither her mother was called. This constant exercise was beneficial, as it strengthened her frame, and tended to develope the grace for which she was afterwards so remarkable. Her general education was carefully attended to; and it may be seen what pains were bestowed to cultivate her taste as well as morals, by her choice of the more elevated parts in the drama, as soon as she arrived at an age to judge for herself. At fifteen, she appeared on the stage as Aricia, in Racine's Phædra; and by her charming personation and noble expression of the part, awakened the fairest hopes in those interested in her success. Encouraged by praise, she devoted herself to her chosen art with increased zeal and unwearied industry. During this first year of her theatrical course, she gave evidence of uncommon powers; the highest characters—such as Louise in Schiller's *Kabal und Liebe*, Ophelia in Hamlet, and Beatrice in the Bride of Messina,—were undertaken by her, and performed in such a manner as to show something of what might in future be expected from the youthful artist. These theatrical exercises, in which she cultivated her abilities as an actress, before venturing on the opera,—were in the highest degree useful to her. She thus learned early to understand the spirit of the part, and infuse soul into her acting, instead of depending entirely on the voice. Her first part in the opera was Pamina in the Magic Flute.

It was on the 20th January, 1821, that Wilhelmine first displayed before an astonished audience in the Viennese theatre, that fairest gift of the muse, her talent as a singer. She had many advantages; her beauty and dignity of person, rare voice, skill in pantomime, with her practice in the most difficult theatrical details, the counsels of her mother, and her own diligence in musical studies,—all contributed to her success. She herself names a certain Grunwald as her instructor in the rudiments of music; and the Italian professor Mozatti, at Vienna, gave her lessons to which she was indebted for her attainments in the higher branches. It was not long before she became entitled to the praise of a great artist. In 1823, she undertook a professional tour to the north of Germany, and among other characters appeared as Leonore, in Fidelio. She had played this part for the

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first time in Vienna, on the birth-night of the Emperor, and kindled the enthusiasm of the whole music-loving public. The same success attended her in Berlin, though she had there to encounter a famous rival, so superior to her in power and sweetness of voice, that only an artist conscious of her own inner greatness, would have dared to compete with her. This rival was the celebrated Milder Hauptmann, for whom Beethoven originally wrote the part of Leonore. The victory was decisive in favor of our youthful heroine; although at that time a blind veneration was felt for Milder in Berlin. She was indeed distinguished for her magnificent voice, but, as a theatrical singer and actress, had done nothing worthy of fame. Nevertheless, it was a bold and perilous enterprise to oppose intellectual strength in art to material superiority, especially when the last was sustained by greater reputation. Our young adventuress dared the combat, however, and won a splendid victory, although yet but in the beginning of her career. With untried wings, timid and trembling at the first trial, she ventured to soar, her eyes fixed on the far height she was 'destined to reach.' While on this first visit to Berlin, she was married to the young and gifted actor, Karl Devrient, which name she joined to her own. Both appeared at the theatre in Dresden; for this theatre, then under the direction of the celebrated Weber, was the first at which Madame Devrient was permanently engaged. Thence she made several professional excursions to the other large cities of Germany. In 1828, she was a second time at Berlin, and played in many fine parts, among others in that of Euryanthe. Her fame now spread into foreign countries.

She was engaged by Rockel, then director of the German opera in Paris; and in that city met with such incredible success, that the theatre was overflowing whenever she performed in Donna Anna, Fidelio, or similar parts. Her triumphs abroad, as usual, caused her to be more highly appreciated at home. Her renown became a national boast. A series of artistical triumphs were prepared for her on her return from Paris, and during a two months' residence in Berlin, that rivalled those of a Catalani, a Schechner, or a Sontag. In the spring of 1831, she visited Paris a second time, and bound herself to the Italian Opera. She reaped, indeed, little applause in this enterprise, but by diligence and exertion made great improvements thereby in her singing. Thence she went to London, and in this great metropolis was received, in spite of the coldness of the English character, with an enthusiasm, an astonishment of admiration, that threw even Parisian praise into the shade. Here opens a new era in the cultivation of the artist; for in these long visits to London and Paris, after having gone through the few German operas there represented, she felt herself under the necessity of making trial of Rossini's parts. These she had never sung, and believed herself unfitted for them by her education in German music. Besides, she had seen the great success of Italian singers—such as Rubini, Pasta, Malibran, etc. Her attempting these parts she knew would open a new field, and besides work advantageously on her original style. By nature she was gifted with a remarkably pleasing voice, capable of the most delicate shades of expression, but not what the Germans call *metal rich*. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, after having made several trials, and having advantages pointed out to her by Rubini, and other distinguished singers, she became convinced that it was possible to reach the goal of her wishes, and resolved with perseverance and indomitable resolution to accomplish the end.

Schiller says somewhere, "Genius is industry:" and he who labors with all his strength to develope what is within him, will feel the truth of the saying. In no case was it more happily proved, than that of Madame Devrient, who, although already at the height of renown and success, still felt herself impelled by the law of genius to toil and strive after further attainments.

The brief history of her uneventful life may here be considered at an end; we will endeavor to observe her as an artist.

Among her German contemporaries Madame Devrient had two rivals—Schechner and Sontag. The first owed her success to a rare voice, as full of pathos as power, combined with a noble and feminine naturalness in her acting. Sontag was mistress of complete theatrical tact; and her loveliness of person, flexibility and dexterity of voice, and exquisite grace and coquetry in action—

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all which advantages she possessed in the highest degree—were refined by assiduous industry into a harmonious whole. Betwixt these two extremes of elevated nature, and a delicate, graceful combination of artistical talents, our heroine must be regarded as occupying a middle place. She both embellished nature, and ennobled art by intellectual power. If she did not reach the proud destination of her rivals, her work was a great one, because created by the mind that distilled the material into its own element, while with the others, the material formed the foundation on which a nobler structure was built. It was with Schechner and Sontag as if matter were the father—the producing or creative—and with Devrient the mother—the subordinate principle—in a work of art.

The greatest parts in which our actress appeared were as follows: Leonore, in Fidelio; Julia, in the Vestal; Euryanthe, in Weber's noble work; Donna Anna, in Don Giovanni; Iphigenia, in Gluck's Iphigenia in Tauris; Rezia, in Weber's Oberon; Rebecca, in Marschner's Templar and Jewess, and the Robber-bride of Ries. To these, after she had completed her studies in the Italian school, she added Desdemona, in Othello; and Romeo, in Bellini's Capulets and Montagues. In many others she excelled, but these were her most popular characteristics: and they besides afford an opportunity of comparing her with the two distinguished singers above mentioned. Leonore may be said to be newly created by her; she has soared to a higher range of thought than Schechner; she conquers, not, like Achilles, by superior strength, but like Alexander, by the power of the spirit. It would be interesting to follow her biographer in the parallel he draws between her and Schechner in this part, but the limits of a mere notice forbid us the indulgence. In the Vestal as in Fidelio, her great rival was Schechner, irresistible from the power of her voice. The part was quite another work, though equally effective, in the hands of Madame Devrient. Euryanthe and Desdemona deserve to be mentioned with the above personations; and in these parts a parallel can be drawn between our artiste and Henrietta Sontag. Euryanthe was originally rendered popular by this singer, and Desdemona was one of her chief parts. But Madame Devrient could not undertake a character without rendering it a formation of her own. The finale in the second act of Euryanthe is made almost a drama of itself by her playing. The heroine stands before her judges; she is guiltless, unembarrassed, but the strange preparations cause a slight misgiving. The accusation begins; she repels it with lofty queenlike pride. Lysiart shows the ring, and indicates the half revealed secret; apprehension seizes upon her; anguish oppresses her; her heart throbs with dread; she knows herself entangled in the net. Now she is the victim of consciousness and repentance for what she herself has done; she is crushed; she is humility—submission itself. She follows Adolar in despair, resolved to be faithful through misery to her beloved. These successively unfolded traits, represented with plastic art and the most expressive singing—form one of the noblest pictures ever painted by music. The third act is perhaps richer in effect, but the situations are so well defined, that the most mediocre actress could not fail in them. There the work of an artiste is not so much to create, as to give a masterly execution.

The representation of Desdemona divides itself into three parts; first, that of the silent, submissive daughter; secondly, that in which love for her husband struggles with the anguish of the spurned and outcast child, giving rise to the passionate scenes; thirdly, that of the wife resigned to her fate. Sontag was Madame Devrient's rival in this character, and certainly excelled her, through her great musical talent, in the singing. In the playing, they stand in the same relation as in Euryanthe. Indeed, Sontag seemed fated eminently by nature for the impersonation of Desdemona; her style of beauty corresponded with the expression and feeling in her tones. The subdued harmony of her various qualities gave a magical effect to her acting, and rendered it more pleasing though really not greater, than that of our artiste. But Devrient richly compensated by many admirable traits peculiar to herself. All actresses in the closing scene of the second act sink at the feet of Desdemona's father; our heroine did the same; but her whole action—her every movement—was a work of art, worthy to be immortalized by the pencil or the chisel.

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In the third act, in her white floating dress, she seems like a Grecian muse—breathing in mournful melody her presentiment of death. Her acting could not be surpassed, were it not for *one* fault. But misled by an error of the composer, she falls into a greater one in the representation. The last duet, when Othello torments the victim he is about to sacrifice, is the rock on which she splits, and that in such a manner that the effect of the whole is spoiled. Here should be expressed the feminine and natural horror of the injured wife at the idea of a violent death. Desdemona may indeed assume an aspect of wounded dignity, when she learns that she is condemned on the testimony of such a villain as Iago. But the expression of *rage* is as foreign and unnatural to her character as thorns to a lily. Thus the playing of Madame Devrient in this scene, where she so far forgets herself as to stamp her foot with anger, must be strongly reprehended. She was probably led astray by the taste of a foreign, and particularly a Parisian public. And it is remarkable, that a person of genius, having once fallen into an error, holds it fast with a species of obstinacy, as a mother, even a foster mother, will love a misshapen child, though all the world recoil from it. We should not, however, be too severe with our artiste for a single fault, but remember that the diamond owes its dazzling splendor to its hardness and the sharpness of its points!

Desdemona was the first part in Italian music undertaken by Madame Devrient, who had hitherto played only in German operas. Her most distinguished personation in the new school was Romeo, in Bellini's Capulets and Montagues. In the singing as well as action she was most admirable, and gave to the last act a truly tragic greatness.

In the part of Donna Anna, it could not be said that she entered into the farthest depths of Mozart's noblest creation, surpassing all other singers; on the contrary, Henrietta Sontag stands unrivalled in this character as far as song is concerned. But in the expression throughout of all that is noble and sublime—of all that shakes the soul—Madame Devrient need not yield the palm to any of her predecessors or contemporaries.

The purest and most elevated character in which our singer appeared on the stage, is that of Iphigenia. Iphigenia—as with the Greek poet, so with the German tragedian—as in Racine, so in Gluck's musical drama—is the noblest female form depicted by poetry and music. In this, Devrient is, from the first moment, worthy of the part she has undertaken; glorious both as maid and priestess. The recitation of the dream is a masterpiece in musical expression, aided by plastic action. The character grows before our eyes, as the tragic circumstances multiply, and sorrow spreads her dark wings over the sacred head, to shadow it with eternal night. But a pure, soft moonlight still shines, and bids us hope for the dawn of another and brighter day. Iphigenia is the only one of Gluck's characters in which our singer appeared, till within the last years. She felt—she must have felt, that his creations made the largest demands on her strength. It was a sacred duty for one so highly gifted, to strive after perfection in these noblest tasks; and Gluck furnished a field for the exercise of her best faculties. After she had attained the height of her fame, and been acknowledged by her countrymen as their first tragic opera actress, she numbered many other great parts among her masterpieces. Among these was Bellini's greatest, Norma; Meyerbeer's Huguenots also furnished her, in Valentine, with a character in which she could display all her rich and varied gifts; she fulfilled the predications of her most enthusiastic friends in Armida, and pressing forward continually to new achievements, crowned all with one of her noblest personations, in Gluck's Alcestis. A three months' engagement at the opera in Berlin, was chiefly devoted to the study and representation of these last parts. The burning of the opera-house, on the night of the 18th August, 1843, postponed, if not destroyed entirely, the complete fulfilment of the expectations awakened by her performances.

In the personation of Norma, she had to compete with a great, and indeed unrivalled heroine—in Pasta; who, though in the decline of her wonderful powers, yet gave the greatest, the most powerful, the most elevated representation of this only character into which Bellini has breathed a deep and warm life. Pasta's Italian extraction was in her favor; it enabled her to identify herself



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more perfectly with the composer's ideal, and to give voice and deed to his conception. But Madame Devrient was also a great Norma; a *German* priestess, in whose breast the Italian flames of passion and revenge are not kindled so readily, perhaps, but once kindled, burn with a more untameable power.

But on these and other triumphs of art, we have no further space to dwell. Enough, even by transient glimpses, has been shown, to discover that an artist so highly gifted, was still constrained by effort and industry, to develop what nature had bestowed upon her; to show that the greatest endowments do not exempt their possessor from the common doom of labor. To the magnitude of her exertions, indeed, was it owing, that the powers she so assiduously cultivated, waned so early, and that her youthful softness and beauty were, in time, injured by a more harsh and rugged manner. Hers was a clear and rosy morning; and how bright was her sun in its zenith—filling the blue vault with light, and warming earth with its genial beams! She was the pride of her country—kindling all hearts, that could beat for art, with a glow of the purest inspiration! Are we to murmur because that sun at length declines—or clouds obscure its splendor? Rather let a blessing follow it even to the verge of the horizon! The laurels of a hundred victories—with which genius has wreathed her brow, can never fade!

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## GONE!

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

> ——————"Gone before
> To that unseen and silent shore,
> Shall we not meet as heretofore
> Some summer morning?"
>
> LAMB.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
  Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
  The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
  Made brighter summer hours,
Amidst the frosts of autumn time
  Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
  Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
  Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down
  As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
  Clear, suddenly and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
  Eternal as the sky,
And like the brook's low song, her voice
  A sound which could not die.

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And half we deemed she needed not
  The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
  Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
  Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps fell.
  Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
  Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
  A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
  To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
  A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
  And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
  Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day
  Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
  Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
  One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
  Has taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
  And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
  Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
  Our faith in Goodness strong.

And, grant that she who, trembling, here
  Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
  The well-beloved of ours.

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# THE LITERATURE OF FICTION.

BY A. DAVEZAC.

It has always appeared to us a sort of hypocrisy (venial indeed, since it arises only out of vanity), to profess, as some persons are wont to do, an utter contempt for works of fiction, without a single exception. We can well imagine a time when, with but little detriment to mental culture, that department of literature might have received but rare and short notice from those, who, in study, are intent on utility alone. But, since the master spirits of the three last centuries have made fiction subservient to the diffusion of their opinions, on subjects most important to society, it savors much, surely, of pedantic vanity, to condemn, as unworthy even of perusal, works upon which Rabelais, Cervantes, Voltaire, Swift, Sterne, Rousseau, Smollet, Richardson, Fielding, Diderot, Chateaubriand De Stael, Goethe, Benjamin Constant, Hugo, Balzac, Bulwer, Scott, Cooper, Grattan, Sedgwick (and Eugene Sue, the great enchanter, who both wove and unravelled the mysteries of Paris), have thrown the high powers of their intellect, and lavished the treasures of their fancies. That such was not the opinion entertained by the ancients, we are justified in asserting, since we find the names of Lucian, Apuleïus, Petronius, and Longus, enrolled in that class of writers we now designate *novelists*.

The names of Longus and of Apuleïus, always familiar to the learned, have become of late well known to general readers, through the translation of the Daphnis and Chloë of the first, and of some fragments of the Golden Ass of the last, by Paul Louis Courier—a production that revealed, at the same time, to Europe a profound Hellenist, and to France the greatest prose writer she has produced since Pascal, in a young officer of the Horse Artillery. Some critics, of that class who ever extol the past for the purpose of depressing the age they live in, have fancied, in the Daphnis and Chloë of Longus, the original of St. Pierre's lovely impersonation of Paul and Virginia—an absurd comparison, between creations differing as widely as the Polytheism that inspired some of the prurient pages of the Greek, differs from the spiritual faith which, after crowning the fair maiden with the unspotted roses of chastity, placed on the victim of Christian modesty the unwithering wreath of the martyred virgin.

Of Petronius's character (for we do not admit even a doubt as to the identity of the author of the Satyricon, and the Epicurean patrician made immortal by Tacitus) and of his celebrated romance, it is enough to say, that the Prince of Historians has not thought the singular discrepancies of the first, and the masterly execution of the last, subjects unworthy of his attention, while recording the events of the period embraced by his annals. Petronius, the inventor of satirical romance, was the precursor of Rabelais: not, indeed, that the voluptuous Patrician bore any resemblance to the Rector of Meudon, either in mental propensities or in physical organization; but that, like him, he had witnessed the vices of a depraved court. The Roman had sat by the side of Nero—he had kissed the blood-stained hand of the parricide. In lustration of these defilements, the daring Epicurean, unrolling with unpitying hand the silken bandages that hid the foul ulcers of the society in which he had lived, allowed the fetid effluvia to spread around, that youth, innocence and purity might recoil in disgust, ere they had caught the foul infection! Like Rabelais, too, aware of the perils of the task virtue bade him to perform in atonement of his partial yieldings to the depravities of the times, he sought to disguise truth in the garbs of wild, fantastic images—to veil it by uncouth fictions. At intervals, however, ashamed of the mask he wore, he indignantly dashes it to the ground. Tearing from around his limbs

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the squalid vestments assumed to deceive, a dread avenger, he lashes, with the serpents of the Furies, the remorseless parricide, the vile charioteer, the unskilful musician, the uninspired versifier. Thus it is that his satire, instead of breathing the bitter, but always decorous irony of Horace, flows with the implacable rage of Juvenal, the ponderous strength of Persous.

It is a just cause of regret, that, both the Greeks and the Romans should have struck on Fiction, a mine of inexhaustible richness, only at the moment when Genius, like a lamp whose flame has burnt out the oil which fed it, threw a blaze of effulgent, but expiring light, soon to be succeeded by five centuries of total darkness!

Without being able to fix the precise epoch when Longus lived, we are borne out by good authority when asserting Daphnis and Chloë to be the last of the master works by which Greece, whether subdued by the invincible legions of Rome, or enslaved by the Janissaries of the Sultans, lived, and will for ever live, the teacher of all sciences, of all those arts, too, the embellishers of social existence, in which, though Italy has twice rivalled her, she never was surpassed by any other nation. The Satyricon of Petronius, amidst all the beauties and graces of composition that have in part redeemed its faults, bears already the stamp of a precocious decrepitude of taste: a senility wrought on the literature of imperial Rome, not by years, but by the uncurbed licentiousness of the epoch.

The genius of the Greeks was of a cast well adapted to novel-writing; made observant of nature by their love of the arts sacred to its imitation, they were no less alive to the minuter shades of individual character. Of these combined powers, we need no better evidence than the masterly delineations of the rural sceneries amidst which Longus has made the lovely children, the subjects of his tale, to wander, innocent and playful as the lambs and kids of their flocks: and the gradual unfoldings of their imaginings, under the tuition of nature and love alone.

And yet we are inclined to believe, that had the most gifted of the writers of Greece, even in the golden age of her literary glory, attempted novel writing, they would have failed. Novels (we use the word in the sense it now expresses) are the epics of private, domestic life. In the portraitures of that life we delight, because we live over endearing remembrances, touching associations, and by-gone emotions; for the illusions evoked by the great novelists of our own day, are embodied with an art so resembling nature, that its spell obliterates even the consciousness of the realities of the present. But such scenes of domestic felicities, so strongly impressing our mind, never could have thus swayed that of the ancients. Their infancy had not treasured them up in the tablets of young memory. The home, the fireside, the endearments of the parental board—the charities, the religion of the hearth (if we may be allowed the expression)—those sacred springs which, flowing into the youthful heart, become the fountains of undying remembrances, did not exist, for the nations of antiquity, such as they dwell in our memory, ineffaceably impressed. There is no Family—in the sense we connect with that word—where woman does not preside over the domestic circle in all the grace and dignity of her nature. In Greece, the virtuous matron's mind was purposely left uncultivated. The coarseness of Xanthippe, a rude, vituperative gossip, drove Socrates to the feet of Aspasia, the first Grecian female who had cultivated not only the arts, but eloquence and philosophy—who is termed, by Plato, the preceptress of Socrates; and who not only taught eloquence to Pericles, but composed the most impressive of his harangues, the celebrated Funeral Oration. But the people who had built temples to beauty, and raised altars to the Graces, crowned the triad nymphs only with ephemeral roses. The laurel, the ivy, the palms of unfading verdure, they reserved for heroes and poets. The name of one Grecian woman only has come down to us among those of the masters of the lyre; and that name—so have willed the envious fates—has floated over the abyss of centuries on the wings of a single song—but that song so sweet, so melodious, that it is alone sufficient to sustain the fame of the Lesbian muse.

In Sparta, there was, in the literal sense of the expression, *not one private* house. The citizens eat together, at the same table; and the children, by a patriotic fiction, were held to be the offspring of the Republic, not of their

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natural parents. In Athens, in Rome too, rational conversations were held, like debates on state affairs, under the Porches of Temples, or in public gardens. The History of Greece has recorded the name of no one woman, with unqualified praise. Electra, held up by tragic poets as an example of filial love, like one of the Furies that prompted Orestes to parricide, urges incessantly her brother to avenge a father's murder in a mother's blood. All the women mentioned by Petronius, in the Satyricon, are infamous. The Chloë of Longus's Pastoral is but a child; and the same nymphs, and naiads, who had watched over the helpless foundling, preserved the lovely Virgin, fair as the blossoms of their balmy groves, pure as the crystal streams of their fountains. One matron, however, is brought on the scene; and immediately darkens it by the impurity of her purpose.

A society deprived of the grace, the amenities, the charm of female agency, necessarily loses the endless variety, the ever awakened interest, the complexity of incidents which, in the system of polite intercourse, in all the relations of modern civilized life, offer to the novelist materials so abundant, so diversified, so continually modified or changed, that the luxuriant and prolific fancy of Scott has only worked, through thirty volumes, the surface of the mine.

When genius, learning, and the arts, after languishing in Byzantium, where Constantine had raised the cross on the Dome of St. Sophia, in defiance of the eagle of the Capitol, had passed, together with victory and power (her twin offspring), from the shores of the Hellespont, to the banks of the Euphrates, the sacred fire was not extinguished. The Greeks, who had preserved it, not fiercely burning as in the pages of Homer, but still capable, though reduced to a mere spark, to rekindle another conflagration through regenerated Europe, carried it first to Bagdad, and there with vestal solicitude kept alive the holy flame. In the reign of Haroun al Raschid, when the ferocity of the earlier Caliphs had been softened by the influence of wealth, and of the arts it both creates and fosters, the writings of the great masters of antiquity, were studied by a race of men emulous of the fame of those immortal teachers. Poetry spread over the traditions of the heroic times of the nomad Arabs, her ennobling and gorgeous vestments. The sciences flourished together with the arts. While amused with the dreams of alchymy, the Saracens laid the ground-work of chemistry. In the pursuit of a shadow, they grasped the most real, tangible, substantial of all human science. By the invention of their admirable signs of numbers; by the discovery of Algebra too, they gave to Astronomy the wings on which she has since followed the gyrating planets; nay, the blazing comets, in their wayward course through space.

A people whose native enthusiasm for the marvellous had been made more intensely vivid by the rapidity with which they had spread their dominion from Mecca to Cairo—from the Euphrates to the Indus—from Grenada to the very walls of Constantinople—a people who had exchanged, suddenly, the tent for the Alhambra; the wilderness of the stony Arabia, for the flowery groves of Mesopotamia; the thatched huts of the Atlas for the marble palaces of Bagdad—such a people could not rest satisfied with the marvellous of historical truth. Even the heroic ages of Greece palled on the fancy of men almost the contemporaries of Mahomet, Omar, Ali, Othman; and of the invincible Amrou, the "sword of God." What was Romulus, the founder of a state engaged four centuries in the task of subduing some nameless Italian Republics, waging two wars of varied fortune for the mastery of Sicily? What were Lycurgus, Solon, Minos, those lawgivers of countries they could scarcely discover on the maps of their giant empire? What were they all, compared with Mahomet, a prophet, a poet, a law-giver, a king, a conqueror?

To feed the longings of such a people for events still more wondrous than those which had filled the world with the fame of their arms, to charm on earth the leisure hours of warriors, panting for the embraces in Paradise of blue-eyed houris, the betrothed brides of the soldier who had died in battle, a mighty necromancer evoked Fiction!

She came, young, untrammeled, vague, undefined like their desert—impetuous like the simooms of their oceans of impalpable sand. She came, bringing with her the lores of all nations. There, the worshippers of fire; here, cities of

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marble, with a whole population of petrified inhabitants. She had dwelt in China; travelled over India, visited that mysterious valley of Thibet, the scene of marvellous tales. The tribes of genii, fairies, wizards of dread power, Peris basking in the sunbeams, spirits of seas, lakes, and woods—magicians with words of resistless sway compelling nature to change her laws—ghoules, with features of houris, but feeding obscenely on the putrid dead; all these, a motley pageantry of inhabitants of air, earth, seas and rivers, followed her footsteps: all these the potent enchanter controlled; and they, at his bidding, controlled the elements. His, the actual possession of the lamp obtained by the feigned Aladdin. That lamp (the genius burnling within his inspired breast), built palaces, and filled the deep caverns of earth with gems of bright hues, and effulgent rays. His, too, the enchanted carpet, on which, swifter than the horse, fleeter than the tempest, he journeyed over earth, sea, and air! With Sinbad, the bold voyager, he raised the venturous sail on every sea, touched at every coast, and from each brought, as return cargoes, tales of wonder, so fraught with power to charm and persuade, that the judgment of the hearers, astonished and perplexed, can no longer distinguish the illusion which comes from the reality which recedes; and yet, the author (for it is impossible that a book bearing in every page the impress of unity, both of design and of execution, should have been manufactured by a joint company, a corporation of tale writers), the author, we say, on the measureless stage, where are acted his *thousand and one* dramas, has brought but two or three women of unblemished character! His females are slaves. They come to amuse their masters. They play on various instruments, they sing, they dance; nay, the fair Sultana herself whose imaginings fill four volumes, pursues her narrative with her eyes steadily fixed on the unsheathed cimeter which, if the caprice of the father of the believers should so will it, may, at one fell blow, cut asunder, both the thread of her own life, and that too, spun by fairies out of silk and purest gold, of her wondrous tales. The dire incantations of Circe, which made the moon bloody, like the heart of a slaughtered victim, the mighty spell wrought by the art of Medea, these portentous visions of Grecian poets, fill the mind with superstitious dread; those of the Arabian Romancer excite alternate astonishment and delight; but they equally fail to bring, from the hidden spring of the heart, the tears of pity. They never portray true love; No! true love never descended from heaven to dwell on earth, in the Harem of a Sultan. It never inhabited the heart of the husband of many wives. In the gloom of his seraglio, the wretch ever remains a stranger to that *home*, which a Christian woman alone can make for man a Paradise on Earth!

Fiction, the eleventh muse, not long after the pastoral of Longus had shone on the horizon, a parting ray of the setting sun of Grecian genius, fell into that deep, death-like sleep, which, during five centuries, held Europe in a torpor of all intellectual energies. Not even in the history of eastern nations do we find so wide a chasm in the annals of the human mind! Together with her sister muses, the fair enchantress was awakened by the soft music of the Troubadour's harp. She came, reposed, not weakened by this sleep of centuries. The Renard Subtile, the Cunning Fox, a production to which France and Belgium lay antagonistical claims, a satirical romance, of the school of Petronius, may be considered as the first work of Fiction, produced during the medieval ages, for it preceded the Decameron. It was the first dawning of the coming sun, still under the horizon, but already sending profuse to earth the purple rays of celestial light. It was the rainbow, the emblem of the softening of Heaven's wrath,—the harbinger of another alliance between matter and spirit!

More than a century after, appeared the Gargantua and Pantagruel, in which are strangely blended wit, satire, unrivalled humour, and the vilest filth and obscenity. And yet, with all its nauseous deformities, he knows neither the spirit, the deep and wondrous erudition, the wild aspirations of the interesting age which the Gargantua portrays, nor the varied attainments of one of the most gifted of men, who has not read, nay, studied with the aid of the criticisms that have lighted it, a production, purposely made obscure by its author.

That extraordinary book was the pre-

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cursor of printing, of Columbus's discoveries, and the fruit of the study of the classic works, which the Greeks had brought to Italy, after the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second;—a book whose tendencies, and latent purpose, the civil, military, and ecclesiastical rulers of Europe were so far from even suspecting, that its vile obscenity pandered only to the incredulity and grossness of taste which, at that period, marked the governing classes throughout Europe, instead of awakening the aristocracy from their dreams of uncontested, perpetual dominion. The ghastly, fiendish, terrific laugh of the dread genius, who uttered the unheeded oracles of a future pregnant with dread revolutions of the existing social order, amused them. Infatuated men! they deemed Gargantua a harmless romance, a tale of giants and magicians.

Thus, the nobles of France, in the eighteenth century, fancied "Candide;" a lively, satirical romance; a work breathing the spirit of the age—a restless longing for change—a morbid hatred of all existing institutions—a vague aspiration towards a dark and threatening future—and yet, that book, written by a man, the very embodiment of an unparalleled epoch, the nobles of France, a fated race! thought it a hybrid composition—something between a fairy tale, and an obscene romance!

The grass had scarcely grown over the humble tumulus under which had been laid all of the Rector of Meudon that was not genius, wit, humor, and knowledge, when Spain, like a field allowed for years to lie fallow, and which, skilfully cultivated, yields lavishly the harvests of its long dormant fruitfulness, after she had given birth to Gonsalvo, Cortes, Pizarro, and Lope, in a last effort of a still happier fecundity brought forth Michael Cervantes Saavedra! As a young horse, intended for the turf, unconscious of his high blood, wastes, in early contests with ignoble rivals, the vigor of his limbs, alike flexible and strong, the youth threw his hand on several instruments ere he found that which nature and genius had willed that he should strike with unrivalled powers. With Galatea, he loitered in shady groves and flowery meadows. Nay! such the waywardness of genius, Cervantes wrote romances of chivalry. On the stage, too, he strode triumphant, till Lope de Vega's early laurels taught him, as the strains of Byron's lyre taught Scott, in later days, that the art-made poet must give way to the heaven-inspired bard! Cervantes left the arena, not ignobly defeated,—superior to all mortal champions, he only refused to contend with the God of the Lyre!

A spectacle of moral sublimity was twice offered to mankind, in the space of three centuries. Two men destined to undying renown, erring at the start in their choice of the road leading to immortality—but both Cervantes and Scott turned back of their own accord, and before having been outstripped in the race, both declined the combat with the rival in whom each had recognized a master spirit—recognized him, by a mystic seal invisible to the crowd, but bright, effulgent, undeniable to the vision of minds of kindred genius. Neither, however, felt discouraged or depressed in his own self-appreciation; each returned to the place whence he had sprung, buoyant with noble aspirations; each looked around with eagle eye, and marked at last his true road to fame; each, bounding in the lists with undiminished vigor, like the god of Homer, in three giant strides, reached the goal.

Need we say that the Don Quixote appeared? This was the universal book—the book which all who could read, read. As for knight-errantry, it had passed away, like a dream of the morning. It fell at the first blow! In fact, the war against giants and necromancers was but the pretence of Cervantes for taking the field. He pursued his triumphant career—no rival there—like the Macedonian youth, he did not lament that he found no more worlds to conquer. His the past, the present,—his, too, the endless future! To Lope he had only yielded the poetry of metre—the stage of Madrid! His still the poetry of harmonious prose—his the boundless poetry of nature, the measureless stage where moves the mighty pageant of the world's drama!

Cervantes seems to have been under the dominion of two potent spirits, alternately swaying his mind, and modelling its creations to harmonize with their separate and antagonistical nature. One, a bright inhabitant of air, bade him to call forth, from the depth of his imaginings, the noblest of beings; and when, obedient to his command, the Knight of

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La Mancha stood forth, the deluding elf strewed his path with flowers of loveliest hue, and sweetest perfume; peopled the groves, whose shade he sought, with nymphs and dryads of forms divinely fair; compelled the wind to sigh soft and melodious to his ear; and having persuaded him, that the hearts of statesmen beat responsive to the promptings of self-denying patriotism, that the female breast panted with no other feeling but that of chaste love, sent forth the generous champion of virtue, in a world he believed modelled in the resemblance of the ideal beauty and goodness, the image of which shone lustrous within him, left him there, to be buffeted by all the harsh realities of the existing society.

The other spirit, a gnome kneaded out of the grosser element, as to assert his equal sway and mastery over the mind it was given him to rule with equally divided power, commanded the poet to produce, at the same time, and in the same fulness and distinctness of moral individuality, as the subordinate companion of the gallant knight, another being, differing in every feature, in every propensity, in every thought and action, from the one to whom he was doomed to be inseparably united in an eternity of renown. The great enchanter had but to will, and lo! Sancho stood by the side of his valorous master. The one living but in an ideal world, the other without a glimmer of fancy, and with just enough of mind to move about the sluggish embodiment, saw what was gross and inelegant, squalid and absurd; and yet by endowing the Squire with good common-sense, the only quality the Knight had not been gifted with by his Maker, Cervantes rendered Sancho no unworthy companion of the learned, the eloquent, the high-minded lover of Dulcinea. Nay, in their communings, the reader knows not which delights him most, whether the warrior, embracing earth and heaven in his sublime aspirations, or the matter-of-fact Squire, bringing incessantly his wandering interlocutor back to the realities of things terrestrial.

In order to form some idea of the effect of such a book on the generation on which it beamed at once, without a precursor, we need only to recall to our memory, the effect which the second reading of it had on ourselves. We say the second reading, the first is profanely allowed to children, at an age when they cannot enjoy its beauties, and scarcely its buffooneries, which are only the mask of profound wisdom.

The trite anecdote told of Philip II., who divined that the poor, ill-clad student, whom he saw reading and laughing, held Don Quixote in his hands, proclaims at the same time the merit, and the contemporary fame of the work. Even Philip had read the book of the age! *then* and *now* "the book" of Spain. It had made him laugh also —not at the quaint sayings of honest Sancho, I wot, but at the credulity of the gallant Knight, who believed in virtue!

Italy, until Manzoni wrote "The Betrothed," had produced no work of fiction of acknowledged reputation. Without determining whether the sterility in that department of literature, of a soil so fruitful of all other productions, be the effect of some peculiarity of the character of its inhabitants, or whether it has been caused by the surpassing interest of Ariosto's Epic, which, combining the attractions of romance with the charm of harmonious verses, has made Italians disdain all works of fiction in which fancy and poetry do not mingle their allurements: we could not omit the remark, that the most imaginative of European nations has been deprived, with the exception I have already alluded to, of the illustration which the novelists of England, of France, of Germany, have conferred on their native land; of that which Cooper has bestowed on our country by his unrivalled delineation of naval and forest life; of that too, which Bremer (a flower which, though it had unfolded its bright petals under inclement skies, breathes forth the sweet odors of the vernal South) has thrown over Sweden. Neither the age that gave Britain her Shakspere, the beloved offspring of all the muses, nor that which ripened during a period of civil wars, and fierce religious polemics, the genius of Milton, produced any English writer of fiction. Even after the restoration of the Stuarts, the insipid romances of Scuderi, in translations more wretched than the vapid originals, delighted Charles II. and his frivolous court.

Even in the early part of the reign of Anne, when the armies of England triumphed over the declining age of Louis, at the same time that her wits divided with those of France the acade-

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mical laurels she had worn long, as indisputably her own, not one of the works of fiction then published, with the exception of Swift's admirable productions, of which we will speak hereafter, has escaped deserved oblivion.

It was not till after the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty, that two men of genius, Richardson and Fielding, appeared at the same time, to rescue England from the reproach of having brought no offerings to the shrine where intellects of the highest order had sought inspiration and renown,—both keen observers of the existing society; both determined to paint from nature alone; venting only the plots of their dramas, and taking the actors of these out of real life. The casts of their mind were as different as the subjects each of them had chosen as themes of their narratives. One had lived almost exclusively in the society of woman; a married man, unpretending, never suspected even of a platonic love for the loveliest among his female friends, Richardson was allowed to listen to their unreserved conversation as if he were one of their own sex. The Book of their Heart was thrown open before him. Even that mystic page over which no woman ever allows another woman to cast a furtive glance, was often left exposed to his prying eyes. And yet Richardson was not fully initiated! The lovelier traits only were shown to him. An instinct of coquetry taught his fair friends, the confidants of all his thoughts, nay, of those little venial vanities which a man is often more loth to confess than real faults, not to efface from the mirror of his mind the fairy images of celestial beauty, grace, and purity which he had worshipped in the days of his young imaginings. And we rejoice that it so happened; we are glad that some cynical Lady Montagu did not blow away with the breath of blighting irony, the light and fantastic Clarissa of the poet—the poet—we will not blot the word—for with Diderot (a prose poet too), we consider Clarissa as the most wonderful poem of private and domestic life ever produced in any language. Had we not ourselves witnessed, nay, felt the feverish anxiety excited in two worlds by Nelly and the Goualeuse—the heroines of two works of fiction, given out periodically as was Clarissa, in homœopathic doses, lest the human system should not be able to bear the weird potion administered all at once, according to the old practice—we would find it difficult to give full faith to what we read, in contemporary memoirs, of the excitement of the public mind, while the fate of Clarissa still remained hid in the urn of the author's fancy!

Clarissa became the daughter of every mother, the sister of every chivalrous brother; and when the gallant Mordaunt avenged the wrongs of the sainted victim in the blood of her heartless persecutor, society hailed the blow as expiatory of its own wrongs.

We are aware that Clarissa is no longer read—that the style, once admired for its easy simplicity and unpretending grace, is no longer the fit vestment of thoughts which it does not now express with sufficient vigor for the taste of the day. We confess that, while reading the book, as while looking at the prints which once adorned, and at present disfigure the early editions, the old-fashion style, like the old-fashioned dresses, takes away much of the illusion. But we can bear witness that this damping influence does not continue long to act on the mind; we felt its depression only in the first pages; and it had totally vanished before reading the sixth letter.

A word of advice to the ladies, if they will permit us to become their adviser—while Bulwer continues silent, while the brain of Dickens remains palsied, while Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo, and the fair George Sand, repose from the fatigue of having produced so many master works in quick succession—send to the circulating library for Clarissa. You are certain of getting it there. I see it on some upper shelf, covered with dust, and looking quite Rococo—the night is stormy—no book, no tea-party, no visitor—'tis too late already for any one to come, and yet too early for sleep—read on, and, pray! do not throw the book aside with the impatient exclamation, "How heavy, and tedious! Is it possible that this book has been formerly read and admired!"

Richardson is like the larger birds of prey; he rises heavily from the ground; his long wings seem awkward instruments of flight;—wait a while—see! he no longer touches the earth—now he rests on air alone—how gracefully he soars on high! It is only of the canary and sparrow that it has been said with

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truth, "even when he walks we feel that the bird has wings!"

Fielding, the rival, too often the envious detractor of Richardson, may be classed among those writers who, after several productions scarcely rising above mediocrity, have astonished the world by producing one master-work. Thus Piron—known only, for years, as the author of dull tragedies and clever epigrams—burning with inspiration unwonted, in four days composed a comedy in verse of unsurpassed harmony and graceful facility—the best play that had appeared in France since "Tartuffe." Thus, Prevost, the manufacturer of thirty volumes, not one of which is now readable, made his name immortal by "Manon Lescot," a tale, which, even since the great novelists, our contemporaries, have accustomed all readers to expect, in works of fiction, not only deep interest in the drama, but style, invention, and knowledge of the human heart, together with the intense emotions, which, of old, poetry claimed exclusively as her own, still holds its rank among the most finished works of French genius. Thus Bernadin de St. Pierre—but we have digressed too long already; we must return to Fielding. His Tom Jones is a bold exploration of modern society—like the companions of Ulysses, his hero drinks deep of that cup which changes the God-like man into the most degraded of animals; like them, too, he eats that fruit which works the forgetfulness of the generous, the kind, the young affections—that fruit sweet of smell, with rind of golden and purple hues, but which fills the mouth with bitter and burning ashes. And yet, such the weird art of the author, we continue to feel a deep interest in the fate of the truant lover, the seeming heartless profligate. We know that he has within him a talisman which will always cleanse the fœtid heart—love, unconquerable first love! bears him up amongst the surges of the wildest passions.

In the domestic epic of Fielding, as in the poem of Ariosto, the frequent communings of the author with his readers, produce a disagreeable effect. They do away the illusion by bringing too often the writer, instead of the actors, before the reader; like hungry parasites they exhaust the vigor of the beautiful plants on which they have crept; to use another simile—they are drags, retarding the graceful flight of the car on which we are borne along, through regions of ever varying scenes.

The change of style brought about by scarcely more than one century, is still more striking in the works of Fielding than in those of Richardson. Is it that a delicate mind repudiates coarseness both of expression and of images, even while the taste of the age still admits them? There was a materiality in all the conceptions of Fielding, to express which he needed words that even Swift had already rejected, in the books that bore his name.

Had not Smollet written Humphrey Clinker, we would not have noticed him here, in spite of the vigor, the terseness of style which mark even the worst of his novels. But Humphrey Clinker is a master-work—Smollet is a second-rate painter, in most of his works; but, in this, he has placed himself by the side of the first artists. The idea of presenting to the reader the same characters, the same natural objects, the same scenes of domestic and public life, under the several aspects they are viewed in by a man soured by age and infirmities; by a girl of buoyant sprightliness, just entering the world, not even suspecting its depravities; and by a young man of kind feelings, and, in reality, seeing society and nature through the same fairy prism which shows it to his sister, beaming out the beauteous and vivid hues of the rainbow, but feigning the cynical indifference of one whom, neither nature nor art can any longer amuse, or teach, that idea (an inspiration of genius), Smollet has wrought with a finish of execution which shows him to have possessed powers of the highest order, which ill health, and the moroseness of temper it often induces, prevented him from displaying to the world in their full effulgence.

We know not only the Brambles, who act, speak and write, but Dr. Lewis, too, though his letters are not given to the reader. He is the impersonation of those physicians we have so often met with, whose sympathies for human sufferings have been only heightened by their frequent witnessing and alleviating of them,—the friends, the confidants, often, too, the prudent advisers of families. As for Humphrey, he would have been the squire of Don

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Quixote, had Cervantes made the knight to travel over England instead of Spain.

A clergyman, like Rabelais, and with just as little vocation for the church as had fallen to the share of the Rector of Meudon, Sterne, to the great astonishment of his parishioners, published "Tristam Shandy," a book of slow elaboration, under the guise of unpremeditated, desultory composition. Unlike Gerard Dow, who painted with free and ready execution, pictures, bearing the stamp of patient, laborious finish, Yorick's brush was severely tasked to give, to tedious toils, the slovenly appearance of the spontaneous productions of a mind prompt to conceive, and of a hand ready to throw on the canvass the wild imaginings of an exuberant genius.

Fiction departed from England, after showing in her weird mirror, to Richardson, her own loveliest creation, the matchless Clarissa—after dictating to Smollet the nature-instinct letters of the Brambles—after teaching to Sterne the art of diluting the glaring colors he found on the pallet of Rabelais, to suit his lighter pictures, and the alchymist process, too, by which the pure gold of Montaigne, dimmed under the dust of three centuries, was made to shine lustrous again in jewels of modern forms. We must be allowed to follow the inspirer of our theme across the Channel, with as little preparation for a journey through France as was made by Yorick, the most unfeeling of all sentimental travellers. We follow her—for it is a weird voice that calls us—to Paris. That voice we know, though it never was so strong, so authoritative before; neither when France hailed its accents as the echoes of those of Molière, nor when it spoke from the elfin lips of Asmodeus, with the wisdom of La Rochefoucault, with the wit of La Bruyère.

The appearance of two small volumes had thrown Paris into an agitation never witnessed since the wars of the Fronde. A work of fiction, written in the simplest and most unpretending prose, had taken possession of the public mind. Poetry was unattended to, the stage was neglected—even science had suspended its unwearied toils. "Gil Blas" (such was the unostentatious title of the new book) was the subject of every thought, the theme of every conversation.

Poetry!—what was it in France before Hugo, De Beranger and Lamartine had unbound the young Muse, and set free the beauteous limbs of the fair virgin? The stage!—what were its stale tragedies, its pigmy heroes, half Greek, half French, and bearing no more resemblance to either than some hybrid flower does to the parent plants out of whose unnatural union it has sprung, lacking both the perfume of one, and the bright colors of the other?—what was the stage, when compared with that built by Genius, where the complex drama of the human life was acted by actors instinct with all the feelings, the motives of the existing society? —Science! ever modest, unassuming, she stepped aside when the inspired master came forward—the teacher of the age!

The success of Gil Blas was prompt, but, unlike the lives of plants of quick growth, its existence has not been ephemeral;—for as it portrayed man such as his passions will ever make him, when the same circumstances bring them into action, time, which only changes what is conventional and artificial, has wrought no alterations in the matchless delineations of Le Sage. Countless literary reputations have had their birth, their precocious growth, and arrived to premature senility, and sank into oblivion, even before the pupil of Sangrado had reached the full height of his fame. At that full height of renown, after Gil Blas had attained it, it has remained for a century and a half—a bright star, shedding its rays not over France only, but throughout the civilized world. Such indeed is the opinion of mankind as to the author of that master-work, that Walter Scott, in his Lives of British Novelists, has placed the name of Le Sage first in his book, adducing as the reason of his doing so, "that the author of Gil Blas belongs to the world, and not to any one nation."

In Spain, where Le Sage has laid the scene of his motley drama, the success of the book was even greater than in France. The enraptured Castilians fancied their own Cervantes risen from the dead, and again making immortal, as Sancho did of old, each village where Gil Blas wandered, was cheated, or swindled—each city where he cheated or swindled in his turn; where he

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cringed to the great, pandered to the vile passions of princes, and brow-beat the humble and the poor!

It was not long, however, before Spanish pride suggested the idea that no one but a Spaniard could so faithfully have depicted Spanish manners; and that, therefore, the French Gil Blas was but a translation of a Spanish original. Absurd as appears the assertion, it has prevailed all over Spain, where the translations in Spanish bear the title, "Gil Blas, restored to the Spanish."

Instead of attempting a refutation of a paradox so strange, we will close the debate as Franklin did frequently debates of a graver cast, by telling you an anecdote! happy indeed, could we imitate, together with Franklin's practice of using anecdotes instead of syllogisms in polemics, the graceful simplicity with which he told them.

Voltaire, while in England, was at the Opera in the box of an old Duchess. On the rising of the curtain, a lovely débutante bounded on the stage, but stopped suddenly. Her comb had fallen at her feet: and her hair descending almost to the ground, covered her like another Danaë, with a golden shower. The house rang with loud cheers—all admired—all applauded. All, save the Dowager, who, turning to Voltaire, said scornfully, "Poh! These are not her own hair." "But are they real hairs," exclaimed the Poet. "Certainly," replied her grace. "Well!" resumed young Arouet, "they must have grown on some one's head—and why not, pray! on that beautiful head which they become and adorn so admirably?"

Desultory here, as the writer is too wont to be in unpremeditated speaking, not having, indeed, even thought of observing chronological order, while bringing before the reader, as they presented themselves to our memory, the works of the great masters of fiction, we return to England.

The production there which now claims our notice, is one which the name of its author, the singularity of his character, and the wonderful perfection of its execution, place in a high rank among the happiest efforts of human genius. The legitimate legatee of the wit, of the coarseness, too, of Rabelais, but not of his wondrous attainments, of his erudition so varied and yet so profound; so rife and yet often so playful; so mature, and yet so recently quaffed from the pure streams of ancient learning, which, from Constantinople, where they had remained stagnant for ages, had began to flow over delighted Europe, but far more skilful than was his master, and inspirer in all the arts of practised composition, Swift published Gulliver, before Richardson had written Clarissa, and Fielding, Tom Jones. No modern book had ever come from the hand of its author, in which, with an air of utter neglect of art, the powers of a mind of the highest order shone more lustrous. Language was never before selected with such exquisite discernment to render thoughts intelligible to the meanest capacities, at the same time that it delighted both the learned and the tasteful by its terseness and manly strength. The austere sarcasm, the sear irony, of the selfish misanthrope, which filtrate through the amusing tales, seem but the natural offspring of the circumstances narrated.

We have often thought that, had the Travels of Gulliver been published with the necessary changes of names, as additional voyages of Sinbad the Sailor, even an intelligent reader might have proceeded to the sixth page before perceiving that he had laid hold of a spirit far mightier than any of those raised by the spells of the African magician; And that instead of a tale of wonders to amuse childhood, he had in his hand a splendid, but humiliating evidence of the powers of exquisite humor, wildest invention, unrivalled humor, mingled with all that vitiated feelings can throw of filth over the generous affections, the bright imaginings of the human mind in its young purity and freshness.

Aware, as we all are, both of the true character of the book, and of that of its author, which his own letters have portrayed in colors of darker hues than those used by his most hostile contemporaries in their delineations of his propensities, we yield, nevertheless, at once, to the charm of his narrative; but the pleasure we feel is alloyed with occasional pain. As the veil of fiction becomes gradually removed, a darkness creeps over the scene—the little elfs who had amused us at first, we find to be the dwarfed fiends of Milton. There is no joy in their laughter, no mirth in their playfulness. Nay! woman herself, touched by their fatal wand, loses, by peacemeal, her form divine. Here, falls a grace; there, fly away some charms; and in

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their places are seen to rise vile turpitudes. Nature, too, is disrobed of her loveliness; her flowers have no perfume; her breeze no freshness; her summer burns instead of ripening; her autumns have merged into long and dreary winters! Youth seems bold and malignant; beauty is faded, degraded by the shameless revelation of all its innocent arts; even age is made loathsome by the exposure of its infirmities.

Wearied, at last—sinking under the burthen of the sadness it sends to the very heart—we would fain lay down the book; but, like the old man of the sea, the imp's legs seem still pressing across our shoulders and breast. The ghastly form it had evoked, disturbs our sleep! Let not the lover read Swift, lest he should fancy some secret defect in the woman he adores, even while basking in the blaze of her beauty! The ancients were wont to sacrifice to each deity, together with the plant they thought symbolical of its attributes, some animal they believed antagonistical to these. Had Swift lived in Greece he would have run the risk of being burnt, an expiatory sacrifice to the Queen of Beauty, and to the Graces, whose shrines the squalors of his fancy had defiled.

We breathe more freely now, and like Æneas emerging from darkness, after breaking the spell woven by the fiend who inspired the Gulliver, we hail with rapture the lustrous light beaming over the cerulean page on which Goldsmith, with a brush dipped in the brightest hues of the rainbow, has painted enchanting scenes of domestic innocence and purity. We did not name the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," when we alluded to writers known only by a single book, because we do full justice to the other productions which have placed him deservedly high, among the great masters of English prose; and those British poets too, who, though lacking the sublimer promptings of the muses, have excelled in all that consummate art of versification, and exquisite taste, can infuse into poetry, in the place of what comes to the Bard from heaven alone. And yet, in spite of the charm, the grace, the winning simplicity of his prose, of the facility, the sweet melody of his verses (except the Hermit, a sapphire enchased with the purest gold), the works of Goldsmith, always found in due order among he "British Classics and Essayists," are but rarely disturbed by inquisitive readers, while "*that small volume*," the Vicar of Wakefield, translated into every modern tongue, retains everywhere, to this day, the early popularity it obtained on its first appearance. As long as natural feelings, expressed in the language of the passions, but always expressed with simplicity and grace, are appreciated, this unpretending book will endear the name of its author to the memory of all who, in the season of young sensibility, have given the tears of sympathy to the heart-rending griefs of age, and to the sorrow of betrayed innocence and beauty.

During the reign of Louis XV., there arrived in Paris a man above forty years of age. He was a citizen of Geneva. In early youth he had left that city, where his father had bound him apprentice to an engraver. The spirit within him, though not impatient of birth, was wayward and restless. It was its voice that whispered to the boy to spurn the graver: promising that the pen, not steel, would write his name indelibly on the records of fame. Obedient to his elfin adviser, the child wandered long amidst Alpine sceneries—a truant boy at Vevay—an idle youth at Chambery—a feigned convert to the Catholic faith at Turin—he reached manhood uncertain of his purpose, undecided in the choice of his future pursuits. To his most partial friends, even to the women who loved him, his genius continued unrevealed. Nay, himself at times, doubted the accomplishment of the oracles of early aspirations; but he continued to sow profusely in his memory the seeds of ancient learning, however strong his misgivings as to their ever germinating there. With Plato, he fearlessly explored the abyss of the human mind; guided by Montaigne, he examined the deepest recesses of his own wayward heart; nor was he neglectful of preparing himself, by the study of the great writers of France, to present his own thoughts to the world, after they had reached maturity, in the language that makes truth, nay, error itself, lovely to man. In the Provinciales, in the works of Voltaire, at that time the monarch of opinions, he learnt, as he tells us himself, the art of that French prose, of which they have left both the precepts and the models to posterity.

Love, music, letters, like antagonistical winds fiercely contending for the

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mastery of that potent mind, raised there the wild tempest from the crest of whose billows, his genius, like a sea-bird spurning the warring elements, spreading its strong wings, rose up to heaven. To love he gave, first, his whole soul; but, not meeting on earth the idol of his fancy, he, like the Statuary of old, moulded one out of all his imaginings, and breathed into the nymph his own life and being.

Music too, the innocuous syren, bid him stay and listen, in the groves of Clarence, amidst the rocks of Meillerie, to her soft melodies. Nay! she disclosed to him the art of making sounds visible to the eye, as promptly as the lips give them to the ear. But the voice of a sterner muse called him to Paris. There, behold the lover of Julia, the future author of Emilius, a secretary to Madame Dupin, and writing under her dictation! La Harpe has recorded that on the day of the week when the most distinguished wits of France met at the table of that lady, the humble Secretary was given to understand, that he would be expected to dine out. "The pride of Rousseau," adds La Harpe, "never forgot, or forgave this exclusion; and when, soon after, he forced his way, a dictator, into the republic of letters, he came there, like Marius returned to Rome from banishment, with a mind ulcerated by the remembrance of the defilements of Minturnæ."

We write not the biography of Rousseau—(who will ever dare to write it, with the "Confessions" under his eyes admonishing him of the rashness of the attempt?) It is not our task to say how the mighty spirit, forty-five years panting for birth, disenthralled at last, burst forth with sudden and effulgent brightness. Our theme claims only the most beauteous of fictions, or rather, the embodyment of all the imaginings of genius—la Nouvelle Heloïse! In Julia live all the illusions which, during half a century (for Rousseau had no childhood) kept him in a delirium, so intense, that it was not until age had assuaged this fever of the heart, that he found words to impart them—words that have form, color, nay! wings of fire. In Julia live all the exuberant feelings, the buoyant aspirings of a being of the skies chained to earth, where the vultures of the passions prey on his vitals. In Julia lives Woman, such as the poet fancies her in rapturous visions, such as she reveals herself to the painter in dreams of ideal beauty. Woman! such as she would delight to see herself mirrored in the heart where she dwells. As to the style—the words burn on the lips that utter them, like the kisses of love; their sound falls on the ear soft as the sighs of the evening breeze, when it perfumes the air with odors it has inhaled from fields of roses and hyacinths.

The "Nouvelle Heloïse," though its success was immediate, and never contested, was received with divided feelings. All admired; but among the young, the imaginative, the enthusiastic, it was the book sacred to beauty and sensibility. The silken leaves were turned by rosy taper fingers, trembling with the emotions of the heart; and over the glowing page, often pressed on the panting bosom of blushing maids, fell profuse the mingled tears of love and pity. If the Emilius, and the "Contrat Social" prepared, the first a total change of the system of education in France, and the last, a subversion of the political organization of Europe, the Julia effected at once a revolution in all the feelings of the heart.

We were tempted to include the "Confessions" among works of fiction; not intending an epigram, pointed at the veracity of the author, of which we harbor not the least suspicion; but that we view them as the records (setting aside facts) of the loveliest illusions that ever enchanted the human mind!

After speaking of Rousseau, we are led, by associations which will for ever connect his name with that of Voltaire, to allude to that great writer; intending, however, neither to echo the panegyrics of his sectarians, the philosophers of the eighteenth century, nor to swell the anathema thundered against his memory, both by Rome and by Geneva. Aware that the exaggerated praises of contemporaries are often followed by posthumous detractions not less exaggerated, we will endeavor, in the glance our subject requires us to throw on his "Romans Philosophiques," to examine "Candide," in a spirit unbiassed by a blind admiration for matchless wit, and free from all malignity towards the memory of that wonderful man.

Although Rousseau, in youth, had admired the genius of Voltaire, in the productions with which his prolific fancy delighted both France and Europe

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in rapid succession,—there were no feelings of sympathies to unite, by friendship, those two celebrated writers, after they became personally acquainted. Voltaire was not free from that jealousy of absolute sway, the concomitant of all despotic authority, whether exercised through moral or material action. It was this which induced him to consider every work that withdrew from himself public attention, as trespassing on his exclusive dominion.

Three of Rousseau's productions were precisely of the cast which Voltaire had the consciousness that his peculiar talents disqualified him to compete with. The "Emile," treating of education, examined the human mind, from its earliest germinating to its complete unfolding—a subject unsuited to the character of Voltaire's genius. The "Contrat Social" inquired boldly into the origin of all social organization, and pointed out fearlessly both the end and the limits of all human authority, whether assumed or delegated; subjects which Voltaire had carefully avoided, looking on them as avenues to the "Bastile," of which he retained a strong remembrance, though he had visited it only once, in his youth, and made there but a brief stay. The "Nouvelle Heloïse" was a book of which he could not, with all his powers of style and arts of composition, have written one single page!

Voltaire, who had only sneered at the two first, as idle abstractions, to vent his rage at the unprecedented success of the "Julie," as if intent on blasting fiction herself, and love, too, her dearest offspring, the inspirer and the theme of his rival's enchanting creations—Voltaire dipped his pen in viper's venom, and wrote "Candide." Instead of analysing the book, a process to which it were unjust to submit a production into which its author has thrown the lighter graces of his style, and all his arts of narration, we prefer recalling to memory the effect it produced, when, before the age of fifteen, we read it for the first time. We felt, after reading the first pages, like the traveller in the western prairies, whose footsteps are preceded, as he advances, by a belt of fire, devouring the verdure ere he can tread upon it. The air we inhaled burnt our lungs—the bright forms which, like sylphs, had danced in the sunbeams of our fancy, had fled, before hideous imps; to the soft harmonies of the winds, and of the distant waters, had succeeded the shrieks and moans of frightful spectres. We would fain have thrown away the book, but a weird force made the fingers to grasp it, while a resistless spell kept the fascinated eyes fixed on the dread pages. All around us seemed vague and fantastic.—We felt, as in those torturing dreams, where we see a detested witch, squatting on our breast, pressing down our lungs, panting for air. There was the vampire drinking our blood! and yet, with guilty pleasure we enjoyed the freshness its breath softly blew over the wounds of the lacerated bosom!

Zadig—the Princess of Babylon, &c. &c. &c.—in short, all the other—the tales bearing the title, "Romans de Voltaire," resemble "Candide," the first hatched of the Viper's brood. They kill all the feelings that should live—they pamper all the passions that should die!

The most beautiful region of the earth had never yet been described to the inhabitants of Europe. The luxuriant landscape of African isles had found no Ruysdael to mirror them. Their fair maids, born of French parents, had bloomed, and faded, like the flowers that adorned their raven locks, unsung on the lyre: when a young officer (Bernardin de St. Pierre), in sight of the Indian and African Oceans, whose billows ceaselessly lash the coral rocks of the Isle of France, wrote "Paul et Virginie." The scene of the drama—a small island rising out of a boundless sea, like the pyramids out of the sands of the desert—the one to proclaim, in smiling loveliness, the sway of God over the rebellious elements, the others to testify of the genius of man—the actors, two friendless widows, with each an only child; an old negro man and his wife, and an aged planter; at the same time the spectator and narrator of the mournful event. And yet, what scenes of innocent loves (loves of angels straying awhile on earth) were ever sent into the heart with greater power to penetrate, fill, and enthrall it? What poet, of ancient or modern times, ever made tears of deeper sorrow to flow, for real or imaginary woes, than those shed by two generations at the parting of Virginia from her two mothers, and from Paul, whom she still thought that she loved only with a sister's affection? She is gone—a waste of waters roll between

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the two lovers—how we pity the poor child, now immured within the gloom of a convent; imprisoned, too, in forms, rules, austerities uncongenial to her nature! Oh that we could, through some potent spell, lead by the hand, the pining maid to her native land; give her again to the endearments of maternal love, to the enraptured caresses of the aged servants who fostered her infancy; and seat her by the side of Paul, under the shade of the twin palm-trees, planted as memorials of their birth-day!

Letters from France have reached the lone island—Virginia writes that she will soon return—the vessel by which the letter came had a long passage—only a few days had elapsed after its arrival, when, lo! the ship that brings back to her green island, the long absent maid, is in sight—the pilot is already on board—in less than an hour it will be safely anchored within the port—but the wind had died away—the sea is smooth like glass; and yet, at long intervals from the far west, unbroken waves are seen advancing, which, as they slowly lift the ship on their tops, make it to strain its cable as if it already rode in a storm—a rumbling noise, distant and vague, like that which precedes an earthquake—a solemn, fearful stillness—dark, heavy clouds, which no breath of air gives motion to—the flight, too, of flocks of sea-birds, even of those with strong pinions, the unwearied journeyers over the ocean, all hurrying in wild flight, and with plaintive shrieks, to their nests, built in the deep fissures of the towering cliffs which wall the island—these dread omens of a fast coming tempest, had brought to the beach, soon after the sun had set in vapors as red as its orb, a crowd of tumultuous and alarmed spectators; and among them Paul, with his friend the aged planter, who sought to inspire him with hopes which his own experience taught him were illusive. Minute guns, the well known announcement of perils near at hand, added to the appalling horrors of that fatal night.

We dare not to bring a daguerreotype to reflect, on this page, the shadows only of the sublime picture, where a great master has made both the scene and the actors visible to all, as they were to him, when evoked by his fancy. A loud clap of thunder seemed to have suddenly unshackled the infuriated winds.—They come, after careering long unresisted over a waste of water,—they come! madly driving before them mountain waves to overwhelm the stately ship, proudly floating, as in defiance of their sway over the sea—now battering its solid bow with broken, severed surges in rapid succession—and now, assailing its swelling sides with the giant strength of mighty billows, gathered from afar. Paul, round whose body his friend has fastened a strong rope, dashes in every receding wave, with the hope of being carried by it towards the ship, still held fast to its mooring by the strong cables; but every time, another wave throws him back on the beach, bruised and bleeding—Virginia is seen, through the glare of the red lightning, on the deck of the St. Geran, clad in a white robe, with her eyes raised up to heaven, like a martyr waiting for a celestial crown. At that moment, a bold sailor kneels before the maid: he entreats her to throw off her encumbering vestments, and trust for safety in his courage and strength. The chaste virgin gently repels him when he attempts to take her in his arms. But, lo! a dark, swift wave rolls on. The experienced eye of the sailor has marked its course. It is the coming fate! Reluctant, he dashes, alone, into the sea. The resistless billow rushes against the ship, impetuous bounds over it, but breaking as it falls, opens under it a bottomless abyss. All eyes are directed to where the St. Geran floated a moment before—no vestige is seen of the noble structure—darkness descends, like a curtain, over the scene!

We had intended, in this article, to portray fiction, from the early bloom of her lovely infancy, in Greece, Rome and Arabia, to the period of her exuberant beauty in Spain, France, Germany, and the British Isles; but, in counting the sheets over which we have already spread these pencillings, we are admonished, that we had inaccurately computed our power of condensing the subjects of our theme, within the space allotted for their examination. Perhaps at some other time, we may bring together before our readers, the female novelists, from Lafayette, an ancestress of the friend of America, to our own Sedgwick—(a wreath of flowers of brightest hues and sweetest perfume), and speak of the masters of the Roman-



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tic School. We are aware that St. Pierre might well have been classed among these; but we confess that we were impatient to offer him a tribute of gratitude, in fond remembrance of the "pleasurable sorrows" the yearly perusal of his poem has given us.

They crowd around us, as if unwilling we should part so soon, these shadowy creations of genius! Here, Caleb Williams spies our gestures, watches our looks—nay! questions our silence with those glances of insane curiosity that hunted to the scaffold his kind and high-minded patron. There, stands before us, wild and restless, the mysterious being whose steps print, sometimes on polar snow, sometimes on the damp soil of Indian jungles, the revered sign of man's salvation—to him alone, the doomed wanderer, the badge of eternal woes. Now, borne on fancy's pinions to the solitudes of Louisiana's forests, we hear the solemn notes of sacred hymns, like incense burnt on the altar, rising from earth, and wafting to the skies the pure spirit which, for seventeen springs, dwelt in the beauteous form by whose side kneel and pray, a venerable priest, and an Indian chief. Then, sitting, with René, on the bow of a bark canoe, swiftly gliding on the turbid waters of the Mississippi, we listen to a tale of guilty love, confided, in the stillness of a starry night, to the spirits of the wilderness, and to the ear of an old Choctaw warrior; and, again, still under the sway of wild imaginings, we are by the side of the Red Rover, on the deck of that dread ship where Cooper has laid the scenes of his most thrilling drama. With parental solicitude, we watch the Angel-sleep of that lovely child whom Eugene Sue found, soiled and defiled, like a pearl when taken out of a putrid shell-fish, whom he cleansed in the fount of repentance, and made again pure and lustrous. She is not a stranger to us, that black-eyed virgin, whom the long-unknown enchanter, whose wand ruled the tribe of obedient genii, called into existence, and named Rebecca! Thy Alice too, Bulwer, we descry, though she timidly avoids our eyes! In her we hail all that the heart of man ever desired, pictured, and worshipped in woman. But, lo! Esmeralda smiles; and, while she beckons to us to listen to her song, mirthful, she spreads her green scarf to the breeze of the morning. Wait a while, fair inspirer of deathless imaginings! soon will we return, bringing to wreathe thy beauteous head, garlands of violets and roses!

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## THE PRESIDENTS OF TEXAS.

BY C. MONTGOMERY.

The four men who, in turn, have been called to the highest place in the Land of the Lone Star, are as diverse as men can well be in mind and lineaments, but they are agreed on three points—in their strong love for Texas—in a devout faith in the glories of her future destiny—and in the extraordinary littleness of their faith in each other. This is a Texian characteristic, and, when we consider the circumstances, no cause of marvel.

The population of "the youngest-born of nations" is a recent conglomeration of all manner of material from all manner of sources. It is a mingled but rich *débris* of genius, enterprise, worth and crime; detached by an infinite variety of causes from the well-stratified society of the older states, and hurried in restless confusion to the genial and all-embracing Texas, where—though still undulating and in attrition—the varied mass is gradually subsiding into order and coherence. A true Texian is fearless, witty and affable, open of speech, and prompt in generous deeds, but he is slow of confidence in the integrity of others, and has a quick relish for scandal. He has a profound and abiding distrust of human nature; and while he presses the kindest hospitalities on the stranger, he is speculating in his heart on the probable nature and magnitude of the crimes which have driven the wanderer to Texas. He will beard the lion in his den, and outgossip an army of old women, yet he is kind and liberal to his friend, and steadfast in his loyalty to the home of his choice. With all their inconsistencies, the Texians are faithful and brave, their

country one of the loveliest beneath the sun, and her chief magistrates such men as would make themselves of note anywhere.

David G. Burnet, a gifted and honorable man, the first and "provisional" President of Texas, was invited to the executive seat in the darkest hour of her revolutionary struggle. He is a son of earnest, unflinching New Jersey, and while he held the reins of authority, proved himself the lawful inheritor of her stubborn patriotism.

The year 1835, the "year of victory," had made Texas, in effect, a free state, though her independence was not declared in form. Mexico, at war with herself, and rent by unceasing convulsions, had made shipwreck of the Constitution of 1824, under which the Anglo-American settlers of Texas had been lured from their law-protected homes, to conquer the wilderness. The constitution of '24 had guaranteed to them, in due time, a state organization, and, meanwhile, a fair representation in the Legislature of Coahuila. Santa Ana had broken off the confederation of the States, and with a strong hand centralized the government into a military despotism. In this process he invaded the Legislature of the associated states of Coahuila and Texas, in the midst of its deliberations, and put an end to its existence. He ordered some of the most refractory of its members to be imprisoned, annulled its acts, and declared the country under martial law. Could the children of the Declaration of Independence hear all this calmly? No! It was easier to die by their hearths than see them thus trampled under the rule of a licentious soldiery. One thought pervaded the land—Texas must know and maintain her rights—they should be clearly defined, distinctly admitted, and strictly respected by Mexico—*or Texas should be independent.*

No dissenting voice was raised against this ultimatum, even when the sanguinary Cos was thundering at the Western gates of Texas. Freemen born would as soon resign the air of heaven as liberty of conscience, trial by jury, freedom of the press, and the supremacy of the law. Mexico had denied all this to her own vassal citizens, and was pressing upon Texas with a strong military array, with the avowed intention of compelling her to a like submission. Compromise was out of the question. The Texians flew to arms. Some few thought to take a middle course, and hold fast to their allegiance to Mexico, while they stood resolutely against her in defence of a State government and the Constitution of '24. Mexico, or rather the army of Mexico, had repudiated both and would bear no terms. The *government* of the United States kept aloof, but the *people*, whom the government could not restrain, heard the call of their brethren for aid, and sent forth a cheering cry of response. Provisions, ammunition, money—and more than money's worth, hardy, intrepid men, came at demand to help out the noble quarrel. This was wrong in citizens of a nation in amity with Mexico, but right in men whose creed is liberty. Those who can must settle accurately this question of conscience. The friends of Texas said the cause of all mankind was paramount to the institutions of any country, and went openly to the battle.

Thus strengthened by sympathy and succor from the mother-land, the Texians met the invader at the threshold. Goliad and the Alamo, the last strongholds of Mexican power, were wrested from her, and Texas ended a chain of brilliant achievements, such as the history of despotism cannot parallel, by the total expulsion of Cos and his army from the soil. The year 1835 closed upon Texas with a doubled territory and unstained honor. Sadly different was the history of 1836—the year of blood and shame. It dawned upon irresolution, faithlessness, and base ingratitude; it set on vain-glorious imbecility. That Goliad and Alamo, so gaily and so gallantly won but a few months before, were, with five hundred brave lives, heartlessly sacrificed through the indecision and cowardice of Texas, or of her chosen general, is a bitter and ineffaceable truth. The sin lies between them, and they must answer for it to the judgment of all honest men. Houston attributes the disgraceful lapse to the panic insubordination of the Texians—they impute it to his unmilitary neglect. The subsequent elevation of Gen. Houston seems to justify his position, but it must be said in extenuation of the Texians, that it was only under his command they brought upon themselves the derision of the world.

It was at this crisis of humiliation that three men, born to lead in camp

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and council, rose star-like and together on the horizon of Texas. Burnet, Houston, and Lamar—you who filled successively, yet so differently, the Presidential chair, have yet to receive from your country a full hearing and an impartial judgment.

The representatives of the country had met at Washington on the Brazos, to discuss and adopt a national Constitution, when the messengers of wo came to warn them of the advance of Santa Ana—the close investment of San Antonio—and the imminent danger of Goliad. Their horses were saddled and their arms trimmed for battle, when the members of the Convention of '36, in haste and peril, but with the dignity of self-reliance, set their names to the instrument and declared Texas an independent and sovereign republic, and David G. Burnet her Chief Magistrate.

President Burnet hastened to convene his Cabinet at Harrisburg, to deliberate on the means of repairing the losses and dishonor which three months of confusion, mismanagement and delay, had brought upon the country; while Gen. Houston, who had been confirmed in the supreme military command, after astonishing the inhabitants by a five days' revel, proceededt o join the army at Gonzales. There he learned that every hour of his delay had been marked by the waste of precious blood. The Alamo had fallen, and with it, every man who, in a blind faith in Texas, had defended its walls. Day by day its cannon had boomed forth their call for aid, but none came. In all Texas not a finger was raised in their behalf. Yes, Gonzales sent a few devoted men to swell the list of victims, but it was an useless sacrifice. Goliad met the same cold abandonment, and without an effort to save them, three hundred gallant volunteers from the United States were slaughtered. This weight of blood rests not more heavily on the cruelty of Mexico than on the inaction of Texas. The result was decisive. Santa Ana moved on, over the ruins of these doomed fortresses, in a clear path to the heart of Texas, and spread desolation as he went. Houston fled before him, and as he retreated, burned Gonzales, Beason's Mills, and San Filipe. Struck with the policy of rendering this rebellious people homeless, Santa Ana, as he drove the population and army of Texas before him, destroyed what Houston spared. Unopposed, he crossed the San Antonio and Colorado, and though successfully withstood for three days at the Brazos, by Capt. Mosely Baker, with a hundred men (there were *some* men in Texas, even in those days), he only diverged a trifle from his direct course, crossed the river at another place, unhoused the month-old Cabinet at Harrisburg, and burned the place.

With the first President, the infant government set out on its travels, and, with an occasional pause for refreshment, it has kept moving ever since. Between presidential fickleness, caprice, piques and speculations, it is as locomotive as a strolling menagerie. During the eight or nine months of Burnet's administration it "camped" in about half a dozen places; but these, unlike its after peregrinations, owing to the unavoidable chances of war, the executive office was anything but a bed of roses, for in that brief period were crowded the most striking events of the revolutionary struggle.

In March, the Alamo and her one hundred and forty defenders were sacrificed. A little later in the same month, Goliad and its three hundred volunteers were offered up at the same altar. Whether it be called Doubt, or Dismay, or Discord, the cost of victims was the same, and, however or whatever the cause, the crime was needless and past atonement.

In April, Harrisburg was laid in ashes by the Mexicans, and the Cabinet forced to retire to Velasco. Before the month was over, the invading chief was a prisoner on the banks of the San Jacinto, a helpless and fawning supplicant for the mercy he had so often refused to others.

In May, the Presidents of Texas and Mexico had met face to face, and arranged the terms of fair and honorable peace between the two republics. Gen. Santa Ana had, according to stipulation, embarked for Vera Cruz, on the Texian Schooner Invincible, when some ill-advised Texians, who had not yet accustomed themselves to the civic duties of obedience, took the matter out of the hands of the government, and compelled the Mexican chief to re-land, and place himself in their keeping. This was a source of deep mortification to Burnet. The immediate release of the President of Mexico was a leading condition in the treaty for the recognition

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of the independence of Texas, and his continued detention would give him but too plausible an excuse for the non-performance of the contract. To add to the embarrassment of his situation, a high officer of the army set on foot a conspiracy to seize on the person of the President, take possession of the reins of government, and, perhaps, declare himself dictator. No one knows the exact aim of this vaulting ambition; perhaps the conspirator had not defined it to himself; but it was foiled. The Texians were not so deficient in public virtue as to overturn, at every mad suggestion, the authority they had themselves established. The plea for the proposed outrage, was the alleged indignation of the army at the lenity exercised towards Santa Ana. Burnet met these complicated difficulties with singular firmness and decorum. He did not cordially approve the treaty of surrender entered into by Houston, on the field of battle, but he laid the question before the Cabinet, listened calmly to his constitutional advisers, accepted their opinions, which, however, were not adverse to his own, and sought to carry their decision into faithful effect. That an enthusiastic, self-willed people delayed the execution of it, was not his fault.

In the council which decided the fate of Santa Ana, we find Lamar acting as Secretary of War, and measuring his political strength with Houston and Burnet. His vote was "*Death to the Murderer*," and he gave cogent reasons in support of its justice and policy.

Houston, who, though not in the cabinet, exercised a potent influence on its action, was for the mildest measures, but proposed nothing. Burnet *felt* with Lamar but *reasoned* with his cabinet, that it would be most expedient to make by treaty the life of Santa Ana available. To this Lamar replied with keen foresight, that treaties made in duress are invalid—that their prisoner had not the power to keep his contract, and that, granting the validity of the treaty and his ability to enforce it, Santa Ana's proverbial faithlessness would preclude even the wish. He had violated every law of humanity and every usage of civilized warfare, and, as the greatest of criminals, should have "his punishment read from the code of Draco." If terms were made, however, he would not have the nation faithless to her word. The Texians could hardly feel as charitably when they looked upon their scorched soil and homeless families, or thought of their three hundred brethren led out to be shot down in cold blood on the morning of the last Palm Sunday; but not the less did their interference with the provisions of the treaty take from them the right to complain, if, on her part, Mexico tampered with the promise of recognition. Those who exact faith must keep it. At last, however, to the great relief of President Burnet, Gen. Santa Ana was despatched in honor and safety to his own country; the government was assuming shape and stability; the threats of forcible opposition to his authority were hushed; and he had leisure to prepare for the election and in-coming of a Constitutional Congress and President.

Gen. Sam Houston, in a sudden revulsion of public sentiment, was elected his successor, and Mirabeau B. Lamar the first Vice President of Texas. In March, '36, Mr. Burnet assumed, and in December of the same year resigned, the thorny honors of the Texian Presidency; three years later, at the accession of Lamar, he came from his retirement to serve with him as Vice President, and ably, eloquently, and firmly, did he fill his post.

Ex-President Burnet is above the medium size, simple, manly and direct in his bearing, elegant and forcible, but sometimes harsh in language, of resolute and fiery temper, open and unconciliating in friendship and enmity, and altogether better fitted to serve than to please his high-spirited and unmanageable constituents. In this lies the great contrast between Burnet and his successor. Everybody admits his high qualities as a statesman, everybody confides in his firm patriotism, and everybody misdoubts Houston in both, yet on two occasions, the majority of Texians have passed by the sober integrity of Burnet and borne Houston in their arms, drunk, wavering and unreliable, from the rum-shop to their Presidential Chair. They loved the winning and gracious orator, though they did not respect the man. This is the true solution of the apparent inconsistency and debasement of their choice. There was a shade of generosity too in this political folly.

The campaign of San Jacinto was, up to the day of the decisive victory, unpopular. The downfall of the for-

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tresses of Goliad and San Antonio, during the absence of Gen. Houston from his military duties, the needless destruction of their garrisons; the retreat of the army after he took the command before an inferior force,—an unheard of thing in the annals of Texas—the consequent distress and flight of the population, and the severe and irreparable loss of Gonzales, Beason's Mills, and San Felipe, which were burned by his orders as he left them behind, had roused throughout the land a fever of clamorous indignation. His officers shared in the discontent, and were loudly threatening to displace him by a general who would fight, when a messenger from President Burnet came to the camp and *forbade farther retreat.* Gen. Houston obeyed the imperative order, and the battle of San Jacinto was fought and won. Texas forgot her disasters and mortifications in the joy of triumph, and in the fervent reaction of feeling she not only forgot the grave charges against Houston, but as he lay wounded in his tent (and wounded in her cause), full of patient smiling kindness, even for those who reviled him, she excused his excesses and was eager to atone for past invective by future confidence. Some calmer heads urged the spotless character, the zealous devotion, and unrequited services of Stephen F. Austin, the "Father of Texas," and claimed for his unquestioned abilities the first place of honor. Texas has since mourned her ingratitude to him who guarded her cradle in the wilderness, but then the tide of enthusiasm set for the "wounded of San Jacinto," and 1837 saw Sam Houston her inaugurated President. The Congress was already intensely engaged in law-making, and turned out acts, charters, amendments and confirmations, with a rapidity which surprised everybody but the august body itself. Nevertheless a golden thread of common sense ran through all the extravagant legislation. Amid the newness and effervescence of their lately acquired freedom, was seen the stable Anglo-Saxon principle of good faith. If lavish and inexperienced, Texas held steadfastly to the hope and intention of keeping her engagements and paying her debts. Houston found the country unsettled and destitute of resources, and could do little more than keep out of mischief. He acted up to this negative virtue; and—except in some Indian treaties for which his enemies withhold due praise went—no farther. There was a war party continually talking of active hostilities with Mexico, but Houston significantly pointed to the empty treasury, and advised them to wait a more fitting season. His administration was a long pause, wherein Texas took breath for future effort. It was said before that '36 began in shame and confusion and ended in folly. The inconsiderate election and reckless legislation of the first constitutional government deserves the censure, and so the Texians, in the long rest of this Presidential term of three years, thought themselves. They rose from their apathy and resolved to do something—*what*, they had not quite decided—and elected Mirabeau B. Lamar, to carry out their indefinite views; Houston, at the close of '39, retired from office, the most unpopular man in Texas. Why he was so, it is difficult to say. That he was intemperate was known exactly as well when he was elected, and with all his personal faults confirmed, the Texians afterwards chose him to represent them—their character, capacity and morals—to the world in the prominent and national light of the Presidency.

With all his faults, Gen. Houston will carry with him the hearts of the many, whenever it pleases him to exert his unrivalled powers of captivation. His countenance is noble and expressive, despite the stony coldness of a hard, grey eye, and a something of insincerity about the lines of his mouth. His figure is commanding and full of a grace and easy dignity that harmonize well with the measured cadence of his tones and the imposing grace of his conversation. Few who come in direct contact with him can withstand the fascinations of his gentle cordiality of manner. He is courteous and accessible to all, and all go away delighted. He adapts himself with equal facility to the taste of prince and peasant, to the comprehension of philosopher or child. This wonderful tact, this profound appreciation of the weaknesses of human nature, has gained Gen. Houston more friends and more reputation than his actual achievements. His generalship has been strenuously denied by his military compeers, yet fame has crowned him a hero. His statesmanship is all negative, but it has been singularly for-

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tunate. He does not originate, but he almost always preserves. If he does not strengthen, he seldom impairs. He never formed a system of high policy in his whole public career, but all contemporaneous wisdom seems to fall to his account. He is so ready in turning every favorable incident to his own credit, and so adroit in fastening the blame of every mishap on his enemies, that every public event in which he is connected, however remotely, brings him new strength. No matter whether he favors or opposes, he is sure to reap the reward of success, and some one "he loves not" must endure the smart of the failure. The only positive merit which a close investigation of his political life reveals, is a judicious economy. He has been as careful of the resources of Texas as he is of his own—a virtue of which, in these corrupt days, he has almost the monopoly.

The most beautiful trait of his private character is his devoted affection for his charming and gifted wife. His first marriage was unhappy, and ended abruptly in an early separation;—the wherefore is shrouded in impenetrable mystery, but he suddenly left his home and high station as Governor of Tennessee, for a tent among the Indians. Another change found him a lawyer on the frontiers of Texas; and the next, the victor of San Jacinto. There is a touch of Indian bitterness and pertinacity in the comfortable and thorough heartiness of the hatred he bestows on those who cross his way; but he loves and sustains earnestly those who stand truly by him. There is often an uncompromising war between him and Burnet, and no love between him and Lamar. In some way or other he is embroiled with most of the leading men of the republic, but he manages his quarrels so dexterously, that he has the vantage even in defeat. To attack Gen. Sam Houston is like coming to blows with a torpedo.

With Mirabeau B. Lamar we open a new chapter of Texian history. Hitherto Texas had existed by sufferance. She had stood at the door, but had not entered the Hall of Nations. Lamar felt that she deserved and must have a place and name, and boldly took the helm. If he steered too directly to his landmarks—and this is the only accusation—without due attention to the shoals and drifts of the channel, it must at least be conceded that he made a splendid and successful voyage. Up to his administration the young nation had lived on in the chaos of revolutionary expedients. She had no revenue on which to base credit, and her rich wilderness of unappropriated land could only be made available under a settled government and with an increased population. Meanwhile a navy was to be created, and an efficient border defence organized, for Mexico was continually threatening invasion, and the Indian tribes pressed sorely on the frontier settlements. Lamar reduced public business to form and order, and strengthened the navy so effectually that, so far from being molested at home, the Lone Star became a frequent and dreaded victor in the Mexican waters. He effectually protected the Western frontier, by carrying the government thither and establishing the capital at once on the spot Congress had designated as its eventual site. It was situated at the extreme verge of the white settlements, and in great danger of Indian forays, but the increase of population consequent to the permanent location of the government, was a better safeguard to the border than all the forts or disciplined regiments Texas could command. On the beautiful Colorado, in a region of surpassing beauty, and in a clime of unmatched purity, rose as if by magic the romantic village of Austin, and there for three years the restless Congress and Cabinet of Texas had a constitutional abiding place. But—alas for Texian stability!—on the fourth it was abandoned to the Indians, the "government" resumed its wanderings, and the wild buffalo and ravening wolf were invited to make their lair in its abandoned halls. Since then the representatives of foreign powers have been kept making perpetual excursions in search of the Executive. Still it is something that the government was "at home" for three years, and that fact lends a kind of distinctive complexion to the administration of Gen. Lamar.

The cause of education received its first national impulse under Lamar. The Texians are intelligent, liberal, and alive to the vital importance of this great element of republicanism, but there were so many calls upon their inadequate means, that they had overlooked making provision for its support.

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With a broad forecast for the future, Lamar pointed out how the timely appropriation of a minute fraction of the national domain would secure eventually the blessings of universal instruction, and urgently recommended that suitable grants should be selected and set aside while the best lands were vacant.

The venturous expedition to Santa Fe was the best and boldest, though the most unfortunate and least understood feature of Lamar's policy. It has been called by ignorance and fanaticism a plundering excursion. Men do not go a thousand miles through the untried wilderness to bring back a herd or two of cattle, when they can have them for next to nothing at their own door. Nor could a few hundred men, at that distance from home, encumbered with a long train of heavy trading wagons, reasonably expect to conquer and lead into captivity the whole State of Santa Fe.

It was a wise and well conceived though unsuccessful mission—partly private and mercantile, partly public and diplomatic, inasmuch as the government lent its aid, countenance and flag to effect a national good. But for a concurrence of adverse circumstances it would have effected more for the honor and independence of Texas than anything done or attempted since the day of San Jacinto.

Sure intimation had reached Texas that the inhabitants along the Rio Grande, crushed and down-trodden by the intolerable tyranny of Armijo, the Mexican governor, were ready to withdraw from the Mexican confederacy, and make common cause with Texas. If, as Texas claimed, and was eager to have foreign powers admit, this was a portion of her territory, it was essential to make some show of sovereignty in its defence, and if possible bring the inhabitants into the common fold. All things seemed to favor a decisive blow, and Commissary General Cazneau, a man of approved ability, received orders to fit out the expedition. When, with as much promptitude as the resources of the country permitted, the preparations were completed, the intrepid adventurers set forth, under the command of the gallant and accomplished General H. M'Leod. In the face of a thousand discouragements they traversed the Prairie Desert, and would have accomplished their object but for the black treachery of one of the officers. At the worst it was not altogether useless. To open a new commercial route to the distant settlements of her claimed territory, to give them assurance of the good-will and co-operation of Texas, and to arrange the preliminary steps for a final and perfect alliance, was the honorable and politic aim of the Santa Fe expedition.

If it had not miscarried, or if the experience so dearly bought in the first, had been made to bear upon a second attempt, Texas would now stand in a better position on the question of Annexation. But General Lamar's term of office was near its close, and the impulsive Texians, ever prone to consider results rather than reasons, and vexed to see their hopes dashed to the ground, were ready to denounce everybody connected with what the year before was their pet project. In a tremendous fit of economy, they resolved to have a conservative administration. They would furl sail and cast anchor for the next three years; to do this they must have a President as unlike Lamar as possible, and Sam Houston was the very man.

Burnet had left office a most unpopular man, though no censure rested upon his policy, his integrity, or his economy; indeed, the most fault-finding of his constituents could not complain of the magnificence of a President who with his family lived and held his levees and councils in the compass of two small unfinished rooms, as Burnet did at Velasco; but his impetuous freedom of speech cut too home for the mass. His zeal did not atone for his ungraciousness.

Houston went out even more universally execrated. His insanity and profligacy were on every tongue. Never were a people more virtuously indignant at the private irregularities of a Chief Magistrate, than the Texians. Never was indignation more speedily forgotten.

Lamar retired almost as well abused as the other two. He was accused of ruining the nation by his extravagant projects. The navy had been increased by two or three sloops of war and a steamer, and had been kept afloat. It was true Yucatan had paid a handsome share of the expense, but why have any navy? The Santa Fe affair had also cost money, and had not been justified by success. In short, Texas was poor and somebody must be to blame. It could be no one but the Executive.

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This periodical revulsion of feeling, which seems a stated epidemic in Texas, re-elected Houston; and his predecessor descended to private life, with the same serene dignity he had evinced in taking the chair of state. Without dispute or comment he resigned his name to the verdict of his compatriots, and he may safely rely on their justice.

Lamar cannot be portrayed in a few bold strokes like his Presidential compeers. He has as it were a double character, not inconsistent, but in strong contrast; and the shades, as they cross and blend, can only be traced by the hand of a master. He is scarcely of middle height, and of the full and rounded proportions that we associate with a love of ease and self-indulgence. This is true of him, but with an exciting cause he courts peril and is indifferent to privation. This benign, meditative, repose-loving expression indicates strong domestic virtues, and a temper not easily chafed, yet his impetuous energy in his hours of trial startles even his friends, and his enemies have good reason to speak severely of the fiery harshness of his anger. He is remarkably gentle and affectionate in his manners, habitually self-controlled, as men of volcanic passions sometimes are, careful of the feelings, and studious of the happiness of all around him, but there is withal an occasional quickness of gesture, and a latent sparkle in the mild blue eye, that hint strongly of the dangerous fire that sleeps beneath that placid exterior. Each of his high qualities, and he has many, walks hand in hand with some collateral fault; but his faults spring so naturally from his unpruned virtues, that they are excused with a warmer love than we give to the cold merits of more correct men.

General Lamar is a Georgian by birth, and of that rough old Huguenot blood, which for so long a space seemed only created to be poured out for freedom. He is a legitimate scion of that honorable stock, and wherever liberty has work to do, he is ready to bleed or toil for her sake. His local predilections are of the strongest, but his indomitable sense of justice protects him from unfair prejudices. All his associations are with the South, and he loves the Southern land with a filial and unreasoning devotion. Who but glances contemptuously at her institutions, insults his household gods, and he would deal with him as a heretic and a stranger; but he would war with equal vehemence against him who would invade the repose of the North. With still deeper enthusiasm he loves the beautiful land which has lavished so much affection on him. It has been well said of him, that "His native Union he honors as a mother—to Texas he gives the passionate love of a bridegroom; he wooed her by his eloquence, he won her with his sword. He may chide her wayward fancies, and fly from her caprices, but he perpetually retraces his truant steps to repose at her feet."

Gen. Houston's second administration has been called "the government of omission." Except in treating for annexation, into which he was forced against his own judgment by the overwhelming and irresistible voice of the people, it will only be remembered for what he did not do. The measures which he refused to adopt make the landmarks of his course. His judicious economy, and a prudent abstinence from any strong compromising action during his first term, had left no salient points for attack; and this properly descanted upon in his own brilliant and persuasive way, had been worth to him a second election.

Elated by the perfect triumph of his non-action plan, Houston resolved to test the utmost capabilities of the system. He went deliberately to work to nullify all Lamar had done or aimed to do. His first act was to destroy the navy, which all previous administrations, including his own, had been so anxious to create, and which had but just been fostered into some efficiency. The second was to abandon the capital, and devote the border settlements to destruction. As this threw back the population upon Eastern Texas, and increased his popularity in that quarter, it was not so dangerous to his personal interest as it appears on the surface. The third was to invite back the savage tribes that had been driven from the vicinity of the settlements at the cost of so many invaluable lives. There is no doubt he was actuated in this by right and merciful motives, and his Indian policy might, if he could have controlled the matter absolutely, in the long run be the safer, as it certainly was the most desirable plan. But the suspicious and blood-loving Indian mistrusts the white race. The traditions of three centuries

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of wrong and strife are not to be washed away by a few drops of ink; and forbearance that omits to repress—and that sternly—his outrages, he construes into weakness. Lamar was ready to treat, but he chastised without mercy the infraction of treaties, and the savages kept the peace, or observed a wary distance. Houston forgave, and kept forgiving, until he obtained the confidence of many of the tribes, and made such terms with them as will tend to the lasting benefit of both races. In the meantime, however, his policy has laid waste the Eden of the West. All the farms around Austin have been deserted, and the country house of President Lamar, only two miles from the capital, can no longer be inhabited. The tenants would be scalped in a week. The Red men do not reciprocate, as yet, the loving-kindness of the Texian government.

Still, with all these drawbacks, Gen. Houston's Indian policy is just and humane, and it may eventually prove the most salutary. He has also maintained a regular and rigid system of economy in the management of the public funds, and by this help materially improved the national currency.

His neglecting to succor the unfortunate Texian prisoners who were pining in the dungeons of Mexico, and his refusal to pay the seamen of his fleet their hard-earned wages, are extreme and unfavorable examples of this economy, but in finance his general conduct has been wise and commendably safe. In that respect perhaps none of his compeers have equalled his prudence. The leading powers of Europe had recognized the independence of Texas in Lamar's time, and manifested by prompt and liberal treaties a growing sense of her inter-commercial importance. Houston drew closer the bonds of amity, and for a time betrayed so strong a preference for European alliances, that the United States Chargé took the alarm. He communicated to his own government his fears that England would under free trade colors convert Texas into a cotton growing colony, and monopolize her growing trade to the absolute exclusion of our ships and manufactures. Capt. Elliott, the British Chargé, was in effect the minister of foreign relations, and he looked confidently forward to the day when Texas could so far supply the spindles and looms of England, that a rupture with the United States could be endured without fear of a revolution at home, or the transfer of the commercial balance to the other side of the Atlantic. Those whose large patriotism would gather the whole Anglo-American family around one political altar, thought the accepted time was come, and pressed Mr. Tyler to open negociations for the reannexation of Texas to the United States. Houston received the proposition with coldness, with most of his cabinet; he was averse to the measure, and would gladly have given it an unqualified rejection. This the people would not allow; they longed to be again encircled in the glorious clasp of the Union, and the President knew too well their fond unchangeable attachment to the mother-land to venture an open opposition. He trifled and procrastinated, but to no purpose. The popular will forced him on, and his Congress watched that his reluctant Secretary of State clogged the treaty with no impossible conditions. The ministers of France and England suddenly became wondrous kind, and expended upon each other and his Excellency an infinity of attention and counsel. To their inexpressible relief the Senate of the United States rejected the treaty. Then the towering views of the anti-annexation members of the cabinet were freely exposed by the Attorney General. Mr. Terrill is a scholar and a gentleman, and at the moment was undoubtedly the accredited voice of the President. "Let Texas," said he, "remain independent and in close alliance with manufacturing Europe, who will sell us all we want on better terms than we can buy of northern manufacturers, and pay us the highest price for our staple without the discount of a double shipment, and who will send to us her spare population to cultivate our unoccupied lands. Thus we shall escape tariff annoyances, so distasteful to an agricultural people, and anti-slavery dictation, so grating to southern prepossessions; and ere long, the richest and most congenial section of the Union, the kindred States of the south and west, will secede from the exacting north, and leaving her to buy cotton and sell her fabrics where she may, come to share with Texas the benefits of unrestricted trade, and congenial legislation. The Union has refused us—in a few years, with the aid

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of Europe, we shall sever the Union and annex those States which furnish the aliment of her commercial and manufacturing life, to Texas." These arguments made a party, but it was wofully in the minority. The idea of European interference in a family arrangement of republicanism was too unpalateable, and the great body of Texians clung with steadfast reliance to the hope of annexation, on such terms as a generous nation could honorably offer, and a free republic honorably accept. Before this could be decided, Houston's official term would expire, and both the candidates for the succession were compelled to make a solemn pledge not to oppose annexation before their respective parties would carry them to the ballot-box.

Dr. Anson Jones was elected after a sharp contest, and promises to imitate closely the moderate non-committalism of his predecessor. He was Secretary of State under Houston, and has imbibed many of his antipathies. He is a plain, practical New Englander, ready for a speculation, either in his public or private capacity, so that it be safe and decorous; but he will run no disagreeable risk. He will walk steadily by precedent, and will take care not to venture beyond his depth for friend or foe. He will go all decent lengths to oblige Ex-President Houston, or stretch a point even, in the way of a veto, for example, to gratify a joint dislike; but he will make no personal sacrifices. He is pledged to the financial, and is at heart in favor of the anti-annexation policy of Houston; but he was also pledged to reinstate the navy, promote education, and restore the erratic government to its constitutional home. The last pledge he has already violated, and he seems to evade the one touching the navy.

What the Texians particularly desired or expected of their fourth President, is uncertain, but what they will have, is pretty distinctly shadowed forth. Jones will be a miniature edition of Houston in water colors, as Houston himself is an imperfect copy of General Jackson—without disrespect to the old hero be it said—done in chalks.

Of the four Presidents of Texas, Jones is the least favored by nature. He is of inferior stature, and wanting in beauty of expression. He has not the forcible diction of Burnet, the persuasive grace of Houston, or the noble sincerity of Lamar; but he is courteous, self-possessed, discriminating, and well educated. There is a spice of petty malevolence in some of his papers, as Secretary of State, but he imputes these blots to Houston. A short time will prove him, and may corroborate the predictions of his partisans, that he will show himself a steady and discreet pilot—one who will fill creditably the executive chair of annexed or independent Texas.

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## BUREAU OF STATISTICS.

It is at all times matter of the highest interest to the patriot, the philosopher, and the philanthropist, to ascertain upon correct data the progress of one's own country, as compared with other nations, in wealth and power, the influences of forms of existing governments, upon the physical well-being and moral condition of the great mass of the people, as well as the effect of occupations, climate and general causes growing out of peculiar organizations of a community, political and social. To the statesman and the legislator, even in despotic forms of government, who labor for posthumous fame by administering to the rapid advancement of their country's greatness, a correct understanding of its general interests growing out of the natural pursuits of its individual inhabitants, is in the highest degree necessary, in order to give that direction to affairs which will most surely and rapidly attain the desired end. In a republican form of government like ours, where every class, small though it be, is entitled to equal rights, and to the protection of the government from the encroachments and oppression of others more powerful,

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correct information in relation to the condition and extent of all pursuits and interests becomes matter of fundamental necessity. It is ever the case in a representative form of government, that each considerable interest is continually, by specious representations and untiring applications, seeking to obtain from the common government some advantages at the expense of the great mass of the people, who are generally passive. It is the active class, large or small, that obtains that which it desires, and always under the pretence that the special privilege demanded is for the general good. To combat the plausible statements made on such occasions, the Legislator requires to be armed with the most minute and reliable information, procured by independent and official means, and generalized in a manner to indicate the influence upon the general welfare exercised by each particular interest. Up to the close of the 18th century, the information in relation even to the mere numbers of the population was exceedingly vague and imperfect, in this country as well as in Great Britain, and the countries of Europe. Previously to that period the principles of equality in representation and taxation had been but imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly acted upon; as soon, however, as the federal constitution was formed, basing the representation of each state upon the actual number of its inhabitants, and requiring direct taxes to be levied in a just proportion to those numbers, a correct census became as it were an element of the government, and the enumeration of 1790 was ordered, and resulted in a return of 3,929,827. In France causes very similar produced a corresponding result, and the Constituent Assembly of 1791 appointed a committee to report on the subject, and they returned 26,363,000, as the population of France. In England the want of such information had long been seriously felt, and attempts were frequently made to ascertain the population by means of the difference which had occurred in each decade, between the births and burials, during the 18th century. These were necessarily inaccurate, and in 1801, the first census by actual enumeration was taken, giving the population at 10,942,646 for the United Kingdom. Following their examples most of the western nations of Europe have made accurate enumerations of their inhabitants.

While, however, the United States were the first to commence the enumeration, as subordinate to a particular purpose, all the other nations have pursued the inquiries into branches of the subject equally important in a general view, and accurate returns of the marriages, births and deaths, annually furnish data by which the comparative fecundity and mortality of the population, as influenced by the different circumstances of location, climate, occupation, degrees of prosperity, &c., may be ascertained. Full returns of medical statistics are also regularly supplied, by which the progress of the curative science is in some measure marked, as well as the changing character of formidable diseases. The influence of education as well as of physical circumstances upon crime, developing the ultimate effect of various modes of punishment upon different classes of offenders; the changed character of offences, whether against persons, property or currency, under different circumstances; the general employments of the people and the produce of their industry, have also been carefully attended to in all countries with the exception of the United States, where the simple details of the actual numbers of the people required for the apportionment of the representatives alone engaged the attention of Congress, until the census of 1840. The important work of adding the details of occupation and industrial products was then undertaken. This first attempt has necessarily been attended with great difficulties, and cannot be depended upon for perfect accuracy. It is, nevertheless, a great and valuable work, and although defective in some of its details, is in its general results not far from the truth. The English census of 1801 was at first impugned by several able writers, in relation to its accuracy, but subsequent enumerations have proved its general correctness. The population returns of England were made up to 1841, under the late Mr. Rickman, by the overseers of the poor, whose means of information were such as to place the general accuracy of the return almost beyond doubt. The death of Mr. Rickman led to the employment of the registrars of the births, deaths and marriages, instead of the overseers. In France the mode of

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ascertaining the population is by calculating the excess of births over burials. The registration of these events is so strictly enforced as to ensure a general accuracy in the results. This mode of computation was employed by Mr. Rickman, in ascertaining the population of England as far back as 1570, assuming that the births, deaths and marriages, on an average of three years, bore the same proportion to the whole population as was ascertained to be the case, by the census of 1801. For general purposes this mode was sufficiently correct, but probably the population returns of the United States are the most complete of any national work of the kind undertaken. In relation to these tables Mr. J. Marshall, in his digest of Parliamentary papers compiled by order of the House of Commons, remarks as follows, "The progressive increase of population in the United States may be regarded as one of the most remarkablefeatures in the events of the last forty years. During each of the three ten yearly periods from 1800 to 1830, the increase has been about 35 per cent or 144 in the aggregate of thirty years. The clerical and typographical accuracy of the compilation of the American official returns is creditable to the parties entrusted with their arrangements and execution; had any errors or typographical blunder existed, the working of the results would have discovered them, but none were found to exist. It is as honorable to the American people to have produced so accurate a display of their numbers, as their amount and increase are interesting to the philosophical inquirers of all countries."

This is an impartial and just tribute to the general accuracy of that part of the census which relates simply to the numbers of the people, and the data thus furnished are fraught with interest. In comparing the last United States census with that of Great Britain, for 1841, we find the following results:

| | England. | | | | U. States White Population. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Under 20. | 40. | 80 & over. | Total. | 20. | 40. | 80 & over. | Total. |
| Males, | 3,429,639 | 2,193,081 | 1,700,667 | 7,323,387 | 3,930,383 | 2,168,671 | 1,130,012 | 7,249,066 |
| Females, | 3,448,737 | 2,413,467 | 1,809,547 | 7,671,751 | 3,819,096 | 2,033,492 | 1,087,384 | 6,939,972 |
| Excess Males, | | | | | 111,357 | 155,379 | 42,688 | 309,494 |
| " Females, | 19,098 | 220,386 | 108,880 | 348,364 | | | | |

These are singular facts, evincing a direct reverse of the excess of the sexes in England and in the United States. What the causes are which operate to produce so marked a result, it is difficult to determine. Probably the emigration of the males from Great Britain may serve to promote this difference, by taking from the English male population of the ages between 20 and 40, where it is the most apparent, and adding to the same ages of the male population of the United States. The emigration from England, for the last two years, has been as follows:

| | 1841. | 1842. |
|---|---|---|
| To United States, | 39,066 | 53,439 |
| " other countries, | 33,038 | 21,244 |
| Total, | 72,104 | 74,683 |

The average number is about 40,000, who come to the United States. The proportion of males cannot, however, be ascertained. There is also a number employed in the army not included in the above figures. These circumstances may, in some degree, account for the excess of females in England, and of males in the United States. Many eminent writers have deduced from the fact that there is an excess of females in England, that therefore they are of longer life than males; and the returns of England and the western countries of Europe, would seem to bear out such a conclusion, inasmuch as there is generally an excess of male births, as well as of male deaths. These conclusions are, however, at variance with the facts exhibited in the United States returns as above. But another singular fact evinces itself in that the proportion of both males and females over 40 years, is less in the United States than in England.

This is an anomaly that may arise from two causes, viz. that the duration of life is shorter or that there is an excess of births in the United States. Owing to the absence of any accurate account of the births and deaths in the United States, the extent of the operation of the latter cause must be left to conjecture. Similar irregularities evince themselves on comparing the returns between the different States of the Union, and the apparent discrepancies are greatly augmented by the migrating

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disposition of the inhabitants. In order to understand correctly the nature and extent of the migration from one State to another, a return of the place of nativity of all persons would be of vast service. The English census for 1841 gives this return as follows:

| | Population. | | | Born in. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Males. | Females. | Total. | Males. | Females. | Total. |
| England and Wales, | 7,775,224 | 8,136,533 | 15,911,757 | 7,492,317 | 7,996,156 | 15,418,673 |
| Scotland, | 1,241,862 | 1,378,322 | 2,620,184 | 1,209,095 | 1,334,511 | 2,543,606 |
| Army and Navy, &c. | 187,484 | 969 | 188,453 | | | |
| Isles of the British seas, | 57,566 | 66,484 | 126,040 | 44,379 | 52,708 | 97,087 |
| Total, | | | | 8,745,791 | 9,313,375 | 18,059,166 |
| Ireland, | | | | 219,397 | 199,859 | 519,256 |
| Foreigners, | | | | 27,832 | 16,948 | 44,780 |
| Not specified, | | | | 268,494 | 51,336 | 319,830 |
| | 9,262,126 | 9,582,308 | 18,866,434 | 9,262,126 | 9,582,308 | 18,844,434 |

Here it appears that of the whole population of Great Britain 785,268 were born elsewhere than on her soil. Similar returns accurately made in the United States would exhibit a vast difference in these results, both in relation to the residents of the old States as well as to those of the new, a very small proportion of the population of which is born upon the soil. In the returns for the ancient Kingdom of the Netherlands, the number of removals from one province to another were regularly given, or rather the number of removals into a province and the number of those who moved out. The comparison of the aggregates of the census of 1827 with that of 1816 gives results as follows:

| | 1816. | 1827. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Population, | 5,424,502 | 6,013,428 | 538,976 |
| Excess births over deaths, | | | 594,646 |
| Moved into the Provinces, | | 14,771 | |
| " out of the " | | 17,543 | |
| Excess departures, | | | 2,772 |

By a combination of these two returns with an accurate report of the marriages, births and burials, a close approximation may be had to the actual duration of life in the several States, as well as to afford a check upon the correctness of the enumerations. The following is a statement of the population, marriages, births and deaths, in the Western countries of Europe in the year 1829:

| | Poulation. | Marriages. | Births. | Deaths. | Excess births. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Great Britain, | 13,897,187 | 111,814 | 399,712 | 335,956 | 63,756 |
| France, | 31,845,428 | 250,343 | 964,343 | 806,793 | 157,620 |
| Sweden, | 2,751,592 | 21,793 | 84,841 | 62,930 | 21,911 |
| Netherlands, | 5,013,478 | 44,665 | 218,666 | 134,915 | 83,751 |

The excess of births over deaths in France, exhibits a remarkably small proportion as compared with the other countries, which may in some degree be accounted for by the intense pressure of the direct taxes, and from the large proportion of births which occur in hospitals. The births in the city of Paris for 1830, were as follows:

| | Married. | Unmarried. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| At their homes, | 18,044 | 5,021 | 23,065 |
| At the Hospitals, | 576 | 6,986 | 5,522 |
| Total, | 18,580 | 10,007 | 28,587 |

There is in France far less local provision for the poor than either in England or the United States; but this is in some degree compensated for by the extensive scale on which hospitals are provided in most of the cities and large towns. Females are here received to give birth to their offspring, and if unable to take care of them themselves they are left in charge of the hospital. This want of parental care doubtless contributes in a very great degree to the large propor-

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tion of deaths to births, which is the more singular when the superior natural advantages enjoyed by France are taken into the account. It is to be regretted that the United States have hitherto contributed nothing towards information of this interesting character. The census of 1830, however, embraced the number of blind, deaf and dumb among the white as distinguished from the black inhabitants of each State. The census of 1840 was improved by adding the number of insane and idiots to the accounts. These returns have presented most remarkable results, so much so as to call forth a lively feeling of interest and to excite strong doubts as to the accuracy of the returns. The fact that the results of enumeration do not coincide with our preconceived ideas, is no proof of the falsity of the returns, but rather the reverse. The comparative condition of the black population is as follows:

BLACK POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

| | 1830. | | 1840. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Population. | Deaf, Dumb and Blind. | Population. | Deaf Dumb and Blind. | Insane & idiots. | Ratio of insane as 1 to |
| Maine, | 1,122 | 6 | 1,355 | 23 | 94 | 14.4 |
| N. Hampshire, | 647 | 9 | 528 | 12 | 19 | 28.2 |
| Massachusetts, | 7,048 | 14 | 8,668 | 39 | 200 | 43.3 |
| R. Island, | 3,578 | 12 | 3,243 | 4 | 13 | 249.0 |
| Connecticut, | 8,072 | 13 | 8,122 | 21 | 44 | 184. |
| Vermont, | 881 | 5 | 930 | 4 | 13 | 56.1 |
| New York, | 44,945 | 125 | 50,031 | 159 | 194 | 257. |
| New Jersey, | 20,557 | 37 | 21,718 | 41 | 73 | 297. |
| Pennsylvania, | 38,133 | 67 | 47,918 | 147 | 187 | 256. |
| Delaware, | 29,147 | 20 | 19,524 | 26 | 28 | 697. |
| Maryland, | 155,932 | 220 | 151,815 | 169 | 150 | 1005. |
| D. Columbia, | 12,271 | 22 | 13,055 | 13 | 7 | 1865. |
| Virginia, | 517,105 | 568 | 498 829 | 616 | 384 | 1289. |
| N. Carolina, | 265,144 | 244 | 268,549 | 241 | 221 | 1215. |
| S. Carolina, | 323,322 | 205 | 335,314 | 234 | 137 | 2447. |
| Georgia, | 220,017 | 182 | 283,697 | 215 | 134 | 2117. |
| Alabama, | 119,121 | 71 | 255,571 | 149 | 125 | 2044. |
| Mississippi, | 66,178 | 43 | 196,580 | 97 | 82 | 2397. |
| Louisiana, | 126,298 | 98 | 193,954 | 53 | 45 | 4310. |
| Tennessee, | 146,158 | 65 | 188,583 | 166 | 152 | 1240. |
| Kentucky, | 170,130 | 129 | 189,575 | 218 | 180 | 1053. |
| Ohio, | 9,574 | 15 | 17,345 | 66 | 165 | 105. |
| Indiana, | 3,632 | 5 | 7,168 | 34 | 75 | 95.5 |
| Illinois, | 2,384 | 4 | 3,929 | 34 | 79 | 49.7 |
| Missouri, | 25,660 | 18 | 59,814 | 69 | 68 | 879. |
| Arkansas, | 4,717 | 6 | 20,400 | 10 | 21 | 971. |
| Michigan, | —— | — | 707 | 6 | 26 | 27.2 |
| Florida, | 8,355 | 22 | 26,534 | 12 | 12 | 2211. |
| Wisconsin, | —— | — | 196 | — | 3 | 65.3 |
| Iowa, | —— | — | 188 | 7 | 4 | 47. |
| | 2,328,642 | 2,213 | 2,873,703 | 2,881 | 2,935 | 978.8 |

The census for 1830, not having returned the insane and idiot blacks, the numbers of the present census are without official check. It would appear, however, from comparing the number of blind and deaf and dumb, that discrepancies so extraordinary exhibit themselves as may well cast doubt upon the correctness of the figures. The number in the state of Maine has increased, it appears, 17, while the population has increased but 233, being 1 to 19 of the increased population; at the same time, there has been a decrease of 8 in Rhode Island, also a decrease in the black population of 335, or nearly 10 per cent. In New Hampshire there has been an increase in the number of blind and deaf and dumb, and a decrease of 109 or 17 per cent. in the black population. In the whole of the New England states there has been an increase of 1,298 in the population, and 44, or near 90 per cent., in the afflicted portion of that class of people. These are very singular discrepancies, but not inconsistent

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with truth. In New York, the ratio of the afflicted population in 1830, was only as 1 to 359. In 1840, it had diminished to 1 in 314, being about the proportion which the alleged progressive effect of the climate upon that unfortunate class would have produced. In the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, a result is apparent, which bears out the extraordinary increase of the deaf and dumb and blind in the New England states. Those western states are of northern climates, and have all embraced in their constitutions, provisions designed to check the influx of the black population. That population does increase, however, and it appears that in those states it has advanced from 15,790, in 1830, to 28,842, in 1840, and the diseased portion has increased from 24 to 134, showing that 10 years of northern climate has produced there its alleged effects, as well as in the New England states. In the southern states, great irregularities are apparent. In Louisiana, there is an increase in population, but a diminution of diseased blacks. In Alabama and Mississippi, there is a large increase of the latter. The results of these three states show 334,508 increase of black population, and 87 of deaf and dumb, while in Virginia, South Carolina, and North Carolina, the black population has decreased 2,879, and the deaf and dumb, increased 64. The three latter states have furnished the three former with able-bodied negroes, the sickly and diseased remaining at home, and increasing their numbers. If we take the states according to their parallels of latitude, we shall find a singular correspondence in the proportion of distant states in the same latitude, and that the new states in the same southern latitude have a less proportion of insane, as follows:

PROPORTION OF INSANE BLACK TO BLACK POPULATION IN DIFFERENT PARALLELS OF LATITUDE.

| Lat. 30 a 35. | One in | Lat. 35 a 38. | One in | Lat. 38 a 42. | One in | Lat. 42 a 45. | One in |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S Carolina, | 2447 | N. Carolina, | 1245 | R. Island, | 249 | Michigan, | 27.2 |
| Georgia, | 2117 | Tennessee, | 1240 | Connecticut, | 184 | Maine, | 14.4 |
| Alabama, | 2011 | Kentucky, | 1053 | N. Jersey, | 297 | N. Hampshire, | 28.2 |
| Mississippi, | 2397 | Virginia, | 1289 | Penn'a, | 256 | Vermont, | 56.1 |
| Louisiana, | 4310 | Maryland, | 2005 | Ohio, | 105 | Massachusetts, | 43.9 |
| Arkansas, | 971 | Missouri, | 879 | Indiana, | 955 | Iowa, | 47. |
| | | | | Illinois, | 497 | Wisconsin, | 65.3 |
| Average | 2375.5 | | 1118.5 | | 190.9 | | 40.1 |

Now that there are errors of detail in the compilation of this census, there is no earthly doubt, but the general results here indicated, are far too regular to permit the whole census to be rejected as unworthy of credit. The proportion of insane increases in a fearful ratio, as that unfortunate race advance northward. Their wants and inclinations all carry them to the warm climate, and this may well form one reason why those incapacitated by disease and reft of their senses, remain in greater numbers at the philanthropic North. If errors either of design or accident occurred in one section of the country, it is not reasonable to suppose that they would run through the whole return with such regularity in the general results as are evinced above. The proportions of white lunatics to the population in the same states, are as follows:—

PROPORTION OF INSANE TO WHITE POPULATION.

| Lat. 30 a 35. | One in | Lat. 35 a 38. | One in | Lat. 38 a 42. | One in | Lat. 42 a 45. | One in |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S. Carolina, | 681 | N. Carolina, | 836 | R. Island, | 526 | Michigan, | 5,494 |
| Georgia, | 1,388 | Tennessee, | 916 | Connecticut, | 604 | Maine, | 931 |
| Alabama, | 1,444 | Kentucky, | 742 | N. Jersey, | 951 | N. Hampshire, | 584 |
| Mississippi, | 1,543 | Virginia, | 707 | Pennsylvania, | 861 | Vermont, | 759 |
| Louisiana, | 2,699 | Maryland, | 890 | Ohio, | 1,257 | Massachusetts, | 660 |
| Arkansas, | 1,715 | Missouri, | 1,633 | Indiana, | 1,391 | Iowa, | 6,128 |
| | | | | Illinois | 2,212 | Wisconsin, | 3,843 |
| Average, | 1578 | | 940 | | 1115 | | 3699 |

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These show no regularity in relation to climate. The rule seems to be, that the new states, for obvious reasons, are more free from this unfortunate class, than the old states, as the afflicted do not accompany the emigrant in his enterprises.

In connection with this subject of insanity, both white and black, a vast amount of very interesting matter might be furnished from the numerous and well conducted hospitals both private and public, with which the country abounds. In London, the commissioners of lunacy, by authority of an act of Parliament, have procured and published well digested statistics of all the lunatics confined in the asylums of Great Britain and Ireland. It appears that the pauper lunatics of Ireland and Wales amount to 15,914, or one in 1000 of the population. The addition of the lunatics of the upper and middle classes, swells the proportion to one in 900, while the general average in the U. States, is only one in 980. The English returns indicate that insanity is more prevalent in the agricultural than in the manufacturing districts. In Lancashire the proportion is only seven in 10,000, while in some counties of Wales, it amounts to one in 500. The returns, however, include congenital insanity, which is always most prevalent among those who are deficient in sustenance, and is clearly indicated in the Highlands of Scotland. In comparing the leading English hospital returns with those of the New York State and the Bloomingdale asylum for 1844, a marked similarity is evinced in the fact, that insanity prevails most among the single, as follows :—

| | Single. | Widowed. | Married. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| N. Y. Bloomingdale Asylum, | 107 | 21 | 78 | 206 |
| Glasgow, | 241 | 39 | 64 | 344 |
| Firth, | 117 | 10 | 12 | 139 |
| Montrose, | 59 | 13 | 19 | 91 |
| Morningside, | 196 | 13 | 59 | 268 |
| Dundee, | 121 | 17 | 56 | 194 |

From these returns it would appear that the tendency to insanity among the unmarried, is very much greater both in England and the U. States. This may, in some degree, be owing to the restraints and privations that are forced upon the natural feelings, as well as to the vices, bad and intemperate habits that are too often engendered in the single state. There are, undoubtedly, abundant reasons, both moral and physical, which tend to produce a larger relative proportion of insanity among the unmarried than the married portions of the community; nevertheless, the disproportion between the two classes, in this respect,—which becomes enormous when viewed in connection with the vast preponderance of the married over the single—is by no means to be received as a measure of the comparative tendency of celibacy to cause insanity. We often see statistics of this kind going the rounds of the newspapers, accompanied with fearful denunciation of the celibacy to which the result is attributed, sufficient to frighten all the remaining old bachelors and old maids out of their senses; but no one appears to notice the fact that the existence of the insanity in youth, in most cases hereditary, or induced by causes operating in infancy and childhood, prevents a certain proportion of this class from getting married, so as to render the insanity, to a considerable extent, the cause, rather than the effect, of the celibacy. The causes and influences that produce insanity in England, judging from the results, are the same in their nature as those in operation here, and it is gratifying to know that the advancement of science has produced an entire change in the mode of treatment in both countries. Light employment, social converse, and the amusements of dancing and music are substituted for the chain, the belt, the strait waistcoat and the solitary cell, with the most beneficial results.

The census of 1840 has also in a small degree entered into the education of the people, and classified them in a manner, which although doubtless very faulty in detail, is in the general results very near the truth. It has been objected to the census, on this head, that such discrepancies as the following appear.



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| | Boston, Mass. | New Orleans, Louisiana. |
|---|---|---|
| Number of whites, 5 to 20 years, | 24,487 | 11,042 |
| " of scholars, | 16,633 | 1,285 |
| Ratio of scholars, per 1,000 of children, | 670 | 110 |
| Number of whites over 20, | 55,198 | 36,132 |
| " of whites over 20, illiterate, | 1,255 | 171 |
| " illiterate, per 1,000 over 20, | 22 | 4 |

Here it is very apparent that the number of scholars in Massachusetts is six times as large as in New Orleans, and that the number of illiterate in the former, is nearly six times larger than in the latter. Hence it is inferred, that the census is wrong; whereas the census has merely developed a process of emigration, the existence of which probably did not occur to the compilers: viz. that the educated males of New England go south in the course of their business, while every packet from Europe brings to supply their places numbers who remain there, and who are imperfectly taught. At the same time the scarcity of good schools at the south is of itself a reason why southern children are sent to fill the academies of the north. As well might discrepancies like the following be objected to the general correctness of the census:

| | Massachusetts. | Illinois. | Louisiana. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Free white males, | 360,679 | 255,235 | 89,747 |
| " females, | 368,351 | 217,019 | 68,710 |
| Excess males, | | 38,226 | 21,037 |
| " females, | 7,672 | | |

This is the regular and natural result of emigration proceeding to the extent it does in this country. The numerous schools in New England furnish educated adults to the other states. It cannot therefore be alleged as an error of the census, that it shows a greater proportion of education in the new states than it displays the means of attaining. On the other hand, it is a proof of its general correctness. The proportions evinced in the great national divisions of the Union are as follows:

Ratio of white population.

| | New England. | Middle. | Southern. | South Western. | Western. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| In Colleges, one to | 774. | 998. | 939. | 666. | 912. | 874. |
| Schools, | 50.6 | 80. | 67.5 | 90.2 | 231. | 86.37 |
| Primary, | 3.8 | 6.5 | 24.2 | 24.9 | 10.2 | 7.69 |
| Illiterate, | 169.6 | 47. | 11.4 | 13.7 | 23.3 | 25.27 |

The number of uninstructed is, it appears, to the whole white population as one in 26. This is a very low proportion. In France the uninstructed, according to government returns, is rather more than 1 to 2. According to official returns the physical and moral condition of France may be represented as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Population of France, | 34,292,000 |
| Amount of annual taxes, | $189,455,027 |
| Illiterate on attaining the 21st year, out of 1,000, | 501. |
| Ecclesiastical Students, " " | 29. |
| Number of inhabitants to one convict, | 9,104. |
| Illegitimate births out of 1,000, | 66. |
| Deserted children, " " | 33. |
| Average of human life —— years, | 37.5 |
| Paupers in 1,000 inhabitants, | 56. |
| Number of manufacturing establishments, | 495 |
| Bushels of inferior grain consumed to 100 bushels of wheat, | 174 |
| Young men engaged in agriculture at their 21st year, out of 1,000, | 526 |

This exhibits a deplorable state of both the moral and physical condition of the inhabitants of France, but the same items applied to each department

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evince a very great disparity. The department of the Seine, embracing Paris, evinces a much lower grade of morals, although a higher degree of instruction and less religious zeal than some other departments, as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Population, | 1,201,600 | Clerical students out of 1,000, | | 6 |
| Illiterate out of 1,000, | 195 | Illegitimate births | " | 313 |
| Inhabitants to one convict, | 2,033 | Foundlings out of | " | 159 |

Nearly one-half the children born, are, it appears, either illegitimate or deserted, and the convicted criminals are as one to about 2000, while the average for all France is over one to 9,000. We may compare this department with one of the most ignorant, as Finistère, an agricultural department, and the result is as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Population, | 554,300 | Clerical Students out of 1,000, | | 27 |
| Illiterate out of 1,000, | 780 | Illegitimate births | " | 58 |
| Inhabitants to one convict, | 5,626 | Foundlings " | " | 14 |

Now it appears that the general ignorance is here four times as great as in Paris, while in the latter there are nearly three times as many criminals in proportion to the inhabitants. The illegitimate births are six times as numerous, and the foundlings more than ten times. These are facts, which, in the opinion of M. Guerry, in his "Essai sur la Statistique Morale de la France," indicate that instruction is unfavorable to a highly moral state of Society. In pushing the inquiry further, however, it has been ascertained that although the instructed departments present the most criminals, yet those criminals are of the uninstructed. For the obvious reason that where instruction generally prevails, it becomes more requisite. Those who possess it have advantages over those who do not, and consequently the distress of the latter being enhanced, drives them into crime from which they have but little moral restraint. In 1835, means were first organized in England, on the plan of the French statistics, to obtain information in relation to the degree of instruction possessed by each criminal. The inquiries were divided under heads, as follows: Those who can neither read nor write; those who can do so imperfectly; those who are proficient; and those who received a superior education. The results of the inquiry for six years, and 143,591 convictions, were as follows:

| | Males. | Females. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ignorant persons, - - - - - - | 104,147 | 25,334 | 129,446 |
| Read and write well, - - - - - - | 12,202 | 1,272 | 13,474 |
| Superior instruction, - - - - - - | 648 | 28 | 676 |
| Total, - - - - - - - - - | 116,997 | 26,634 | 143,591 |

Of the uninstructed, over 19½ per cent. were females, and about 4¼ per cent. only of the educated. These, with other facts, are sufficient to establish the power of instruction in promoting the moral health, were not the moral tone of our own country as superior to that of the nations of Europe, as are the means of instruction here more abundant and better availed of than there. The following table will show the proportion of the different degrees of instruction in the agricultural counties of England as compared with the manufacturing counties:

| | Agricultural. | Manufacturing. | Total. England & Wales. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Unable to read and write, - | 38.72 | 31.72 | 33.32 |
| Read and write imperfectly, - - | 55.18 | 59.53 | 55.02 |
| " " well, - - - - - | 5.76 | 8.22 | 8.29 |
| Superior instruction, - - - - - | 0.34 | 0.53 | 0.37 |
| | 100,00 | 100,00 | |

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The greatest proportion of ignorance is among the agricultural counties, it appears, from which the emigration to the United States mostly proceeds, and swells the proportion of those unable to read and write, in our sea-ports. The agricultural states of America show but four in the 100 who cannot read and write, while the agricultural counties of England show near thirty-seven out of the 100.

The portion of the United States census which relates to the employments of the people, and the productions of the country, is doubtless very far from being correct; but whoever estimates the immense labor of such a work, and contemplates the almost insurmountable difficulties of obtaining correct answers to questions, of classifying those answers, when procured, so as to generalize into a great whole, of procuring competent agents who are faithful, and faithful agents who are competent, may well be surprised that results so satisfactory have been ascertained. It is of very recent dates, that attempts to take a "nation's account of stock" have in any degree been successful, although the absolute importance of the subject was acknowledged long since. Louis XIV., near one hundred and fifty years since, in prescribing to the intendants of provinces, to collect together materials with which to form general statistics of the Kingdom, especially enjoined them to include the facts relative to agriculture. There were, however, then in existence none of the means requisite for such vast and difficult undertakings. The very maps which represented the face of the country, differed from each other 5,818 mean leagues, or nearly 25 per cent. There were no registers of the departments, nor could the variable and unequal, but always heavy taxes afford any clue to the productions of the people who were to pay, or of the country which was to yield them. The methods of estimating the mere numbers of the people were so defective as to leave an uncertainty of full 20 per cent., always attending the results. In such a state of things, the intendants could not be expected to be very successful. Vauban had, however, recourse to a singular method. Accustomed through military experience to minute topographical investigation, he accordingly determined what was the mean extent of each species of surface in a territory of a square league of 25 to the degree, and formed a bold conjecture by assimilation from 1 to 10,000. His estimates were all that were obtained of the matter until the discussions of the economists, in the time of Louis XV., excited a lively interest on the subject of production. The disputants of that day, discouraged no doubt by their barren researches into the records of the state, confined themselves to hypothetical examples, such as those of a single farm, of which they computed the produce from probable data, without means of generalizing. The generally acknowledged want of these data induced an Englishman of the name of Arthur Young, to try a new mode. He took a complete map of France, and carefully cut it in pieces, according to the indications of the surface. He weighed each piece, and from the proportion it bore to the weight of the whole map, determined the proportion and quantity of land it represented to the whole soil. Singularly as such a mode strikes us at the present day, there was then none less defective for reaching the same object. The committee of the National Assembly of 1790, in order to obtain information upon the subject, with the view to equalize taxation, had recourse to the illustrious Lavoisier, who had been one of the Farmers general. His report embraced all of economical science then known. His method of proceeding was by the number of ploughs. He showed that there were then in France 920,000 ploughs, and the calculation was as follows:

| | | Acres. | | | Acres. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 320,000 | worked by horses plough in Autumn | 38.30 | each | or | 12,057,275 |
| 600,000 | " oxen | 19.15 | " | " | 11,491,200 |
| 320,000 | " horses in Spring | 38.30 | " | " | 12,057,271 |

The quantity of fallow ground was estimated at the same as that cultivated by horses in the fall and by oxen, and that there was in the districts cultivated by oxen waste land and commons, or sheep-walks, to double the extent. Those estimates give the surface of France as follows:

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| In Corn land | acres | 35,605,750 |
| " Fallow " | | 23,548,475 |
| " Waste " | and commons | 22,982,400 |
| Total extent | acres | 82,136,625 |

No one of these returns was the result of local investigation; they were a chain of deductions drawn from the hypothesis that the quantity of land could be estimated from the number of ploughs, which number was of itself uncertain. In 1810, Napoleon commanded the execution of a general statistics of France. The work had been greatly facilitated by the division of France into departments, cantons and communes, the lands registered, taxes regularly assessed, the administration centralised and the census regulated. Under these circumstances, Buonaparte, with his accustomed vigor, addressed three hundred and thirty-four questions to each of the prefects, to be answered in sixty days on pain of dismissal. The only result was that three years after a confused statement of the aggregate quantity of grain was made out. Under the new administration of France, based on the experience of the past, a more methodical system was pursued. In each of the 37,300 communes of France is a register of its agricultural domain, an account of all its products, a census of its animals and a table of its consumption. To attain uniformity a table of thirty-six questions is required to be filled out, and these 37,300 tables are gradually condensed, running into each other until the official reports form the reservoir by which the state of France may be seen at a glance. The same method runs through the departments of commerce and marine, forming the only basis on which the rights of the people can be maintained or their interests understood.

With very few of the facilities and nearly all the difficulties to encounter which other nations have experienced, the great work of the census of 1840 was undertaken, and as a whole it is doubtless more perfect than any work of the kind ever undertaken under similar circumstances. In relation to the occupations of the people it is of course exceedingly faulty. The advantages of being able to compare the numbers of people employed in each occupation in a country like ours, professing equality of laws, and which of late has been exposed to the attempts of a particular class to obtain the special protection of the government, are too obvious for comment. Nothing is more difficult, however, than to arrive at such results, owing to the want of uniformity in asking the questions and the manner in which they are understood by those who should answer them. Some housekeepers return all their children and servants in their own occupation, while some of their children engaged in other business are returned twice over. In some cases only the head of a family was returned as engaged in an occupation. Sometimes the head of a commercial house would return himself only, omitting those he employed, and others would return those they employ, omitting themselves. Many small establishments were therefore returned as employing no one, the owner himself attending to all the business. Hence the details of the census exhibit very many incongruities. The results, however, as dividing the whole population into general classes, are useful. The great sections of the Union evinced employments as follows:

| Employed in | N. Eng. | M. States | Southern | S. West. | Western | Total 1840 | Total 1830 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mines, | 811 | 17,092 | 3,210 | 255 | 3,843 | 15,211 | |
| Agriculture, | 414,178 | 808,600 | 955,725 | 650,546 | 890,905 | 3,719,951 | 2,070,646 |
| Commerce, | 17,757 | 50,077 | 12,962 | 14,496 | 12,315 | 117,607 | 72,493 |
| Manufactures, | 187,258 | 233,947 | 87,955 | 37,899 | 144,690 | 791,749 | 349,506 |
| Oceanav'tion, | 42,154 | 9,713 | 1,987 | 1,669 | 498 | 56,021 | |
| Inland, " | 1,914 | 17,586 | 4,149 | 1,861 | 7,566 | 33,076 | |
| Professions, | 11,050 | 24,512 | 7,887 | 6,381 | 15,425 | 65,255 | |
| Total, | 675,082 | 1,251,580 | 1,070,879 | 713,107 | 1,085,242 | 4,798,870 | 2,483,65 |

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The census of 1820 gave the employments under the three heads of agriculture, commerce and manufactures, and the proportions then occupied in those employments correspond with the ratio of those employments to each in 1840, as closely as follows:

| | 1820. | 1840. | Increase. | Decrease. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Agriculture, | 83.4 | 80.4 | | 3.0 |
| Commerce, | 2.9 | 2.5 | | .4 |
| Manufactures, | 13.7 | 17.1 | 3.4 | |
| | 100.0 | 100.0 | | |

These returns are sufficient to establish the relative proportions of these interests to each other, and to show how pre-eminently the agricultural preponderates over all others. The fact presents itself that a proportion of three per cent. has withdrawn itself from agriculture, and of .4 of one per cent. from commerce, by which two amounts the ratio of manufactures has increased. It is certainly very desirable that a more minute and accurate return of these particulars should be made at the next enumeration, and to consummate so desirable an end a well conducted Bureau at Washington to arrange and direct the proceedings, will be of eminent service.

The leading heads of the statistics of the United States, as far as at present can be drawn from official documents of different kinds, are as follows:

AVERAGE PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

| An. Products | N. Eng. | Middle | Southern | S. Western | Western | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Agriculture, | 74,749,889 | 213,628,160 | 140,917,851 | 110,789,390 | 114,302,207 | 654,387,597 |
| Manufacture, | 82,784,185 | 100,161,172 | 15,040,394 | 11,028,717 | 30,821,866 | 239,816,294 |
| Commerce, | 13,598,740 | 40,680,081 | 11,967,921 | 14,855,964 | 17,289,020 | 79,731,086 |
| Mining, | 3,808,678 | 27,258,902 | 4,076,054 | 1,676,146 | 5,579,011 | 42,358,761 |
| Forest, | 3,361,287 | 6,859,998 | 2,758,287 | 897,161 | 2,958,771 | 16,835,060 |
| Fisheries, | 9,424,555 | 1,970,030 | 562,047 | | 39,780 | 11,996,008 |
| Total produce, | 187,657,294 | 390,558,303 | 175,321,876 | 138,607,378 | 170,989,925 | 1,063,134,73 |
| Population. | | | | | | |
| White males, | 1,098,712 | 2,428,367 | 968,756 | 731,340 | 2,018,569 | 7,249,266 |
| " females, | 1,113,453 | 2,381,948 | 931,804 | 678,577 | 1,832,479 | 6,939,842 |
| Black males, free, | 11,290 | 83,607 | 36,957 | 16,318 | 19,578 | 192,510 |
| " females, " | 11,343 | 117,676 | 43,739 | 18,581 | 18,481 | 199,811 |
| " males, slaves, | 9 | 49,835 | 663,458 | 413,488 | 119,927 | 1,240,498 |
| " females, " | 14 | 47,943 | 665,945 | 406,701 | 120,935 | 1,240,805 |
| Total, | 2,234,821 | 5,114,376 | 3,390,969 | 2,265,007 | 4,129,969 | 17,057,352 |
| Health. | | | | | | |
| Whites, deaf and dumb, | 1,904 | 2,218 | 1,080 | 610 | 1,643 | 6,675 |
| " blind, | 1,948 | 1,733 | 927 | 474 | 948 | 5,030 |
| " insane, | 3,178 | 4,992 | 2,308 | 1,147 | 2,946 | 14,571 |
| Black, insane and dumb, | 32 | 214 | 368 | 167 | 182 | 973 |
| " blind, | 51 | 331 | 950 | 308 | 259 | 1,899 |
| " insane, | 283 | 639 | 888 | 425 | 601 | 2,935 |
| Education. | | | | | | |
| Students, | 2,857 | 4,822 | 2,045 | 2,087 | 4,222 | 16,233 |
| Grammar scholars, | 43,664 | 60,514 | 28,417 | 15,405 | 16,630 | 164,270 |
| Primary, " | 574,277 | 741,565 | 79,274 | 53,756 | 376,261 | 1,845,113 |
| Public Charge, " | 292,640 | 116,788 | 14,786 | 11,417 | 32,692 | 468,323 |
| Illiterate, | 13,041 | 102,459 | 168,071 | 100,911 | 165,463 | 549,905 |
| Public debt, | 9,004,436 | 84,160,063 | 17,019,068 | 44,642,971 | 47,774,958 | 204,601,490 |
| Foreign trade. | | | | | | |
| Imports, | 5,710,121 | 20,726,080 | 15,162,497 | 37,811,384 | 383,102 | 77,793,783 |
| Exports, | 17,472,600 | 36,696,429 | 1,958,811 | 8,539,670 | 95,780 | 64,753,790 |

These returns are sufficiently meagre, and that portion relating to the external commerce of the country made annually by the Treasury department, although very interesting as far as it goes, is so tardy in coming before the public, as to deprive it of much of its practical utility. As an instance we may allude to the present tariff law. The United States have for nearly one quarter of a century been divided upon the commercial policy of the country, and repeatedly as contending parties have alternately been in the ascendant, the tariff has been altered from rates extravagantly high, to rates comparatively low. Those manufacturers who claim the exclusive protection of the government, have maintained a fierce struggle to procure rates of duties so high

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as to give them the monopoly of the home market, for the sale of that which they make, to the exclusion of the foreign article. In this object they have frequently succeeded, producing thereby a marked change in the currents of trade, and a dislocation of old commercial connections, which have with difficulty been reunited when a changing policy has again removed restrictions upon intercourse. In all these vacillations no official statistics have been given to the public, by which the effect of these laws and varying duties upon articles of import or home manufacture can be clearly ascertained. So far from this, the party papers are at this time fiercely contending the point, whether high taxes raise or depress the prices of the taxed articles to the consumer. In fact the present tariff has now been in operation two years and six months, and in all that time the Treasury department, although possessed of ample materials, has only presented partially in detail the operations of the first nine months of the tariff. The people of this country are kept, as far as official returns are concerned, in an ignorance as to the effect and operation of their laws, as deep and impenetrable as that which attends the edicts of the Russian despot. If a large or a small portion of the citizens of the United States, procure through strong representations and strenuous efforts, the adoption by congress of a policy tending to their direct benefit, and which they allege will operate to the advantage of the whole Union, it becomes matter of first necessity, that the department, by every means in its power, should furnish prompt and correct data, by which the actual operation of that policy may be clearly and distinctly traced on each article, and its influence upon the general interest of consumers ascertained beyond doubt. By such means only can the bold and unsupported assertions of visionaries be combated, and the commercial policy of the country become permanently settled. All the interests of the commercial community require that prompt and correct returns of the imports and exports, quantities and values, at each port of entry, should be made public at short intervals, in connection with accurate returns of all the banking institutions which arrogate to themselves the sovereign prerogative of furnishing a currency. The paper currency of the banks being capable of rapid increase, and as sudden contractions, involves the value of all property; more particularly, those descriptions of exchangeable value always offering upon the market for sale. Hence nothing is more important than to ascertain the quantity and extent of the issues at all times, yet perhaps nothing is so much neglected in this country, as this species of information. Thus in July, 1832, congress adopted resolutions requiring the secretary of the treasury to lay before congress at the next and each successive session, full returns of all the banks in the Union. This was regularly complied with up to January, 1841, since when it has been entirely neglected, although in the four years which have since elapsed a most complete revolution has overtaken a large portion of these concerns, fraught with the most important matter of instruction as to the workings of the paper system, its influences upon the welfare of the community, and the losses in which individuals and states are involved through its abuses. In relation to the vast internal trade of the country, we have no concentrated official reports, its growing importance, the new channels it is continually forming for itself, as the rapidly reclaimed wilderness suddenly throws off from its bosom large and increasing amounts of surplus produce, which, concentrating at some favored spot, causes a flourishing city to spring as it were full grown into existence, and the howl of the wolf scarcely fading upon the air, is mingled with the hymn from a newly erected church. The restless pioneer population is constantly pressing westward, its detached parties already are concentrating upon the Pacific, bringing vast territories into the Union, soon to be filled with a thriving people, and the interests of all are yet unofficially known. It is a matter of the utmost importance that a full and complete system of statistical information should be organized, while yet its organization is comparatively easy. It will hereafter develope itself with the growth of the country, forming a safeguard against partial legislation, and through the spread of information and general intelligence of the people at large, become the instrument of guarantee that no interest, how small soever it may be in comparison with others, shall be neglected.

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## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RESUMÉ.

In our last number we enumerated those elements which appeared to us indicative of an improved value in American exported produce. Since then late accounts from England have sustained the opinions we then expressed, advising us of an advance in cotton, and a general improvement in the markets for American produce generally. These favorable indications have been met by a repayment of the interest on the debt of the State of Pennsylvania. We expressed the hope, in our January number, that the general expectation then entertained upon the subject would not be disappointed. The event has justified those expectations, and Pennsylvania is once more in its proper rank among the States of the Union. It has also become matter of congratulation that the loan of Illinois for the completion of her canal, has been obtained on the condition that a small tax should be imposed, by the Legislature now in session, for the payment of a portion of the debt. The negotiation has been pending for nearly two years, and it made very slow progress until in November last Messrs. Oakly and Leavitt went to London in order to complete a balance subscription of about $470,000. This was finally taken up by ten houses, dividing the amount equally between them, on condition of the tax. While this was in progress the Legislature met. and Mr. Arnold, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, introduced a bill laying a tax of 30 cents per $100 of valuation for 1846; 35 cents for 1847; and 40 cents for 1848 and thereafter. This was estimated as sufficient to pay one per cent on the whole debt on the 1st July, 1846, and an equal sum in July of each of the succeeding years, on condition of the success of the loan. This will probably pass, and thus the desired object of a resumption of payments by taxation may be effected by two delinquent states. The Indiana Legislature, it is to be regretted, adjourned without taking any steps in relation to her debt. The great result obtained, however, is matter of satisfaction so far; but it is to be hoped will in no case lead to a renewal of public loans.

The public debt of the several States as they now exist, and the unfortunate results which have attended the failure of some of the States, have grown out of a criminal neglect, on the part of the State authorities in the first instance, of the cardinal rule which teaches that no public loan should be created without setting apart funds for the payment of the interest and the principal. It has been the case, however, that nearly all the State debts have been created for the purpose of constructing some public work, or of establishing some Bank, the anticipated profits of which were relied on to meet the interest, without having recourse to taxation. This mode of contracting the debts necessarily involved failure. Because if the people are not willing to submit to taxation in a period of general prosperity, real or apparent, such as those when such schemes are usually projected, it is in vain to look for it when amidst accumulated distress they find that their hopes have been disappointed, and that the failure of the schemes has involved a total loss of the money which they are called upon to pay. If, under the influence of high anticipations of the future, taxation is impracticable, how much more difficult does it become when misfortune has dissipated those hopes! These were the circumstances which have attended all the delinquent States; and that, as in the case of Pennsylvania, they have in four years recovered their temper, and have commenced paying money they know to have been squandered, evinces a high degree of moral courage, and a fine sense of public duty. Would the people of England have paid the expenses of the last war had the taxes not been laid during the national enthusiasm, the rejoicings at victories, and the hope of future glory? Assuredly not. So far from it that the return of peace brought clamors loud and long for a reduction of taxes although none of the debt had been paid. The people of Pennsylvania and Illinois have done this, however. A commercial revulsion swept over them as ruinous as a war, yet from the midst of the consequent distress they have aroused themselves to pay taxes for money irrevocably lost. The existing debts of the

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States, according to recent official reports, are as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Illinois, - - - | 11,454,669 |
| Indiana, - - - | 12,512,000 |
| Michigan, - - | 3,871,220 |
| Maryland, - - | 13,400,000 |
| Mississippi, - - | 7,500,000 |
| Louisiana, - - | 16,850,000 |
| Arkansas, - - | 3,500,000 |
| Florida, - - - | 3,900,000 |
| South Carolina, | 3,182,992 |
| Georgia, - - - | 1,725,578 |
| Virginia, - - - | 7,360,932 |
| Kentucky, - - | 4,419,006 |
| Alabama, - - | 9,222,555 |
| Tennessee, - - | 3,286,000 |
| Pennsylvania, - | 40,000,000 |
| Ohio, - - - - | 19,276,771 |
| New York, - - | 28,130,240 |
| Massachusetts, - | 7,272,839 |
| Maine, - - - | 1,732,097 |
| Missouri, - - | 922,261 |
| Total, - - | $199,518,660 |

The first eight on the list are delinquent. The resumption of Pennsylvania, however, and the settlement of Illinois, with the great probability that the funds set apart by Michigan for resuming her payments January, 1846, will be sufficient for that purpose, will go far towards inducing renewed efforts on the part of the delinquent States, as well as by a restoration of confidence to enhance their means of paying the taxes. The general tendency of capital for employment is from the old to the new world. The accumulations there are greater, while the means of employment and the consequent demand for it are much more numerous and extensive on this side of the water. Hence it is that the rate of interest is much higher in the United States than in England, and in a state of perfect confidence in the integrity of those with whom they deal, capitalists are eager to take advantage of the high terms offered for the use of capital here. The more so that the same language is here in use as in England, and that in a similar degree exist that energy and enterprise for which the merchants of England have long been distinguished. The great rapidity with which the United States have advanced in wealth, has been in a great degree owing to the constant accession of foreign capital in the hands of emigrants, and sent here for employ. An operation which could only have been checked by the supposed prevalence of a spirit of "repudiation," or an indisposition to pay a just debt. The debts of the delinquent States are of two kinds; one small portion was undoubtedly illegally contracted in violation of the law authorizing the loans. The payment of these has been refused on that ground. At the same time the payment of just debts has been neglected by States alleging present inability, as well as by those known to be amply able to pay. Repudiation in this way assumed three forms, first a resolution not to pay the illegal debts, as in the case of the Union Mississippi bonds and that portion of the Michigan five million loan issued to the late National Bank. Second, a refusal to pay just debts, pleading inability, as in the case of some counties of Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, &c. Third, a neglect to pay by those States amply able, like Pennsylvania. Now, the refusal to pay debts established to have been illegal, would have no serious influence upon general credit, because it is matter that can be easily guarded against in future by an increased caution on the part of capitalists. The alleged inability to pay debts contracted is a more serious form of the disease, in as much as it betrays a shameful recklessness in contracting loans for speculative purposes, a want of strict moral principle in using the property of others for their own advantage without being perfectly sure that in any event it can be returned to the lender. In this case, however, the history of the country and its daily progress afford sufficient evidence that the inability must be temporary in its nature, and that the time will arrive when the debtors can pay. At this point the question of will is involved, and the indications in that respect were not favorable when the position of Pennsylvania was contemplated. One of the most populous and wealthy of the Union, with a debt less in proportion to her circumstances than her portion of the United States debt in 1800, although the justice of the debt was undoubted, made no effort to pay it. The position of Pennsylvania now as compared with that of the year 1800, is as follows:

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| | 1800. | 1845. |
|---|---|---|
| Population, | 602,365 | 1,800,000 |
| Debt, | 16,000,000 | 40,707,866 |
| Direct Tax, | 207,900 | 1,470,000 |
| Taxable Property, | 102,145,900 | 600,000,000 |

The debt of 1800 was one-fifth of the National debt, being the proportion of Pennsylvania according to her population at that time. The direct tax was then imposed by Congress under the law of 1798. Now, the debt was then one-sixth of her assessed property, and the tax she paid was about two and a quarter mills. Her debt is now one-fifteenth only of her taxable property, and the required tax is less than two and a half mills. Under these circumstances it was difficult to suppose otherwise than that the want of will to pay was the true secret of the general defalcation. Such a cause for delinquency could not but be fatal to credit. It offered nothing against which the creditor could guard in future operations, or which would be removed in the natural progress of events. It became impossible under such circumstances to grant credits or to part with money without an equivalent. Hence, that whole movement of capital across the Atlantic westward which had been going on for a period of near a quarter of a century ceased, one great element of the advancement of the country was cut off, not, however, without inconvenience to those in London in whose hands capital is prone to accumulate for employment. They soon found that the want of so important an outlet for surplus funds had a material influence in London upon the value of money, which for a space of near two years has been difficult to put out at the low rate of one and a half or two per cent. per annum. In this state of affairs the resumption of Pennsylvania and the imposition of a tax in Illinois with a view to the same object, removes the worst feature of the State delinquencies. It evinces the great truth that there is a will to pay just debts, and therefore gives assurance that sooner or later payment will be made in full of all existing debts, with perhaps the few small amounts of bonds; the issue of which has been attended with outrageous fraud. So soon as the question of payment comes to depend *solely* upon ability, confidence is restored, because the approach of that ability is inevitable. This view has been taken by the large creditors of all the States. They say one and all, "pay something, make a beginning, remove the imputation of want of will, and then take your own time to pay in full."

It has been a cause of great misapprehension among the people of the delinquent States, that the names of foreign banking-houses are always mentioned as their creditors. From this it has been inferred that the holders are speculative bankers, to pay whom, in full, it might be supposed less a moral obligation than if they were individual and original creditors. These are errors growing out of a want of acquaintance with the facts. The large banking-houses of London, as the Rothschilds, Morrisons, Baring Brothers, Dennisons, &c. &c., have each their numerous circle of wealthy clients, whose large revenues are deposited with them for investment. It becomes, therefore, a matter of great responsibility and anxiety on their part to make the investments profitably and safely for the small commission of 1-8 or 1-16 per cent., which they charge. Now the class of bankers, who are usually represented as the creditors of the delinquent States, are precisely they who, from their high confidence in republican institutions and firm faith in the integrity of the American States, took the utmost pains to "place" State bonds among their clients, and in very many instances at a premium, and we believe in all at full par. They overcame, by their strong representation, the aristocratic prejudice against "democratic promises," and were the means by which a large proportion of the States obtained their money. Those persons are now taunted by their clients for their credulity in trusting "democrats," while they are refused payment on this side. With admirable forbearance, however, and a just estimate of the true state of the case, these gentlemen have subscribed among themselves the sum asked for by Illinois to complete her canal, and only ask in return that a small payment shall be made, for the present, in return, on the accruing interest of the old debt.

The debt of Indiana is about $12,512,-

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000, of which probably $9,000,000 is held in London, in the manner above indicated, by persons who have paid more than par for the bonds they hold. Of the balance, probably $1,000,000 is "afloat" on the stock market, and the foot-ball of stock brokers. These, in the last four years, have ranged at all prices, from 15 to 50 per cent., and some of them have been purchased at the lowest rates on speculation, and are now held in confidence of ultimate payment. A proposition of these small speculative holders was, during the last session of the Indiana legislature, made to that body to fund this stock and interest in a new stock, leaving three per cent. instead of five per cent., which they offered to take as payment in full. To give greater weight to this proposition, it was represented that the offer came from *all* the bond-holders, when, in fact, it came from those who hold only but about five per cent. of these bonds. The only proposition, to which he great body of *bonâ fide* creditors gave their assent, was that a part of the interest should be paid now, and the deficit, with the arrearages, to be funded, and the payments on the whole resumed at some future time, through the progressive action of the tax-law, operating upon the growing wealth of the State. The confusion produced by the false movement was fatal to any action at the present session. Next year, however, the real friends of Indiana are sanguine that steps will be taken to consummate so desirable an end.

The means of Indiana will, in all probability, be considerably increased, through the grant by Congress of a large tract of land, contiguous to the White Water canal, to aid in the completion of that work and its connection with the Wabash and Erie. A grant of 500,000 acres, in addition, will probably be made by Congress to Illinois, to assist in the completion of her canals.

The State of Michigan will, in all probability, resume her payments, on her acknowledged debt, in January, 1846, according to the law of 1842, by which so much of the nett proceeds of the Southern and Central roads, after paying for iron, to complete the former to Hillsdale and the latter to Marshall, as would be necessary to meet the interest on internal improvement warrants, and the interest due January, 1846, which will amount to about $50,000; and in case of a prior settlement, in relation to the bonds issued to the late national bank and partially paid for, may be increased to $90,000. The business of the Central railroad has been, for six years, as follows:—

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

| | 1839. | 1840. | 1841. | 1842. | 1843. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Receipts, - - | 61,154 | 61,609 | 71,249 | 136,895 | 149,988 | 211,169 |
| Expenses, - - | 44,451 | 40,972 | 45,594 | 73,819 | 74,960 | 89,419 |
| Nett profits, | 16,703 | 20,637 | 25,655 | 63,076 | 75,028 | 121,750 |

This income is large, and it may be here remarked that with the exception of the Erie Canal it is the *only State work* in the country *which supports itself*. As the requirements of the law in relation to the Railroad Iron have been complied with, these increasing revenues are now applicable to the State exigencies in relation to its debt.

The four States here enumerated, Pennsylvania having led the way, will all soon be classed among the solvent States. The others will follow more slowly. At the approach of last Spring we looked upon the continued dishonor of Pennsylvania at that time as an important element in a prolonged derangement of financial affairs, although the high prices which cotton had commanded, and the gradual increase of lucrative trade which marked the business of the previous fall, gave promise of that excitement which was evinced in the trade of the summer and fall. These features are now precisely reversed. The resumption of the states is likely to remove the restraint which their dishonor placed upon the free movement of capital. The ruinous fall which has overtaken Cotton has destroyed that business which grew up on the rise of prices. The consequences seem to involve a diminished import, while the gradually improving aspect of the Cotton market would indicate a restored health to general trade. The weight which the pre-

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sent Tariff imposes upon trade is, however, very severe, and business labors heavily under it. The imports of dutiable goods into the port of New York have been as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Foreign cost dutiable goods, | $64,921,268 |
| Add to first expenses and charges, | 6,492,126 |
| Actual duties 31½ per cent. average, | 21,457,830 |
| Wholesale market value, | $92,871,224 |

A 20 per cent. duty, according to the compromise act, would have reduced this sum $8,500,000, and left the same quantity of goods to have been sold at a profit instead of a loss. It is a matter of congratulation, however, that the banks of the different sections of the country have throughout the year preserved a very contracted line of discounts when compared with former years. The leading features of the principal banks in different parts of the country were on the 1st Jan., 1845, as follows:—

LEADING BANKS IN THE DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE UNION.—JANUARY 1, 1845.

| | *Loans.* | *Specie.* | *Circulation.* | *Deposites.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Banks of Maine, | 4,785,314 | 192,445 | 1,960,538 | 1,116,961 |
| " South Carolina, | 5,001,914 | 1,016,202 | 2,059,398 | 1,710,194 |
| " Ohio, | 3,141,981 | 735,048 | 2,370,312 | 434,412 |
| " Maryland, | 9,875,231 | 1,835,230 | 1,856,649 | 3,150,840 |
| " New Orleans, | 33,108,450 | 8,138,987 | 2,082,130 | 6,580,030 |
| " Mass. August, | 48,770,975 | 4,587,140 | 12,183,158 | 19,234,304 |
| " Vermont, | 2,160,758 | 95,563 | 1,743,807 | 289,079 |
| " Indiana, Nov., | 2,307,303 | 1,120,013 | 3,101,000 | 292,744 |
| " Georgia, October | 5,341,580 | 1,441,218 | 2,530,500 | 1,084,422 |
| " New York, | 70,866,578 | 6,893,236 | 18,513,408 | 20,976,246 |
| " New Jersey, | 5,131,451 | 557,027 | 1,960,040 | 1,440,568 |
| " Pennsylvania, | 23,374,426 | 5,286,225 | 8,375,495 | 12,269,288 |
| " Virginia, | 14,146,501 | 2,432,689 | 5,685,304 | 3,416,713 |
| " New Hampshire, | 2,480,569 | 125,171 | 1,129,775 | 463,095 |
| " Michigan | 405,835 | 203,776 | 247,259 | 158,406 |
| " Kentucky, | 8,556,085 | 2,444,819 | 4,231,461 | 1,565,547 |
| Total, | 239,478,351 | 37,297,759 | 60,290,418 | 72,192,098 |

This evinces a very great contraction as compared with former years, and to this large basis of specie, which has been preserved, the small number of failures which have taken place during the past year, may be attributed, notwithstanding the disastrous losses that have attended mercantile operations.

The high proportion which the specie in the vaults of the banks bears to the loans and to the bank paper outstanding, is an evidence that no redundant credits now exist; which, by the operation of the Sub-Treasury plan of finance, would be forcibly reduced, and by so doing, produce a derangement in the course of business. On the other hand, the action of the government finances through that system is calculated, by giving greater activity to the precious metals, in effect, to increase the apparent abundance of money. It must also be considered that the amount of coin in circulation is greater now than at any former period of the history of this country. This is more particularly the case in the valley of the Mississippi, where the greatest reduction has within a few years taken place in the circulating bank credits; and *pari passu* with reduction, the coinage of the New Orleans mint has supplied corresponding quantities of the precious metals in the shape of the national coin. The New Orleans branch mint was established in 1838; but until the year 1842, the imports of specie, owing to the redundancy of paper currency in that quarter, were small, and consequently the operations of the mint were limited. When the sound banks were compelled to resume in the summer of 1842, the import of specie commenced giving employment to the mint. The following table shows the import of specie at New Orleans, the amount coined, and that remaining in the bank vaults at the close of each year:—

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| | *Import of Specie.* | *Coined at New Orleans.* Gold. | Silver. | Total. | *In N. O. Bank vaults.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1838 to 1841 | $——— | $326, 90 | $1,533,503 | $1,859,693 | $3,520,000 |
| 1842 | 5,257,726 | 405,500 | 89 ,250 | 1,295,750 | 4,586,237 |
| 1843 | 7,525,552 | 3,177,000 | 1,391,000 | 4,568,000 | 7,932,018 |
| 1844 | 6,075,199 | 3,010,000 | 1,198,500 | 4,208,500 | 8,138,287 |
| Total, | $18,858,477 | $6,918,690 | $5,013,253 | $11,931,943 | |

Of $18,858,477 imported into New Orleans, $4,618,987 has been added to that in the bank vaults, leaving $14,239,490; of which, it appears, $10,072,250 has been coined in three years.

These are great results. More has been done during the last three years towards nationalizing our currency than in all the preceding period of our history. There is consequently a broader basis for mercantile credits, as distinguished from bank credits, than ever before.

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## LITERARY BULLETIN.

### AMERICAN.

The fourth volume of Mr. Sparks' new series of *American Biography*, has just appeared, comprising Lives of Roger Williams, Timothy Dwight, and Count Pulaski. This library of American biography has been always regarded as of high value, a fact corroborated by its extended sale. Charlotte Elizabeth's last work is called "Judæa Capta," a volume abounding with interest, and full of the harrowing details of the siege of the Holy City by Titus.

Wiley and Putnam are about to issue Wagstaff's "History of the Society of Friends," and in a few days, "Human Magnetism, its claims to dispassionate inquiry, &c., being an attempt to prove the utility of its application for the relief of human suffering, by W. Newnham, Esq.

Prof. Longfellow's "Poetry and Poets of Europe of the Nineteenth Century," will appear in the course of the present month.

Mr. Richard Henry Wilde's forthcoming "Life and Times of Dante," will be embellished with an engraved portrait of the Poet from the fine original discovered by the author during his visit to Florence. Mr. Dana's Life of Washington Allston, a work of which high expectations are entertained, is expected to appear in the course of the season. Another attractive volume is about to be added to the series of works on the Poets, by Longfellow and Griswold; it is on the Literature of Europe, by Rev. Mr. Hedge, of Bangor.

A pleasingly written volume, entitled "Letters from a Landscape Painter," by Charles Lanman, has just appeared from the Boston press; it will not fail of winning the good opinions of many a reader, from its picturesqueness of style, its poetic feeling, and its sportiveness of fancy—all which combine to render its recitals very attractive. We hear that the author's former volume, "Essays for Summer Hours," together with the foregoing, are about to be republished in London.

A second number of Maunder's "Treasury of History" has also appeared. As already stated, this work, novel in its plan, and of great value as a book of reference, deserves the largest patronage.

Dr. Stephen W. Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., has just published in a handsome octavo volume, his memoirs of eminent Physicians, entitled, "American Medical Biography:" a work of great value, as comprising notices of the most conspicuous in the Profession, who have become deceased since the publication of Dr. Thatcher's work on the subject. This laudable essay to do honor to departed worth should be promptly responded to by the Profession, and we hope the appeal will not be made in vain. The volume is co-

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piously embellished by well executed portraits. Copies may be obtained at Langley's, 8 Astor House.

Harpers have resumed the publication of the "Illustrated Shakspeare," edited by Verplanck. They have also in press a new edition of Hewett's "Illustrated Common Prayer," to be issued in twelve numbers, at 25 cents each. Both these works will be printed in a very superior manner, with the typographical facilities accumulated for the "Illustrated Bible."

The same publishers have also in preparation the "Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy," by Thomas Webster and Mr. Parker, one of the valuable series of the Messrs. Longmans, of which the works of Brande and McCulloch form a part.

Wiley and Putnam are about to publish the "Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe," translated by Mr. G. H. Calvert of Baltimore. These letters, of unsurpassed value and interest, which throw so much light on the characters of the two great German poets, have never before been translated. The first volume, a handsome 12mo. of nearly four hundred pages, will be issued in a few days. W. & P., also publish the "Philosophy of Vegetation," a Lecture by W. A. Seeley; and the "Providence of God, as displayed in a series of Interesting Facts," by Rev. I. Young. And "Mulder's Animal and Vegetable Chemistry," Part II.—a work of great merit.

Bartlett & Welford have issued a Prospectus for publishing, by subscription, the "Transactions of the Ethnological Society of New York," Vol. I. The work will consist of a series of papers of interest to the Antiquary and Philologist, which will be accompanied by illustrations.

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### English.

The literary advices by the last steamer, do not comprise any very important announcements of the London booksellers: we transcribe the principal, which are as follows:—"Wilkinson's Practical Geology and Architecture of Ireland," with illustrations; The Diar and Correspondence of Sir Simon D' Ewes' who lived during the reigns of James I. and Charles I; Carleton's new work, "Valentine McClutchy, or the Irish Agent;" "Tales of Great and good Kings," by P. Frazer Tytler; "Diary of a journey in France and Spain during the past year," by Rev. F. Trench; "Three years in Constantinople," by Chas White, with numerous illustrations; and a new work from the German of Prince Puckler Muskau, entitled, "Egypt and Mehemet Ali."

There appears to be a liberal supply of works of fiction forthcoming,—take the following:

"Life at full length," by Mark Merrivale; "Alice Seymour," by Mrs. Grey; "Mr. St. John's Indian Tales," one of which is styled "The Trapper's Bride," a tale of the Rocky Mountains; "Battle Cross," a novel; "Hawkstone, a tale of, and for England," "Lady Cecilia Farrencourt," by H. Milton; Lady Blessington's new work "Strathem," which is however already published in London. "The Gituna" is the unexplained title of another; and the expressive term—"*Nothing*," is that selected by some modest scribe of whom the public *knows nothing*, and for whose lucubrations it may possibly care nothing, unless it should prove its title a direct misnomer. "The Spinster at Home," in the close of Salisbury,—no fable, together with other tales and ballads, by Miss Child; "The Ward of the Crown," by the author of "Seymour of Sudeley;" "Cousin George," a novel, dedicated to the Duchess of Kent; "The Roman Matron," from the German of Tieck; and, "The Whiteboy," by Mrs. S. C. Hall, comprise the *novellettes* of our current literature.

In addition to the recently discovered copying process, styled "anastatic printing," by which expensive engravings may be transferred in half an hour, we notice another new invention which may supersede *Wood*-Engraving, by the substitution of *Ivory*, for *box*, over which the former has advantages.

We present our readers this month with a likeness of the Hon. Charles I. Ingersoll, engraved from the original daguerreotype likeness in the *National Miniature Gallery* of *Messrs. Anthony, Edwards & Co.*, No. 247 Broadway, N. Y. The collection which these gentlemen are forming, must soon be universally acknowledged as, in our opinion it is now, one of the most valuable and interesting objects connected with art. This gallery, the first and as yet the only one, we believe, of its kind in this country (consisting entirely of likenesses of distinguished persons), was commenced about two years since, and no effort or expense has been

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spared to make it as complete as possible. A part of the firm pass each winter in Washington, where they are allowed the use of one of the beautiful committee-rooms in the Capitol, and of course have great facilities for procuring their portraits of the many eminent men who reside at or visit the metropolis during the sessions of Congress. These are regularly transmitted to New York and arranged in the gallery, with the autographs of each person. There are very few Americans known to the country whose "counterfeit presentment" may not be found among them. For seeing them there is no charge, as the gallery is free to all.

Nor is this the only benefit rendered to the public by these enterprising artists. They are engaged on a work which will be of great value and interest to the country, when completed, and add new laurels to American genius and enterprise. It is a view of the Senate Chamber, at Washington, to be engraved on steel in the finest style of mezzotint, representing the Senate in session at the time of Henry Clay's farewell address, giving accurate likenesses of the members of that body, besides introducing in the lobby and gallery numerous other likenesses of eminent characters, copied from their daguerreotypes. The size of the plate is 40 inches by 32, being the largest ever executed in this country. It has been under the engraver's hands several months, and will probably require sixteen or eighteen months more for its completion. The subscription price is $5,00, which is lower than any work of equal magnitude and interest, ever before offered to the public. It will, undoubtedly, have an immense sale. Its conception and execution, at a very heavy cost, reflect high credit on the publishers, who have undertaken to give it to the country.

In the practice of this art, these gentlemen are without superiors. They have obviated the principal objections that existed against daguerreotypes, and if they have not yet attained perfection, it would be difficult to say in what respect they may be made more perfect.

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## NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A special meeting of the New York Historical Society was convened at the Society Rooms, in the University of the city of New York, on the 11th day of February, 1845.

Present Hon. Albert Gallatin, President, in the chair, assisted by Rev. Thomas De Witt, 2d Vice President.

The Domestic Corresponding Secretary reported the following communications, received since the last meeting:

From the Hon. Luther Bradish, accepting the office of Vice President of this Society.

From Brants Mayer, Corresponding Secretary of the Maryland Historical Society, acknowledging the receipt of some volumes of the transactions of the New York Historical Society.

From Messrs. J. P. Kirtland and N. J. Bowditch, respectively acknowledging their election as corresponding members of this Society.

The Librarian reported the following donations and additions made to the Library since its last meeting:

Observations on the Magnetic Dip, made in the United States in 1841. By J. N. Nicollet. 4to.

An Inaugural Address, Aug. 21, 1838, by Professor Loomis.

Observations of the Magnetic Dip in the United States, fourth series. By Elias Loomis, Prof. &c. *From Professor Loomis.*

The New World, vol. VIII.—Jan. to June, 1844; 4to. New York. 1844. *From the Publisher, J. Winchester.*

Longworth's Dictionary. 1842-3 and 1838-9. 2 vols. 800 pp. *From Professor C. Mason.*

The President's Message, and accompanying documents. *From Hon. Hamilton Fish.*

The Stay and the Staff taken away—a Discourse occasioned by the death of Hon. Wm. Prescott, LL.D., Dec. 15, 1844. By Alexander Young. Boston, 1844. *From the Author.*

Biographical Sketch of Gen Joseph Palmer. From the New Englander No. IX. Jan. 1845. Portrait. *From C. L. Palmer.*

Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, No. 31, vol. IV. July—Dec. 1844. Pp 800. *From the Society.*

History of the United States of Ameri-

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ca, by Dr. Bridgeman [In Chinese]. *From Barnabas Bates, Esq.*

The Last of the Plantagenets, a Tragic Drama, in three acts, by Caroline M. Keteltas. Pp. 12mo. New York. 1844. *From the Author.*

First Report of the Prison Association of New York, Dec. 1844. Pp. 800. New York. 1845. *From P. M. Wetmore, Esq.*

Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library Association, Jan. 1845. *From the Board.*

The Arms of Washington, painted by T. Brown. The Arms of Gallatin, do. do. *Gift of Thomas Brown, Esq.*

A Map of South Carolina, by John Wilson, engraved by H. S. Turner. Philadelphia. *Gift of W. G. Simms, Esq.*

The American Pioneer, a Monthly Periodical, devoted to the objects of the Logan Historical Society, &c. Vol. I., 2d edition. Vol. II. 800. 2 vols. Cincinnati. 1842-3. *Gift of Prof Jared P. Kirtland, Cleveland, Ohio.*

*Additions by purchase or exchange.*

Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society. Vol. I. 800. Philadelphia. 1819.

On the Discovery of the Mississippi, and on the South-western, Oregon, and North-western Boundary of the United States, with a translation from La Salle's MS. Memoirs, etc. 800. London. 1844.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee reported in favor of the nominations of the following gentlemen, who were elected as *corresponding* members:

Rufus W. Griswold, of Philadelphia; Edwin Saunders, of London; Gabriel P. Disosway, Staten Island.

As *Resident* members—Dr. F. Campbell Stewart, Dr. James Ashley, Charles McVean, W. T Horn, Wm. Chauncey, Henry S. Mulligan, Charles A. Stetson, Robert E. Kelly, Alexander Johnson, Dr. William H. Jackson, Samuel J. Tilden, Prof. Louis J. Tellkampf, Samuel H. Whitlock.

At the request of H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq., Gen. Wetmore presented the following resolutions, which were referred to the Executive Committee with powers:

*Resolved*, That this Society deem it expedient to petition the Legislature for the passage of an act to take a census of the aboriginal population, still existing within the boundaries of this State, distinguishing the following facts, namely—

1. The name and numbers of the tribe, denoting age and sex.

2. The quantity of land they own or occupy, with the objects of their cultivation or subsistence, noting whether any portion of the latter be still derived from the chase.

3. Such notices of the locations within the State where they now remain or have formerly resided, as may illustrate and render intelligible, in a brief way, the leading points in their history, antiquities, and geographical nomenclature.

Professor Cyrus Mason then presented the following resolutions, which were read and adopted.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Society be presented to Frederick Depeyster, Esq., its late foreign Corresponding Secretary, for his faithful services in that office, during the long period of years that he has conducted the foreign correspondence of this Society.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Society be presented to the Hon. George Folsom, late Domestic Corresponding Secretary, for his valuable services in that office.

The President appointed Messrs. Wm. Beach Lawrence, Frederick Depeyster, J. R. Broadhead, to fill vacancies in the Executive Committee.

Extracts from a paper, by the Hon. Albert Gallatin, on the "Semi-civilized nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America," which was announced to be in course of publication in the first volume of the "Transactions of the Ethnological Society of New York," were then read by Mr. Bartlett, at the conclusion of which the Rev. Professor Robinson briefly explained the purpose, condition, and prospects of the Ethnological Society, which had been referred to.

A paper prepared by the late William L. Stone was then communicated to the Society, and its reading was commenced by Professor Mason.

At the request of Dr. Lee, General Wetmore submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

Whereas, an act to establish the *Smithsonian Institution*, an institution in the establishment of which scientific men of all parties are interested, has passed the Senate, and is now awaiting the action of the House, and *whereas*, from the multiplicity of business to be transacted at this session, the House may fail to take this bill into consideration, therefore,

*Resolved*, That the members of Congress from this State, without distinction of party, be most respectfully but earnestly solicited by this Society to take such bill into consideration during their present session.

Whereupon the Society adjourned.

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ERRATUM.—On page 271, last line, instead of *was the precursor of*, read *was preceded by, &c.*

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Engraved for the Democratic Review by J. B. Forrest from a Daguerreotype Drawing by Anthony Edward Carte

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so much time should be wasted, so much capital squandered, so much energy misapplied, so much bad feeling mutually excited, so much demoralization, public and private, engendered? Surely, on this point, at

tion of fuel?

But it may be said, we should at least have a long period of intermission. Allow one or two years for the actual contest, there would be at least four or five of something like repose. This is

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a fallacy. Have we any intermission —any repose—anything better than a slight, momentary lull, in the perpetually raging storm? And, surely, it would be proportionately worse, if the fury of the storm were to be increased, by the stimulation of the causes to which it is chiefly to be ascribed. It is not every four years, that we hold a Presidential Election now. It is every year; in some States, every half-year. Not only every member of the federal legislature, but, as a general rule, every officer of every State government, executive and legislative—nay, every town clerk and every village constable—is elected on Presidential principles, Presidential interests, Presidential tendencies. Whig songs for 1848 are already set to music —already sung by the roystering patriotism of bar-room politics. The echoes of the shouts which greeted President Polk's inaugural are yet in one ear, while the other is already saluted with party clamors and party discussions having reference to the formation of issues and organizations for the election of his successor. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace!—rest, rest, but there is no rest! And all this, —or a large part of it—grows out of the vast magnitude of the consequences of an election, on the present tenure of power by a victorious party. This is the great motive—this the perpetual stimulus. Hence the hope and the effort—hence the anger and the disappointment—hence the strong excitement of all the ambitions, interests, intrigues, and passions which attend one of these great struggles of parties, and which become immediately transferred — with scarcely diminished violence, even though the loudness of their expression may subside for a while—to the next renewal of the same still beginning, never ending contest.

The true remedy lies exactly in the opposite direction. Attack the effect in its causes. Do not dream of reducing the former by magnifying the latter, but in proportion as you reduce the latter the former will subside, if we may never expect to see it wholly disappear. Make a Presidential Election less important; make the splendor of the Presidential prize less an object of temptation to deep intrigue and desperate struggle on the part of great politicians; make its patronage less an object of ambition and cupidity to the masses of minor ones who overspread the country —who raise the clamors—organize and work the machineries—govern the local political affairs—and direct, if they do not create, a large part at least of the public opinion. *Shorten the Presidential tenure; and reduce the Executive patronage.* This is the only remedy, and matters have reached such a pass that it must soon be applied, and all reflecting men must soon admit into their minds the truth of its necessity.

For our own part, our preference is clear, for an annual term, with unrestricted reëligibility; upon which, custom would soon fix the law of one or two reëlections as the proper limit of individual ambition.

What! A Presidential Election every year? An earthquake annually? A political revolution with every revolution of the seasons?

Softly, softly, we reply—you forget that if we should have four times as many Presidential Elections, they would be *in more than equivalent proportion reduced in importance and excitement.* A Presidential Election would then add little or nothing to the excitement of an ordinary local election. These latter we have every year, and must continue to have. Nay, no one of them would be attended with half the excitement that now pervades them all. As before remarked, every one of them is already a Presidential Election—and an election having reference to a four-years' Presidential tenure, with all its passions, its ambitions and its bitternesses. The Presidential question would no longer be the Aaron's rod to swallow up all the rest. It would be, as it ought to be, subordinate to the State and Municipal questions upon which the State and Municipal elections ought to turn. It would then add nothing sensibly to their excitement, while they would be relieved from the factitious excitement which they now borrow from it. Of a verity, this appears to us so plain, that we are only astonished that it is not already an universal conviction, already ripe for immediate translation into action as a practical constitutional reform. That it will, that it must, very soon be so, we cannot doubt.

But—(shall again exclaim the objector)—shall we have an annual sweep of offices—a yearly rotation of the great vicissitude of In and Out! It is bad enough as it is now—would you quadruple the evil already so pernicious?

No, certainly not. On the contrary, we

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would indeed apply an effectual cure to this evil. It is now tolerated to some extent every four years, because the public mind feels that even though an experienced incumbent may be superseded by another who has yet to make himself familiar with his new duties, the prospect of a four years tenure is long enough to make a few months of inefficient experimental settling down in the office of little importance in comparison with the motives inclining a victorious party to this species of reward to its more meritorious or more necessitous friends. This length of tenure is also sufficient to constitute an attraction to the latter—to tempt them from other modes of industry—to lead them to hope for office, aim for it, labor for it, and finally to press hard upon the central dispensing sources of patronage, with "powers of application" hard, hard indeed to be withstood. All this would be changed under an annual tenure of the Presidency. Neither would the public mind then tolerate unnecessary political changes of office from year to year; nor would a President, a candidate for annual reëlection, then venture upon them; nor would office thus fugitive and slippery in the grasp be an object of pursuit or desire to any extent comparable with the present miserable state of things in this respect. Even, therefore, without any restriction upon the power of official patronage, this one simple change at the central mainspring of the general machinery, would go far to apply the remedy so much needed throughout the now disordered action of the farthest extremities.

But we do not propose to stop here. We would in that case fix a regular term for all offices in their nature susceptible of such limitation, and deprive the Executive of the power of removal without cause to be assigned to the Senate. Subject to the check of an annual responsibility, the Executive would then take very good care that those reasons should always be good ones. The extent of the federal official patronage would then be confined to the offices falling vacant irregularly from time to time, here and there. Taking four or six years as the general tenure, every year would witness the expiration of only one-fourth or one-sixth of the commissions of office, instead of the whole being considered, as now, subject to the action of the vast patronage power of the Executive. The altered state of things to which we refer, as the certain result of the suggested reforms, would moreover generate such a state of public feeling on the subject, that the usage would soon, we are sure, grow up to be, to re-appoint all faithful and serviceable officers, of secondary grade, without reference to their politics.

Is not the simple suggestion of these thoughts enough to carry home to every mind an earnest desire to realize in practice the change that would then come over the spirit of our politics?

To attempt to apply similar views to the action of a party or an administration *now*, is out of the question. No party coming into power, or already in it, will—or indeed, in reference to the practical necessities of position, ought to undertake such a suicidal quixotism. The existing evils are but the fruit and foliage produced by a necessity of nature from the deep root, and the vital sap which it sends circulating through the minutest ramifications of the structure. It is the system which is wrong; but the system, as time and the progress of events have developed it, has to be administered on its own principles. To be in the system, and to attempt, while in the system, to defy and nullify its principles, is at once absurd in theory and self-destructive in practice. A President is more governed by his party, than his party by its President. General Jackson could not carry out in practice many of the ideas which he entered on the Presidency most honestly desirous of adhering to. Contrast, too, General Harrison's undoubtedly sincere professions on this subject, with the performance of his one single month, and of the continued action of his Cabinet while it adhered to his successor, and constituted the administration unmitigatedly Whig. The system, the system, we repeat, tends to create a necessity which an administration can only modify and direct, but can neither resist nor evade. It comes into power, for instance, with vast numbers of distinguished and meritorious friends needing office quite as much as existing incumbents—as well, or better qualified for its duties—expecting it, desiring it, and supported by the general local feeling of their party, which expects and desires the proposed changes, and which will be disappointed and displeased if that expectation is not gratified.

And when it is then come in mind,

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that, as a general rule, the incumbents have gone into office on the same principle, with a fair understanding of the value of their tenure of the places which they were under no obligation to take—and in most cases supplanting predecessors under circumstances of private hardships fully equal to that which the revolving wheel of political fortune brings again home to themselves—when it is borne in mind that at each successive step of alternate retaliation it becomes more and more difficult, more and more impossible, for either to refuse to take the rent—it may be understood even by those who most heartily dislike this part of our "system," how idle it is to expect, how unreasonable to demand, from any new party and administration coming into power, anything short of a very extensive change in the offices at its disposal.

We dislike this as much as any, and much more than most. Nevertheless, as practical observers and reasoners, we see the present necessity out of which it grows; the impossibility of preventing it; and the folly of railing against it. It is in *the bad system* that the fault lies, and there alone can it be reached by any effective cure or prevention. Perhaps, too, it is best to let it have its full way, without tinkering at its eternal symptoms with palliatives and patches, tending only to delay that radical reform which may be best promoted by allowing its necessity most speedily and strongly to demonstrate itself. That reform is only to be found in reducing the Presidential term—taking away the power of removal without good cause assigned—and we ought to add, transferring to local popular election a large proportion of the official patronage, now vested in the executive. Sooner or later this must be done;—the later it is, the worse it will be,—the sooner, the better.

The reform here proposed would open the chance of honorable Presidential aspiration to many men of the highest rank of ability and merit who now stand necessarily excluded from it. Any one can for himself easily make up at this moment a list of some fifteen or twenty eminent Democrats, in different sections of the Union, who may be said all to occupy what may be called a Presidential position, that is, to be fully worthy and suitable as possible candidates for that highest of human political honors; yet not more than three or four of these are likely ever to attain it. The tendency of such a state of things to foster intrigue, combination, undue means even for legitimate ends, among public men of the highest grades, it is needless to dwell upon. A fair justice, too, would seem to require, that now, when the great and fast growing extension of our country produces the effect of bringing forward on the stage of public life so large a number of men of equal, or nearly equal pretensions, this honor should not be confined to two or three of a class embracing perhaps a dozen, to the necessary exclusion of all the rest. With annual elections, and reëligibility, restricted in practice so as to give each President not more than three, and perhaps on an average two years, the greater number of men of this class would be taken up by the people in succession, while the Presidency would move round in a healthy rotation through the different sections and States, to the satisfaction of all, and the avoidance of those sectional jealousies which are now so irritating and so mischievous.

This is the time to consider and to act upon this subject—just at the close of one Presidential contest, and before the candidates have been indicated for the next; while there are still, therefore, no special interests enlisted in opposing this suggestion for the purpose of securing a larger probable term of the Presidency to their own already selected candidate. There are already several eminent ornaments of our party who are looked to, with more or less of hope by their respective friends, as our candidate for 1848. If the proposed reduction of the term should be made, *all* could then come in, in timely order, while several others, now scarcely thought of, though no less meritorious, would also be brought in the scope of a legitimate chance. The Roman Consuls were annually selected—why not our Presidents? The executives of several of our States—why not the executive of the confederacy?

We shall be glad if the Democratic press generally would copy this article—which we have purposely made a short one—whether to express their concurrence or dissent is immaterial, provided, only, they bring the matter fairly before the consideration of their respective circle of readers.

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# POOR ESTEER, THE JEWESS.

## A REMINISCENCE OF MOROCCO.

The timidest and gentlest of creatures was poor Esther (or Esteer as it was usually pronounced), when she presented herself one morning, for a place of domestic servitude, to a Christian lady who had become a resident at Swarrah, or Mogadore, as it is called by Europeans, on the coast of Morocco. The touching sadness of her faltering tones, with the expression of deep melancholy resting on her regular and singularly lovely features, could scarcely fail to win for her kind words and courteous reception from the Christian bosom she appealed to so pathetically for shelter and employment; and in defiance of the warnings given by the more initiated, in regard to the physical qualities of strength, and the habit of labor, adapted to the duties she was required to perform, that quick monitor which touches the chord of sympathy in a woman's heart was true to its own instincts. Esteer's tears, as they flowed from a fount long closed, down a cheek as smooth and pale as marble, and as finely moulded by the hand of God to the lines of beauty, as marble has ever been chiselled by that of man, came warm up from that hidden spring which gushes forth from the hearts of the unhappy, only when touched by the magic of unaccustomed tenderness. The result was, that, contrary to much sage advice, Esteer, with the white soft delicacy of her little taper fingers, which seemed never to have attempted any ruder task than that of braiding her own flowing luxuriance of raven tresses, with her gait of graceful repose, and and eyes into whose soft but richly beaming depth it seemed impossible to look and impose upon her any command of menial service—was promptly received, by our young and perhaps unwise Christian dame, into the responsible post of a "maid of all work."

The rest of the household consisted of an old woman, named Rammo, who was monarch of all she surveyed in the kitchen; and a giddy piece of masculine humanity, named Hadzar, whose chief employment was to break all those fragile articles of household indispensableness which could not be replaced for love or money in Swarrah; each such occasion, according to the superstition of the country, being always eagerly announced by him to his provoked and despairing mistress as a grand sign of "luck." The Christian lady who exhibited this reprehensible imprudence in the choice of a servant, was, though herself not yet "out of her teens," the wife of an American gentleman, whom commercial pursuits had brought to this part of the world. At the time of Esteer's introduction into her service, her husband was absent on a distant voyage, leaving her the charge of a large old Moorish house, two infant children, the younger of them still in the cradle—and the above described rather oddly assorted household. In addition to the above, I should mention an "Emperor's soldier," whose duty was to officiate as a porter and guard at the gate. His name was Hassaun.

Esteer, however, soon fell in, and abundantly justified that confidence in her to which her sweet and melancholy beauty had been her sole title; and put to shame the warnings with which her young mistress had been cautioned against taking her. She knew little indeed about any of the duties of menial service; especially in a household conducted as much as possible on "Christian principles,"—if without profanity I may thus use the word in the sense in which it was commonly employed, to denote *European* in distinction from *Mahometan*. But the willing heart and the quick and docile intelligence soon triumphed over the disadvantages of the delicate and inexperienced hands; so that while still much as possible spared all severer tasks, in general usefulness as a personal attendant upon her mistress, Esteer became one of the most serviceable of "helps."

Yet still, with all her anxiety to please, and all the pain with which she appeared to feel the slightest failure in her offices, however unnoticed or unchided, no praise, no evidence of satisfaction, no mark of kindness even, seemed ever for a moment to withdraw

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the veil of sadness that clouded her lovely face. There was an idiot old man who shortly after her installation in her place, guided by the animal instinct which alone remained to his wretched and imbruted condition, established his seat beneath the wall of the house, to await a share of Esteer's daily food; of which indeed she never partook herself until the larger and better portion had been laid by the side of the miserable drivelling being whom it was poor Esteer's lot to call *father*. She was indeed the daughter of the doubly despised old idiot Jew who crouched and gibbered all day there by the Christian lady's gate. But the spirit and the heart were gone, utterly gone, that had once known her as such; and no other sentiment, no other mental sign of life remained to keep alive the vital spark in what seemed but the very ashes of humanity, than an avaricious greed for money. If a few *fluse* were cast to him, he would clutch them in his attenuated hand with an iron grip that defeated the often tried efforts of mischievous Moorish boys to rob him of them; and with a cunning that defied scrutiny he would hide them, even though, as had sometimes been the case before he became fixed in his present better quarters, he was himself half starved for food.

And yet, to the young mistress of the young Jewess, there was a still profounder melancholy in the picture which the daughter herself presented, of an utterly frozen, blighted, withered spirit, still animating, as though with a sad mockery of life, that form and face of a beauty so young, so exquisite, so evidently meant by a lavish mood of nature for all the best and brightest blisses of human existence, alike for bestowal and enjoyment. Nothing, as I have already remarked, ever appeared to reach her, to soften her, to raise a smile on her hopelessly dejected features, to let through a single ray of the blue through the perpetual cloud whose shadow for ever rested dark and cold upon her. She was ever gentle, ever uncomplaining, ever ready, willing and kind—ever anxious to satisfy, to exhaust herself in the labors of her service—and grateful for the kindness which was bestowed upon her by her mistress. She was all this, but she was never, as it appeared, in the slightest degree less unhappy.

At length, however, the ice of her desolation *did* begin to yield. The instinct of womanly sympathy at length succeeded in teaching her mistress to find one remaining avenue to her heart yet unclosed, by which to let in one ray of something akin to a joy, one gleam of tender softening and warming natural feeling. She gave into her gentle keeping the charge of her young infant, so far as she was ever willing to surrender it out of her own. The smile that first played around its mouth was elicited by her soft, touching and most melodious voice—the eye of incipient recognition beamed first on the sad beauty of her face—the little lips pressed hers when nature first moved with the dim instinct of love in the holy purity of the breast of a little child—and ere long the round chubby arms learned to encircle in their embrace the neck of the till now lonely Jewess. Heaven triumphed, and the desolate daughter of Judah was once more warmed into life, and to an interest at once soothing and gently exciting to her heart.* So that while she cradled the precious head for slumber on her own pure bosom, she took pleasure in chanting forth, after the manner of her country, the beauty and graces, present and future, of the talisman that had thus touched the long silent chord of harmony in her soul—in notes so deeply thrilling that the happy mother shed not a few secret tears whilst Esteer, seated at her feet, hushed her babe to repose. When the frolic and restlessness of the manly boy sought mirth and play, he would creep from Esteer's knee to find it elsewhere; but he would rarely fail to creep soon back

* In correcting the proof-sheet of the present "Reminiscence," as it passes through the press, the Editor of this Review feels bound here to express his gratification at learning from it that he was made to serve so useful and agreeable a purpose at so early an age; having been the juvenile whose unconsciously pleasant performances are here recorded. And if another "Esteer" is to be found among the daughters of Judah, or any of the other eleven tribes, who should half match the description above given of the beautiful nurse of his teething days, we think he might be prevailed upon, with very slight urging, again to render a similar service by similar means. Ed. D. R.

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again, wearied and disappointed, and pillow his little head for comfort or rest with her.

Secure from taunt and malice, Esteer thus went calmly on. The daily food—with a pious care which might put to the blush many a Christian daughter—never failed to be conveyed to the benighted old beggar at the gate. But a Christian's roof in Barbary could not always protect one of her degraded caste from insult. One morning when the Moorish guard or porter above mentioned happened to be out of the way, Esteer, having her little charge in her arms, chanced to look through an aperture in the wall opening on the street, from which it was usual to answer the ring of the bell of the door. At that moment a couple of Arabs were passing, who had come in from the desert to sell their fowls to the citizens of Swarrah; they caught a glimpse of Esteer's head, and rang. Her mistress's orders were never to answer the bell when the guard should be absent; and on this occasion, while poor Esteer's heart beat violently with agitation and terror, she of course made no response to the summons. The effect of this on the wild men without, was to throw them into a state of violent rage; and their clamors and threats, as they furiously besieged the door, at last constrained Esteer to draw the bolt and raise the latch. Pale, trembling from head to foot, and crouching to the ground from fear of the cruel enemies of her race, now so exasperated against herself, she flung herself before the terrified child, who clasped his arms round her neck and clung to her for the protection which she was so little able to give. But instead of receiving, the child itself bestowed protection, and by that embrace saved the life of the poor Jewess, its beautiful nurse; for one of the savage and infuriated Arabs, with raised cimeter, was in the act of striking when the child entwined its arms around her, interposing its body before the blow. The Arab dared not strike the *Christian* boy, and while his companion was in the act of tearing away the child from its close and struggling clasp, the mother, whom the sound of alarm had reached in a distant part of the house, entered, and accosted the Arabs with a mother's resolute courage. They paid no regard to her, and seemed not indeed to hear her, and yielding to terror, she gazed powerless on the fearful scene. They would undoubtedly have executed their purpose, and struck the girl dead before her mistress's feet, but before they could disengage the child, the Moorish guard entered, his return (from some errand in the neighbourhood) having been hastened by the clamor of the Arabs at the gate. His presence was like oil upon the raging waters. The Arab sheathed his cimeter, though of course there was no apology to be made for so trifling an occurrence; while his companion, with the air of a rightful indignation which was very magnanimous and merciful in consenting to be appeased, related the offence of the dog of a Jewess in refusing entrance to a Musulman. As a peace-offering the lady suffered Hassaun to buy all their fowls at their own price, and they departed; but a stifled groan from the miserable old idiot outside, told of the ruthless kick, in passing, which had called it forth. Alas, for the Jews of Barbary! To be spit upon, or only struck with the hand, would have been borne without even the plaint of a groan.

Esteer was long in recovering from this fright; her mistress feared indeed for some time that it might permanently disorder her reason: and she has ever since fancied that it was at least in part owing to the soothing effect upon her heart of the love and caresses of the child, her little charge, that she did recover from it. That one little rill of pure and sweet nature laved the lone and chilled breast of poor Esteer, and set in motion one atom of that life without which drear indeed is the gift of existence to humanity.

A few weeks after this occurrence, at the early call of the muezzin from the mosques, to warn the sleeping city of the Great God and Mahomet his Prophet, a cavalcade of eight or ten Christians, in the fresh and delicious early morning, were making active preparations for an excursion into the country. Camels laden with tents and bedding towered mountain high, beside the patient asses, whose more gentle and ambling gait was better adapted to the transportation of the delicacies which were amply provided to regale the bright and merry party during their sojourn. Strong, active mules, of a beauty and size only seen in Barbary, ventured to snuff the cool fresh air of heaven with upturned noses, in pre-

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sence of their noble betters, the fleet symmetrical Arab horses, that pawed the ground, and neighed loudly their impatience to bound it over the smooth and compact sea-beach, on whose surface their light hoofs would scarcely leave a print. One had been taught to cower his graceful body to receive the weight of his young mistress, the Christian lady above mentioned, and who is the narrator of these reminiscences of another day and a distant land. Another, gentle as a lamb and fleet as an arrow, seemed delighted to bear the fair burthen it was his lot to carry. These two were the only ladies of the party. At length all seemed in readiness for a general start. The Moorish soldier as a guard, on his mettlesome and powerful steed, adjusted gracefully his flowing *haick*, and looked the very impersonation of bravery and manly prowess, as he raised high his turbaned head, and placed himself at the head of the party, which then rode slowly out through the streets of the city towards the gate opening upon the beach, called the Bebel Exemo, or Gate of Entrance.

The gate was soon passed, and saalams exchanged with the guard on duty there, and the little party cantered gaily on, with a perfect enjoyment of all the exhilaration of the occasion, when it was discovered that something was forgotten. A halt was made, but the two ladies with Esteer and the child in an armuga (or a frame-work like a pannier, borne on a mule, with a seat on each side), with Hadzar to run beside, continued on. The fresh breeze from the gently heaving bosom of the blue ocean at their feet, courted them onward and onward, expecting to be followed closely by the rest of the party, until at last they found themselves at the end of this most perfect beach, a distance of not less than six miles from the city. In full confidence of seeing their friends and guard behind them, they looked back across the long open expanse of the distance they had come —but in vain; some unexpected delay had detained them, and the little party of unprotected females, an infant, and the young Jew Hadzar, who was the least available of the whole for any purpose of defence, felt themselves to be in a situation of very serious peril.

No Christian ever dared to venture a mile beyond the city without an escort; he would run great risk of encountering Arabs, who would be very apt to murder as well as plunder him if they could. In the present instance, the gentlemen of the party would never have permitted the thoughtlessness of the ladies to lead them into such a situation, but they had turned back in quest of the forgotten articles for the expedition, never imagining that the latter would have proceeded thus unguarded on their way. To dismount, tie the horses to a tree (for they had come to the entrance of the wood), and, taking shelter under the branches of another from the now risen sun, which lent to the fresh fallen dew more than the glitter of myriads of diamonds, to await the arrival of the rest, was all that could be done. The two ladies, indeed, could not be prevailed upon, in the buoyant spirits of youth, to feel much real alarm, confident as they were every moment of their being joined by their party; but Esteer with the child stayed close to her mistress's feet, in a seeming agony of fear, though she spoke not, for who listened to the warnings of a Jewess?—while Hadzar chaffered his terror in audible mutterings, and invoked the God of Israel to preserve us from the wild Bedouins. It was in vain that Hadzar's mistress reminded him that he had broken a glass that very morning, but the charm of this omen of good luck could not stand such a test as this; and had he smashed the whole of the stock of crystal and china which he had sadly reduced, it would have yielded him but little comfort in his present situation.

Nor were the fears of our Jewish attendants unfounded. Presently was heard a quick, light rustling of leaves, which broke with a startling effect on the breathless stillness of the place, and a gazelle, swift as a thought, darted past them; and before they had rallied from this alarm, there appeared in sight, at a short distance, three monsters in human shape, wild Arabs, on their way, doubtless, to Swarrah, whose approach had frightened the gazelle, and had struck a no less degree of terror into the little defenceless party, who, paralyzed and motionless, awaited their approach. Their loins only were covered; their stiff, black hair, standing out on end, gave a savage hideousness to their faces, inexpressibly terrific. A moment or two of surprise and wonder checked

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their advance, when presently a fiendish sound, half a laugh and half a shout, bursting from them, sent the blood chilled to the heart of both Christian and Jew. Each wore a sort of short sword or large knife, in a carved silver case, at his side, which they unsheathed, and drawing their fingers along the shining edges, they pointed upward to signify that we should soon be there. As they approached, the cries of Hadzar appeared to enrage them even more than our presence, and the hopeless upturned face of the Jewess they spat upon, for they were within a few yards of us. One more agonized look to the beach, by the misguided ladies whose thoughtlessness had brought them into this peril, seemed the last human effort of hope—for the Arabs would have made no bones of despatching them all in cold blood—when the blessed turban of our guard appeared, swift as the wind, and nearing the place where we were. The Arabs followed the direction of our eyes, and instantly on perceiving the approaching rescue, fled through the wood, leaving their murderous work undone. When the Moor reined in his panting steed, whom he had spurred at a single stretch on a swift gallop from the city gate till he overtook us, every tongue was palsied with horror for some minutes; and before any one could tell the tale, the Arabs were out of sight and beyond pursuit. The child looked on in wonder, and threw into Esteer's lap the flowers he had pulled from the bank; but she, for the first time, paid no heed to her little friend, who buried his head in her bosom, as he was wont when troubled, but no tender pressure responded to his caress. Esteer had swooned, and remained for a long time insensible.

After this occurrence, and her recovery, no further accident disturbed the excursion, which had been so near a tragic termination at its very outset. The destination of the party was to a beautiful spot called Einil Adjar, about thirty miles from Mogadore, where a week was to be spent in encampment, with an ample provision of marquees, tents, &c., and all desirable means and appliances, with light hearts and happy spirits, for the enjoyment of a little episode in the routine of life in a Moorish city. Nothing of particular note occurred in connexion with Esteer, within that period. I may only mention that the party committed the serious mistake, in choosing their spot for encampment, of disregarding the familiar Arab proverb, "pitch your tent upon a hill." Extreme beauty of scenery, coupled with apparent healthiness of situation, led them to select a spot in a valley; the consequence of which was the reception of the seeds of a violent African fever by two of the party, which compelled their return on the fourth day to the city. One of these was Esteer's mistress, who, on the occasion of that fearful fever, came into closer contact with the angel of death, than it is often the lot of those who survive to tell of—having been actually borne out for burial, and only revived sufficiently, by the motion and freshness of the air, to awaken a faint idea, on the very edge of a grave dug in African sands, that some spark of life and hope might yet be lingering. The large and heavy stone provided for defence against the jackals of that drear desert, was therefore reserved for another—and the Democratic Review now receives a contribution, in this Reminiscence, which it had well nigh lost!

On the way back to the city, Esteer was encouraged by the kindness which she had experienced, to beg permission of her mistress to stop for a few moments, on the beach near the harbor landing, where she went aside, in a state of unusual violence of emotion, and remained for some time the prey to a struggle of intense feeling and grief which seemed almost too powerful to be borne. She had left her infant charge meanwhile in her mistress's hands, who waited at a short distance, a witness to the anguish she could neither console nor venture to intrude upon. After a time she returned, and resumed her accustomed duty, with her habitual air of impressive melancholy. The tears shed on that spot—the tribute, apparently, to some memory with which it was particularly associated—did not seem to have brought that relief to the surcharged heart, which it is usually the sweet and gentle ministration of tears to afford.

Whatever was the untold source of poor Esteer's grief, her cup was not yet quite full. Four days had elapsed since our party had sallied forth from the Bebel Exemo. On her approach to the house Esteer cast an eager glance for the old man, her father, in his accustomed place by the outside wall. He was not there. This circumstance alone

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awoke no alarm, as he often wandered off for a whole day when supplied with food. But the kind-hearted old Rammo could give no other tidings of him, than that on the day Esteer had left, she had fulfilled her parting directions and had taken out his food at the usual time; but at the sound of her unaccustomed voice the poor old idiot had crept away, nor could he be prevailed upon to taste the food she tendered him. He clutched eagerly, however, in his skeleton hand, the few *fluse* his daughter had left to be given to him—departed—and returned no more. It seems that the very instinct of food with him was associated with the ministration of it by her hand and voice. He neither begged, nor accepted it from any other; still less did he purchase it with any of the little stock of trifling coins which he must have accumulated. Poor Esteer! She went forth to seek him, sorrowing and alone; and all that remained to her of kindred or friend was a livid corpse which she found amidst the rubbish of a mutilated old tenement, spacious in size, but which had been torn down and left in ruins, in the quarter of the city outside the walls called the "Jews' Town" This had once been Esteer's home—the place of her birth, and of a happy childhood nurtured in the midst of elegance and luxury; and the last instinct of mortal feeling had driven its former master there to die, since the voice seemed lost which, next to money, was the only link that yet bound to human life his shattered mind and enfeebled body.

The Jewish maiden had a nature full of true sentiment and deep feeling, and now it seemed that her heart-strings must break for very desolation. Even her little charge seemed to have lost his infantine power to charm and soothe. The frolic mood of childhood, repelled by that perpetual unresponsive gloom, naturally sought more cheerful faces; and poor Esteer—(she was always called "poor Esteer")—her necessary duties ended, would now creep away into a corner to mourn her lot and her unspoken sorrows alone. Many were the superstitious ceremonies she would perform to ward off evil spirits, and when comfort was offered her from Christian lips, with the assurance that there was a Saviour in heaven who cared for every creature on the earth, and most of all for its down-trodden and afflicted; and who, in the presence of his Father, was accepted a ransom for all flesh:

"Lady," she would answer, "these are the Christian's doctrines, and it may be that all Christians are not idolators and accursed, for have not I met with some from among them who have borne with, and even kindly cherished, one of our despised race? But we await, and must still await the coming of that Messiah, who shall gather us again in rejoicing and triumph to the land of our fathers. Till that glorious day, dearest lady, our only trust must be in the great God of Israel, who led our fathers from cruel bondage; and bade rivers of cool waters to gush forth to quench their thirst; and bread to rain down from Heaven to satisfy their hunger in a barren wilderness. And if thus was the child of Israel cared for of old, He will not now forsake us; and His promises will be fulfilled unto our people, through the remnant He has spared, when their former idolatries and infidelities are atoned for; as it is just and meet they should be atoned for, hard though it be for weak human nature to sustain the grievous burthens beneath which our heads are bowed."

Esteer's mistress, perceiving her faith at once unwavering and not destitute of consolation and hope, forbore to disturb her mind by useless efforts at conversation: but she wondered how even this small stock of information had found its way to her poor handmaiden. She had often observed that she was greatly superior to her fellows; her habits and manners too were very different from those of most of the Barbary Jewesses. The light of knowledge falls faintly and dimly indeed on the women of this country; and less on those of the Jewish than the Moorish race, who are not awarded souls by their turbaned lords at all. Oh, speed, speed the day, when the infinite moral and social good which attends the beautiful steps of our blessed Christianity, may fall, like the universal dew of Heaven, on all humanity of every clime!

The cloud that had again darkened Esteer's spirit unfolded itself anew, and opened afresh to her the light that told the heart within was not yet quite dead. A severe fever seized her little favorite—a remote consequence probably of the excursion to Einil Adjar. None could

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pillow the infant's burning head like her whose sweet low voice could best calm his wayward and restless spirit to repose; and the sinking and suffering child now filled her whole heart. Self, with all its griefs, its memories and its despair, bitter as they might be, no longer occupied her thoughts. Like all who lose themselves in others, she seemed to illuminate with love; and the various expressions of her exquisite face, drawn forth by the hopes and fears of the precarious state of the child, made her seem literally another being. It was at this period that a little incident occurred which made a partial revelation of the nature of at least one of the sorrows which united to weigh down poor Esteer's spirit. As the fearful fever was subsiding, when the exhaustion which follows it produced in the child a sleep from which there is often no awaking, the mother, overpowered by long watchfulness and anxiety, sank to rest on a pallet by his side. Such slumber, however, is not sleep, nor was it long before the anxious maternal eye opened, to assure itself of the continued safety of her child, though without any motion or sound to indicate any interruption of her supposed repose. She then beheld Esteer, in whose heart tender emotions were now strongly at work, draw from her bosom a miniature set in gold, on which she gazed with an earnest though melancholy delight, and her mistress could see that the beautiful Jewess was lost in the contemplation of the likeness of a young man. Ah, poor Esteer! A deep breathing from the sufferer, and a restless motion of a little emaciated hand, recalled her from the far excursion in a different world of sweet memories in which she had allowed herself for a few minutes to stray, and the miniature was quickly returned to her bosom—where the presence of such a concealed treasure had never before been suspected by her mistress. The eyes of her favorite no longer glared with the fatal brightness of the fever, but a languid composure told plainly that the crisis of the disease had passed in safety, and that all danger was now at an end. Days and weeks passed in the most careful ministration to the enfeebled child on the part of Esteer, who performed the part of no servant, but of a second mother, till at length health braced again the little frame, and the household resumed its usual routine.

Nothing more, meanwhile, was ever seen of the hidden but cherished miniature, the existence of which had been thus betrayed, until on one genial afternoon in the very early spring, a trio, consisting of Esteer, mother and child, were seated by "The Well," a short walk from the city, where, as is usual, a shed was erected to protect the cool bright water from the drifting sand, while a bucket was provided, secured by a chain, from which the camel might drink, and a wooden dipper for man also to quench his parching thirst. An example for Christian men to follow, to help God's gifts to fulfil the end for which they were designed, the good of his creatures. No Musulman ever passed this or any other spring of water, without audibly and devoutly thanking the good Allah for the blessing. At this spot again Esteer appeared a prey to a similar emotion, to that she had exhibited when she turned aside near the harbor landing and looked forth on the ocean, on the return from the memorable excursion to Einil Adjar. Her color came and went, a violent flush being succeeded by a deadly paleness, while the quivering of the beautiful curve of her lips preluded the tears which nature could no longer restrain from flowing.

An intuitive confidence had by this time sprung up between Esteer and her mistress, not only from the general intimacy of their intercourse, but especially from the one strong sympathy that had lately sprung up between her and her employer, as both had watched with seemingly equal and emulous care and love, by the side of the same bed of touching suffering and fearful peril. So that her mistress now ventured, with a gentle kindness which annihilated the barriers of distinction between the Christian lady and the despised and down-trodden Barbary Jewess, to inquire the secret of her sorrow; and what the latter a few months ago would have buried in the profoundest silence she now freely told, and was the happier for having unbound the secret chord so long and painfully tightened round her heart.

"Alas! my poor Esteer! And are you indeed the young affianced bride whose parting, in rich array and costly jewels, from her betrothed, I witnessed three years ago?"

"The same, dear lady! and that farewell was the last I have ever seen or

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shall ever again see of Benaliel! who then took his departure in a ship which already waited for him. It bore him to other lands; and this miniature which came back to me a few months afterwards, is all I can ever know of him more. I parted from him, you remember, on the beach—and it was on this spot, at the Well, we met the day before he sailed, when he told me that even if our parents had not so ordered our union he would never have wed or loved another than me. We had grown up together; and at the time when the Emperor drove out all of Israel's race from their homes in the Moorish city, without an hour's warning, or the slightest regard to the sick or dying, he bore me, then an infant, outside the gates, while my father cared for the lifeless but yet unburied body of my mother. His mother too nursed me—and if I loved Benaliel Zaguery, her son, from my infancy, how could I otherwise? If I differ, too, somewhat from the maidens of my race, and especially of my present condition, as you sometimes have said, dear lady, it is to Benaliel that I owe it; for he had been taught by one who had learned much wisdom and knowledge in your own Christian lands, and he loved to talk to me of distant countries and strange things, and to impart to me all that he himself possessed. Our parents were both very rich, notwithstanding the frequent and heavy demands made on them by the Emperor to pay his troops; and ever since my memory serves me, we dwelt in houses adjoining; the comfort and luxuriousness of our homes equalling, if not surpassing those of any of our people in the 'Jews' Town.'

"The internal wars of late years have multiplied the frequency and heaviness of the Emperor's demands upon the Jews of Swarrah for the payment of his troops, until wailing and lamentation have filled their houses, and few have been left unimpoverished. When a body of soldiers were sent at six in the morning to be paid at noon, even though at half-past eleven there appeared no hope of a possibility, yet *it must be done!* My poor father had accumulated great wealth; and, next to me, his only child, he loved nothing so well, and it wrung his heart to be thus ruthlessly pillaged. At last all seemed to have gone, and to the severest threats and searches he replied by pleading entire destitution, having been already stripped of everything. One day an 'Emperor's friend' appeared at our door with a peremptory demand, to which he opposed the usual reply. The Moor made no reply, but with a stern countenance strode away, and presently returned with the Cadi and a band of soldiers; by whom, after being stripped of all but the humblest clothing, and loaded with insults and even blows, we were thrust forth, with no other resource than charity for very bread; and scarcely were we beyond the very threshold when the work of demolition commenced. My father looked on with composure until they reached the garret; and when a shout from within announced that they had discovered the secret receptacle for his treasure of gold and jewels (still vast after all the drains upon it) which he had contrived within the rafters and beams of the roof, his nature gave way—without a word or a moan he sank in a swoon at my feet; and when, after a long time, he was at last recalled to life, it was to rise up the hopeless and helpless idiot who so long, dear lady, fed from your bounty; and who, at last, returned to expire upon the ruins which had once been the home of his happiness, his pride and his wealth.

"Thus beggared and broken down, we were spurned by the parents of Benaliel: since which, after a few weeks of wretched wandering, I found a shelter in your house—myself able to bear up under the burthen of life only for the sake of what remained to me of a father. Benaliel's miniature was the only thing I had saved; worn next to my bosom, it alone escaped the robbery which plundered us of everything else. But *he* is now nothing to me. His parents despise me; nor one word of greeting or pity has come, or can ever again come, to me from him. And when you leave, what will become of Esteer?"

"Would, Esteer, that you had a Christian's solace in adversity," was the lady's reply, after listening to this sad narrative. "I well remember the ceremony of parting between you and your betrothed, which I was invited to witness, for its interest as one of the usages of your people. When the bowl of milk was poured into the wave that bore the boat from the shore, I was told that it was an emblem alike of purity and of constancy, not to be forfeited till the milk should collect itself again from the briny deep, where, in a few moments,

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all appearance of its whiteness, even, had been lost. Can a promise so solemly pledged be broken by your people?"

"Alas! How can Benaliel take to the home of his proud house, a beggar and a menial—even if he did retain any memory of the love he once felt? I could almost wish I were a Christian if your people are always true when fortune flies—tell me, dear lady, is it so?"

The Christian made no answer to the probing question thus artlessly put; but turning her head aside and blushing for her people, she rose, and pointing to the lengthening shadow which already made that of the child as tall as a full grown man, she proceeded back to the city, to shun the dangerous chill and dew of the evening—wishing in her heart that all who bear that blessed title dared answer in truth, and prove by their example to Jew and Infidel, that they merit it!

On their return, they dropped each a stone on the huge pile near the "Saint-house," where reposed the bones of an idiot—an *innocent*, not knowing good from ill—such being the only Saints known to the Musulman reverence.

On the following morning Hadzar broke another tumbler—in sign of "good luck;" and sure enough, a sail appeared in the offing of the harbor that day. This was an event which always created a great excitement and stir in the establishments of the two or three Christian merchants of Mogadore. Her approach and anchorage were anxiously watched from the turret of the house which has been the chief scene of this narrative. She bore the welcome flag of the stars and stripes of the United States, and proved to be a vessel from Gibraltar, freighted by and consigned to Jews. After receiving her due visit from the *pratique* boat, her own boat was lowered from the stern, and two gentlemen were rowed ashore with lusty oars that seemed to quiver with impatience to reach the strand.

That evening the Christian lady above spoken of, sat alone—when Hadzar bowed in a stranger with his best flourish. Esteer's voice had been chanting the legends of her people by the side of the couch of her charge, making a sweet music to the mother's ear as she turned the pages of a book; but for some time it had ceased to make itself heard. To shorten a tale already too long, the stranger announced himself as *Benaliel Zaguery;* he had come in all faith and love to claim his affianced bride. He had already learned her fate and present situation, and shame clouded his dark and expressive features, as he sought to excuse the cruel conduct of his parents to poor Esteer. He spoke out his whole case frankly and manfully; said that the ship would be ready to sail again in a week or two, and that he intended to start at day-break to-morrow for Morocco (the capital) to purchase the Emperor's permission to carry off his affianced wife with him—(the privilege of egress from the country is not easily to be obtained in Morocco, and only by heavy purchase). He did not ask in words to see Esteer, but after he had concluded his recital, listened to with an interest I need not describe, he paused, evidently in anxious expectation.

Without replying in words, the Christian lady rose, and proceeded into the adjoining apartment. Esteer had fallen asleep by the side of the sleeping child she had been lulling with her low sweet songs. Her head rested on its pillow, in an attitude of all her own peculiar grace, her cheek upon the cherished miniature—for which indeed poor Esteer seemed to revive in her own person all the old tendencies to idolatry which had brought so many and fearful woes upon her people. The light of a lamp on a small stand near the head of the couch revealed one of the loveliest *tableaux vivants* her mistress's eye, or any other eye, has ever beheld. Returning softly into the other room, where she had left her unexpected visitor, she conducted him back with her, and after introducing him beyond the threshold, she simply pointed to the scene that there lay in all the silent beauty and holiness of the sleep of innocence—the equal innocence of infancy and of the maturity of womanly loveliness,—and then gently retreated, closing the door behind her, and leaving to Benaliel to make his own announcement of himself. She herself ascended to the turret, to see the moon glitter on the rippling waves of the now motionless bay—to watch the graceful sweep of its beach and low curving shores—and to look up to the quiet stars, with a heart overflowing with all sweet thoughts; and wonder if in their circuit round half the globe that night, they

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would anywhere look down upon either a lovelier or a happier spectacle than the one in the room below, by the couch of her own sleeping infant.

She remained here with truly Christian patience, until the chill of the freshening breeze from the ocean warned her of the danger of too protracted a stay, when, as she descended the steep and circuitous steps that led to the turret, she met the happy Esteer, hastening to warn her how late it was. Benaliel had left her; he had much to do that night before day-break when he would be on his way to the capital.—Deeply penetrated with remorse and mortification, Benaliel's mother on the following day waited on Esteer with costly garments, richly embroidered, and the gold-wrought zone of Fez to encircle the rounded beauty of her form. Rich treasures of pearls were braided into her dark flowing hair, and rose and sank with the swell of her happy bosom: and anklets and armlets of heavy gold and gleaming gems, tinkled and shone as she moved her graceful limbs to embrace the donor, in whom she remembered nothing but that she was Benaliel's mother.

According to the customs of her people it was proper for Esteer to be under the roof of her own people, and she was therefore taken home by Madam Zaguery to prepare for her nuptials. Her friends, to whom she had been so faithful and devoted, and from whom it cost her no slight pang to part, were given the seat of honor, next to Benaliel's father and mother, on the last nuptial evening—for the ceremonies were continued during three in succession. On a rich and substantial case rested a glass vase of crystal clearness. A Rabbi with a truly Rabbinical beard, elevated above the rest in the centre of the apartment, addressed them at great length on their various duties; at the conclusion of which the vase was presented to him. Raising it to the utmost height of his arms, he let it fall to the floor beneath him. The countless atoms to which it was broken were then carefully gathered up and deposited in the case, which was sealed and placed in the Rabbi's keeping, as a type of the indissoluble union of the parties, who could not be separated on earth till these broken fragments should reunite themselves into the pristine form and clearness of the shattered crystal;—and this was the deed, the record, of a Jewish Barbary marriage. This time, at least, I hope that Hadzar's augury of "good luck" from a broken glass was just.

With a bright sun and a favoring breeze, Esteer set sail with her faithful Benaliel; and she parted from her former attached mistress and equally attached child, on the same spot which about three years before had witnessed a different parting. This time there was no bowl of milk poured upon the wave that danced brightly and buoyantly beneath the tossing boat. The Christian lady herself, shortly afterwards left Mogadore, or Swarrah, and has never since heard further tidings of her "Poor Esteer." If she is living still, her former mistress wonders greatly, how she would like to see her story thus simply and truly related in the Democratic Review—and to know that the infant charge she nursed so tenderly and well, has become its Editor!

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# THE ASTROLOGER'S TOWER.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"Shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream."

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

THE scene we stopped to contemplate might have employed the pencil of the first of Germany's landscape painters. Sublimity was here, as well as beauty, on which the eye could never be weary of dwelling. The ruins of the cloister at Bruchsal had melted away in the distance; but before us was a broad range of mountains, some of them castle-crowned; the upper line of the Black Forest could be traced in relief against the dusky blue background; and there were hills covered with verdure, sprinkled with vineyards, and with groves of the peach and almond tree; patches of woodland, meadows of luxuriant green; a plain like a map of pictures, and winding through the valley the silver Pfinz, hastening to mingle its stream with father Rhine.

On the steep side of the mountain could be seen the ruined walls of a high, square tower, so black and ancient-looking, that it seemed to have been built many years before the old castle to which it had belonged, although this once stately pile had been desolated by the hand of time.

It was a pleasant afternoon's excursion to ascend the mountain, partly by a winding path, partly by steps roughly hewn in the rock, to the solitary ruins. There, standing on the massive arch which for centuries has crowned the precipice, hovering almost in mid-air, all sense of danger is lost in admiration of the unrivalled view. The eye, as it follows the luxuriant valley of the Pfinz, rests in the distance on the spires of Pforeheim, and the lofty chain of the Black Forest Mountains; to the left are the town, and the hamlet-sprinkled plain of Baden-Baden; and new objects of interest and wonder burst on the view, as one traces upwards the majestic Rhine, till on the verge of the horizon rises, in misty indistinctness, the gigantic tower of the Strasburg Cathedral. It is long before the eye takes in the different points; now it lingers on the animated picture of Durlach, now wanders through the poplar avenues to Carlsruhe; now glances at Landau, or Speier, the monument of so many emperors, now rests on Mannheim, or Frankenthal, or roves in unsated delight over the beauty so many pens have celebrated—of the Palatinate of the Rhine.

A gentleman of the party, who had lived many years in Germany, informed us the tower had been destroyed a long time before the desolation of the other buildings. A superstition connected with the place had prevented its ever being rebuilt. At the request of several persons curious in tales of the wild and strange, he consented to relate the story—promising only that he could entertain us with no pranks of ghost or hobgoblin. It was only a simple narration of facts, far enough removed, however, from the present time to be invested with a coloring of romance. I give the story as he told it.

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At the close of the Thirty-Years' War, this castle was owned and inhabited by Conrad, Baron von Runsitten. He lived in singular retirement; and though the father of two sons, educated them at a distance. He sent, under the care of different preceptors, the elder to another part of Germany, the younger to Italy. Since the death of their mother, he had remained in the castle alone, retaining but few servants, and seldom seen even by them, with the exception of one who had grown grey in his service, Daniel, the castellan. This man was as reserved and silent as

* This tradition has been wrought up into a story by E. T. W. Hoffmann. I have never seen the tale, but merely an outline of it, from which it appears that the incidents are the same.—E. F. E.



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his master; a fitting confidant, therefore, for his gloomy secrets. He alone knew why the Baron had separated himself from his sons. He knew that he passed his time in the study of the occult sciences; that he was particularly devoted to astrology, and had read, in his calculations of the starry movements, a prediction that alarmed his parental affection and his baronial pride. According to this evil augury, he was threatened, in case his sons were brought home in his lifetime, with some nameless misfortune, arising from their mutual enmity, which should cause the extinction of his ancient house.

For this cause the two brothers were brought up from childhood in a kind of exile, being forbidden even to visit the place of their nativity. The old Baron so sternly and rigorously enforced obedience to this command, that his very precaution began to accomplish what he most dreaded; for the young men looked, each upon the other, as a natural enemy.

Meanwhile the lonely Baron pursued his astrological studies with more intense ardor and unwearied patience than ever. Day and night were spent in the monotonous toil. It seemed as if he cherished the hope of reversing, by labor that taxed the utmost of human powers, the iron decrees of fate; of triumphing over destiny itself, by the refinements of science. He no longer appeared even occasionally in the inhabited parts of the castle, but shut himself up in the tower, waited on only by the castellan. Here at all hours his experiments were carried on, and the volumes of hidden lore were searched. No intercourse with the outer world distracted his thoughts; for he seldom spoke even to his sole attendant, who placed his food and drink on the table at stated hours, and always retired as soon as he had performed these duties. Among the few servants about the castle, the belief was current that their master was laboring in his solitude to discover the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life.

At last it was evident that some progress was made in these scientific labors. The Baron was seen to leave the tower, and enter his old cabinet in the castle, whither Daniel was summoned. The next morning two notaries and a magistrate from the neighboring village, for whom a messenger had been despatched, came, and were admitted into the Baron's presence. They remained all day, and left the castle in the evening; but none could ascertain what had been their business, for they were bound, it was said, by an oath of secresy.

After this, Runsitten secluded himself more closely than ever, resuming his studies and labors in the tower, and, as usual, approached only by the castellan.

It was in the beginning of November. Two of the domestics belonging to the castle, were conversing about the strange self-inflicted penance of their lord, all, as they supposed, for the acquisition of wealth and long life.

"If only the bad Fiend does not blind him to his destruction!" said one in a low voice, and knitting his brows.

"Ay," returned the other, "he risks much, in truth. I have heard of those who have been tempted to sell their souls to the enemy of mankind."

"Saint Michael preserve us!" said the first, crossing himself. "These midnight watchings bode no good."

"Then to banish the young lords, who both long to come home! Ah, we should have other times, if they were here!" And the speaker shook his head.

Just then, Daniel passed, with even a more gloomy and severe expression of countenance than he generally wore. He had apparently heard enough to inform him of the subject of their remarks, for, turning round, he sternly bade them be silent, and not concern themselves about things into which it was unlawful for them to pry. The men dared not resist this order, but muttered as they went away.

Their discontent was changed into astonishment, not unmingled with fear, when they saw the Baron himself, crossing the great hall. It might have been taken for his spectre, so pale and emaciated was he, from long confinement, vigils and mental toil. His eyes were sunken and faded; his long white hair and beard showed entire neglect; his dress was disordered. But in his countenance was an expression of triumph and rapture, strangely at variance with his worn and wretched aspect. His step was proud, and elastic as that of youth.

"Call me the chamberlain!" cried he, and his voice, scarce heard for years, thrilled with strange power on the ears

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of the attendants. Then turning to Daniel—he said exultingly: "The work is nearly finished; the victory is mine!"

The chamberlain appeared; he was ordered to resume the duty from which he had been so long discharged—of arraying his master's person. The richest court-dress was selected by Runsitten. He then packed up with his own hands, all the family jewels and treasure, and ordered Daniel to carry the box to the tower. He was obeyed in silence. At nine in the evening he retired thither himself, dismissing the faithful Daniel with the command to wait in his cabinet early in the morning, as he had orders of great importance to give him. The castellan withdrew from his presence with a profound obeisance, and heard the bolts of the door carefully drawn, as he descended.

It may well be conceived that this surprising occurrence excited no small sensation among the retainers of Runsitten. These were assembled after supper, in the hall appropriated to their use, talking earnestly of what had happened, and exchanging opinions on the subject. They were interrupted by the entrance of Daniel, who commanded them all to retire to rest. This he was accustomed to do, whenever his lord had an important experiment to carry on in the astrological tower; and knowing him to be invested with authority, they prepared to obey. But before the foremost had quitted the hall, a fearful explosion was heard, that shook the whole castle, even to its rockbuilt foundations. Stunned by the shock, the assembled household stood pale and motionless, and trembling with affright. Not one dared to stir or speak. From this spell of breathless terror, Daniel was the first to rouse himself.

"I feared it!" he exclaimed—flinging up his arms—"I feared it always!" And he rushed out of the hall.

The terrified domestics hurried after him. They ascended the stairs leading to the tower, and rushed along the gallery to the iron-plated door. It was fastened within. In the extremity of agitation, the castellan called for forcing bars; they were brought, and the door was at length forced open.

A frightful scene presented itself. The whole interior of the tower had been demolished by the explosion, which yet had not been able to shatter the massive walls. All was ruin and chaotic confusion. A thick smoke filled the whole space, and far down in the abyss of ruins, a feeble glimmer might be seen, which expired immediately. All was silence. It was beyond doubt, that the catastrophe had been caused by some unfortunate chemical experiment; although the retainers looked upon each other as if they thought some agency of another kind had produced their master's death. It will not be wondered at that the same belief prevailed in the neighboring country.

The castellan soon perceived that it was impossible, without a great deal of labor, to clear away the rubbish from the narrow interior of the tower, so as to remove the corpse of the late Baron. He resolved, therefore, to do nothing till his sons should arrive at Runsitten. "It is their part," he said, "to dig for their father's body, and the treasure buried with him which is their property: or to decide if they will leave both in their sad resting-place." It was wisely determined, for the faithful old servant knew he might not be able to secure the money or jewels from the cupidity of the other domestics.

Messages were despatched at once by the civil authorities, informing the heirs of Runsitten of their father's death, and requiring their immediate return to the castle, to witness the opening of the Baron's last will and testament.

The younger brother, Hubert von Runsitten, was the first to return, accompanied by a single attendant. He was a handsome, noble-looking young man, of open countenance and pleasing manners, and received the salutations of the household, especially the castellan, with kindness and cordiality. Daniel loved him from the first. With the communicativeness natural to one who had suffered so deep an affliction in his master's death, and longed for some object on which his sufferings might rest, he told over to Hubert the awful circumstances of the late catastrophe; informing him further of the contents of the will, to which he had been a witness. The Baron had established a right of primogeniture, and bequeathed all his estates to his eldest son, the younger to have three-fourths of the property in money and treasure, and his mother's jewels.

"Alas!" answered Hubert, "I am a

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beggar, if you speak truly! My whole life must be one of wretchedness! I love the daughter of a noble German family, whom I met in Italy: her relations did not oppose our betrothal, because they expected—as I until this moment expected—that half the estates of Runsitten were to be mine. But now—will they give their daughter to the beggar! And what am I otherwise? We all know that my father has spent the greater part of his treasure in fruitless experiments in alchemy; as for the jewels, they are buried with him under the ruins of the tower—perhaps the prey of evil spirits!"

Daniel endeavored to comfort the sorrowing youth. "It cannot be, my lord," he said, "that your brother Rudolph will be unkind enough to insist on the rigid fulfilment of the will."

"Ah, mine old friend,"—returned Hubert, "you know him not. He has been for some years privately married; his wife has no possessions, except an infant son, and he is deeply involved in debt, from the necessity of concealing his marriage from our father. Nor would I receive a gift from Rudolph; at our last meeting in childhood he suffered me to perceive what I had in future to expect from him."

It grieved the faithful castellan, not only to perceive the chagrin of his young lord, but that reflection should be cast on the memory of his late beloved master. He strove to vindicate him by revealing the secret purpose of all his wasting toil and the study of years. He had wished not only to make good the sums spent in experiments—but to obtain for his younger son an inheritance rich enough to compensate for the loss of his ancestral estates, and to enable him to purchase, in some distant land, possessions as valuable. Thus he hoped to avert the threatened calamity; and this hope he deemed himself on the point of realizing, on the night of the melancholy catastrophe.

In a few days Rudolph arrived at the castle. Every one who saw him was struck with his personal resemblance to his father. He had the same tall powerful frame, the same severe expression of countenance, and the same reserve of manner.

With him came the notaries, and it was immediately announced that, on a day appointed, the last will of the late Baron would be opened in the presence of the people of the castle, and the civil authorities, who were invited to be present.

Rudolph sought no opportunity of conversation with his brother, and nothing more passed between them than a formal salutation. Daniel resolved on an effort to reconcile them. He begged an audience with the young Baron, and having proffered his own respects and submission, endeavored, with all the simple eloquence he could command, to set forth the claims of Hubert to his brotherly regard. Rudolph knit his brow, while a contemptuous smile curled his lip. The poor castellan had not courage to finish what he had to say, but turned to depart; and as he did so, heard the Baron say to one of his attendants—"That is the old hypocrite who encouraged my father in all his superstitious folly."

The day came, appointed for reading the testament. It was opened in the great ancestral hall of the castle, in presence of the commissary and several official persons from the village, as well as a large number of the tenants of Runsitten. The will drawn up with every legal sanction, declared Rudolph, the eldest son of the deceased Baron Conrad von Runsitten, proprietor of all the estates, and invested with the rights of primogeniture. The fourth part of the property in ready money was also given to him. Three quarters of the said personal property was left to the younger son, Hubert; and it was enjoined on him that, immediately after the division, he should leave the castle of his ancestors to settle in some foreign country, and on no account return to Runsitten during the life of his elder brother. In case of the death of Rudolph without male heirs, Hubert was to become proprietor of the castle and lands.

Pale and silent stood the younger brother, during the reading of the will; Rudolph on the other hand showed an ungenerous exultation. He received the homage of all his dependants, and took the keys of the castle from the hands of old Daniel.

"We will now proceed to the division," he said to the commissary, turning also to Hubert, with something more of cordiality. Hubert smiled bitterly, for he knew what a disappointment was in store for his brother.——When

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the small amount of money left by his father was exhibited, Rudolph's satisfaction was exchanged for fierce anger. He turned upon Daniel with furious looks.

"Wretched dog!" exclaimed he, grasping the old man's arm with violence—"all this was known to you! You were in the Baron's confidence, confess this instant—where his money is hid!"

The old castellan, terrified at Rudolph's violence, sank on his knees before him. "Oh, my lord," cried he, "why do you thus treat your old servant!"

"The Fiend's servant!" repeated the enraged Baron. "Tell us, vile wretch!—where is the money? or ——," and receiving no immediate answer, he struck the old man violently in the breast with his foot. The blow stretched Daniel senseless on the ground, where he lay gasping for breath, while the blood poured from his nose and mouth.

Hubert sprang to his assistance, lifted him from the ground, and ordered the servants to carry him to his chamber, while Rudolph strode angrily to and fro, venting his fury in threats and execrations.

"I have no need to say," said Hubert, in a tone of grave displeasure, fixing his eyes on his brother, when the torrent was exhausted, "that such cruel treatment of our father's old servant is unworthy of your name and station. It is disgraceful to humanity!"

Rudolph surveyed him contemptulousy. "Belike," said he, "you are in league with the old hypocrite, to rob me of my rights!"

A flush rushed to the brow of the young man, and he mechanically grasped his sword; but dropping it again, answered with suppressed emotion—"Rudolph, that you can hold me capable of such baseness, proves your own meanness of soul; be that consciousness your punishment! I mourn as well as you, the delusions under which our unfortunate father labored; I have lost thereby my rightful share in the inheritance; but my father's last will is sacred! Give me what belongs to me, and let me depart in peace!" With these words he left the hall.

Hubert immediately went to Daniel's apartment, where the old man lay on his bed, still suffering great pain. He took a seat near the bed, and looked on him with compassionate sympathy. When he saw how deeply the old servant was agitated, he said tenderly—"Poor Daniel, I feel for you, but do not give way to this. You shall go hence with me to-morrow, your place of castellan has been given by my brother to his chamberlain, and you would not, I know, live dependent on his bounty. My baronial inheritance will give me only, it is true, the means of purchasing a cottage and a bit of ground, which I must till with my own hands. But what I have I will share with you to the end of your days."

The old man raised himself, though with some difficulty, and looking at Hubert with earnest and flashing eyes, "You, and you alone," cried he, "shall be lord of Runsitten!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Hubert sternly, and rising, he walked up and down the room, apparently struggling to subdue thoughts he would not suffer to dwell in his mind. "I will away"—he muttered, "this very night ——"

"Nay—my lord—you must stay," replied Daniel, beseechingly, "you have not yet received your inheritance. Think you, your brother will fail to dig for the treasure buried with the bones of your father, in yonder tower? It belongs, in part, to you. Who knows that so many years of labor were fruitless—and that there may not be enough to purchase a baronial property, if not one so old and stately as Runsitten?"

Hubert looked doubtfully at the speaker. After a silence of a few moments, Daniel sank back exhausted on the bed, and closed his eyes. "Was your brother's secret known to you before?" he added in a low tone, "I mean the secret of his marriage?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "it was betrayed to me by one of his servants. I commanded the fellow to be silent, and kept his secret myself; for knew I not the power of love? I do not now repent that I did so; for I would not have gained even fortune by a piece of treachery!"

"Rudolph is like his father," continued Daniel, musingly, "but only in his outward looks. Stern and misanthropical as was my late lord the Baron, he would never have spurned his father's old servant, or driven him away like a dog, with curses. God grant he come not to as fearful an end!"

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"Amen!" said Hubert cordially. Soon after he left the apartment, having given his word to the castellan, that he would not leave the castle till he had obtained all his rightful property. Going to his own chamber, he arranged his papers, and having written some letters, retired to rest, as the evening was far advanced. Not long after his departure, a heavy step was heard without; the door was rudely knocked open, and Rudolph entered. Walking up to the bed on which Daniel lay, he addressed him in a tone in which his natural ferocity was as much disguised as possible, though it betrayed itself in his fierce and haughty looks.

"If I dealt with you somewhat severely, old man," said he, "you have yourself to thank for it. You were trusted by my father; you must have known where his money was concealed. You should have instantly discovered this to me, the rightful heir and lord, as soon as I set foot in the castle; not to my younger brother, ungrateful wretch! But if you will now faithfully reveal all, I will pardon you, and permit you to remain in this castle for life, a pensioner on my bounty. Dare not, however, to deceive me! if you attempt it, the rack shall extort confession, and I will have you scourged like a hound from my gates."

Daniel raised himself partly up, and looked in the Baron's face. There was something appalling in that look; so cold and unshrinking were those eyes that had before flashed fire.

"You will act your pleasure with me," replied he, "but no rack can extort a confession I would not make with my own free will. It is not within my knowledge that the late Baron, my master, concealed money anywhere. It is hardly probable; for his experiments cost him large sums; and I once heard him mention that his lady the Baroness had brought him no great wealth. Perhaps information on this subject might be found among his papers. As to the family jewels and treasures, I was ordered by him to carry them to the tower the last night of his life. They are there, with the bones of your father. That is all I have to say."

Rudolph stood a few moments, then without speaking a word, turned abruptly, and quitted the room. He went immediately to his father's cabinet, and carefully examined all the papers which he thought might throw any light on the object of his search. But he found nothing. A private drawer was missing, and it occurred to him that this might have contained the papers he sought. How, if his father had taken it also with him into the tower? The more he thought over this probability, the more fully convinced he became. "I will have the tower searched to-morrow!" was his resolution. He threw himself, without undressing, upon his bed. But instead of sleep, a thousand wild thoughts crowded on his mind. What if my brother avails himself of this very night! Daniel will discover all to *him!* he said to himself again and again, till his brain seemed on fire. He sprang up, trembling from the excess of his eagerness; snatched the light, and grasping the bunch of keys with a nervous clutch, passed through the apartments of the castle, and ascended the steps leading to the tower.

Passing along the gallery, he reached the iron door that opened on what was now his father's tomb. With trembling hands he selected the key, placed it in the lock, turned it, and pushed the door open. The grating sound it made fell on the deep silence like a groan. A cold, earth-damp air, as from a newly opened grave, blew on his face from within. Rudolph stopped and shuddered; not that his purpose failed—for is not avarice stronger than superstition?—but he was at a loss what to do next. The castle clock struck midnight. Rudolph knelt on the threshold of the door and bent over, as if eager to devour the secrets of the abyss. In vain—the rays of the lamp could reach but a short distance down.

Just then the Baron heard a noise as of light footsteps behind him; and turning his head, saw a tall figure in a white flowing night dress. It came close to him; the features were pale and frightfully distorted; the eyes gleamed with a lurid and unnatural light.

The momentary thrill of fear Rudolph felt, was changed into rage, when he saw the intruder was only the poor old castellan. "Daniel!" he cried in a hoarse whisper—"what do you here? Villain! hound! you are come to rob me! your life shall pay for this!"

Daniel burst into a low, scornful laugh. "The hound," he said, "is dangerous sometimes!" With a sudden and violent thrust he hurled Rudolph

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into the abyss. A faint cry was heard —a low groan,—and then all was silence.

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The next morning search was made for the Baron Rudolph. His lamp was found still burning on the threshold of the open door leading into the tower. The bunch of keys was hanging from the lock. It was evident to all that the young lord had visited the tower in the night, had missed his footing, and found a grave among the ruins.

Hubert consulted with legal authority as to what he should do, and at their advice a letter was despatched to the widow of Baron Rudolph, informing her that, as his marriage had been contracted without the knowledge of his father or any member of his family, it could not give her son any claim to the inheritance of Runsitten. Hubert, however, offered to allow his brother's son a yearly pension sufficient for his support, on condition of his mother's written promise that he should never advance a claim to the estates. The widow was too poor to think of a lawsuit, and uncertain of the prospect of success, should it be attempted; she therefore prudently acceded to the proposition, and sent the promise required.

Hubert was now undisputed lord of Runsitten. He had the tower partially pulled down, the rubbish removed, and the bodies of his father and brother interred with solemnity and pomp. Among the ruins were found not only the family jewels, etc., but the whole of his mother's fortune in money, as well as bonds for a considerable sum.

The young Baron could never endure to live at Runsitten. The sight of the place where his father and brother had met their death in so frightful a manner, filled him with horror. Having settled his affairs and left the castle in the charge of old Daniel, he fixed his home in a distant part of Germany, where, married to the woman he loved, he rose to great honors, and a place of authority in the state.

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Thirty years had passed away; Baron Hubert of Runsitten, who had been long a widower, died, leaving no children. In his last will he recognized his brother's son as his rightful heir, and gave directions where he was to be found with his mother, who was yet living.

It was a day of jubilee at the long deserted castle, when the young baron, named Rudolph, after his father, arrived, accompanied by his mother, and his wife, the fair Alma, whose sweet smile and gentle manners won the hearts of all who looked upon her. Nor was the Baron less popular; his frankness, cordiality, and kindness to his dependents, with his cheerful spirits, made him everywhere welcome. They were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Bonfires, illuminations, dances and feasts attested the delight of the peasantry and retainers, who came in crowds to proffer their homage to the new lord, and to the Baroness, whom all pronounced an angel of beauty and condescension.

Among the household servants, who first appeared in the presence of their new master, the white-haired castellan, then ninety years of age, and tottering as he walked, came to deliver up the keys, and the account-books. As he extended his tremulous hands with the instruments of office, he gazed earnestly on the young Baron. "How like his father!" he murmured with a sigh; "and yet *not* like—he is so mild—"

"Should I not be mild towards you, my aged friend?" asked Rudolph, kindly.

Again the old man sighed deeply, and begged permission to withdraw. He was evidently exhausted. The Baron dismissed him, and then asked if there were any others among the people who had served his father. The old gamekeeper, the only survivor, presented himself. He was questioned, and told many anecdotes of the late Baron.

"You must remain near my person," said Rudolph, "and you shall have an addition to your salary. Now, as we have finished our business, you may show me the castle."

Highly honored was old Kurt at this request. Taking the keys, he conducted his master from room to room, giving a brief history of each, and of those who had been the occupants in former years.

"And these stairs?" asked Rudolph, opening a door upon a steep flight of steps, "whither do they lead?"

"We have never used this part of the castle, since the departure of our late lord, the Baron Hubert," answered Kurt. "But if it please you, we will ascend."

They entered a long gallery, at the

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end of which was an iron plated door, now walled up. The game-keeper stopped before this door, and silently nodded, with a significant look at his master. Rudolph examined it more closely. There were streaks of blood on the wall.

"What does this mean?" inquired he. Kurt looked, and started back in equal surprise, when he saw the crimson stains.

"Saint Michel keep us!" exclaimed he, looking fearfully about him. "I know not whence come these streaks of blood, if not from the spirit that haunts this place?"

"A spirit?" repeated the Baron.

"Yes—my lord. For many years this part of the castle has been haunted. Since Baron Hubert left us, the castellan has kept it carefully locked up, and no one has ever entered the gallery. He always chided us for saying it was haunted. But could we not hear with our ears? The servants' hall is just under this; and often, late at night, we could hear the spirit walking up and down the gallery, groaning, and scratching on the wall."

Rudolph smiled incredulously; but after a few moments another train of thought seemed awakened, and he looked very grave. "Hear me, Kurt," —at length he said. "I am determined to unravel this mystery, and shall need your assistance. Say not a word to any person, but have ready my sword and pistols in my chamber to-night."

The old man was proud of the confidence, and promised obedience and silence. They then left the gallery.

Evening came. After supper the Baron retired to his apartment, on the plea of having some business to transact, and found the game-keeper had fulfilled his orders, and was in waiting. By eleven all was silence throughout the castle. The Baron and his attendant went softly up the stairs into the gallery—and entered a closet opening into it, which contained a few worm-eaten books and papers. Kurt carried a dark lanthorn. They seated themselves here, and pushing open the door, awaited the appearance of the expected spirit.

It struck midnight, and yet all was still as death. The old man grew impatient. "It is past the hour," he whispered to his lord; "perhaps the ghost may not walk to-night." Rudolph made a sign that he should be silent.

Just then a light rustling was heard. Both were at the door of the cabinet. The moon shone brightly through the arched window of the gallery, and threw a line of silver light upon the floor. The door by which they had entered stood open. A figure was slowly advancing. As it approached, Kurt opened his lanthorn. The light fell full on his face, and both instantly recognized Daniel, the aged castellan.

He had the aspect of a sleep-walker, and it was evident that his senses were closed to any external impression. He did not observe the light from the lanthorn, nor the two persons, who, in the eagerness of curiosity, had pressed close to him. His eyes were wide open and fixed rigidly, but there was no look of intelligence or consciousness. His whole appearance—with his livid paleness, his scattered white hairs, his tremulous, faltering motion—all denoting too plainly that this feeble old man, trembling on the verge of human existence, was the prey of some recollection horrible enough to overcome physical weakness—was scarcely less appalling than a spectral apparition, to those who beheld him.

With slow and faltering steps, he traversed the gallery, and cowered down by the walled up door. The Baron and Kurt followed.

"Rudolph!" said the old castellan, in low and plaintive tones: "Thy son is heir of Runsitten! Rudolph, it is old Daniel, who brings thee the tidings! Give answer, Rudolph!" He listened a moment, applying his ear to the wall! —"Alas! he cannot answer!" groaned he. "They have built up the door; I cannot go to him!" And with a moan of anguish, he began to scratch on the wall. The blood streamed from his fingers, but he seemed unconscious of pain, and continued to scratch, as if he hoped to tear asunder the iron plates of the door.

"We must rouse him!" cried the young Baron, and shouted to the Castellan—"Daniel!—Daniel! what do you here!"

The aged man sprang to his feet, and uttered a shriek that rang through the vaulted gallery. At the same instant, stretching out his arms towards the sound, he fell forward heavily upon the

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floor. They lifted him up; he was speechless; his eyes rolled widely, and in a few moments he had breathed his last.

Among the old castellan's papers was found a written confession of his crime, and something like a picture of the horrible remorse that had tortured him for so many years.

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Thus ended the tradition, which added but another brief chapter to the record of woes that spring from the evil passions of men. The fable of the rock-bound sufferer, fed upon continually by "Heaven's winged hound," is but emblematic of the punishment of the criminal, successful in eluding human justice.

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# P.'S CORRESPONDENCE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

My unfortunate friend P. has lost the thread of his life, by the interposition of long intervals of partially disordered reason. The past and present are jumbled together in his mind, in a manner often productive of curious results; and which will be better understood after a perusal of the following letter, than from any description that I could give. The poor fellow, without once stirring from the little white-washed, iron-grated room, to which he alludes in his first paragraph, is nevertheless a great traveller, and meets, in his wanderings, a variety of personages who have long ceased to be visible to any eye save his own. In my opinion, all this is not so much a delusion, as a partly wilful and partly involuntary sport of the imagination, to which his disease has imparted such morbid energy that he beholds these spectral scenes and characters with no less distinctness than a play upon the stage, and with somewhat more of illusive credence. Many of his letters are in my possession, some based upon the same vagary as the present one, and others upon hypotheses not a whit short of it in absurdity. The whole form a series of correspondence, which, should fate seasonably remove my poor friend from what is to him a world of moonshine, I promise myself a pious pleasure in editing for the public eye. P. had always a hankering after literary reputation, and has made more than one unsuccessful effort to achieve it. It would not be a little odd, if, after missing his object while seeking it by the light of reason, he should prove to have stumbled upon it in his misty excursions beyond the limits of sanity.

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London, February 29, 1845.

My dear friend:

Old associations cling to the mind with astonishing tenacity. Daily custom grows up about us like a stone-wall, and consolidates itself into almost as material an entity as mankind's strongest architecture. It is sometimes a serious question with me, whether ideas be not really visible and tangible, and endowed with all the other qualities of matter. Sitting as I do, at this moment, in my hired apartment, writing beside the hearth, over which hangs a print of Queen Victoria—listening to the muffled roar of the world's metropolis, and with a window at but five paces distant, through which, whenever I please, I can gaze out on actual London—with all this positive certainty, as to my whereabouts, what kind of notion, do you think, is just now perplexing my brain? Why—would you believe it?—that, all this time, I am still an inhabitant of that wearisome little chamber,—that white-washed little chamber—that little chamber with its one small window, across which, for some inscrutable reason of taste or convenience, my landlord had placed a row of iron bars—that same little chamber, in short, whither your kindness has so often brought you to visit me! Will no length of time, or breadth of space, enfranchise me from that unlovely abode? I travel, but it seems to be like the snail, with my house upon my head. Ah, well! I am verging, I suppose, on that period of

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life when present scenes and events make but feeble impressions, in comparison with those of yore; so that I must reconcile myself to be more and more the prisoner of memory, who merely lets me hop about a little, with her chain around my leg.

My letters of introduction have been of the utmost service, enabling me to make the acquaintance of several distinguished characters, who, until now, have seemed as remote from the sphere of my personal intercourse as the wits of Queen Anne's time, or Ben Jonson's competitors at the Mermaid. One of the first of which I availed myself, was the letter to Lord Byron. I found his lordship looking much older than I had anticipated; although—considering his former irregularities of life, and the various wear and tear of his constitution—not older than a man on the verge of sixty reasonably may look. But I had invested his earthly frame, in my imagination, with the poet's spiritual immortality. He wears a brown wig, very luxuriantly curled, and extending down over his forehead. The expression of his eyes is concealed by spectacles. His early tendency to obesity having increased, Lord Byron is now enormously fat; so fat as to give the impression of a person quite overladen with his own flesh, and without sufficient vigor to diffuse his personal life through the great mass of corporeal substance, which weighs upon him so cruelly. You gaze at the mortal heap; and, while it fills your eye with what purports to be Byron, you murmur within yourself—"For Heaven's sake, where is he?" Were I disposed to be caustic, I might consider this mass of earthly matter as the symbol, in a material shape, of those evil habits and carnal vices which unspiritualize man's nature, and clog up his avenues of communication with the better life. But this would be too harsh; and besides, Lord Byron's morals have been improving, while his outward man has swollen to such unconscionable circumference. Would that he were leaner; for, though he did me the honor to present his hand, yet it was so puffed out with alien substance, that I could not feel as if I had touched the hand that wrote Childe Harold.

On my entrance, his lordship had apologised for not rising to receive me, on the sufficient plea that the gout, for several years past, had taken up its constant residence in his right foot; which, accordingly, was swathed in many rolls of flannel, and deposited upon a cushion. The other foot was hidden in the drapery of his chair. Do you recollect whether Byron's right or left foot was the deformed one?

The noble poet's reconciliation with Lady Byron is now, as you are aware, of ten years' standing; nor does it exhibit, I am assured, any symptom of breach or fracture. They are said to be, if not a happy, at least a contented, or, at all events, a quiet couple, descending the slope of life with that tolerable degree of mutual support, which will enable them to come easily and comfortably to the bottom. It is pleasant to reflect how entirely the poet has redeemed his youthful errors, in this particular. Her ladyship's influence, it rejoices me to add, has been productive of the happiest results upon Lord Byron in a religious point of view. He now combines the most rigid tenets of methodism with the ultra-doctrines of the Puseyites: the former being perhaps due to the convictions wrought upon his mind by his noble consort; while the latter are the embroidery and picturesque illumination, demanded by his own imaginative character. Much of whatever expenditure his increasing habits of thrift continue to allow him, is bestowed in the reparation or beautifying of places of worship; and this nobleman, whose name was once considered a synonym of the foul fiend, is now all but canonized as a saint, in many pulpits of the metropolis and elsewhere. In politics, Lord Byron is an uncompromising conservative, and loses no opportunity, whether in the House of Lords or in private circles, of denouncing and repudiating the mischievous and anarchical notions of his earlier day. Nor does he fail to visit similar sins, in other people, with the severest vengeance which his somewhat blunted pen is capable of inflicting. Southey and he are on the most intimate terms. You are aware that some little time before the death of Moore, Byron caused that brilliant but reprehensible man to be ejected from his house. Moore took the insult so much to heart, that it is said to have been one great cause of the fit of illness which brought him to the grave. Others pretend that the Lyrist died in a very happy state of mind, singing one of his own sacred melodies,

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and expressing his belief that it would be heard within the gate of paradise, and gain him instant and honorable admittance. I wish he may have found it so.

I failed not, as you may suppose, in the course of conversation with Lord Byron, to pay the meed of homage due to a mighty poet, by allusions to passages in Childe Harold, and Manfred, and Don Juan, which have made so large a portion of the music of my life. My words, whether apt or otherwise, were at least warm with the enthusiasm of one worthy to discourse of immortal poesy. It was evident, however, that they did not go precisely to the right spot. I could perceive that there was some mistake or other, and was not a little angry with myself, and ashamed of my abortive attempt to throw back, from my own heart to the gifted author's ear, the echo of those strains that have resounded throughout the world. But, by and by, the secret peeped quietly out. Byron—I have the information from his own lips, so that you need not hesitate to repeat it in literary circles—Byron is preparing a new edition of his complete works, carefully corrected, expurgated and amended, in accordance with his present creed of taste, morals, politics and religion. It so happened, that the very passages of highest inspiration, to which I had alluded, were among the condemned and rejected rubbish, which it is his purpose to cast into the gulf of oblivion. To whisper you the truth, it appears to me that his passions having burnt out, the extinction of their vivid and riotous flame has deprived Lord Byron of the illumination by which he not merely wrote, but was enabled to feel and comprehend what he has written. Positively, he no longer understands his own poetry.

This became very apparent on his favoring me so far as to read a few specimens of Don Juan in the moralized version. Whatever is licentious—whatever disrespectful to the sacred mysteries of our faith—whatever morbidly melancholic, or splenetically sportive—whatever assails settled constitutions of government, or systems of society—whatever could wound the sensibility of any mortal, except a pagan, a republican, or a dissenter—has been unrelentingly blotted out, and its place supplied by unexceptionable verses, in his lordship's later style. You may judge how much of the poem remains as hitherto published. The result is not so good as might be wished; in plain terms, it is a very sad affair indeed; for though the torches kindled in Tophet have been extinguished, they leave an abominably ill odor, and are succeeded by no glimpses of hallowed fire. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that this attempt, on Lord Byron's part, to atone for his youthful errors, will at length induce the Dean of Westminster, or whatever churchman is concerned, to allow Thorwaldsen's statue of the poet its due niche in the grand old Abbey. His bones, you know, when brought from Greece, were denied sepulture among those of his tuneful brethren there.

What a vile slip of the pen was that! How absurd in me to talk about burying the bones of Byron, whom I have just seen alive, and encased in a big, round bulk of flesh! But, to say the truth, a prodigiously fat man always impresses me as a kind of hobgoblin: in the very extravagance of his mortal system, I find something akin to the immateriality of a ghost. And then that ridiculous old story darted into my mind, how that Byron died of fever at Missolonghi, above twenty years ago. More and more I recognize that we dwell in a world of shadows; and, for my part, I hold it hardly worth the trouble to attempt a distinction between shadows in the mind, and shadows out of it. If there be any difference, the former are rather the more substantial.

Only think of my good fortune! The venerable Robert Burns—now, if I mistake not, in his eighty-seventh year—happens to be making a visit to London, as if on purpose to afford me an opportunity of grasping him by the hand. For upwards of twenty years past he has hardly left his quiet cottage in Ayrshire for a single night, and has only been drawn hither now by the irresistible persuasions of all the distinguished men in England. They wish to celebrate the patriarch's birthday by a festival. It will be the greatest literary triumph on record. Pray Heaven the little spark of life within the aged bard's bosom may not be extinguished in the lustre of that hour! I have already had the honor of an introduction to him, at the British Museum, where he was examining a collection of his own unpublished letters, interspersed with songs, which have escaped the notice of all his biographers.

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Poh! Nonsense! What am I thinking of! How should Burns have been embalmed in biography, while he is still a hearty old man!

The figure of the bard is tall, and in the highest degree reverent; nor the less so, that it is much bent by the burthen of time. His white hair floats like a snow-drift around his face, in which are seen the furrows of intellect and passion, like the channels of headlong torrents that have foamed themselves away. The old gentleman is in excellent preservation, considering his time of life. He has that cricketty sort of liveliness—I mean the cricket's humor of chirping for any cause or none—which is perhaps the most favorable mood that can befall extreme old age. Our pride forbids us to desire it for ourselves, although we perceive it to be a beneficence of nature in the case of others. I was surprised to find it in Burns. It seems as if his ardent heart and brilliant imagination had both burnt down to the last embers, leaving only a little flickering flame in one corner, which keeps dancing upward and laughing all by itself. He is no longer capable of pathos. At the request of Allan Cunningham, he attempted to sing his own song to Mary in Heaven; but it was evident that the feeling of those verses, so profoundly true, and so simply expressed, was entirely beyond the scope of his present sensibilities; and when a touch of it did partially awaken him, the tears immediately gushed into his eyes, and his voice broke into a tremulous cackle. And yet he but indistinctly knew wherefore he was weeping. Ah! he must not think again of Mary in Heaven, until he shake off the dull impediment of time, and ascend to meet her there.

Burns then began to repeat Tam O'Shanter, but was so tickled with its wit and humor—of which, however, I did suspect he had but a traditionary sense—that he soon burst into a fit of chirruping laughter, succeeded by a cough, which brought this not very agreeable exhibition to a close. On the whole, I would rather not have witnessed it. It is a satisfactory idea, however, that the last forty years of the peasant-poet's life have been passed in competence and perfect comfort. Having been cured of his bardic improvidence for many a day past, and grown as attentive to the main chance as a canny Scotsman should be, he is now considered to be quite well off, as to pecuniary circumstances. This, I suppose, is worth having lived so long for.

I took occasion to inquire of some of the countrymen of Burns in regard to the health of Sir Walter Scott. His condition, I am sorry to say, remains the same as for ten years past; it is that of a hopeless paralytic, palsied not more in body than in those nobler attributes of which the body is the instrument. And thus he vegetates from day to day, and from year to year, at that splendid fantasy of Abbotsford, which grew out of his brain, and became a symbol of the great romancer's tastes, feelings, studies, prejudices, and modes of intellect. Whether in verse, prose, or architecture, he could achieve but one thing, although that one in infinite variety. There he reclines, on a couch in his library, and is said to spend whole hours of every day in dictating tales to an amanuensis. To an imaginary amanuensis; for it is not deemed worth any one's trouble now to take down what flows from that once brilliant fancy, every image of which was formerly worth gold, and capable of being coined. Yet, Cunningham, who has lately seen him, assures me that there is now and then a touch of the genius; a striking combination of incident, or a picturesque trait of character, such as no other man alive could have hit off; a glimmer from that ruined mind, as if the sun had suddenly flashed on a half-rusted helmet in the gloom of an ancient hall. But the plots of these romances become inextricably confused; the characters melt into one another; and the tale loses itself like the course of a stream flowing through muddy and marshy ground.

For my part, I can hardly regret that Sir Walter Scott had lost his consciousness of outward things, before his works went out of vogue. It was good that he should forget his fame, rather than that fame should first have forgotten him. Were he still a writer, and as brilliant a one as ever, he could no longer maintain anything like the same position in literature. The world, now-a-days, requires a more earnest purpose, a deeper moral, and a closer and homelier truth, than he was qualified to supply it with. Yet who can be, to the present generation, even what Scott has been to the past? Bulwer nauseates me; he is

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the very pimple of the age's humbug. There is no hope of the public, so long as he retains an admirer, a reader, or a publisher. I had expectations from a young man—one Dickens—who published a few magazine articles, very rich in humor, and not without symptoms of genuine pathos; but the poor fellow died, shortly after commencing an odd series of sketches, entitled, I think, the Pickwick Papers. Not impossibly, the world has lost more than it dreams of, by the untimely death of this Mr. Dickens.

Whom do you think I met in Pall Mall, the other day? You would not hit it in ten guesses. Why, no less a man than Napoleon Bonaparte!—or all that is now left of him—that is to say, the skin, bones, and corporeal substance, little cocked hat, green coat, white breeches and small sword, which are still known by his redoubtable name. He was attended only by two policemen, who walked quietly behind the phantasm of the old ex-Emperor, appearing to have no duty in regard to him, except to see that none of the light-fingered gentry should possess themselves of his star of the Legion of Honor. Nobody, save myself, so much as turned to look after him; nor, it grieves me to confess, could even I contrive to muster up any tolerable interest, even by reminiscences of all that the warlike spirit, formerly manifested within that now decrepit shape, had wrought upon our globe. There is no surer method of annihilating the magic influence of a great renown, than by exhibiting the possessor of it in the decline, the overthrow, the utter degradation of his powers—buried beneath his own mortality—and lacking even the qualities of sense, that enable the most ordinary men to bear themselves decently in the eye of the world. This is the state to which disease, aggravated by long endurance of a tropical climate, and assisted by old age—for he is now above seventy—has reduced Bonaparte. The British government has acted shrewdly, in re-transporting him from St. Helena to England. They should now restore him to Paris, and there let him once again review the relics of his armies. His eye is dull and rheumy; his nether lip hung down upon his chin. While I was observing him, there chanced to be a little extra bustle in the street; and he, the brother of Cæsar and Hannibal—the Great Captain, who had veiled the world in battle smoke, and tracked it round with bloody footsteps—was seized with a nervous trembling, and claimed the protection of the two policemen by a cracked and dolorous cry. The fellows winked at one another, laughed aside, and patting Napoleon on the back, took each an arm and led him away.

Death and fury! Ha, villain, how came you hither? Avaunt!—or I fling my inkstand at your head. Tush, tush; it is all a mistake. Pray, my dear friend, pardon this little outbreak. The fact is, the mention of those two policemen, and their custody of Bonaparte, had called up the idea of that odious wretch—you remember him well—who was pleased to take such gratuitous and impertinent care of my person, before I quitted New England. Forthwith, uprose before my mind's eye that same little white-washed room, with the iron-grated window—strange, that it should have been iron-grated—where, in too easy compliance with the absurd wishes of my relatives, I have wasted several good years of my life. Positively, it seemed to me that I was still sitting there, and that the keeper—not that he ever was my keeper neither, but only a kind of intrusive devil of a body-servant—had just peeped in at the door. The rascal! I owe him an old grudge, and will find a time to pay it yet! Fie, fie! The mere thought of him has exceedingly discomposed me. Even now, that hateful chamber—that iron-grated window, which blasted the blessed sunshine as it fell through the dusty panes, and made it poison to my soul—looks more distinct to my view than does this, my comfortable apartment in the heart of London. The reality—that which I know to be such—hangs like remnants of tattered scenery over the intolerably prominent illusion. Let us think of it no more.

You will be anxious to hear of Shelley. I need not say, what is known to all the world, that this celebrated poet has, for many years past, been reconciled to the Church of England. In his more recent works, he has applied his fine powers to the vindication of the Christian faith, with an especial view to that particular development. Latterly—as you may not have heard—he has taken orders, and been inducted to a small country living, in the gift of the Lord Chancellor. Just now, luckily for me, he has come to the metropolis to

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superintend the publication of a volume of discourses, treating of the poetico-philosophical proofs of Christianity, on the basis of the Thirty-nine Articles. On my first introduction, I felt no little embarrassment as to the mode of combining what I had to say to the author of Queen Mab, the Revolt of Islam, and Prometheus Unbound, with such acknowledgments as might be acceptable to a Christian minister, and zealous upholder of the Established Church. But Shelley soon placed me at my ease. Standing where he now does, and viewing all his successive productions from a higher point, he assures me that there is a harmony, an order, a regular procession, which enables him to lay his hand upon any one of the earlier poems, and say, "This is my work!" with precisely the same complacency of conscience, wherewithal he contemplates the volume of discourses above-mentioned. They are like the successive steps of a staircase, the lowest of which, in the depth of chaos, is as essential to the support of the whole, as the highest and final one, resting upon the threshold of the heavens. I felt half inclined to ask him, what would have been his fate, had he perished on the lower steps of his staircase, instead of building his way aloft into the celestial brightness.

How all this may be, I neither pretend to understand nor greatly care, so long as Shelley has really climbed, as it seems he has, from a lower region to a loftier one. Without touching upon their religious merits, I consider the productions of his maturity superior, as poems, to those of his youth. They are warmer with human love, which has served as an interpreter between his mind and the multitude. The author has learned to dip his pen oftener into his heart, and has thereby avoided the faults into which a too exclusive use of fancy and intellect was wont to betray him. Formerly, his page was often little other than a concrete arrangement of crystallizations, or even of icicles, as cold as they were brilliant. Now, you take it to your heart, and are conscious of a heart-warmth responsive to your own. In his private character, Shelley can hardly have grown more gentle, kind and affectionate, than his friends always represented him to be, up to that disastrous night when he was drowned in the Mediterranean. Nonsense, again!—sheer nonsense! What am I babbling about? I was thinking of that old figment of his being lost in the Bay of Spezia, and washed ashore near Via Reggio, and burned to ashes on a funeral pyre, with wine and spices and frankincense; while Byron stood on the beach, and beheld a flame of marvellous beauty rise heavenward from the dead poet's heart; and that his fire-purified relics were finally buried near his child, in Roman earth. If all this happened three-and-twenty years ago, how could I have met the drowned, and burned, and buried man, here in London, only yesterday?

Before quitting the subject, I may mention that Dr. Reginald Heber, heretofore Bishop of Calcutta, but recently translated to a see in England, called on Shelley while I was with him. They appeared to be on terms of very cordial intimacy, and are said to have a joint poem in contemplation. What a strange, incongruous dream is the life of man!

Coleridge has at last finished his poem of Christabel; it will be issued entire, by old John Murray, in the course of the present publishing season. The poet, I hear, is visited with a troublesome affection of the tongue, which has put a period, or some lesser stop, to the life-long discourse that has hitherto been flowing from his lips. He will not survive it above a month, unless his accumulation of ideas be sluiced off in some other way. Wordsworth died only a week or two ago. Heaven rest his soul, and grant that he may not have completed the Excursion! Methinks I am sick of everything he wrote, except his Laodamia. It is very sad—this inconstancy of the mind to the poets whom it once worshipped. Southey is as hale as ever, and writes with his usual diligence. Old Gifford is still alive, in the extremity of age, and with most pitiable decay of what little sharp and narrow intellect the devil had gifted him withal. One hates to allow such a man the privilege of growing old and infirm. It takes away your speculative license of kicking him.

Keats? No; I have not seen him, except across a crowded street, with coaches, drays, horsemen, cabs, omnibuses, foot-passengers, and divers other sensual obstructions, intervening betwixt his small and slender figure and my eager glance. I would fain have

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met him on the sea-shore—or beneath a natural arch of forest trees—or the Gothic arch of an old cathedral—or among Grecian ruins—or at a glimmering fireside on the verge of evening—or at the twilight entrance of a cave, into the dreamy depths of which he would have led me by the hand; anywhere, in short, save at Temple Bar, where his presence was blotted out by the porter-swollen bulks of these gross Englishmen. I stood and watched him, fading away, fading away, along the pavement, and could hardly tell whether he were an actual man, or a thought that had slipped out of my own mind, and clothed itself in human form and habiliments, merely to beguile me. At one moment he put his handkerchief to his lips, and withdrew it, I am almost certain, stained with blood. You never saw anything so fragile as his person. The truth is, Keats has all his life felt the effects of that terrible bleeding at the lungs, caused by the article on his Endymion, in the Quarterly Review, and which so nearly brought him to the grave. Ever since, he has glided about the world like a ghost, sighing a melancholy tone in the ear of here and there a friend, but never sending forth his voice to greet the multitude. I can hardly think him a great poet. The burthen of a mighty genius would not have been imposed upon shoulders so physically frail, and a spirit so infirmly sensitive. Great poets should have iron sinews.

Yet Keats, though for so many years he has given nothing to the world, is understood to have devoted himself to the composition of an epic poem. Some passages of it have been communicated to the inner circle of his admirers, and impressed them as the loftiest strains that have been audible on earth since Milton's days. If I can obtain copies of these specimens, I will ask you to present them to James Russell Lowell, who seems to be one of the poet's most fervent and worthiest worshippers. The information took me by surprise. I had supposed that all Keats's poetic incense, without being embodied in human language, floated up to heaven, and mingled with the songs of the immortal choristers, who perhaps were conscious of an unknown voice among them, and thought their melody the sweeter for it. But it is not so; he has positively written a poem on the subject of Paradise Regained, though in another sense than that which presented itself to the mind of Milton. In compliance, it may be imagined, with the dogma of those who pretend that all epic possibilities, in the past history of the world, are exhausted, Keats has thrown his poem forward into an indefinitely remote futurity. He pictures mankind amid the closing circumstances of the time-long warfare between Good and Evil. Our race is on the eve of its final triumph. Man is within the last stride of perfection; Woman, redeemed from the thraldom against which our Sybil uplifts so powerful and so sad a remonstrance, stands equal by his side, or communes for herself with angels; the Earth, sympathizing with her children's happier state, has clothed herself in such luxuriant and loving beauty as no eye ever witnessed since our first parents saw the sunrise over dewy Eden. Nor then, indeed; for this is the fulfilment of what was then but a golden promise. But the picture has its shadows. There remains to mankind another peril; a last encounter with the Evil Principle. Should the battle go against us, we sink back into the slime and misery of ages. If we triumph!—but it demands a poet's eye to contemplate the splendor of such a consummation, and not to be dazzled.

To this great work Keats is said to have brought so deep and tender a spirit of humanity, that the poem has all the sweet and warm interest of a village tale, no less than the grandeur which befits so high a theme. Such, at least, is the perhaps partial representation of his friends; for I have not read or heard even a single line of the performance in question. Keats, I am told, withholds it from the press, under an idea the age has not enough of spiritual insight to receive it worthily. I do not like this distrust; it makes me distrust the poet. The Universe is waiting to respond to the highest word that the best child of time and immortality can utter. If it refuse to listen, it is because he mumbles and stammers, or discourses things unseasonable and foreign to the purpose.

I visited the House of Lords, the other day, to hear Canning, who, you know, is now a peer, with I forget what title. He disappointed me. Time blunts both point and edge, and does great mischief to men of his order of intellect. Then I stept into the Lower House, and listened to a few words from Cobbett,

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who looked as earthy as a real clodhopper, or, rather, as if he had lain a dozen years beneath the clods. The men, whom I meet now-a-days, often impress me thus; probably because my spirits are not very good, and lead me to think much about graves, with the long grass upon them, and weather-worn epitaphs, and dry bones of people who made noise enough in their day, but now can only clatter, clatter, clatter, when the sexton's spade disturbs them. Were it only possible to find out who are alive, and who dead, it would contribute infinitely to my peace of mind. Every day of my life, somebody comes and stares me in the face, whom I had quietly blotted out of the tablet of living men, and trusted never more to be pestered with the sight or sound of him. For instance, going to Drury-Lane Theatre, a few evenings since, up rose before me, in the ghost of Hamlet's father, the bodily presence of the elder Kean, who did die, or ought to have died, in some drunken fit or other, so long ago that his fame is scarcely traditionary now. His powers are quite gone; he was rather the ghost of himself than the ghost of the Danish king.

In the stage-box sat several elderly and decrepit people, and among them a stately ruin of a woman, on a very large scale, with a profile—for I did not see her front face—that stamped itself into my brain, as a seal impresses hot wax. By the tragic gesture with which she took a pinch of snuff, I was sure it must be Mrs. Siddons. Her brother, John Kemble, sat behind, a broken-down figure, but still with a kingly majesty about him. In lieu of all former achievements, nature enables him to look the part of Lear far better than in the meridian of his genius. Charles Matthews was likewise there; but a paralytic affection has distorted his once mobile countenance into a most disagreeable one-sidedness, from which he could no more wrench it into proper form than he could re-arrange the face of the great globe itself. It looks as if, for the joke's sake, the poor man had twisted his features into an expression at once the most ludicrous and horrible that he could contrive; and, at that very moment, as a judgment for making himself so hideous, an avenging providence had seen fit to petrify him. Since it is out of his own power, I would gladly assist him to change countenance; for his ugly visage haunts me both at noontide and nighttime. Some other players of the past generation were present, but none that greatly interested me. It behoves actors, more than all other men of publicity, to vanish from the scene betimes. Being, at best, but painted shadows flickering on the wall, and empty sounds that echo another's thought, it is a sad disenchantment when the colors begin to fade, and the voices to croak with age.

What is there new, in the literary way, on your side of the water? Nothing of the kind has come under my inspection, except a volume of poems, published above a year ago, by Dr. Channing. I did not before know that this eminent writer is a poet; nor does the volume alluded to exhibit any of the characteristics of the author's mind, as displayed in his prose works; although some of the poems have a richness that is not merely of the surface, but glows still the brighter, the deeper and more faithfully you look into them. They seem carelessly wrought, however, like those rings and ornaments of the very purest gold, but of rude, native manufacture, which are found among the gold dust from Africa. I doubt whether the American public will accept them; it looks less to the assay of metal than to the neat and cunning manufacture. How slowly our literature grows up! Most of our writers of promise have come to untimely ends. There was that wild fellow, John Neal, who almost turned my boyish brain with his romances; he surely has long been dead, else he never could keep himself so quiet. Bryant has gone to his last sleep, with the Thanatopsis gleaming over him, like a sculptured marble sepulchre by moonlight. Halleck, who used to write queer verses in the newspapers, and published a Don Juanic poem called Fanny, is defunct as a poet, though averred to be exemplifying the metempsychosis, as a man of business. Somewhat later there was Whittier, a fiery Quaker youth, to whom the muse had perversely assigned a battle-trumpet, and who got himself lynched, ten years agone, in South Carolina. I remember, too, a lad just from college, Longfellow by name, who scattered some delicate verses to the winds, and went to Germany, and perished, I think, of intense application, at the University of Gottingen. Willis—what a pity!—was lost, if I recollect rightly, in 1833, on his voyage to Europe, whither he was

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going, to give us sketches of the world's sunny face. If these had lived, they might, one or all of them, have grown to be famous men.

And yet there is no telling—it may be as well that they have died. I was myself a young man of promise. Oh, shattered brain!—oh, broken spirit!—where is the fulfilment of that promise? The sad truth is, that when fate would gently disappoint the world, it takes away the hopefullest mortals in their youth;—when it would laugh the world's hopes to scorn, it lets them live. Let me die upon this apophthegm, for I shall never make a truer one!

What a strange substance is the human brain! Or rather—for there is no need of generalizing the remark—what an odd brain is mine! Would you believe it? Daily and nightly there come scraps of poetry humming in my intellectual ear—some as airy as bird-notes, and some as delicately neat as parlor-music, and a few as grand as organ-peals—that seem just such verses as those departed poets would have written, had not an inexorable destiny snatched them from their inkstands. They visit me in spirit, perhaps desiring to engage my services as the amanuensis of their posthumous productions, and thus secure the endless renown that they have forfeited by going hence too early. But I have my own business to attend to; and, besides, a medical gentleman, who interests himself in some little ailments of mine, advises me not to make too free use of pen and ink. There are clerks enough out of employment who would be glad of such a job.

Good bye! Are you alive or dead? And what are you about? Still scribbling for the Democratic? And do those infernal compositors and proof-readers misprint your unfortunate productions, as vilely as ever? It is too bad. Let every man manufacture his own nonsense, say I! Expect me home soon, and—to whisper you a secret—in company with the poet Campbell, who purposes to visit Wyoming, and enjoy the shadow of the laurels that he planted there. Campbell is now an old man. He calls himself well, better than ever in his life, but looks strangely pale, and so shadow-like, that one might almost poke a finger through his densest material. I tell him, by way of joke, that he is as dim and forlorn as Memory, though as unsubstantial as Hope.

Your true friend, P.

P. S. Pray present my most respectful regards to our venerable and revered friend, Mr. Brockden Brown. It gratifies me to learn that a complete edition of his works, in a double-columned octavo volume, is shortly to issue from the press, at Philadelphia. Tell him that no American writer enjoys a more classic reputation on this side of the water. *Is* old Joel Barlow yet alive? Unconscionable man! Why, he must have nearly fulfilled his century! And *does* he meditate an epic on the war between Mexico and Texas, with machinery contrived on the principle of the steam-engine, as being the nearest to celestial agency that our epoch can boast? How can he expect ever to rise again, if, while just sinking into his grave, he persists in burthening himself with such a ponderosity of leaden verses?



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## THE OLD BEGGAR.

BY R. S. S. ANDROS.

He sitteth in the open street,
  Day after day he sitteth there,
Unmindful of the Summer's heat,
  Or Autumn's chilling air;
His faithful dog between his feet,
  And his crutch beside his chair.

He sitteth there from morn till night,
  That man of many years;
His few thin locks are scarce less white
  Than a silver thread appears,
And his meek old face is channeled deep,
  As it were worn with tears.

He holdeth out his shrivelled hand
  To every passer by,
And the idle boys that all day stand
  To laugh at his bleared old eye;
And if a penny is dropped therein,
  He smiles, and looks on high.

He smiles and looks on high, for well
  He knows how good a sight,
To Him, who once on earth did dwell,
  Has the poor widow's mite;
And he feeleth grateful for everything,
  And to all who give aright.

He smiles, but seldom speaketh he,
  Save when some winsome child
Climbs carelessly up his tottering knee,
  And utters its prattle wild;
Or a grey-beard friend tells o'er the tales—
  The tales that their youth beguiled.

And then the blood mounts to his cheek,
  And his eye looks bright again,
While he talks of many a merry freak,
  Of the days ere they were men;
Of the glad, glad hours of other years,
  And the tryst-tree in the glen.

But his cheek grows pale, and his old eye dim,
  When the name of one is spoke,
And his very sight doth seem to swim,
  And the thought his breath to choke;
For the fearful hour comes back again,
  The hour that his brave heart broke.

Then suddenly he looks on high,
  Up where the blue sky sleeps,
And the light comes back to his dim old eye,
  Though yet he sobs and weeps;
For there he meeteth a gentle glance,
  That still its vigil keeps.

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But when the heaven is overcast,
  Clouds gather round his heart,
And the low wail of the northern blast
  Maketh his nerves to start;
For he feareth that she is sorrowful,
  Till the clouds above depart.

And when the daylight fadeth out,
  He taketh his crutch and cane;
And casting his eye on all about,
  For he may not come again;
With his old grey dog close by his side,
  He limpeth down the lane.

And there in a hovel, old and torn
  By the showers of many a year,
He lifts his heart, and a prayer is borne
  To Him who loveth to hear;
And then he closeth his eyes in sleep,
  And fears no danger near.

And thus he liveth, day by day,
  That beggar, old and lame,
And thus he waiteth by the way,
  Till death shall speak his name,
And call him up to dwell with Him
  Who loveth all the same.

Who loveth all the same, and gives
  As bright a crown of gold
To him who begs, as him who lives
  'Mid mines of wealth untold;
And careth not for Power or Fame,
  More than a Beggar Old.

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## SONNET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"My mind's the same
It ever was to you. Where I find worth
I love the Keeper, till he let it go,
And then I follow it."—*Old Play.*

Like the fair sea that laves Italia's strand,
Affection's flood is tideless in my breast;
No ebb withdraws it from the chosen land,
Havened too richly for enamored quest:
Thus am I faithful to the vanished grace
Embodiéd once in thy sweet form and name,
And though love's charm no more illumes thy face,
In memory's realm her olden pledge I claim.
It is not constancy to haunt a shrine
From which devotion's lingering spark has fled;
Insensate homage only wreaths can twine
Around the púlseless temples of the dead:
Thou from thy better self hast madly flown,
While to that self allegiance still I own.

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# LANDSCAPE GARDENING AND RURAL ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.*

WHOEVER has sailed up the Hudson, in a clear day, may have observed, among other noble and beautiful sights that greeted him on the banks of that majestic river, the residence of the accomplished author of the volumes bearing the above-named titles. After leaving the wilder and bolder scenery of the highlands, at the opening where the hills begin to recede and stretch away with a somewhat more subdued sweep and even outline, he may have noticed at the left on the northern side of the village of Newburgh, a chaste and finished villa, in the Tudor gothic style, with growing trees surrounding it, marking the taste of an individual who has given a fine practical illustration, as well as an acceptable theory, of both Architecture and Gardening. Our country has not yet dedicated many temples to Beauty. We do not suppose that Mr. Downing would wish his quiet home to be regarded by the public as one of her shrines. But from his books we should believe him to be himself a sincere and enthusiastic lover of more than one of the "beautiful sisterhood" of the elegant arts; a willing and prompt encourager of whatever fosters and enlarges our æsthetic culture; a scholar of comprehensive views and a refined heart, and a hospitable gentleman of course. Such is the sort of person, we presume, that almost every reader of these works places before his mind and associates with the pages; and he is certainly an author of no ordinary good fortune who can convey through his writings so favorable and so true an impression of his qualities.

At any rate, in the department of toil and study which he has chosen and thoroughly given himself to, Mr. Downing stands, as an American, quite alone. It is, indeed, but a few years since he first made himself known in connection with the subject. The first edition of his "Landscape Gardening" was published in 1841. And whatever degree of merit may attach to his efforts, that merit can yet be shared, so far as the community are aware, by no other of our countrymen. He has neither companion nor rival. The ground is all his own. For any appearance of a competitor hitherto to question his claims or dispute his positions, or supersede his labors, he may be as dictatorial and as despotic as he pleases. We regard this as a circumstance by no means to be rejoiced in, for the country's sake; we wish a multitude were reaching towards the same distinction when we take the general interest into consideration. And we cannot doubt that this Sir Joshua Reynolds of our rural decorations himself, if he might but advance the people at large to a deeper and more active interest in his favorite cause, would be ready to divide his empire and distribute the prerogatives of his sovereignty. Meantime, we will be grateful for what he has done. We will hope that he has communicated an impulse that shall not be soon spent; that he is kindling up an admiration for sylvan scenes and natural beauties that will not die till it has wrought out some worthy and durable results. And we will rejoice that a generous and liberal science has fallen, for its early advocacy, into the hands of no unscrupulous speculator on the one hand, or narrow-minded bigot on the other.

There are many things to be said, however, explanatory and vindicatory of what-

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* *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America: with Remarks on Rural Architecture.* Second Edition, enlarged, revised and newly illustrated. By A. J. DOWNING. 8vo. New York and London; Wiley & Putnam. 1844.

*Cottage Residences; or a Series of Designs for Rural Cottages, and Cottage Villas and their Gardens and Grounds: adapted to North America.* By A. J. DOWNING, author of a Treatise on Landscape Gardening, etc.; illustrated by numerous engravings. Second edition. 8vo. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1844.

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ever apparent deficiency exists among our people in regard to matters of taste. In the first place, the indifference is not so remarkable as it has been; it is beginning to be broken up: it is yielding to a more genial influence. There never was a stubborn hostility to artistic pursuits here. They have been neglected rather. But the circumstances of the time did not favor a very thorough or assiduous application to them. Every age has its work; every period its pressing necessity; every era its own glory. We have never heard that a nation in the first half-century of its existence, engaged too in a sharp struggle for its liberties, nay for its life, has devoted itself much to laying out flower-gardens, trimming hedges, or transplanting shrubbery. Our fathers, grave and earnest men, have had solid tasks on their hands. If the founders of the Republic had been inclined to push their horticultural experiments to much extent, they must have turned up the soil with their bayonets, literally made their swords their ploughshares, and without any transformation of the article, used the spear for a pruning-hook. They were not wandering like Arcadian lovers in search of luxurious valleys bathed in a perfumed and dreamy air. Even that romantic and magnificent nature which the new world disclosed to their eyes hardly awakened a thought that could compare in majesty with the great thought of Freedom, Justice, Equality and Right which had taken firm possession of their souls. They did battle for the honest cause first; were loyal to the dictates of divine conscience; and is not that enough? Is it magnanimous in our transatlantic neighbors, especially for our brothers in England, to taunt the men they provoked with oppression and drove into hard necessities, with the reproach that they did not busy themselves with founding schools in the fine arts instead of thrusting back the arm of despotism? that they did not expend their energies in adorning Bunker Hill with comely terraces and covering it with parterres of roses, instead of shaping its summit into a rough redoubt and enriching it with heroes' blood?

But, what might have been foolish effeminacy or shameful unfaithfulness in the Puritans and first Republicans, is a very different thing to their posterity. The period of comparative poverty that followed the Revolution, imposing the necessity of rigorous exertion and strict private economy, is giving place to an easy condition. Wealth has begun to heap up its revenues, and it is time to study a wise, rational expenditure of it. Men of leisure, opulence and education are multiplying; and it ought to be a serious inquiry how they shall devote their resources for the common benefit, in methods worthy the consideration of the age. The interests of even the subordinate departments of national endeavor demand consideration now. No nation can be said to have a harmonious and complete development or a true greatness, unless it has its Art. That element is essential. When it is wanting, something is wanting in the mind and heart of the people. If there is no constant ardor of devotion to the Beautiful; if no hands "build altars to the Sublime;" if there are no

——"longings to obey
The haunting oracles that stir our clay,
To make the unseen with actual glories rife
And call the starred ideal into life;"

then the culture of that people has no founded and full perfection, its growth is not symmetrical, but one sided and partial.

And this has begun to be understood and felt, here as well as elsewhere. There has been, within a few years past, a perceptible awakening of interest in these subjects. The attention of large numbers of persons has been directed to rural improvements, as well, indeed, as to artistic studies in general. In the vicinity of nearly all our cities are to be found mansions and villa residences, surrounded by grounds whose arrangement gives ample evidence that while much has been done, much more is to be expected. If there is any doubt that a new regard for gardening is springing up and growing, a few moments' examination of the establishments of Messrs. Hovey & Co., of Boston, or of Thorburn, of N. Y., or of Sinclair & Co., of Baltimore, or of Landreth, of Philadelphia, or of Prince, of Flushing, or of the Horticultural Magazine, started ten years ago and still conducted by the former firm, will satisfy the most incredulous. Individuals of competence are breaking away from the old rules or no-rules respecting architecture, becoming independent of the wretched customs that have been

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too prevalent, and asking for cultivated artists to design their buildings instead of ordinary carpenters; excellent and worthy men are carpenters, but justice to them does not require that they should be subjected to the mortification of a failure in attempting to do what they have not been educated to do. And justice to the interests of all requires that the higher processes of this, as of other intellectual vocations, should be assigned to a distinct and learned profession. The sort of structures that have been common—dull, inexpressive and heavy as they often are,—is to be exchanged for a positive and intelligent style. Convenience and elegance are about to be consulted, and not a senseless habit, nor a degenerate imitation of classic models. Kitchens, parlors and sleeping-rooms are not to be always thrown into the form of the Greek temple, nor domestic comfort sacrificed to the proportions of the Parthenon. Modifications of the Gothic and Italian, thanks to Mr. Downing and others such as he, are frequently tried already. To pretend that we love, or can love at present anything like a fixed, regular, original American style, would, of course, be preposterous.

A tendency to imitation—not merely a contemplation and study, for the discipline and expansion of the artist's faculty—but to imitation of the forms of antiquity, we regard, indeed, as the fault of all countries in this century, and not of ours alone. But long perseverance will bring such a style as we just spoke of, a style having reference to our climate, position and habits, and adapted in all respects to our needs. Human beings must have permanent habitations, from the burrowing Troglodyte to the luxurious *millionaire*, as long as their human hearts retain their social affections, and their physical constitution is unequal to the exposure of an unsheltered life, under the cold canopy of heaven. Then, every individual who erects an abode for himself or for another, should be conscious of his responsibility. He engages in a serious act. The consequences of what he does he ought not to regard as trifling or transient. They will remain after he has gone to a more silent mansion. Disease and mortality, inestimable misery may be entailed on a family, and on many families, by a careless builder. And harm no less real and lasting may be inflicted on the taste of the community. Whoever orders and superintends the erection of a human home, places that upon the earth which must, in the ordinary course of things, stand there and speak and exert its share of influence, for good or for evil, in moulding the preferences and guiding the future methods of more than one generation. Whoever builds an ill-proportioned, unsightly house, insults the community, wrongs his neighbors, perhaps lowers the standard of taste and detracts from the common weal. We are indebted, then, deeply, to those who, by their writings or their example, stir up a spirit of investigation, elevate the tone of feeling, and honestly help on a better day.

Besides, our population exhibits every day a quicker apprehension and appreciation of the results of art. Painters, sculptors, architects and musicians, are characters that constantly become more significant among us, and more operative. A disposition for travel is spreading. All classes find a new joy in turning their backs on cities, the artificial usages that exert a tyrannical dominion there, the conventionalities and outside vanities that glitter and mislead and bewilder there. The centralization that goes on at the bidding of commerce and manufactures is felt to carry with it a dangerous trial for purity of heart. It is found a salutary thing that the pulse, heated and swollen in the ambitious strifes and competitions of masses, should be quieted by the cool breath of solitude. The acquaintance between men and nature promises to strengthen into an intimacy. Nature in her holy simplicity is revealing herself, with all her wonderful and enrapturing loveliness, to watchful eyes. She calls the children of the land to witness that she has finer sights to offer than dioramas and panoramas, feeble theatricals and vaulting buffoons. She would turn off their eyes from sunsets of machinery, lamp-light and screens, and lead their feet up her steep mountain-sides till they stand face to face before the august splendors of an autumnal nightfall. She would show them a pomp and pageantry around their daily walks more gorgeous than in all the costliness of St. Peter's. She would wean them from "the world's accursed sorcery," and lift up their hearts in loving worship to Him who made

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"the hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between,
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste."

She would teach them that the narrow schemes of selfishness do not embrace the true purposes of life nor the grandest things in the universe, any more than the smoky and dusty atmosphere of the town contains the sweet fresh breezes that are borne down from forest-crowned heights. She would touch them with a sense of the infinite and the everlasting, while she unfolds that visible veneration of Wisdom and Love that God has written out on the woods, the plains, the rivers and the sea. And these offers are not scorned. Nature's overtures are not wholly disregarded. In the heightened eagerness for visiting scenes of natural beauty, then, and in the raised estimation of country life, we see a sign of hope for the advancement of the kingdom of Taste. It would certainly be a strange insensibility, if the rare sights presented by the surface of the American continent were always unheeded. It were a special sin in us to become sottish slaves of gain, with such pleading memorials of the Almighty's Omnipotence and Bounty scattered around us. Against us, of all mankind, the sentence of John Milton would lie heavily, who says, "In those fair seasons of the year when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go forth and view her beauties, and partake in her rejoicings in the heaven and earth." Nor need there be the least apprehension lest this tendency to rural retirement will reach excess here. The characteristics of our people leave no chance of a hazard of that sort. They make such a fear altogether superfluous. How immensely should we gain and be ennobled as a nation, could we rear up, among our lofty peaks and graceful streams and picturesque valleys, to take in their features and reproduce them for the admiration of the world, such men as Photogenes, Corregio, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa! could a genuine enthusiasm for real beauty be enkindled! And as bustling enterprise is rapidly intruding, with wide encroachments, on the domains of the wilderness, how important it is that close after the hardy, pathless pioneer, should follow the discerning eye and the ornamenting hand of the artist! Particularly ought we to be regardful of preserving the charming varieties of our landscapes. The science of arranging grounds and transplanting trees, in other words, of landscape-gardening, is therefore one deserving the most careful cultivation. To mar this broad and noble territory with traces of man's awkwardness alone, and leave no substitute for the features destroyed, would be an outrage upon humanity and religion. What Hogarth taught long since is true, that they who would succeed in Art, have but to follow the same rules that should guide them as auxiliary students of Nature.

Another encouraging circumstance in the aspect of the concerns of Taste, is the preference that is shown in many minds and many places for agricultural avocations, over those of traffic and commerce—a preference that is probably destined to exercise itself soon in a yet more marked degree. A profound respect appears for the business of the farmer. Look for evidence at the subscription list for Henry Colman's Agricultural Survey in Europe, and observe the names recorded in it. Young men, at an adult age, shake off the dust of their feet in disgust upon the cities where they have passed their infancy, and go back to the interior to learn to be farmers, as they call it—apprentice themselves to the exalted calling. They are glad to escape the affected nonsense and corrupting temptations where the freshness and virtue of their childhood was put in awful peril. Is this at all extraordinary, if the calculation made by some practical merchant approaches correctness, that out of every ten young men who go into business in the competitions of great seaports, not more than one can be said to succeed? that nine-tenths at least, and probably more, fail signally? It is an appalling comment on the imperfect distribution of labor. Wise parents, too, not seldom choose a situation for their children among agriculturists, rather than expose them to incur the risks and abide the ordeal of trade. Stout-hearted reformers, ready to grapple with dire forms of evil, look with a feeling akin

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to despair on metropolitan vices, and turn with hope to the healthful freedom and naturalness of the cultivators of the soil. They share in the emotion of that mightiest Reformer and holiest Preacher who wept over Jerusalem, and loved the silent haunts of Olivet and the secret seclusion of Bethany more than the thronged marts of the capital. They sympathize with the old pious pilgrims, who would make wearisome and circuitous deviations from their journeys, rather than encounter one of those populous centres—one of those "Vanity-Fairs," whose wickedness is so rife and so revolting. The truth is, we hold every author to be a public benefactor who promotes an inclination towards a practical devotion to agriculture. The experiments and publications of the gentleman referred to above, Mr. Colman, have no doubt been exceedingly useful in this regard, as well as in assisting and enlightening the profession itself. Hundreds of aspiring and well-meaning youths press into our large towns yearly, under the most erroneous impressions as to the facilities held out there for the accumulation of wealth; and they are obliged to go home again chagrined and disappointed; happy if they do not linger on with their moral discrimination weakened, their native affections wasted, their integrity sullied, their whole higher nature dragged down and trampled under foot; happy if they have not lost what they never can regain.

It needs still to be more thoroughly and generally comprehended, that the farmer's employment is no mean employment; that he has one of the grandest kinds of work given him, among human toils. If there is any man who stands, in the midst of his ordinary ever-recurring tasks, close by the hidden springs and glowing mysteries of creation, it seems to be he. If there is any man who has opportunities to catch the meaning of the "open secret," it is he. His advantages for possessing himself of a solid understanding, a shrewd judgment, and a reverential posture of the soul, if he will only seek and appropriate them, are, in this land of diffused education, unequalled. The laws of God operate around him almost unperverted by the conflicting forces of the will of man. The bright arch of the skies bends over him, expanding the scope of his thoughts; the green and fruitful earth whereon he labors is suggestive of continually enlarging discoveries and inventions; the growing plants that start up noiselessly at his invitation out of the earth's prolific lap, keep alive his unfailing wonder; and a thousand sweet and eloquent voices, sounds that the Creator inspires, utterances of the love that fills the heart of all things, whisper to him, rebuke his disobedience, and draw him to goodness. By him the wisdom that day uttereth to day and the knowledge that night showeth to night, is most plainly to be read and most easy of interpretation. Surely, the undevout tiller of the soil, having such access to communion in the presence-chamber of the Great Designer, no less than the undevout astronomer, is mad. Of course we do not intend reproach on the employments of other artizans, the tradesman and the mechanic. We have a faith that all earnest and upright labor is honorable and sacred, if not, with Carlyle and the monks (some monks), that "all work is worship." But we presume the tradesmen themselves will admit that their department is just now somewhat overcrowded; that it were better the rising strength of this age were diverted into some other direction; that, sublime as the achievements of commerce and mechanical agencies confessedly are, agriculture must remain the basis of our institutions; and that hitherto, in the common estimate of mankind, judging by their literature or their conduct, it has not held the elevated rank that belongs to it in a just scale of human dignities. And this is all we claim. Nay, a little more we claim: it has not been in Tyre and Carthage and such spots as they—the models of mercantile ambition—that divine thoughts have been born to quicken the mind of centuries, and trumpet-tones gone forth to rouse the world's slumbering powers, echoing and re-echoing through the farthest halls of Time.

Now agriculture and horticulture are kindred sciences, if indeed the former does not include the latter, as horticulture includes arboriculture and floriculture. It is more convenient, perhaps, that the terms should be kept separate in their signification, and yet there is an intimate relationship between them. When Mr. Downing is advocating the æsthetic phase of horticulture, he is laboring in a field which is prepared for

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him by all those who have contributed to form a love for the cultivation of the ground. The moral influence in either case, is very much the same. Mr. Jefferson asserted that "corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators, is a phenomenon of which no age or nation has furnished any example;" and probably very few persons have either lived among flowers and hedges, and read the literature of Gardening, in any of the works that really set forth its charms, from Columella's *De Re Rusticâ* down to Loudon's *Encyclopædia*, without feeling themselves, for the time being, to be breathing in a pure companionship. The calming, moderating, reflective character of either of these related pursuits must be obvious. It is an excellent idea that M. Ferrus and others have lately acted upon, of providing a farm to be subdued and cultivated by the insane of the hospitals in Paris, and as one would have expected, it has succeeded admirably. There are a vast number of persons wandering up and down on this earth, not convicted yet of having delirium or lunacy, it may be, but to whom the malady may be ascribed without much boldness of metaphor, that would be healed of their restlessness and discontent and frivolity, by a like treatment. If there is a sanative virtue coming up out of the soil for those who handle it, that can hush the frantic fury of madness, reinstate the prostrate reason on its lost throne, and reduce the incoherent mutterings of the maniac to right expressions of connected thoughts, then the same virtue may surely exert a spell over all the heart's malignant diseases, banishing its selfishness, assuaging the fever of its ambition, restraining the rage of its revenge, and quelling its every baser passion. Can we conceive a voluptuary loving to put his hands to the real work of gardens? In tropical climates he might delight his senses in their luxurious shades, dally with pleasure in the midst of their delicious fragrance. But then he is no true gardener, in spirit or in deed. His presence there is a profanation, and his vices do open violence to the spotless Genius of the place. The true gardener is no sensualist. He and foul thoughts must dwell asunder. He is above the mere details of his occupation, too, and yet they help to exalt him. Among the germinating produces that rise and shoot upward about him—wonders of God's creating, he is awed by the nearness of the Divinity, and a solemnity as of a sanctuary not built with hands, encircles him. He feels, with Lord Bacon, that Gardening is "the purest of human pleasures, the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man;" with Sir William Temple, that "it is an employment and a possession for which no man is too low nor too high;" he can share in the compassion of the English poet, who exclaimed, "I pity that man who has completed everything in his garden;" and he believes the saying of the French King, who declared that "the love of Gardening is the only passion that augments with age." The branches and flowers he trains up, become associated with his better life; they are as kindred, and he cherishes them with a tender affection. Nay, if he is what he ought to be, they will sometimes assume a yet higher office. They will be his teachers, and willing to receive their hallowed instructions, he will be ready to take upon his lips the poet's words:—

"Floral apostles, that in dewy splendor
Weep without wo, and blush without a crime;
O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!
In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly artist,
With which Thou paintest Nature's wide-spread halls,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!
Posthumous glories, angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb, buried in earth
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.
'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.
Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul should find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!"

Classic mythology paid perhaps the best tribute in its power to all the processes of the cultivation of the ground, by placing them under the protecting guardianship of some of its least blameworthy and contemptible deities. The

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precepts of Grecian Sages were uttered in the still retreats of Gardens. Philosophers and scholars have chosen their resorts for the contemplation of immortal Wisdom. And probably very few of those men (we rejoice that they are so many and are multiplying) who retire every year from the perplexities of more public business, to close their days in beautifying some secluded acres, do so without being conscious that they gain fresh accessions of inward power and peace. Their tenacious desires for extrinsic good are weakened; the tight grasp of avarice is loosened; and if they do not positively draw near to Heaven, they gradually acquire freedom from the servitude of mammon. They make unexpected advances in the attributes of a genial, well-developed manly character.

It would be of particular advantage if a practical regard to ornamental gardening and architecture could spring up and take a strong hold upon the popular mind at this early period of our history. The forming period is the period of chief concern, in taste as in all other points of education, with communities as with persons. What is well done now, is well done for a long future. What is ill-contrived and clumsily executed now, must inevitably be removed, and the retraced steps taken again. Every wrong bias given to the habits of the people in these matters, as in all other matters, by vicious examples, is a misfortune. Materials are only prepared, in this way, for a change by and bye, and the attainment of high excellence is deferred if not precluded. An instance of the effect of bad beginnings may be found in the protracted sway exercised by the formal, geometric, otherwise called the ancient style of gardening, on the continent of Europe, and especially in its Southern portions. If Louis XIV., with his boundless revenues and as boundless ambition for this sort of fame, and by the help of Le Notre, a disciple of the ancient schools, was able to produce a result of such magnificence as the gardens of Versailles, what might he not have done if both of them had been free from the established prejudice? Charles II., his imitator, might not have been misled, and so might have secured a better progress for the Art in his country; William might not have plunged still further into the wrong path by encouraging still worse excesses; Britain need not have waited for the reformatory suggestions of Addison and Pope, and Holland might have done some service, instead of being afflicted by an incubus of stiffness, trimness, close clipping and paint, with statues of Dutch Venuses.* How much mischief, too,—one Mr. "Capability Brown" was capable of doing by his false notions to all England! As sure as this art is destined to continual improvement, every poor specimen, every shapeless structure and incongruously disposed country-seat must give place to a reformed mode. Nor is it less certain that each such specimen prolongs our imperfections and makes the desired end more difficult. For this reason, the present should be regarded as the great opportunity to introduce enlightened views. The face of the country at its first settlement, and in many places

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* We cannot forbear inserting here Pope's Satirical "Inventory of a virtuoso gardener," written about 1713, and quoted by Mr. Downing, as illustrative of that inclination to verdant sculpture, which was imported into England from abroad, and which the better love of Englishmen, even from the time of Bacon himself, revolted against.

"1. Adam and Eve, in Yew. Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing. Noah's Ark, in holly; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

"2. The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

"3. St. George, in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

"4. Edward the Black Prince, in cypress.

"5. A pair of Giants stunted, to be sold cheap.

"6. An Old Maid of Honor, in wormwood.

"7. A topping Ben Jonson, in laurel.

"8. Divers eminent modern Poets, in bays; somewhat blighted.

"9. A quick-set Hog, shot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

"10. A lavender Pig, with sage growing in his belly.

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that stage has not yet been passed, resembles the out-spread canvas with only outlines drawn, the colors not yet laid on; or rather, it is like the stucco while moist, ready for impressions, waiting to receive and promising to return the fresco-painter's touch. The form into which the virgin soil is now moulded must be retained for a long time to come. The contour of plantations, the curves of groves, roads, walks and river-banks, and the prominent features of architecture, cannot be easily obliterated. Inquiry ought therefore to be aroused and kept alive. Judicious and learned treatises ought to be written and circulated and read. Each citizen should feel that a personal responsibleness is devolved on himself, and contribute his own share to the advancement of the whole.

Should we be fortunate enough to have annals and reach a reverend age, it would be desirable that the masters of taste and the lovers of beauty in that remote epoch, looking back on our achievements and the impulse we shall have given, either in a right or wrong direction, shall find something in us to eulogize and be thankful for. Whatever tendency we encourage, let us remember that verdict of the hereafter. Should not we kindly provide for future antiquarians too? Should not we be gathering some worthy materials for decent ruins and interesting relics? In case such despisers of their present, and such lovers of the mouldering past, —of whatever "comes down covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages," should, by any possibility, ever live upon these shores, as were Struvius and Camden and Stowe, or the Laird of Monkbarns himself, willing to pass their days tracing faded inscriptions, like old Bosius, in subterranean chambers, would it not be a bitter cruelty to disappoint their wonder-seeking curiosity? to leave them nothing but melancholy proofs that their ancestors had no eye nor hand for the elegant, or the graceful, or the endearing, but were only plodding disciples of the awkward and the temporary? Unlikely as it may seem now, little as the spirit of the times seems to favor such a prophecy, it is not impossible that men may again be born as richly inspired with veneration for what is ancient, and high, and hallowed by the centuries, as Burke and Sir Thomas Browne. We are amenable to posterity for what we do with our noble heritage.

In climate, as well as other fixed natural conditions requisite for success in the different departments of gardening, America enjoys the most various advantages. The United States alone, embracing so vast a latitude, include almost every possible temperature of atmosphere, and so admit nearly every kind of growth except those which belong to tropical and frigid extremes. They offer variety of surface enough to satisfy the most fastidious demand. They contain abundant opportunities in numberless localities, to secure within given limits a perfect harmony of the parts and an entire unity of expression. Art could carve our hills into monuments of combined beauty and grandeur much more easily than Stasierates could carve Mount Athos into a colossal statue of Alexander. There is smoothness and grace of outline in our scenery, sufficient to delight the author of the "Essays on the Sublime and Beautiful," with bold bluffs, and rugged peaks, and broken chasms, and romantic glades, enough to inspire an Ossian. Streams, lakes, rivulets, cascades, either make artificial works in water superfluous, or supply the means for their construction. There are slopes of as accurate a pitch of elevation as those that have made so fine an exposure of the plains of oriental celebrity in Media and Persia. There are forest trees of wonderful and diversified beauty, scattered in waving profusion over our hill sides and plains from the Penobscot to the Columbia. And as to foreign kinds not yet imported, we have a commercial intercourse that might enable us to vie with England, which has introduced into the island, within a century, some thirteen or fourteen hundred species. It will be deeply to be deplored if in ruthless haste we insult the Dryads, strip our land of its noble ornaments, cut trees away and never plant them, lay our homes and fields bare in a shameful nakedness, expose ourselves to the burning rays of summer and the bleak winds of winter,—all, when we might have enjoyed the delicious coolness, or the sheltering protection of shady groves and groups. We inherit English blood, too, and by virtue of that we should be gifted with an ardent love of whatever is picturesque and charming in rural life.

For the reason that there is a con-

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tagion in the passion for rural decoration and rural pleasure, every devotee has ground for perseverance. We need not be disheartened from introducing these improvements, by the fear that they will not *take*. There is a sentiment native to humanity that forbids such an apprehension. Besides, they have generally been of very rapid growth, as their history shows. It is stated that Cosmo De Medici commenced the first botanical garden in Europe, at Pisa, in the year 1543; and that in fifty years it was found necessary to devote a second inclosure for the accommodation of the plants. In the year 1812, a single mercantile house shipped for a Scotch port more than two millions of seedlings. In 1760, fifty-two years before, there were not more than half-a-dozen nurseries in all Scotland. The mighty genius of Walter Scott alone, with the love for nature that breathed through him, was enough to set his countrymen on fire for such enterprises. The magician's magic was felt here, as it was throughout the entire realm of the intellect and the affections. It might seem that our population would be peculiarly predisposed to this branch of artistical study, because it is exercised on the scale of visible reality. In Gardening the ideal and the actual are intimately blended; the practical element enters into it somewhat largely; and therefore, it may appear that it will suit the humor of this community, in this material age, better than arts where the processes are more abstruse. But then, it is to be remembered, that it is a pursuit which requires a large share of personal exertion. The attention to it must be almost universal. In order to great success all householders, all proprietors of lands, we had almost said the tenant too, must be interested in it. Let there be no indifference to the subject, therefore, under the impression that excellent proficiency will come of itself.

We have been regarding our subject very much under its national aspects. In this connection another consideration presents itself, which ought by no means to be overlooked. Gardening and architecture are arts that promote a genuine patriotism. As lovers of our country we are bound to cherish them. Everything that beautifies the land, enhances its worth in the eyes of the inhabitants; and whatever enhances its worth, of course heightens and confirms their attachment to it. That very pains that is expended upon it, being of an agreeable nature, endears it the more. It is not less true, that those objects in any country, which are a source of common pride and gratulation to all the people, increase the patriotic sentiment, than that, as Herder maintains, they are indispensable to a national poetry. Such objects are venerable architectural erections, public or private, and a territory richly overspread with proofs of human refinement. It will be found, we suspect, a rule of few exceptions that those nations which have had the strongest rural associations, combined with a vivid perception of the beauties of art, the copyist of nature, have manifested the most decided national spirit. Is it not just what philosophy might have predicted? Give a man a few roods of soil; let him cultivate it and adorn it; let him plant his home in the midst of it; let him pass his life there, viewing all his relations to the government from that fixed locality; and is it not inevitable, in the nature of things, that he should feel a closer tie uniting him to his native land, than the migrating boarder in the fifth story of a city hotel? It is a sound policy to endow as large a portion of the population as possible, with some property or interest in the immovable ground. Multiply the bonds that join the citizen with the soil, and you provide a support for civil Institutions. Wise statesmen have understood this, and our shrewd political economists would do well not to forget it. Something is due to gratitude also. If the good earth is our mother she is entitled to a filial service.

Who does not believe that statistics of crime would show a vast proportion of offences that come under the cognizance and penalty of the legal statutes, to be committed by persons that have no ownership in the soil? The homeless, the itinerant speculator, the restless vagabond, your floating, strolling dodging vice-fanciers, these are the great corrupters of society. Among such materials as these, are found the mischiefs of rebellion and knavery. In these are nursed the beginnings of insubordination. Injustice that the laws do not forbid, but through their imperfection still wink at, is perhaps nearly as much sustained by the holders of

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land as by any other class. But generally, they will be apt to follow the provisions of the law, and abide by its decisions. It is for their interest to do so. They who have something at stake are likely to respect the preserving power, and they, thank Heaven, are here the many. Efforts to diffuse a satisfaction in rural pursuits, a relish for rural pleasures, ought, for these reasons, to meet a zealous encouragement from the community. It is a matter of principle as well as of good taste.

In these efforts, it is very important that a right direction be pursued; that labor be bestowed where it is needed; that instructions be afforded which can be made available; that rules be laid down which can be applied. In this respect we think Mr. Downing has been in a good degree successful, though considerably less so in the cottage residences than in the landscape gardening. In the former, as well indeed as in the latter, his aim is excellent—"to inspire all persons with a love of beautiful forms, and a desire to assemble them around their daily walks of life." Perhaps we misjudge in supposing that the effect will be less popular and general than is to be desired. In our opinion this particular end is not perfectly accomplished in the work before us. The author has performed a different work, a work worthy his eminent talents, and performed it well. But notwithstanding his endeavors to the contrary, we suspect most of his plans are on a scale implying expenditures beyond a safe economy for any but a limited class. We wish he would only popularize his work still more; or that he would write another for a cheaper sale, and in that way made secure of a wider circulation. Not that he should abate one jot from the high standard of a pure taste; not that he should concede anything to false principles in the art. This would be one of the most pernicious of all possible mistakes. We have suffered enough from it already; we have had examples in abundance of a defiance of certain primary, fundamental rules that ought never to be violated. In the attempt to imitate grand classical models with the outlay of a few dollars; to reconcile a vast design with a small fortune; to compress the various beauties of antiquity into dimensions of a few feet—without marble, or anything in fact, but the lighter kind of materials, all fitness and comeliness have been sacrificed. The orders have been grossly insulted, the eye pained, Art burlesqued. Let the principles therefore be preserved and insisted on in their purity, at all hazards. Real artists must guide and sway, or there will be no lofty attainments. The past shews that if it shows anything. But practicability must be consulted. Common builders, all through the land, need instruction, instruction that they will heed, feel to be reasonable, and follow. A spirit of Art must be enkindled among the people. Great models must rise to plead silently with their subduing eloquence; and then the people must be drawn to behold them, to gaze upon them; to appreciate them, in the secret confession of enraptured minds. How was it in Florence and Venice and Rome, in the fifteenth century? The patronage we want is the patronage of the whole community, the riches of the opulent with the toil and the emotion of the poor. If the theory is correct, that the arts can flourish only under monarchs and a nobility, only amidst striking inequalities in all physical advantages, only amidst enormous accumulations, in a few hands, of affluence, luxuries and power, why then we must prepare our minds for a sad deprivation; we must despairingly conclude to dispense with the arts, and on those terms, we, for our part, will resign them cheerfully. But we cherish a different belief. What we are longing to see is a country covered with neat, tasteful, appropriate homes, in keeping with the scenery and simply adorned,—improvements of our natural inheritance. In order to that, the people at large, we repeat, must be touched, moved and taught.

We have already intimated our conviction, that no style has been yet adopted in this country, that is to become either national or permanent. It may require centuries to develope and perfect one. But really we cannot see why we should not have one. Whether we shall ever have Strasbourg Cathedrals, St. Paul's Cathedrals, Parthenons and Pantheons, is not to be predicted. But that we shall have a style of architecture both domestic and public, seems to us not at all an Utopian expectation. Why should not the mind of this vast section of the Continent express itself in this form, as well as in

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other forms? Why should we be bound, as a matter of course, by the customs of departed ages? Artists have been so long obliged to turn to antiquity for perfect models, that their ideas are very apt to be shaped by an ancient mould. Contemplating the creations of the master spirits of the old time, musing amid magnificent ruins, studying at Rome, they are very apt to go back, out of all the present, to classic periods, for their subjects, as well as for their inspiration. They dwell in epochs that never can really return, and give us new, often finely executed embodiments of the conceptions of an exploded mythology. They still produce new gods and goddesses. They do well to study antiquity. It cannot be dispensed with. But the question is, whether, having learned in its schools, they might not bring their genius and skill to bear upon present realities. Might not a new power be at once placed in their hands, if they chose subjects that would appeal to the heart of the living world? Having sat at the feet of Apelles and Phidias, Michael Angelo and Canova, might they not bring forth the results of their acquired wisdom in glorious representations of actions and emotions that stir the soul of Christendom now? It may be said that the heart of humanity is essentially the same always, and that heroic actions, whenever achieved, will always excite the same emotions. There is, without doubt, a great deal of truth in this. Love and hate, suffering and joy, magnanimity and cowardice, are to-day what they were before Homer was born; in London or Illinois, what they were in Thebes and Attica. Hence, to a considerable extent, we may account for the success of "Cato," "Ion," "Julius Cæsar." Talfourd may have done as well in the development of the Greek idea of Destiny, as in his speeches on the "Custody of Infants' Bill" in Parliament. And this not only proves the versatility of his powers, but the identity of profound feelings all over the globe, from Mount Olympus to Rydal Mount, or Chimborazo. The natural working of the passions is always and everywhere the same; they may, therefore, be powerfully portrayed, though Sophocles and Shakspeare should interchange their dramatic characters. This unchangeableness of all the attributes of the human soul is sufficient to explain the interest that attaches to intellectual productions of which antiquity has supplied the themes. Besides, a graceful execution has a certain intrinsic charm in itself, apart from all mutable conditions. But after all, it would be very singular, if events, discoveries, triumphs, heroisms with which we have a near and special sympathy, did not enjoy a priority of place in our regards; if their representations did not peculiarly affect us. And we would submit, whether it is not the legitimate province of classical antiquity to give culture, enlargement and refinement to the productive mind, rather than to provide the ideas for that mind to unfold; whether a genuine enthusiasm is not necessary for artistic superiority. Whether the arts, like the literature of a nation, to deserve the name, must not simply express the best sentiments and character of the people. If this nation, having tasted of freedom, sprung up for the race so buoyantly, is to do any noble deed in any conceivable sphere of worthy effort; think any great thoughts; live any full and harmonious life; be impelled by any lofty aims—then we shall have Art with styles of our own. If otherwise, then we deserve to be servile imitators all our days. It will be a deserved, as it will be an inevitable fate.

To apply what we have been saying of the fine arts in general, including poetry and the drama, to rural architecture in particular: we must have abodes of some sort; utility demands so much, and moreover, claims to have a will in their arrangement. But we wish them to wear an artistic expression also. And these united claims of the beautiful and the useful are easily reconciled. Now, in order to reconcile them, our domestic architecture must grow directly out of the wants and the position of the people; not of some other people, but of this people. Climate, comfort, occupation, modes of life, materials, must all be considered. As to the last, with our granite hills, our different mineral fields, and our luxuriant forests,*

* Experiments with various kinds of wood, are continually bringing beautiful specimens into use. We were lately shown, at Chickering's large Piano Forte Establishment in Boston, Mass., some most exquisite veneering material of the softest grain and capable of a fine polish, wrought out of the *root* of the black walnut.

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we are not afraid of the result. We do not feel confident that either of the prevailing styles, Classic, Italian or Gothic, which now divide the preferences of our builders, will ultimately constitute precisely the style of the nation. Nor do we predict anything completely original. Perhaps this is not required by the convenience of men, or promised by any aspiration in them. It appears to us more probable that some modification of the Northern European method will be likely to characterize our future edifices. However this may be, the architecture must be a graceful expression of the sentiment of the people, and adapt itself gradually to the wants of their condition.

Aside from the more serious and general difficulties that obstruct the advancement of domestic architecture among us, there are two or three minor dangers and detestable habits that we would just notice, as we pass. One of these is the tendency to a profusion of worse than senseless ornament. Dwelling-houses are bedizened with meretricious finery. In some districts, this passion for gaudy display grows contagious, and rages into ridiculous extremes. Carved blocks and all fantastical things are appended indiscriminately, to a column swollen as with dropsy, to the door, under the eaves, over a window; sometimes where there is no defect needing to be thus concealed, sometimes where there is no elegance to be brightened. The first germs of a tasteful spirit are thus loaded with trash, and suppressed. What happened in Dioclesian's gorgeous baths, when the superabundant embellishments fell from the walls and crushed a gathered multitude, is emblematic of the effects of this practice on the life of art. It should be a warning. Let us at least be simple. Let us avoid false decorations, for they are very prone to run away with good common sense. In more senses than one it is true—what Bassanio says to Portia:

"Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea."

Again, there are frequent blunders in the selection of a site. In the town, where land is purchased by the square foot, this is excusable; for there is the apology of necessity. But in the country, the proper domain for rural improvement, the excuse does not hold. Yet the dwellers there often choose a bog to build upon, when, with a little exertion, they might have secured a commanding eminence, with an enchanting prospect; or a barren heath, where they might have appropriated a sylvan retreat; or a bleak corner, where they might have found a sunny slope. Others have an unaccountable determination to press their dwellings close to the vile roadside, instead of occupying a green quiet spot, at a reserved distance from the clamors and impertinences and dusty clouds of the trodden highway. How far they are from the fastidiousness of the Roman, Pliny! "If you have a country-seat left you by an ancestor," exclaimed Varro, "in an ill-air or upon an ill-soil, sell it and buy another; sell it though you receive but a fourth part of its value; sell it for anything rather than live upon it." There is an equally inexplicable neglect of shade, either from climbing-plants and vines, or from the branches of trees, united with a decided predilection for verdigris and white lead. But this is a mistake only, of the few whose hearts are shut in a close, hard insensibility, against the sweetest sights and sounds of nature.

Yet another defect to be attended to, not uncommon, is incompleteness in the finish of the whole. Some incongruity appears. The house is excellent, perhaps, but the surrounding grounds are sadly deficient. Or the house and grounds are both well, but the fences and hedges are bad. Or one part of the house itself contradicts another; it is divided against itself, literally. These are evils that spring from an imperfectly cultivated mind, or else from a calculating beyond one's means. If they appeared only in the plans of individual citizens, and never in cases where a number of persons are associated together, as a corporation, in the erection of banks, hospitals, custom-houses, colleges, and halls for a variety of other public uses, the fact would be less discouraging. As it is, the fault must be ascribed, we suppose, to youth and inexperience.

Among our public structures, churches hold the preëminence. It is right it should be so; for the idea of worship is the highest and most indestructible in the human soul. The oldest existing traces of architectural attempts are but

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the struggling, imperfect, and yet sublime expressions of the sentiment of reverence towards a power and a wisdom above. From the most primitive periods, religion has reared monuments of gratitude, penitence, trust or fear. It has raised the altars of an external propitiation, and as the conceptions of men grew less material, the nobler temples of the spiritual sacrifice. Genius has ever been bringing her tributes to that profoundest thought which recognizes the Infinite, and which gives birth to eternal aspirations after a Goodness kindred with the perfection of God. Among us, descendants of the Puritans, a right appreciation of the value of sacred edifices is plainly appearing. The edifices themselves, indeed, were always honored; nowhere more so than in the Pilgrim's heart. But with our stern forefathers it was an honor that had no affinity with æsthetics; it was a respect for the uses of the "meeting-house," and not at all an admiration for its intrinsic comeliness. Accordingly, the early churches of New England were the rudest conglomerations of timber, mortar, clap-boards and shingles. They were located often in some unproductive spot, rocky or sandy, absolutely good for nothing, and therefore, to be cheaply bought. The old horror of image-worship was upon those men. They were the children of iconoclasts. Popery with its abominations was still an object of dread. It had been too recent and staunch a foe to receive any concessions. The life-like representations of martyrdom and the saints called up a feeling very different from the sense of beauty. The picture-hung interior of a cathedral or a chapel would have, to their perceptions, the very order and glare of the infernal pit. The lines drawn by art on the ceilings were as full of awful significance as the terrible inscription that shook the courage of Belshazzar. A cartoon was a device of the devil. But this reaction against the accompaniments of worship was anything but a revolt against worship itself. Protestantism, for the sake of the substance, was willing to part with the glitter of the Romish dress, and the stateliness of the Romish ritual. Hence, we believe, there is room enough in Protestantism for the cultivation of the arts, at least of architecture. Faith remains; and while that remains there is hope. The age of an absence of faith is the only really fatal period for art, as for all other great interests. Possibly such an age, of scepticism, of uncertainty, of mechanism, of restless physical enterprise, is throwing its shadow over the world now; and we may even yet be only in the penumbra. But we have a perfect confidence that faith will return to bless and sustain the repentant race; and therefore, it is that we look for a new power and a new glory in art. The influence of the Catholic mystical schools has departed, not to return. But Christianity lives, and will live for ever. The invincible church survives. Humanity, too, sinning and dependent, but of unlimited capacities, is still engaged with the mighty mystery of life. Heaven's arch of wonder is stretched over us. The inward prophecy of immortality spreads the solemn hush of devotion through the spirit. And while all this is true, there can be little question that men will use the forms of material things as symbols both to express and to inspire a faith in things invisible.

Churches, as gathering-places for social prayer and religious instruction, centres of holy fellowships, must continue to exist for a long time to come. The only question is, shall they be awkward or graceful structures? Shall they delight or offend the eye? Shall they expand or belittle, elevate or confuse the mind that contemplates them? In the villages and the cities where they stand, prompters to prayer, tokens of eternity, voiceless pleaders for righteousness, shall they be an ornament or an ugliness? Should they not blend beauty with sanctity? We would have quarries opened in our mountains, that these churches might be of durable materials; that the enduring stones might gather about them hallowed associations from generation to generation. We would have them located in the sweetest places that nature offers, where the din and tumult of crowds cannot come to disturb; in quiet groves, amidst growing and climbing green, in the shaded and winding approaches; so that the breath of prayer from mortal lips might be mingled, as it rises, with the incense that goes up for ever from the joyful works of God. We would have no decorations that should be either sacerdotal or dogmatical or fantastical; but fine proportions, in a style corresponding with the dignity of

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the purpose; and as well adapted as the rural dwellings scattered around should be to the conveniences of the home's daily life. We should have no fear of paintings or sculpture, if they should embody love, self-denial, meek submission or any disinterested affection; if they were memorials of excellence; if they perpetuated the power of worthy examples. Were the inspired scriptures written in Mosaic, on the walls, as in the temples of the days of Constantine, it would be no harm. We would in every possible way imitate in our sanctuaries the soul-subduing grandeur of that primeval temple of nature, inscribed with the wisdom, informed and made living by the indwelling spirit of the Almighty. Our religion is a spirit and a life. It is "greater than the temple." But whatever deepens its influence, opens the heart for its advent, brings home its message, is not to be despised. Its founder did not forget the ministrations of external objects. He enforced his heavenly lessons by the lilies of the field.

We wish to return for a moment before we conclude, to the other part of our subject, the cultivation and especially the ornamenting of the ground. The praise accorded to Mr. Downing for his success in this department of his study, and in his treatise on landscape gardening, hardly admits of qualification. Those who have not been accustomed to consider gardening as a distinct art, will be surprised to follow him in his discussions of the clearness of its principles and the minuteness of its details. He has done for America what Sir Uvedale Price, or Whately, or Loudon, could not do. The work abounds in practical directions, while it also awakens that passion for the beautiful which must precede the beginning of exertion. His catalogue of deciduous and evergreen trees; his descriptions of the characteristics and adaptations of each; his quick perception of their effects in scenery, with the interspersed classical and poetical references, make the chapters devoted to these topics among the most delightful in the volume. In the grouping and arranging of trees, there is room for almost indefinite improvement. A person with a ready discernment of the graceful and the picturesque may be constantly introducing features with new expressiveness into his grounds, approaching nearer and nearer to the standard of perfection, as long as he lives. Any person will understand this who has observed the important change that may be introduced into the view of a natural landscape, by the removal of a single branch. As to creepers, vines and climbing plants, very little has been accomplished with them here, hitherto. And though we must rely on importation for a considerable number of varieties, there are yet many of native growth that hang their graceful festoons almost exclusively in the wild and unbroken forests. The management of earth and water is treated by our author with such a degree of intelligibleness and thoroughness as to answer all the purpose that is intended to be answered. We thank him heartily, too, for whatever checks he would impose on an exaggerated fondness for embellishments. "Decorations can never be introduced with good effect, when they are at variance with the character of surrounding objects." An ambition for showy and excessive ornament, in gardening as well as in architecture and elsewhere, is a pretty sure indication of a taste not more than half-formed. It is a childish fancy. A mature discretion is necessary to regulate such a tendency, and prevent it from producing ludicrous or painful abortions. Bacon was right: "As for the making of knots and figures with divers colored earths, they be but toys; I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; they be for children." We surely do not want Turkish boudoirs, winter-alcoves, Indian shades, or elaborately constructed grottoes. They are not suited to us; they are too expensive. But we may have and shall have, occasional vases and pieces of statuary upon our terraces and in our conservatories; arbors and rustic seats; fountains and cascades. When we have reached the more substantial merits, and have awakened in us the true spirit, additional refinements will come of themselves. We would begin with the simplest processes. In transplanting trees, for example, we would infuse a new zeal. Of the whole mass of householders and landholders, how many are there who have ever taken the spade into their hands for such a work, or seriously thought of it? And yet there are few ways in which one can more easily benefit posterity. Are we in so great a



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hurry that we cannot wait for the tree to grow? Is no result worth anything that is not attained in a moment? Or, have we not kindness coupled with foresight enough to do a gracious deed for those that shall live when we are dead? Without any outlay of money, or at the most trifling cost, by an hour's labor on a few vernal or autumnal days a resident in the country may open to himself a source of many years of inestimable enjoyment. He may transform his home from a blank target for wind, sun and rain, into a lovely retreat, overhung with waving boughs, decked with clambering woodbines or honeysuckles, sheltered from storm, invitingly cool in summer, and made melodious by the voices of singing birds.

This practice of transplanting, ought to be especially applied to the places of burial. They who are regardless of the abodes of their dead can hardly make good their claim to any share in the portion of humanity. They must go apart from the long line of conscious and loving beings, from the faithful Jacob who lifted a commemorative pillar over the grave of Rachel, even from the vanished tribes that built those wilderness-mounds in our western territories, —from all civilized and uncivilized families of men. Whoever could persuade the people of country districts to enclose and adorn their grave-yards, to dispose appropriate shades among them, to lay out pleasant walks and plant flowers, would perform a most thankworthy service. Too frequently these spots present a repulsive barrenness; with dilapidated fences, a sterile soil, and not a shrub nor tree, scarcely a grass-blade, to relieve the monotonous impression. They might easily be rendered attractive and touching by their rural adornings; shrines whither the bereaved and sorrowful would love to make their pilgrimages and linger long, pouring out tears,—the sad offering of bleeding affections, and find some sweet solace for their grief. They might add their bitter drop of consolation to assuage the bitterness of that cup which every mourner drinks. They might even take something, in the dark prospect, from the gloomy associations that cluster about the event of dissolution. It were better, we say, that the old custom of cremation were revived, that the lifeless but beloved form were burned to ashes, and the ashes scattered on the tide of some flowing stream, than that it should be left to its long slumber in a place marked only by hideous features. Though the body is unconscious after the spirit is gone, yet the tabernacle of dust ought to be revered for the spirit's sake We know not what the retrospective vision of the departed may be. Above all, we do know that the living feel, and that the heart expands with every holy office it pays to the dead, with every happy contemplation it indulges in the consecrated assembly of tombs. The rapidly spreading taste displayed in rural cemeteries is destined to no speedy extinction. It is a dictate of man's better nature.

There are two ancient fables that contain, beneath the allegory, a beautiful meaning. The mythologists held that they who were inspired by Peronia, the guardian divinity of rustic solitudes, could walk, barefooted and unharmed, over burning coals; another superstition, if that deserves to be called by so harsh a name which only overestimates a truth, taught that bunches of flowers will preserve the wearer from the fumes of dissipation, refresh the thinking faculties, and keep the affections always young. The pursuits of which we have been speaking, have, we believe, a salutary moral efficacy, to heal the diseases of the heart, to purge away follies, base passions and selfish ambition from the life, to make sin appear the mean, disgraceful thing it really is; to purify and lift upward the character of the man. We would not exaggerate. We would not urge so absurd a notion as that all gardeners are saints, or all persons of taste exemplary Christians. Conservatories are not direct instruments of regeneration. If we appeal to antiquity, we must be fair, and there are faults in that quarter that militate against our position. Nero, not a model of the Christian graces, is said to have expended a sum equal to thirty thousand pounds sterling, for the blossoms that were employed to decorate a single entertainment, and Cleopatra, unspiritual as she was, to choose the mildest possible term, was so enamored of flowers, that she caused the floor of her banqueting apartments, at one of her suppers, to be strewn with roses a cubit deep. But after all, such instances prove nothing; for they are more than answered by the instincts of our humanity. It needs no argument to prove that the

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open sky, the water-fall, the clouds, the fields, encourage all that is best in us; that they quicken our moral sensibilities, that they win us, just so far as we will allow them, away from evil. Lovers of nature will be likely to be the strongest lovers of virtue. Fellowship with the one leads us to loyalty to the other. When we till the ground under the open expanse of heaven, out in the glorious presence of God's works, we are invited to a free and loving communion with the Spirit of Solitude and of Life. Nature is but "the garment thou seest him by." We have new revelations of purity and truth in woods and gardens. "God Almighty first planted a garden." It is a striking record that one of the first consequences of man's disobedience was his banishment from that garden. Where the Creator speaks, and where his immediate agencies work before our eyes, we feel a something that impels us to harmony with his will. His smallest gifts are large enough to suggest to us the profoundest emotions. With the variation of a syllable, Wordsworth says, finely, and truly,

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To all the meanest flowers that bloom can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

In conclusion, we have to say of our national prospects in these studies and toils of art: Let us be of good cheer: Let not the slowness of results disheaten us. The future has something in store for us, not only in triumphs of physical science, but in other kinds also. By and bye, perhaps mechanism will even stop and wait a little for the beautiful arts to come up. Perhaps both will advance, with even step, together. When love-letters and business epistles are blown from New York to Boston, in an air tube, in half an hour; when the Mexican President and the Esquimaux chief, the one in his chair, the other on his mat of state, hold a pleasant after-dinner chat by the magnetic telegraph; when steam engines, waking the echoes of the Rocky Mountains, leave only some forty-eight hours' journey between Washington and Astoria,—then at least, if not before, we will have "Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture," on a satisfactory scale. We cannot seriously bring ourselves to believe, as some seem disposed to think, that we are at present to be exiled from the whole Paradise of Beauty, and only permitted to glance back, with trembling and sighs of despair, at the cherubs' flaming swords.

To the writer whose volumes it has afforded us pleasure to notice in our humble way, we have only to express our hope that he may have as good reason to say respecting all the works he may ever favor his countrymen with hereafter, as respecting these, with Sir William Temple, "of all the paper I have blotted, I have not written anything for the public, without the intention of some public good." Nor will his aim be fruitless.

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## NEW.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

STILL sighs the world for something new,
For something new;
Imploring me, imploring you,
Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue;
Ah, hapless world, what will it do!
Imploring me, imploring you,
For something NEW!

Each pleasure, tasted, fades away,
It fades away;
Nor you, nor I can bid it stay,
A dew-drop trembling on a spray;
A rainbow at the close of day;
Nor you, nor I can bid it stay;
It fades away!

Fill up life's chalice to the brim;
Up to the brim;
'Tis only a capricious whim;
A dreamy phantom, flitting dim,
Inconstant still for Her, or Him;
'Tis only a capricious whim,
Up to the brim!

## SHE.

SHE, young and fair, expects delight;
Expects delight;
Forsooth, because the morn is bright,
She deems it never will be night,
That youth hath not a wing for flight,
Forsooth, &c.
Expects delight!

The rose, once gathered, cannot please,
It cannot please;
Ah, simple maid, a rose to seize,
That only blooms to tempt and tease:
With thorns to rob the heart of ease;
Ah, simple maid, a rose to seize;
It cannot please!

'Tis winter, but she pines for spring;
She pines for spring;
No bliss its frost and follies bring;
A bird of passage on the wing;
Unhappy, discontented thing;
No bliss its frost and follies bring;
She pines for spring!

Delicious May, and azure skies;
And azure skies;
With flowers of paradisial dyes;
Now, maiden, happy be and wise:
Ah, JUNE can only charm her eyes
With flowers of paradisial dyes,
And azure skies!

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The glowing, tranquil summertime;
The summertime;
Too listless in a maiden's prime,
Dull, melancholy pantomime;
Oh, for a gay autumnal clime:
Too listless in a maiden's prime,
The summertime!

October! with earth's richest store;
Earth's richest store;
Alas! insipid as before;
Days, months, and seasons, o'er and o'er,
Remotest lands their treasures pour;
Alas, insipid as before,
Earth's richest store!

Love nestles in that gentle breast;
That gentle breast;
Ah, love will never let it rest;
The cruel, sly, ungrateful guest;
A viper in a linnet's nest,
Ah, love will never let it rest;
That gentle breast!

Could she embark on Fashion's tide;
On fashion's tide;
How gaily might a maiden glide;—
Contentment, innocence, and pride,
All stranded upon either side;—
How gaily might a maiden glide,
On fashion's tide!

Ah, maiden, time will make thee smart:
Will make thee smart;
Some new, and keen, and poisoned dart,
Will pierce at last that restless heart;
Youth, friends, and beauty will depart;
Some new, and keen, and poisoned dart,
Will make thee smart!

So pants for change the fickle fair;
The fickle fair;
A feather, floating in the air,
Still wafted here, and wafted there,
No charm, no hazard worth her care;
A feather floating in the air,
The fickle fair!

## HE.

How sad his lot, the hapless swain;
The hapless swain;
With care, and toil, in heat and rain,
To speed the plough or harvest-wain;
Still reaping only fields of grain,
With care, and toil, in heat and rain;
The hapless swain!

Youth, weary youth, 'twill soon be past;
'Twill soon be past;

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His MANHOOD's happiness shall last;
Renown, and riches, far and fast,
Their potent charms shall round him cast,
His Manhood's happiness shall last:—
'Twill soon be past!

Now toiling up ambition's steep;
Ambition's steep;
The rugged path is hard to keep;
The spring how far! the well how deep!
Ah me! in folly's bower asleep!
The rugged path is hard to keep;
Ambition's steep!

The dream fulfilled! rank, fortune, fame;
Rank, fortune, fame;
Vain fuel for celestial flame!
He wins and wears a glittering name,
Yet sighs his longing soul the same;
Vain fuel for celestial flame,
Rank, fortune, fame!

Sweet beauty aims with Cupid's bow;
With Cupid's bow;
Can she transfix him now?—ah, no!
Amid the fairest flowers that blow,
The torment but alights—to go:
Can she transfix him now?—ah, no,
With Cupid's bow!

Indulgent heav'n, O grant but this,
O grant but this,
The boon shall be enough of bliss,
A HOME, with true affection's kiss,
To mend whate'er may hap amiss,
O grant but this!

The Eden won:—insatiate still;
Insatiate still;—
A wider, fairer range, he will;
Some mountain higher than his hill;
Some prospect fancy's map to fill;
A wider, fairer range, he will;
Insatiate still!

From maid to matron, son to sire;
From son to sire,
Each bosom burns with quenchless fire,
Where life's vain phantasies expire
In some new phœnix of desire;
Each bosom burns with quenchless fire,
From son to sire!

Still sighs the world for something new;
For something new;
Imploring me, imploring you
Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue:
Ah, hapless world, what will it do;
Imploring me, imploring you,
FOR SOMETHING NEW!

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# EÖTHEN.*

It is not often that so lively and sprightly a book as Eöthen comes before us for review, particularly in the shape of a book of travels, and a book of travels, too, in the East. Why there are so many dull books written is a wide question that admits of an infinity of answers—there are every possible motive and every supposition to be alleged except—*humility;* why there are so many dull books of travels may be answered almost in a monosyllable—opportunity. Under no possible collocation of circumstances could Mr. Boreall ever get his thoughts into print at home; his habits are commonplace, his associations monotonous and his mind is barren. No one would give a penny for his thoughts or a fig for his opinions, for he has none of either. He is simply a walking vegetable. But let the same man once set his foot on the deck of a foreign packet "how the wit brightens, how the sense refines"—he sets to work immediately and indites a journal. It has been of no earthly consequence to any one except his physician what pains of limb or qualms of stomach he has heretofore been subject to, but now the whole world is of course to be interested in the state of his peristaltics and the philosophy of his *mal au cœur.* We presume it would have agitated no one at home if he had called ever so often for gin and water at night, or soda water in the morning; but change servant to steward and substitute brandy or arrow root, and let the scene be the cabin of a liner, and booksellers' counters and library shelves, and reviewers' tables must groan under the infliction. How is this? Why is man on shore a nonentity; man peripatetic or man in a ship so fit a subject for intense curiosity? The absurdity is overwhelming. Of the cheapest modes ever devised by the wit of man and permitted by human long-suffering, this of reaping laurels by a book of travels, as commonly practised, is the most economical. But like most very cheap things, alas! it is of a thin meagre fabric and soon wears out. The fluttering impertinence soon beats his perishable wings to death and is transfixed by some man of sense, like a pinned beetle to a fireboard, to suffer purgatorial pains for ever. The more solid and stolid wayfaring lion settles down into that leaden coffin of ostracised dullness, that bourne "whence no traveller returns."

But we know not why we should be expending so much virtuous energy upon a race of dullards when we have so much "metal more attractive" before us in Eöthen—save that we heighten in this way the beauties of a favorite author by contrast. The author of Eöthen writes solely for the very excellent reason that he has something to say, something that has been knocking about his heart and often rising on his lips, and repressed again and again has only become more virulent and condensed, till it has at last exploded in the fiery particles of speech of which this book is composed. The author essayed twice to write a book on Eastern Travel. He felt the impulses and the restless uneasiness of the suppressed ideas within him, but he could not be sure of an audience and faltered and withdrew. He thought, as he himself says, that he might fall into the hands of some "Lady of Bitterness," or a member of the "Royal Statistical Society," and his heart fainted within him. He could not turn out his cherished fancies to the tender mercies of an uncharitable and misapprehending world. But a friend undertakes a journey to the East and calls upon him for a sketch of his tour; he sits down to comply and the winged words fly from him with the haste of couriers; thought expands; associations rise in his mind; his eye dilates; his pen seems touched with fire; imagination unlocks for him the treasures of the past, of which memory alone were but a poor guardian, and out of this ecstasy, this bursting forth of the long pent up enthusiasm of years, comes—Eöthen. We are indicating in advance the characteristics of a volume upon which

* Eöthen; or Traces of Travel brought home from the East. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 232.

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our readers should perhaps come unawares, and be excited for themselves —for excited they will be when they have perused this stirring work. But, we must write as we feel, even at the risk of being some ten minutes in advance of the extracts which are to support all we say.

Eöthen is a remarkable lesson in bookmaking to future writers. There are several works like it (nearly all of the often read classic literature is written on the same simple principle), which have been produced of late years. Sir Francis Head's Bubbles from the Brunnen, and George Borrow's Bible in Spain, present themselves at once, and it is not unlikely that the success of the latter work has emboldened the author of Eöthen to trust to his own convictions, and his own forcible way of expressing them. The secret of these books is an utter avoidance of what printers call "balaam," on what Scripture analogy we are at a loss to conceive of, unless the phrase grew out of the odious mouth of a punster who remembered the prophet was the son of Beor or *bore*. Balaam, technically speaking, is that rejected, diseased and unwholesome manuscript which lies about a printing office, which gets into type only on extraordinary emergencies, when there is an addition to the Editor's family, or an uncommonly late sitting at a Saint's festival or a more than usually jolly packet launching and lunching. There are very few books printed which do not contain a large proportion of balaam. Balaam is sometimes to a volume what the chaff was to Gratiano's wit—a bushel to three grains. It comes of a great many prolific causes, of which the most general and radical, is want of brains; but an author may still have no little understanding, and write a great deal of balaam. We are hence driven upon another explanation of a more qualified character, and it is the want of time. Time is the great softener and ameliorator of ideas; he takes off from their harshness, clumsiness, and picks out the truths from the errors, the important circumstances from the unimportant; he sifts and winnows, separates then recombines again, till the whole is perfect and complete. Compare the abundant talk of a man who has long cherished his ideas in secret, who has built up an intellectual storehouse within, and filled it with the wealth of books and experience, who has money in the bank, with the vapid, inconsequential utterances of the novice. Just such is the difference between Eöthen and an ordinary book of travels. If the author had kept a diary and published it, there would have been no sensation produced; it would probably have been filled with petty uneasinesses and inconsiderable sensations; it would have been a record of the vileness of beds, the impurity of linen, the oiliness of butter, the extortions of landlords, and the immodesty of baggage porters. The toil of the desert would have predominated over its grandeur; and the fatigue of the Pyramids diminished from their size. There would have been no glorious retrospection; the landscape would have been exhibited in mid-day blended with intense heat and dust; there would have been none of the shadows, the softness, and at the same instant, the sharp outline of the mountain tops of sunset.

Of the author of Eöthen personally we know nothing directly, not even his name; but there is here and there a hint thrown out in the volume, and the peculiarities of thought are so observable, that we fancy we know the man, and, if artist enough, could paint his portrait. He intimates that he is slender, pale, retired within himself, a little sleeper, that he comes from the "middle class," and for the qualities of his mind, they are written on every page. From the allusions to friends, and the fixed facts and dates, there can be no doubt, in the proper quarters in England, of the author, who certainly has no motive to avoid observation; but his name has not, we believe, crossed the Atlantic.

After noticing a few of the most characteristic merits of the book which readily force themselves upon us after a hasty perusal, we shall let the author speak for himself in extracts of greater length.

The author of Eöthen is an eloquent man, as all men are eloquent who have force enough in them to express an original conception. He is poetical because he is eloquent. Take the following scene of the death of Pitt for one example; it is more imposing than the picture by Copley, of his great father falling in the House of Lords. "But the end was approaching; the sun of Austerlitz showed the Czar madly

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sliding his splendid army like a weaver's shuttle, from his right hand to his left, under the very eyes—the deep, grey, watchful eyes of Napoleon; before night came, the coalition was a vain thing—meet for history, and the heart of its great author was crushed with grief, when the terrible tidings came to his ears. In the bitterness of his despair, he cried out to his niece, and bid her 'ROLL UP THE MAP OF EUROPE;' there was a little more of suffering, and at last, with his swollen tongue, still muttering something for England, he died by the noblest of all sorrows." Here is something in another vein, a homely picture that is made a sublime one by a single word, the word we have marked in capitals. The effect is much as if Michael Angelo, for instance, had taken some quiet faithfully mirrored Dutch sea-piece, and with one dash of his brush painted a huge wave that should hang like a devouring angel over the crew, but on looking at it again there are more touches than one of grandeur in the picture in "Eöthen"—the weather-worn boy and the command of the father's white eye-brow are of the same texture. It is a comparison of the traveller in the desert to a lonely fisherman at sea. "In returning from a cruise to the English coast, you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly black sky above, and an angry sea beneath,—you watch the grisly old man at the helm, carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast,—you see him understanding commands from the jerk of his father's white eye-brow,—now belaying and now letting go,—now crouching himself down into mere ballast, or baling out DEATH with a pipkin!"

With not a particle of humbug about the man, either as giver or receiver, he is very far from an opinionated, practical, utilitarian, "intellectual all in all." He recognizes matters undreamt of in philosophy, so called. He would be the last one in the world to spoil a good story or a matter of faith, by subjecting it too closely to the mathematical understanding. He travels in the East, the land of wonder, of miracles, of magic, neither to be deceived nor to scoff. He receives just so much of them as the mind of a healthy well-developed man has room for, and that, by the way, is far more than is commonly supposed. He does not reject a matter of moment because it is out of the reach of his sympathies; on the contrary his sympathies are broad enough to cover it, if it be, as simple Audrey says, a true thing. He looks upon the orientals with good English eyes, a good English understanding, not forgetting the sound English heart. He is no maudlin sympathizer or thinker on system, but feels like a man, and says honestly what he feels. Thus, in a sentence, he has given us the secret of all the Eastern system, the philosophy of the great nobly-descended race. "I can hardly tell why it should be, but there is a longing for the East, very commonly felt by proud-hearted people, when goaded by sorrow." This is the prevailing sentiment, not only of the people who are attracted thither, but of the people themselves, and in this way a great historical truth is got out of the individual, where all truth must be found. The heart of man answereth to man. This looking from the heart outward, is the secret of a great deal of wisdom not to be learned in books, that is to say, such books as it is the fashion to write and read. The Bedouin women, our traveller found quite devoid of beauty. Most travellers would have been content to record this in the best terms they could command, very few would have thought of adding so profound a sentiment as this, here written. 'The Bedouin women have no religion; this is partly the cause of their clumsiness; perhaps, if from Christian girls they would learn how to pray, their souls might become more gentle, and their limbs be clothed with grace." How the value of a sentiment may be worth more than the tables of statistics which overset it, is insinuated in the following sentence about the Gipsies—"Milnes once spread a report, that every gang of Gipsies was found upon inquiry, to have come last from a place to the Westward, and to be about to make the next move in an Eastern direction; either, therefore, they were to be all gathered together towards the rising of the sun, by the mysterious finger of Providence, or else they were to revolve round the globe for ever, and ever, and ever; both of these suppositions were highly gratifying, because they were both marvellous, and

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though the story on which they were founded, plainly sprang from the inventive brain of a poet, no one had ever been so odiously statistical as to attempt a contradiction of it." "My tongue," says our author again, in another place—"can tell where to find the clue to many an old Pagan creed, because that (distinctly from all mere admiration of the beauty belonging to nature's works) I acknowledge a sense of mystical reverence, when first I look to see some illustrious feature of the globe—some coast-line of Ocean—some mighty river or dreary mountain range, the ancient barrier of kingdoms."

It is the first act of a traveller, generally, to conceal his own ignorance; it is part of our traveller's honesty to expose it at once, nay, he is punctilious on this point, and is very careful to deprecate the faintest suspicion of a scrap of learning, or a particle of virtue that does not belong to him. On the plains of Troy, it is Pope's Homer that moves his early susceptibility to the great world of poetry in the Iliad; in Cyprus when he receives a present of a goat's milk cheese and thinks of the pastorals in his Theocritus, he quaintly says, "In old times the shepherd of Theocritus or (*to speak less dishonestly*) the shepherd of the 'Poetæ Græci,' sung his best song; I, in this latter age, presented my best dagger, and both of us received the same rustic reward." At Cairo he writes with a certain air, it is true, of bravado of the plague, and moves about with perfect freedom and carelessness, but lest any one should give him credit for bravery, he enters into a philosophical speculation to make himself out a coward, in this way. "I admit, I went about the plague-stricken city and lived in it when I might have avoided it, nay, I displayed what might be called hardihood, but I was all the while afraid. Fear does not necessarily damp the spirits: on the contrary, it will often operate as an excitement, giving rise to unusual animation, and thus it affected me." True enough, but no other fear can be admitted here but the "fears of the brave," of such a manly character as our Englishman. There are a hundred anecdotes in the book like this, which might furnish a text for a profound disquisition. Our traveller, like a perfectly original man, is always opening for us fresh avenues to knowledge. While he is with Lady Hester Stanhope in the mountains, he discovers a slight suspicion of infidelity as to her divine powers in one of her two European attendants, her Secretary. The other, the doctor, was a profound believer, and probably both would have been, had it not been for a slight annoying circumstance. The Secretary had been checked by her in a favorite amusement of shooting the small birds in the neighborhood; this had inclined him to moroseness, and moroseness had excited suspicion, and he began to doubt the lady's divinity. How much of the success of the Reformation was due to precisely similar causes, some local grievance, or some temporal infliction, let history and the mixed motives of human actions answer.

We have looked at this book, it has been seen, more as an individual production, an essay from the author's mind, than as a record of observations in the East. Yet it would be unfair not to regard it in the latter character also. The author tells us in his Preface that he is scrupulously accurate as to facts, and he really tells us more, gives us a more definite, vivid impression than ninety-nine out of a hundred who should set about the work more mechanically. A few words by a man of bright, clear mind, are worth the folios of unpenetrating dullness. The author commences his sketching on the borders of Turkey, with a few full length Turks of the old school (he travelled in 1835) and ends them with a humorous adventure with the Pasha of Satalieh, a small port in Syria. In the interval he had visited Constantinople and the Troad and Smyrna and the Holy Land, had traversed the Desert and been at Cairo with the Plague; he had seen the Pyramids and the Sphynx and Damascus. He describes beautiful women where he sees them (they are generally shut up) and characteristic men; we feel the hot breath of the Desert and the incrustations of the Dead Sea. Would the reader see some of the realities of the Plague—he will find them in that terrible chapter, none the less so for its bravado, on "Cairo and the Plague." It is as literal and as sincere as De Foe.

"Very soon after my arrival I went to the house of the Levantine, to whom my credentials were addressed. At his door several persons (all Arabs) were hanging about and keeping guard. It was not till after some delay, and the passing of some

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communications with those in the interior of the citadel, that I was admitted. At length, however, I was conducted through the court and up a flight of stairs, and finally into the apartment where business was transacted. The room was divided by an excellent, substantial fence of iron bars, and behind this grille the banker had his station. The truth was, that from fear of the plague he had adopted the course usually taken by European residents, and had shut himself up 'in strict quarantine,'—that is to say, that he had, as he hoped, cut himself off from all communication with infecting substances. The Europeans long resident in the East, without any, or with scarcely any exception, are firmly convinced that the plague is propagated by contact and by contact only—that if they can but avoid the touch of an infecting substance, they are safe, and if they cannot, they die. This belief induces them to adopt the contrivance of putting themselves in that state of siege which they call 'Quarantine.' It is a part of their faith that metals and hempen rope, and also, I fancy, one or two other substances, will not carry the infection; and they likewise believe that the germ of pestilence which lies in an infected substance, may be destroyed by submersion in water, or by the action of smoke. They therefore guard the doors of their houses with the utmost care against intrusion, and condemn themselves and all the members of their family, including any European servants, to a strict imprisonment within the walls of their dwelling. Their native attendants are not allowed to enter at all, but they make the necessary purchases of provisions, which are hauled up through one of the windows by means of a rope, and are then soaked in water.

"I knew nothing of these mysteries, and was not therefore prepared for the sort of reception which I met with. I advanced to the iron fence, and putting my letter between the bars, politely proffered it to Mr. Banker. Mr. Banker received me with a sad and dejected look, and not 'with open arms,' or with any arms at all, but with—a pair of tongs!—I placed my letter between the iron fingers which picked it up as if it were a viper, and conveyed it away to be scorched and purified by fire and smoke. I was disgusted at this reception, and at the idea that anything of mine could carry infection to the poor wretch, who stood on the other side of the grille—pale and trembling, and already meet for Death. I looked with something of the Mahometan's feeling upon these little contrivances for eluding Fate; and in this instance at least they were vain; a few more days and the poor money-changer who had strived to guard the days of his life (as though they were coins) with bolts and bars of iron—he was seized by the Plague and he died

"To people entertaining such opinions as these respecting the fatal effect of contact, the narrow and crowded streets of Cairo were terrible as the easy slope that leads to Avernus. The roaring Ocean and the beetling crags owe something of their sublimity to this—that if they be tempted, they can take the warm life of a man. To the contagionist, filled as he is with the dread of final causes, having no faith in Destiny, nor in the fixed will of God, and with none of the devil-may-care indifference which might stand him instead of creeds—to such one, every rag that shivers in the breeze of a Plague-stricken city has this sort of sublimity. If by any terrible ordinance he be forced to venture forth, he sees Death dangling from every sleeve, and as he creeps forward he poises his shuddering limbs between the imminent jacket that is stabbing at his right elbow and the murderous pelisse that threatens to mow him clean down, as it sweeps along on his left. But most of all he dreads that which most of all he should love—the touch of a woman's dress, for mothers and wives hurrying forth on kindly errands from the bedsides of the dying, go slouching along through the streets more wilfully and less courteously than the men. For a while it may be that the caution of the poor Levantine may enable him to avoid contact, but sooner or later, perhaps, the dreaded chance arrives; that bundle of linen, with the dark tearful eyes at the top of it, that labors along with the voluptuous clumsiness of Grisi—she has touched the poor Levantine with the hem of her sleeve! from that dread moment his peace is gone; his mind for ever hanging upon the fatal touch, invites the blow which he fears; he watches for the symptoms of plague so carefully, that sooner or later they come in truth. The parched mouth is a sign—his mouth *is* parched; the throbbing brain—his brain *does* throb; the rapid pulse—he touches his own wrist (for he dares not ask counsel of any man lest he be deserted), he touches his wrist, and feels how his frighted blood goes galloping out of his heart; there is nothing but the fatal swelling that is wanting to make his sad conviction complete; immediately he has an odd feel under the arm—no pain, but a little straining of the skin; he would to God it were his fancy that were strong enough to give him that sensation; this is the worst of all; it now seems to him that he could be happy and content with his

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parched mouth, and his throbbing brain and his rapid pulse, if only he could know that there was no swelling under the left arm; but dares he try?—in a moment of calmness and deliberation he dares not, but when for a while he has writhed under the torture of suspense, a sudden strength of will drives him to seek and know his fate; he touches the gland and finds the skin sane and sound, but under the cuticle there lies a small lump like a pistol bullet that moves as he pushes it. Oh! but is this for all certainty, is this the sentence of death? feel the gland of the other arm; there is not the same lump exactly, yet something a little like it; have not some people glands naturally enlarged?—would to Heaven he were one! So he does for himself the work of the Plague, and when the Angel of Death, thus courted, does indeed and in truth come, he has only to finish that which has been so well begun; he passes his fiery hand over the brain of the victim, and lets him rave for a season, but all chance-wise, of people and things once dear, or of people and things indifferent. Once more the poor fellow is back at his home in the fair Provence, and sees the sun-dial that stood in his childhood's garden—sees part of his mother, and the long-since-forgotten face of that little dead sister—(he sees her, he says, on a Sunday morning, for all the church bells are ringing); he looks up and down through the universe, and owns it well piled with bales upon bales of cotton, and cotton eternal—so much so, that he feels—he knows—he swears that he could make that winning hazard, if the billiard table would not slant upwards, and if the cue were a cue worth playing with; but it is not—it's a cue that won't move—his own arm won't move—in short, there's the devil to pay in the brain of the poor Levantine, and, perhaps, the next night but one he becomes the 'life and the soul' of some squalling jackal family, who fish him out by the foot from his shallow and sandy grave.

"Better fate was mine; by some happy perverseness (occasioned perhaps by my disgust at the notion of being received with a pair of tongs), I took it into my pleasant head that all the European notions about the contagion were thoroughly unfounded—that the Plague might be providential, or 'epidemic' (as they phrase it), but was not contagious, and that I could not be killed by the touch of a woman's sleeve, nor yet by her blessed breath. I therefore determined that the Plague should not alter my habits and amusements in any one respect. Though I came to this resolve from impulse, I think that I took the course which was in effect the most prudent, for the cheerfulness of spirits which I was thus enabled to retain, discouraged the yellow winged Angel, and prevented him from taking a shot at me. I however so far respected the opinion of the Europeans, that I avoided touching, when I could do so without privation or inconvenience. This endeavor furnished me with a sort of amusement as I passed through the streets. The usual mode of moving from place to place in the city of Cairo, is upon donkeys, of which great numbers are always in readiness, with donkey-boys attached. I had two who constantly (until one of them died of the Plague) waited at my door upon the chance of being wanted. I found this way of moving about exceedingly pleasant, and never attempted any other. I had only to mount my beast, and tell my donkey-boy the point for which I was bound, and instantly I began to glide on at a capital pace. The streets of Cairo are not paved in any way, but strewed with a dry sandy soil so deadening to sound that the foot-fall of the donkey could scarcely be heard. There is no trottoir, and as you ride through the streets, you mingle with the people on foot; those who are in your way, upon being warned by the shouts of the donkey-boy, move very slightly aside so as to leave you a narrow lane through which you pass at a gallop. In this way you glide on delightfully in the very midst of crowds, without being inconvenienced or stopped for a moment; it seems to you that it is not the donkey but the donkey-boy who wafts you on with his shouts through pleasant groups and air that feels thick with the fragrance of burial spice. 'Eh! Sheik,—Eh! Bint,—reggalek—shumalek, &c., &c.—O old man, O virgin, get out of the way on the right—O virgin, O old man, get out of the way on the left,—this Englishman comes, he comes, he comes!' The narrow alley which these shouts cleared for my passage made it possible, though difficult, to go on for a long way without touching a single person, and my endeavors to avoid such contact were a sort of game for me in my loneliness, which was not without interest. If I got through a street without being touched, I won; if I was touched, I lost,—lost a duce of a stake, according to the theory of the Europeans, but that I deemed to be all nonsense,—I only lost that game, and would certainly win the next."

Let the reader get a partial relief to this picture in the sketch of a Scotch Mussulman in the same city.

"Osman's history is a curious one. He

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was a Scotchman born, and when very young; being then a drummer-boy, he landed in Egypt with Mackensie Fraser's force. He was taken prisoner, and according to Mahometan custom, the alternative of Death or the Koran was offered to him; he did not choose Death, and therefore went through the ceremonies which were necessary for turning him into a good Mahometan. But what amused me most in his history was this—that very soon after having embraced Islam, he was obliged in practice to become curious and discriminating in his new faith—to make war upon Mahometan dissenters, and follow the orthodox standard of the Prophet in fierce campaigns against the Wahabees, who are the Unitarians of the Mussulman world. The Wahabees were crushed, and Osman returning home in triumph from his holy wars, began to flourish in the world; he acquired property and became effendi, or gentleman. At the time of my visit to Cairo he seemed to be much respected by his brother Mahometans, and gave pledge of his sincere alienation from Christianity by keeping a couple of wives. He affected the same sort of reserve in mentioning them as is generally shown by Orientals. He invited me, indeed, to see his hareem, but he made both his wives bundle out before I was admitted; he felt, as it seemed to me, that neither of them would bear criticism, and I think that this idea, rather than any motive of sincere jealousy, induced him to keep them out of sight. The rooms of the hareem reminded me of an English nursery, rather than of a Mahometan paradise. One is apt to judge of a woman before one sees her, by the air of elegance or coarseness with which she surrounds her home; I judged Osman's wives by this test, and condemned them both. But the strangest feature in Osman's character was his unextinguishable nationality. In vain they had brought him over the seas in early boyhood—in vain had he suffered captivity, conversion, circumcision—in vain they had passed him through fire in their Arabian campaigns—they could not cut away or burn out poor Osman's inborn love of all that was Scotch; in vain men called him Effendi—in vain he swept along in Eastern robes—in vain the rival wives adorned his hareem; the joy of his heart still plainly lay in this, that he had three shelves of books, and that the books were thorough-bred Scotch—the Edinburgh this—the Edinburgh that, and above all, I recollect, he prided himself upon the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library.'"

We are not yet out of this polluted atmosphere, but here at Bethlehem among the village girls in life and health and full elasticity. If the reader has ever descended from a dissecting room into the populous streets of a city, and turned from the loathsome dead, oppressed by dull odors and noisome forms, and his eye has suddenly alighted upon the blooming face of woman, round, gay and full of life, he may thus again rejoice after visiting plague-stricken Cairo, at the sight of these dancing girls.

"So, I say, when you see, and hear them, those romping girls of Bethlehem will gladden your very soul. Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer, the timid flock will gather around you with their large, burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain, and if you imagine evil against them, they will know of your ill thought before it is yet well born, and will fly, and be gone in the moment. But presently if you will only look virtuous enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will draw nearer and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat, in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close round you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation that you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress, to a serious contemplation of your stately height, and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your English cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, then again they will make the air ring with their sweet screams of wonder and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with their warmer tints, and even with the hues of your own sunburnt face; instantly the ringleader of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches—then grasps your hand, and smoothes it gently betwixt her own, and pries curiously into its make and color, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you even then, still sage and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly, and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are surely quite harmless, and innocent—a lion that makes no spring—a bear that never hugs, and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand, and strive to explain it, and make it a theme and a con-

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troversy. But the one—the fairest, and the sweetest of all, is yet the most timid; she shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her; but her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice—they vow that the fair one *shall* be their complice—*shall* share their dangers—*shall* touch the hand of the stranger; they seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, whilst yet she strives to turn away, and to cover up her whole soul under the folds of downcast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength—they vanquish your utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers, and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant her large, timid eyes are upon you—in an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blush so burning, that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously, and harmed their gentle sister. A moment, and all, with a sudden intelligence, turn away, and fly like deer, yet soon again, like deer they wheel round, and return, and stand and gaze upon the danger, until they grow brave once more.

"'I regret to observe that the removal of the moral restraint imposed by the presence of the Mahometan inhabitants, has led to a certain degree of boisterous, though innocent levity, in the bearing of the Christians, and more especially in the demeanor of those who belong to the younger portion of the female population, but I feel assured that a more thorough knowledge of the principles of their own pure religion, will speedily restore these young people to habits of propriety, even more strict than those which were imposed upon them by the authority of their Mahometan brethren.' Bah! thus you might chaunt, if you chose; but loving the truth, you will not so disown sweet Bethlehem—you will not disown, nor dissemble the right good hearty delight, with which, in the midst of the arid waste, you found this gushing spring of fresh and joyous girlhood."

Chapter XX is a very short one, and we shall give it entire—it is a species of prose sonnet on

THE SPHYNX.

"And near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood, will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

"Laugh, and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian Kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all, and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx."

Our author is oftener witty than humorous; we oftener smile than laugh at his sketches; but here is something ludicrous; an official at Cyprus slaughtering hens.

"When we returned to Baffa, the Proconsul seized a club, with the quietly determined air of a brave man, resolved to do some deed of note; he went into the yard adjoining his cottage, where there were some thin, thoughtful, canting cocks, and serious low-church looking hens, respectfully listening, and chickens of tender years so well brought up as scarcely to betray in their conduct the careless

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levity of youth. The Pro-consul stood for a moment quite calm—collecting his strength; then suddenly he rushed into the midst of the congregation, and began to deal death and destruction on all sides; he spared neither sex nor age; the dead and dying were immediately removed from the field of slaughter, and in less than an hour, I think, they were brought to the table, deeply buried in mounds of snowy rice."

It was the English vice-consul (a native) at the same Island who offered the following speculation on the British Constitution.

"To me it seems, that of all the lands I know (you will see in a minute how I connect this piece of prose with the Isle of Cyprus), there is none in which mere wealth—mere unaided wealth, is held half so cheaply—none in which a poor devil of a millionaire without birth, or ability, occupies so humble a place as in England. My Greek host and I were sitting together, I think upon the roof of the house (for that is the lounging place in the Eastern climes), when the former assumed a serious air, and intimated a wish to converse upon the subject of the British Constitution, with which he assured me that he was thoroughly acquainted; he presently, however, informed me that there was one anomalous circumstance attendant upon the practical working of our political system which he had never been able to hear explained in a manner satisfactory to himself. From the fact of his having found a difficulty in his subject, I began to think that my host might really know rather more of it than his announcement of a thorough knowledge had led me to expect; I felt interested at being about to hear from the lips of an intelligent Greek, quite remote from the influence of European opinions, what might seem to him the most astonishing and incomprehensible of all those results which have followed from the action of our political institutions. The anomaly—the only anomaly which had been detected by the vice-consular wisdom, consisted in the fact, that Rothschild (the late money-monger) had never been the Prime Minister of England! I gravely tried to throw some light upon the mysterious causes which had kept the worthy Israelite out of the Cabinet, but I think I could see my explanation was not satisfactory. Go and argue with the flies of summer, that there is a Power divine, yet greater than the Sun in the heavens, but never dare hope to convince the people of the South that there is any other God than Gold."

We have now given our more distant readers a taste of a really clever book, our city readers have doubtless by this time read the book itself. It is a very elegant volume, of unexceptionable type and paper, and a very cheap one. It is published as the first of a series of books which it is promised shall equally delight the true scholar and the general reader—a high standard—but one warranted to be taken with such a book as Eöthen. The series, moreover, "Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading," is to contain new American Copyright Works, where there will be found greater difficulty in the selection, of course, than among the old Classic English treasures and the vast field of foreign contemporary literature. That we have as true and genuine men to write books here as anywhere is part of our belief, and it will be from lack of faithfulness rather than opportunity if Messrs. Wiley and Putnam do not exhibit this in their "Library." Nothing is wanted for American Literature but good faith and due encouragement to ripen it to an early maturity. Certainly thus far it has had more storm and unhealthy mist than sunshine. But there are rays of light breaking through—and long may the time be distant, when, however faint, they are not welcomed in the pages of the Democratic Review.

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# NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The readers of the Democratic Review need no formal introduction to Nathaniel Hawthorne. His contributions commenced with the first number, and have continued even to the present. His gentle pen has lightened many a weary track of political disquisition by its cheerful fancies, and left words upon our pages which will grow brighter to the end. What, alas! has become of the noisy administrations, the all in all of the hour and the month; the little men and the great speeches—gone to feed the maw of the devouring past, laid up for the most part in oblivion in fat spongy volumes of the Congressional Globe! But our Hawthorne lives; his Essays still delight the youth and maidens for whom poets write, his tales have been Twice Told and will be a hundred times. Time only evolves a profounder moral in his writings, and from their scattered fragments forms a whole in which the figure of the man appears to be welcomed and loved. But the politicians, for the most part, have had this advantage, that if, politically speaking, many of them are dead, they at least fattened in their lifetime. They did not talk for nothing, but received their good things in their day and generation—the poet lives and starves. We say this in no spirit of complaint, for it appears to us that in the end there is no great inequality to complain of. What of advantage there is, is on the side of the poet. If the author could foresee his agitated spirit fluttering with pride, and humbled by poverty, he might choose the fat turtle and dainty viands, the admiring friends and the rejoicing lacqueys of office; could the politician get a glimpse of the future, he might think the poet's nothings more real than his realities. One thing is certain, that the habit of mind, the introspection, the studies, the discipline which shall result in Essays like those of Hawthorne, can rarely be accompanied with money-making pursuits, and that, however well literature may be paid for (and in this country it is as yet necessarily very poorly paid for), even the best writings of this kind, when published, cannot support the author of them long. In their very nature, they cannot afford any great remuneration. There can be but few of them produced, and to repeat them would be to diminish their value. Take the best case. Suppose a man were at this day to write a volume of Essays, as good as Lord Bacon's, he might get for them from one to five hundred dollars; if he diluted and spoilt them he might get a thousand. Charles Lamb's Essays, which are going about the world in stereotype editions, read and enjoyed by everybody, and literally creating faculties of enjoyment in thousands of young readers every year, were originally published in the London Magazine. They were short, seldom extending beyond three or four pages. What he got for them we do not know, but at the rate American magazines pay, he would have realized the munificent sum of five or ten dollars—and no disparagement to the magazines either. Their resources are limited, but as it is, they are the most liberal supporters of our literary men. That beautiful fancy piece, the Child Angel, of Lamb, makes rather less than one page and a half of the London Magazine—and upon some score or two of such articles, the author's reputation hangs. They were the cream of his life. How could they be paid for?—certainly not by the booksellers, for they had none of that mediocrity of book-making in them, which is the delight of the 'trade,' they could not be spun out into volumes enough to draw any great amount of coin from a purchaser's pocket—they could not be vamped and hashed, and rehashed every season; they were done once and for ever. But Lamb had means, and could live notwithstanding. What, on the contrary, would have become of Campbell the poet without his pension? He might have stirred the heart of all England by his lyrics, and won all the battles of the age by the fire he put into the soldiery, and starved without the immediate aid of the Government. There are certain of the highest literary labors, the most honorable and the most successful, which can never be paid for, through the booksellers. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield did not compare with his "Prefaces," which are forgot-

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ten, in point of remuneration, and his Poems he wrote for himself and posterity in hours stolen from the booksellers.

As authors are the immediate ornaments of the State, as the good they confer is general, and their honor and prosperity contribute so largely to the life and enjoyment and complacency expressed in those two words we are charged with using so familiarly, "Our Country," it would seem not unreasonable (though we do not pledge ourselves to the expediency of it) that a well filled purse should be set aside and properly used on occasion, with the label "Literary Pension Fund." There might be difficulties in the distribution of it, but the principle has been already recognized by our Government, and especially of late years. The circumstance attracted the attention not long since of a member of Parliament, D'Israeli we believe, or Monkton Milnes, in a speech on a public occasion, and it was mentioned to the honor of the Republic. With Washington Irving, an author, at Madrid; Edward Everett, a reviewer, at London; Wheaton, the writer on International Law, and Fay, a Magazinist, at Berlin; Alexander Everett, in China, and Bancroft in the Cabinet, to say nothing of the numerous instances of literary men immediately advanced by the people themselves to Congress, and the State Legislatures, the country may indeed claim something on the score of its appreciation of Men of Letters. Utilitarian, as we are said to be, and anti-poetical (a great libel by the way), we believe there has been but one feeling about the gracefulness of these appointments and their value to the State.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has passed that period of his literary life in which it is necessary to enter upon a systematic examination of his writings, in the old approved critical style. He is admitted to be a genuine author, simple, natural, and perfect in his peculiar department of writing, and stands upon that vantage ground, where his position being a thing established, one may write of him with freedom, and speak warmly of those points which may appeal most forcibly to his individual taste. This, we confess, is the species of criticism in which we take most delight—leaving to others the measuring and drilling of the raw recruit in literature, we prefer the ease and freedom—the *abandon* of conversation with the officers in the mess-room. Happy author he who has this privilege of being listened to with eagerness and enthusiasm, whose noble sayings are not dragged down to a little standard, whose trifles even are informed with the pregnant meaning of genius. Happy critic who can keep such glorious company. At such times be the *nil admirari* far from us—let the soul slake her thirst for excellence in one full untroubled draught. What care we if there *are* greater authors in the world? We can forget Shakspeare and Milton and Dante and Tasso, Cervantes and the other gods of the upper air, for the lesser deities. We are content with demigods, but they must be genuine.

Deprecating, then, all pretences to criticism, we take the liberty of setting in for a few moments' familiar colloquy with the writings of Hawthorne. We would write for the reader as we would talk to a friend who has a general acquaintance with the Essays (all readers of the Democratic have this) and who cared for the particular grounds of our admiration.

Imagine a man of a rugged frame of body and a delicate mind, of a physical hardihood to tempt all extremes of weather and suffer no annoyance as a ploughman in the heat of midsummer, or an amateur traveller breasting the storm for mere pleasurable excitement, with a fancy within airy, fragile and sensitive as a maiden's; the rough hairy rind of the cocoa-nut enclosing its sweet whiteness; fancy all this as a type of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and you have some idea of the peculiarities which impart their strength and their weakness to his writings. The perfectness of his style, the completeness of form, the unity of his subject and of all his subjects, are masculine: the light play of fancy, the sentiment, are feminine. There is a deeper vein which no woman could ever reach, an intimacy with the sterner powers of life which we should wish no woman to attain. At the first perusal of the writings of Hawthorne, the reader remarks the singular clearness, the fountain-like beauty of the style, "more splendid than crystal;" a beauty not put on or occasional, but though doubtless supplied beneath by secret springs welling up here and there in the sedges irregularly, yet presenting the smoothness and placidity of the river at its surface. Such calm, be as-



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sured, indicates strength and a genuine nature. No apprentice at the use of language, no novice in thought, can write thus. Before the metal pours forth smooth and lustrous upon the floor of the smelting room there must have been the toiling fire in the furnace. Of what heterogeneous materials, of what storms and passions, of what petty and miserable weaknesses, is the quiet of the manly soul composed. Many costly ingredients, many rude ones, like rings and crucifixes tumbled in with masses of ore in the casting of some old church bell, have been melted down and purified together before there is music in the heart. There is nothing in human life that should sooner draw tears from a refined and reflecting nature than the contemplation of the utter peacefulness, the childlike nature, the deference to youth, eagerness, perhaps, mere waywardness of some well-disciplined man who has gone to school in life and come forth, wise, humble, chastened. Do not stop with Hawthorne's style as if it were a happy gift of nature; so it is, but it is more, it is the expression of Art. We begin then to look beneath, and presently find indications of something more than the agreeable essayist who amuses the world by laughing at its little follies or tickles his fancy with its picturesque exhibitions. There is a deep moral sentiment and an original exhibition of the elements of character which mark the author to some extent as a Creator. We feel that we are not reading every day after-dinner writing, but that we are continually coming upon something which is strange and individual. This something, whatever it turn out to be, is the measure of the man's originality; it is that by which he differs from other essayists. We can describe it as nothing else than a power of fascination which is exercised over the mind by the occasional gloom and pale glimpses as it were of fiends starting up on the page. The readers of the German Hoffmann will understand what is meant by this allusion, though his genius is more idiosyncratic, and his devils are more tangible and fearful than Hawthorne's. Hoffmann brings in peculiar grinning old men, very nasty and very marvellous, full of witchcraft, as living representations of the evil spirit; Hawthorne indicates nothing more than a cloud passing over the sky at midsummer, a frown on the face of a maiden, a flickering ripple on the stream. But put all these intimations together and they are frequent in Hawthorne's writings, and you have a certain novel and original element in his compositions. It is the shadow which Sin and Death in their twin flights are for ever casting upon the world; shadows which fall alike upon the so called evil and the so called good, which darken all that is pure, and defile all that is sacred, but not more than in actual life. Writers of a light character are so accustomed to look only upon what appears fair and good, or rather in their fair and good men and women are accustomed to find nothing else but what is good, that we are startled in the class of composition chosen by Hawthorne with these revelations. Many readers may run hastily over his compositions without suspecting the morality, though few can hesitate to observe such striking passages as "Fancy's show box," "The Minister's Black Veil" and "the Wedding Knell." The tender melancholy which is inspired after reading these tales is, as we have remarked, allied to a kind of fascination. "I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!" No conventionalist art thou, or respecter of show and outside, but as keensighted a moralist as tempest-stricken Lear whose sagacity flashes forth from his exceedingly vexed soul like the lightning from the storm-driven clouds. In great moments, under the influence of great passions, the soul sees clearly. No pretence or hypocrisy can avail before the sentiment of our moralist. It pierces the snowy folds of the preacher's vestment and the whiter covering of the maiden's heart. Alas! is all evil? No! but the very Heavens of this world are not pure. There is one tale of Hawthorne's which he has not collected in his published volumes, the incidents of which fully disclose the secret of many of his writings. It is called "Young Goodman Brown," and the scene is laid in Salem, witch-haunted Salem, where the author passed many years in "the ordeal of retirement," and the peculiar historical atmosphere of which contributed to many of the ghostly fancies which he has carried elsewhere. Young Goodman Brown leaves his newly married wife, Faith, one evening at sunset, to keep a strange appointment in the wood. After a parting scene at the doorway of great delicacy and beauty,

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he turns into the wood and presently meets a traveller of some fifty years of age, with the air of a man of the world, but with nothing else so remarkable about him as a staff, which twisted and stiffened into a cane one moment, the next would be a serpent on the ground. It was very evident who this gentleman was, without examining his boots or his forehead. Goodman Brown began to reluct at the journey and to think of meeting the eyes of his village clergyman again on the Sabbath. At this the snake-bearer chuckled. Presently old Goody Cloyse came along, she who had taught the young traveller his catechism, but his faith in virtue received a shock when he overheard the conversation between the two elders. Who next but the Deacon with the Minister himself on this infernal road to a communion with the powers of hell! What? is not even Faith, his young wife, sacred at home. See what passes in the air.

"'With Heaven above, and Faith below, I will yet stand firm against the devil!' cried goodman Brown.

"While he still gazed upward, into the deep arch of the firmament, and had lifted his hands to pray, a cloud, though no wind was stirring, hurried across the zenith, and hid the brightening stars. The blue sky was still visible, except directly overhead, where this black mass of cloud was sweeping swiftly northward. Aloft in the air, as if from the depths of the cloud, came a confused and doubtful sound of voices. Once, the listener fancied that he could distinguish the accents of town's-people of his own, men and women, both pious and ungodly, many of whom he had met at the communion-table, and had seen others rioting at the tavern. The next moment, so indistinct were the sounds, he doubted whether he had heard aught but the murmur of the old forest, whispering without a wind. Then came a stronger swell of those familiar tones, heard daily in the sunshine, at Salem village, but never, until now, from a cloud of night. There was one voice, of a young woman, uttering lamentations, yet with an uncertain sorrow, and entreating for some favor, which, perhaps, it would grieve her to obtain. And all the unseen multitude, both saints and sinners, seemed to encourage her onward.

"'Faith!' shouted goodman Brown, in a voice of agony and desperation; and the echoes of the forest mocked him, crying—'Faith! Faith!' as if bewildered wretches were seeking her, all through the wilderness

"The cry of grief, rage, and terror, was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above goodman Brown. But something fluttered lightly down through the air, and caught on the branch of a tree. The young man seized it, and beheld a pink ribbon.

"'My Faith is gone!' cried he, after one stupefied moment. 'There is no good on earth; and sin is but a name. Come, devil! for to thee is this world given.'"

He hastens then to the strange conventicle.

"And maddened with despair, so that he laughed loud and long, did goodman Brown grasp his staff and set forth again, at such a rate, that he seemed to fly along the forest-path, rather than to walk or run. The road grew wilder and drearier, and more faintly traced, and vanished at length, leaving him in the heart of the dark wilderness, still rushing onward, with the instinct that guides mortal man to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds; the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while, sometimes, the wind tolled like a distant church-bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveller, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene, and shrank not from its other horrors.

"'Ha! ha!' roared goodman Brown, when the wind laughed at him. 'Let us hear which will laugh the loudest! Think not to frighten me with your deviltry! Come witch, come wizard, come Indian powow, come devil himself! and here comes goodman Brown. You may as well fear him as he fear you!'

"In truth, all through the haunted forest, there could be nothing more frightful than the figure of goodman Brown. On he flew, among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter, as set all the echoes of the forest laughing like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous, than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of mid-

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night. He paused, in a lull of the tempest that had driven him onward, and heard the swell of what seemed a hymn, rolling solemnly from a distance, with the weight of many voices. He knew the tune; it was a familiar one in the choir of the village meeting-house. The verse died heavily away, and was lengthened by a chorus, not of human voices, but of all the sounds of the benighted wilderness, pealing in awful harmony together. Goodman Brown cried out; and his cry was lost to his own ear, by its unison with the cry of the desert.

"In the interval of silence, he stole forward, until the light glared full upon his eyes. At one extremity of an open space, hemmed in by the dark wall of the forest, arose a rock, bearing some rude, natural resemblance either to an altar or a pulpit, and surrounded by four blazing pines, their tops a flame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting. The mass of foliage, that had overgrown the summit of the rock, was all on fire, blazing high into the night, and fitfully illuminating the whole field. Each pendent twig and leafy festoon was in a blaze. As the red light arose and fell, a numerous congregation alternately shone forth, then disappeared in shadow, and again grew, as it were, out of the darkness, peopling the heart of the solitary woods at once.

"'A grave and dark-clad company!' quoth goodman Brown.

"In truth they were such. Among them, quivering to-and-fro, between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen, next day, at the council-board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm, that the lady of the governor was there. At least, there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls, who trembled lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light, flashing over the obscure field, bedazzled goodman Brown, or he recognized a score of the church-members of Salem village, famous for their especial sanctity. Good old deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his reverend pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable, and pious people, these elders of the church, these chaste dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even of horrid crimes. It was strange to see, that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints. Scattered, also, among their pale-faced enemies, were the Indian priests, or powows, who had often scared their native forest with more hideous incantations than any known to English witchcraft.

"'But, where is Faith?' thought goodman Brown; and, as hope came into his heart, he trembled.

"Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and solemn strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends. Verse after verse was sung, and still the chorus of the desert swelled between, like the deepest tone of a mighty organ. And, with the final peal of that dreadful anthem, there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconverted wilderness, were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man, in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke-wreaths, above the impious assembly. At the same moment, the fire on the rock shot redly forth, and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the apparition bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New-England churches.

"'Bring forth the converts!' cried a voice, that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

"At the word, goodman Brown stept forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood, by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well nigh sworn, that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke-wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old deacon Gookin seized his arms, and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she! And there stood the proselytes, beneath the canopy of fire.

"'Welcome, my children,' said the dark

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figure, 'to the communion of your grave! Ye have found, thus young, your nature and your destiny. My children, look behind you!'

"They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend-worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

"'There,' resumed the sable form, 'are all whom ye have reverenced from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshipping assembly! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their fathers' wealth; and how fair damsels—blush not, sweet ones!—have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin, ye shall scent out all the places—whether in church, bed-chamber, street, field, or forest—where crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood-spot. Far more than this! It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked arts, and which inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power—than my power, at its utmost!—can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other.'

"They did so; and, by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

"'Lo! there ye stand, my children,' said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad, with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature could yet mourn for our miserable race. 'Depending upon one another's hearts, ye had still hoped that virtue were not all a dream. Now are ye undeceived! Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome, again, my children, to the communion of your race!'

"'Welcome!' repeated the fiend-worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph.

"And there they stood, the only pair, as it seemed, who were yet hesitating on the verge of wickedness, in this dark world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light? or was it blood? or, perchance, a liquid flame? Herein did the Shape of Evil dip his hand, and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret guilt of others, both in deed and thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretches would the next glance show them to each other, shuddering alike at what they disclosed and what they saw!

"'Faith! Faith!' cried the husband. 'Look up to Heaven, and resist the Wicked One!'

"Whether Faith obeyed, he knew not. Hardly had he spoken, when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to the roar of the wind, which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock and felt it chill and damp, while a hanging twig, that had been all on fire, besprinkled his cheek with the coldest dew."

In all this there is simply an enforcement of the old, well-known, often illustrated truth, that there is a capacity for evil in the best of us, and that it rests very much within our own choice whether we shall be angels or devils, or in what proportion we shall mix the ingredients. But how dramatically is the truth conveyed, how naturally are these strange scenes managed! they show the possession of a power which it is "excellent to have" but "tyrannous to use." The writer makes amends for this gloomy night-picture by the sunshine of his "Little Annie." It is so cheerful a sketch and so full of pleasant imagery that we give it entire to the reader without apology.

"LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.

"DING-DONG! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

"The town-crier has rung his bell, at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's door-steps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. Let me listen too. Oh! he is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries, have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them. Perhaps little Annie would like to go. Yes; and I can see that the pretty child is weary of this wide

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and pleasant street, with the green trees flinging their shade across the quiet sunshine, and the pavements and the sidewalks all as clean as if the housemaid had just swept them with her broom. She feels that impulse to go strolling away—that longing after the mystery of the great world—which many children feel, and which I felt in my childhood. Little Annie shall take a ramble with me. See! I do but hold out my hand, and, like some bright bird in the sunny air, with her blue silk frock fluttering upwards from her white pantalets, she comes bounding on tiptoe across the street.

"Smoothe back your brown curls, Annie; and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth! What a strange couple to go on their rambles together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step, and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down, while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand, lest her feet should dance away from the earth. Yet there is sympathy between us. If I pride myself on anything, it is because I have a smile that children love; and, on the other hand, there are few grown ladies that could entice me from the side of little Annie; for I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. So, come, Annie; but if I moralize as we go, do not listen to me; only look about you, and be merry! * * * *

"Now we elbow our way among the throng again. It is curious, in the most crowded part of a town, to meet with living creatures that had their birthplace in some far solitude, but have acquired a second nature in the wilderness of men. Look up, Annie, at that canary bird, hanging out of the window in his cage. Poor little fellow! His golden feathers are all tarnished in this smoky sunshine; he would have glistened twice as brightly among the summer islands; but still he has become a citizen in all his tastes and habits, and would not sing half so well without the uproar that drowns his music. What a pity that he does not know how miserable he is! There is a parrot, too, calling out, 'Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!' as we pass by. Foolish bird, to be talking about her prettiness to strangers, especially as she is not a pretty Poll, though gaudily dressed in green and yellow. If she had said 'pretty Annie,' there would have been some sense in it. See that grey squirrel, at the door of the fruit-shop, whirling round and round so merrily within his wire wheel! Being condemned to the treadmill, he makes it an amusement. Admirable philosophy!

"Here comes a big, rough dog, a countryman's dog in search of his master; smelling at everybody's heels, and touching little Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying away, though she would fain have patted him. Success to your search, Fidelity! And there sits a great yellow cat upon a window-sill, a very corpulent and comfortable cat, gazing at this transitory world, with owl's eyes, and making pithy comments, doubtless, or what appear such, to the silly beast. Oh, sage puss, make room for me beside you, and we will be a pair of philosophers!

"Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier, and his ding-dong bell! Look! look at that great cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild beasts, as if they had met together to choose a king, according to their custom in the days of Æsop. But they are choosing neither a king nor a President; else we should hear a most horrible snarling! They have come from the deep woods, and the wild mountains, and the desert sands, and the polar snows, only to do homage to my little Annie. As we enter among them, the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk, with trunk abased and leg thrust out behind. Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of the elephant, who is certainly the best bred monster in the caravan. The lion and the lioness are busy with two beef bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, the untamable, keeps pacing his narrow cage with a haughty step, unmindful of the spectators, or recalling the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont to leap forth upon such inferior animals, from the jungles of Bengal.

"Here we see the very same wolf—do not go near him, Annie!—the self-same wolf that devoured little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother. In the next cage, a hyena from Egypt, who has doubtless howled around the pyramids, and a black bear from our own forests, are fellow prisoners, and most excellent friends. Are there any two living creatures, who have so few sympathies that they cannot possibly be friends? Here sits a great white bear, whom common observers would call a very stupid beast, though I perceive him to be only absorbed in contemplation; he is thinking of his voyages on an iceberg, and of his comfortable home in the vicinity of the north pole and of the little cubs whom he left rolling in the eternal snows. In fact, he is a bear of sentiment. But, oh, those unsentimental monkeys! the ugly, grinning, aping

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chattering, illnatured, mischievous and queer little brutes. Annie does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste, and makes her mind unquiet, because it bears a wild and dark resemblance to humanity. But here is a little pony, just big enough for Annie to ride, and round and round he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his trampling hoofs to a band of music. And here—with a laced coat and a cocked hat, and a riding whip in his hand, here comes a little gentleman, small enough to be king of the fairies, and ugly enough to be king of the gnomes, and takes a flying leap into the saddle. Merrily, merrily, plays the music, and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily rides the little old gentleman. Come, Annie, into the street again; perchance we may see monkeys on horseback there!

"Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet people live in! Did Annie ever read the cries of London city? With what lusty lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his wheelbarrow is full of lobsters! Here comes another mounted on a cart, and blowing a hoarse and dreadful blast from a tin horn, as much as to say 'fresh fish!' And hark! a voice on high, like that of a muezzin from the summit of a mosque, announcing that some chimney sweeper has emerged from smoke and soot, and darksome caverns, into the upper air. * *

"Sweet has been the charm of childhood on my spirit, throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations, about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!"

Such writings as these are sure to find their way to the heart; they steal upon it unawares and silently take possession of the fortress without encountering any of the critical guards and defences of passport, draw-bridge, and countersign. Bolder speculators have to battle for their opinions and fight their way to fame through the swords and pit-falls of reviews and reviewers; strictly original men who break ground for the first time in the uncultivated field of native literature, have to encounter the perils and hardships of the wilderness,—many long years and much patient cultivation must be undergone before the crop is an easy one here,—but writers of this stamp have the happy lot of being admitted and welcomed at once. Many, we may be sure, will neglect them, for all have not the simplicity and refinement of character to appreciate excellence in so chaste a form, but few will oppose, and when an admirer is gained he will be worth possessing.

It afforded us no little pleasure, not long since, to find the following notice of Hawthorne in an article in the English Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review, said to be from the pen of Mr. James, the novelist. The criticism in the remainder of the article on various American Works of Fiction was of a character, in its good sense and spirit of appreciation, to make this compliment doubly valuable. The writer, after reviewing Irving, Cooper, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Clavers and others, proceeds—

"We have now, though rapidly, glanced at some of the most important divisions of American Fiction. One remains to be noticed, more unpretending in form than the above, and its artists, perhaps, less famous—yet, we are inclined to think, containing more characteristic excellence than will be found in the library of accredited novels. We have spoken of the imitative tendencies of the herd of writers of such 'small ware' as stories for the periodicals. We ought to add that we rarely, if ever, take up an American annual, or an American magazine, without finding some one contribution, individual, racy, and without any peer or prototype on this side of the ocean. Nor is this praise as insignificant as the publishers, by their present *modus operandi*, would make authors believe. 'Candide' and 'Zaliq' are contained in somewhat narrower compass, than the fatal three vol-

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umes now prescribed—so are Marmontel's enamel *Contes*, and the *Novelle* of Boccaccio, and the *Marchen* of Tieck, and our own 'Vicar of Wakefield.' We have already spoken of Washington Irving's Dutch Legends; we must recommend, though merely by a passing word, the Quaker Stories of Miss Leslie, sister to the well known painter; and a whole volume of collected Miscellanies of great excellence is here before us. We mean Mr. Hawthorne's 'Twice Told Tales,' which will one day or other be naturalized into our library of Romance, if truth, fancy, pathos, and originality have any longer power to diffuse a reputation. He has caught the true fantastic spirit which somewhere or other exists in every society, be it ever so utilitarian and practical, linking the seen to the unseen, the matter-of-fact to the imaginative. To such a mind the commonest things become suggestive; the oldest truths appear clad in a garb of 'grace and pleasure.' The pump in the middle of a little town, recalls the days when the spring welled brightly out in the wilderness, and 'the Indian sagamores drank of it;' a walk with a child through the range of shop-window sights, enables the thoughtful man to draw aside the veils which hide our deepest associations and our saddest thoughts; the figure of a sleeping wayfarer under a tuft of maples by the wayside, invites him to consider the number of events which *all but* happen to every mortal; and this in aid of a vein of temperate and poetical elegance of imagery, the like of which is possessed by none of our writers of prose —Mrs. Southey, perhaps, excepted. As a recounter of mere legends, Mr. Hawthorne claims high praise. He reminds us of Tieck, in spite of the vast difference in the materials used by the two artists. Whether he revive the tradition of 'The Grey Champion,'—that supernatural hero who has existed in every country since the days of Og er the Dane, to come forth and deliver, when the emergency presses hardest,—or tell how the 'Maypole of Merry Mount' was felled by the stern axe of Endicott, the Puritan governor,—or describe the meeting of the pilgrims in quest of that fabulous jewel, 'The Great Carbuncle,'—or relate the result of Dr. Heidegger's experiments with the Water of Youth,—he does his spiriting 'gently,' in the old romantic sense of the word, exercising his craft with a quiet power which is rare, the time and the subject and the place considered. We cannot too heartily commend this book, as the best addition to what may be called our Fairy Library, which has been made for many years; hoping, moreover, that the author is capable of producing more than the one slim volume which has made its way to England."

Only the first volume of Hawthorne's collected "Twice Told Tales," had been seen by this reviewer. He would have found additional material to support his high eulogy in the second volume, in the Tales of the Province House, The Seven Vagabonds, The White Old Maid, Endicott and the Red Cross, Edward Fane's Rosebud (let the reader take this up after Mrs. Gamp, in Chuzzlewit), and The Sister Years, which has the merit, we believe, of being the only classic Newspaper Carrier's New-year Address ever printed! A third and fourth volume are yet behind, unpublished in book form, unknown to the shelves of the trade, and there are the "Allegories of the Heart," including the extra leaf to Bunyan, "The Celestial Rail-road," and various little volumes of Biography and American History, the best of their kind, and that kind one of the rarest—books for Children.

A truly pure, gentle and acceptable man of Genius is NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE!

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## MR. FORREST'S SECOND RECEPTION IN ENGLAND.

It is the fortune of this country to send over the water from time to time, men, who are very palpable and obvious embodiments of its spirit; and who do not fail, therefore, to stir the elements among which they are cast, quite perceptibly.

Daniel Webster was one of these; and we all recollect how his motions were watched (not 'carped at,' for he leans toward the conservative quality of John Bullism); his words chronicled, his looks at courts, in Parliament and at agricultural dinners, taken down. They felt and saw that he was a piece —a genuine piece—of the country; and in presence of his oak-ribbed strength of person and understanding, acknowledged that he belonged to the land he came from, and no other. Mr. Forrest is another of these; quite as good in his way; struck out of the very heart of the soil, and vindicating himself too clearly to be misunderstood, as a creature of its institutions, habits, and daily life. His biography is a chapter in the life of the country; and taking him at the start, as a Bowery Boy (that is to say, an uncombed, heady, self-cultured mass of strength and energy, thrown down in the most characteristic spot of the American Metropolis), and running on with him through all his career; in the course of which, it became necessary for him more than once, to take society by the broad-cloth collar which it itches to put on even here, to shake it into good behavior; down to the day when he brought-to his brass-buttoned coat, and set out for this second expedition to Europe; we shall find him American every inch; the growth of the place, its representative in the acted drama; and well entitled to make a stir among the smooth proprieties of the Princess' Theatre. And he has accordingly done so; when, after an absence of something like seven years, he heaves up his sturdy bulk against the footlights of the English house; the audience know him at once to be genuine, but lurking in the edges of the place are certain sharp-eyed gentlemen, who in the very teeth of the unquestionable force before them, massive, irregular it may be; discover that Mr. Forrest has lapsed from his early manner (with which they were as little pleased, although they now cry for it so lustily); and has subsided into tameness and effeminacy. The American friends of Mr. Forrest who had parted with him on ship-board, in the enjoyment of his usual unequivocal health, were at a loss to know what this could mean. Genius they knew was a variable quantity; and they endeavored to call to mind whether in any passage of all his past career, it had ever happened, in the very shower and tornado of objection, that these offences had been laid to his charge. To assure them more accurately of the exact state of the case, one or two of them were at the pains to go a pilgrimage through the city; in an examination of various signboards which hang about, and which are said to bear representations of this Tragedian in various characters of his; and to ascertain whether in any of these he was exhibited in this subdued, and softened manner! The signboards were against the English critics, to a splinter. In all of them the muscle, the power, the energy were unquestionable; and when they found these characteristics suddenly disappearing from their old residence in Mr. Forrest, and coming up in Miss Cushman (a lady performer—for a new domicil), with accumulated force; there seemed, certainly, to be a mystery. Now, every one was pleased that Miss Cushman—always, in her line of performance and fairly judged, a favorite with the American public—had taken British criticism by storm; had acquired a foothold with the British Press; and was likely to do something toward advancing her fortunes by this British engagement; but this change of the cast had a show of suddenness and promptitude, too great even for the stage.

Mr. Forrest then was to be depressed, by some means or other, from his position as the first actor of the country. But while they were in a hurry to do this, the London critics forgot they were bestowing on us the privilege of presenting to the English stage a first actress, who was to lead that section of the theatrical interest as decisively as

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Mr. Forrest is acknowledged in his first English reception to have led his.

Mr. Forrest's English position at this moment is, in our view, just what his true friends would desire. He is carrying his audiences with him; and has from the press just the amount of resistance required to rouse him to new efforts; and to bring out the whole depth and force of new-worldism in him; to play an engagement such as he has never played before; and to measure himself in assured strength by the side of the head of the English school.

Mr. Macready, an admirable performer, succeeds by subduing all of the man within him; because he ceases, in the fulfilment of his function as actor, to have any fellowship with the beatings and turmoils and agitations of the heart. He is classical in spirit, in look and action.

It is because he is a man of large heart, and does not forget it in all the mazes of the stage, that Mr. Forrest has any sway with the house. He never loses sight of the belief that it is he, a man; with men before him; who treads the boards; and asks for tears and sobs, and answers of the troubled breast. It is no painted shadow you see in Mr. Forrest; no piece of costume; no sword or buckler moving along the line of light as in a procession; but a man, there to do his three hours' work; brawlinly it may be, sturdily, and with great outlay of muscular power, but there's a big heart thrown in; and if you fail to be moved, you may reasonably doubt whether sophistication has not taken the soul out of you; and left you free to offer yourself for a show case, or a clothier's dummy; or a figure-head, to go through any number of storms and commotions untouched.

We take an interest in Mr. Forrest because we see in him, elemental qualities, characteristic of the country; and we feel therefore any slight put upon him, as in its essence, a wound directed at the country itself. He carries with him into action, upon the stage, qualities, that are true to the time and place of his origin. Whether rugged or refined, he is upon a large scale: expansive; bold; gothic in his style; and it is not therefore matter of wonder that he should have encountered, both at home and abroad, the hostility of simpering elegance and dainty imbecility. It was his great good fortune, not to have been reared, as an actor, in any of the regular houses along the seaboard, but to have shot up like the wild mountain pine and prairie sycamore, amid the free life and spontaneous growths of the west: to have not been rolled in the garden-bed of cities to a dead level, and clipped of all proportion by too careful husbandry. If we had in all other departments of art and literature, men of the stamp and spirit of Mr. Forrest; not alike but analogous; this country would be at this time more honored and beloved, for the true worth represented by such men, than she is. She would not need long and labored defences of her conduct, her motives, and her policy; but through the land, these spirits—authors, artists, statesmen, would stand up as towers to keep silent purposed hostility and the murmurs of evil-wishers. They would look, and have nothing to say. The tree would declare the soil, and it would not happen that English enmity, whether of the press or the people, critics or audiences, would feel called on to rail because of the appearance among them of a single honest exponent of the spirit and native resolution of the country.

We are glad and proud that Mr. Forrest has ruffled the smooth wave of the dramatic world; it will not end with this first commotion. As far as his personal fortunes are concerned, he must, we are assured, acquire a triumph to which his old successes will be as defeats: he will champion the country, in his own sphere, as becomes his high, manly spirit: and he will return home to be met and welcomed, to the heart of his old public, his countrymen and fast friends, in a way that will bring the sorrow into his eyes, swifter than Hamlet, or Macbeth, or all the changeful troubles of the Moor! And out of all this agitation, we think we discern a better day for the Drama at home. Mr. Forrest, for one, will occupy a more commanding and grateful position than ever; and will feel bent to do his best to justify himself in that position, by new efforts and new achievments. Miss Cushman (not to be forgotten in all this turmoil) will take an accredited place by his side, and can do much to sustain the highest range of acting, and also to push forward the fortunes of the *actress*, which have been laggard in the absence

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of any acknowledged first performer. Another conviction springs upon us out of this very case. It is that in the salient life: the irrepressible freshness and force: the broad free scope of the Republic (this Republic of ours), the Drama is to show his reascended front: and to command, we hope, once more, the suffrage and the tears of mankind. The Drama is the life of the people; in action and truth, set before their own eyes; it is matched, by close and deep affinities, with the very heart and nature of American life. It is free of all old entanglements: aloof from schools and theories and sects; and when once it towers before us in the stature that belongs to it, we shall say, Beautiful indeed; and dear to our hearts, is this spirit so long made alien to our sight, and led away from us by blind guides and charts that belong to another world!

There are many indications that the people are weary of old iteration, everlasting English comedy, adaptation from the French. In their disgust they turn even to the wild melo-dramas of the "American Theatre," and the local burleeques (with a touch of life in them) at "Mitchell's Olympic" and "the Chatham."—Of the four theatres in this metropolis, three are sustained by appeals, in some sort, to the national or supposed national spirit; and that which suffers most keenly in its receipts and attendance, still goes on in the old way; neglectful of the spirit of a new day, and the hope of a new country, to which it should minister.

The awakening will, we trust, extend to all these, imparting life to the dead—that even now puts out its hand for other than the languid diet it has fed on—and fashioning into grace and proportion the distorted and irregular show of life in such as live already. Be that time near at hand!

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## MARSHAL NEY.

Nothing is more unfortunate for a great man, than to be born beside a greater and walk during life-time in his shadow. It is equally unfortunate to be great only in one department that is still better filled by another. Had Shakspeare not lived Massinger might have stood at the head of English dramatists, and had Alfieri kept silent a host of writers now almost unknown would have occupied the Italian stage. Had it not been for Cæsar, Brutus might have ruled the world; and were it not for Bonaparte many a French general would occupy a separate place in that history of which they are now only transient figures. Great men like birds seem to come in flocks, and yet but *one* stands as the representative of his age. The peak which first catches the sunlight is crowned monarch of the hills, and the rest, however lofty, are but his bodyguard. Much injustice has been done to Bonaparte's generals by not allowing for the influence of this principle. There is scarcely a historian that will allow to such men as Lannes, Davoust, Murat and Ney, any dominant quality except bravery. Under the guiding intellect of Napoleon they fought bravely, but if they had been left to their own resources would have miserably failed. Yet the simple truth is; being compelled by their relative position to let another plan for them, they could do little else than execute orders. A dependent mind is cramped and confined, and can exhibit its power only by the force and vigor with which it *executes* rather than *forms* plans.

The times were well calculated to produce such men as Bonaparte gathered round him.

A revolution by its upturnings brings to the surface materials, of the existence of which no man dreamed before. Circumstances make men, who then usually return the compliment and make circumstances. In ordinary times, as a general rule, the souls of men exhibit

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* *Mémoires de Marechal Ney.* 2 vols. Paris.

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what force and fire they may contain, in those channels where birth has placed them. This is more especially true in all monarchical and aristocratical governments. The iron frame-work they stretch over the human race effectually presses down every throb that would otherwise send an undulation over the mass. No head can lift itself except in the legitimate way, while very *small* heads that happen to hit the aperture aristocracy has kindly left open may reach a high elevation. Revolution rends this frame-work as if it were a cobweb, and lets the struggling, panting mass beneath suddenly erect themselves to their full height and fling abroad their arms in their full strength. The surface, which before kept its even plane except where a star or decoration told the right of the wearer to overlook his fellow, becomes all at once a wild waste of rolling billows. Then man is known by the force within him, and not by the pomp about him. There is also a prejudice and bigotry always attached to rank which prevents it from seeing the worth below it, while it will not measure by a just standard, because that would depreciate its own excellence. Those, on the contrary, who obtain influence through the soul and force they carry within them, appreciate these things alone in others, and hence judge them by a true criterion.

Thus Bonaparte—himself sprung from the middle class of society—selected men to lead his armies from their personal qualities alone. This is the great secret of his astonishing victories. Dukes and princes led the allied armies, while *men* headed the battalions of France. Bonaparte judged men by what they could *do*, and not by their genealogy. He looked not at the decorations that adorned the breast, but the deeds that stamped the warrior—not at the learning that made the perfect tactician, but the real practical force that wrought out great achievements. Victorious battlefields were to him the birthplace of titles and the commencement of genealogies; and stars were hung on scarred and war-battered, rather than noble breasts. Napoleon had learned the truth taught in every physical or moral revolution, that the great effective moulding characters of our race always spring from the middle and lower classes. All reformers also start there and they always must, for not only is their sight clearer and their judgment more just, but their earnest language is adapted to the thoughts and sympathies of the many. Those men also who rise to power through themselves alone, feel it is by themselves alone they must stand, hence the impelling motive is not so much greatness to be won; as the choice between it and their original nothingness. Bonaparte was aware of this, and of all his generals who have gone down to immortality with him, how few were taken from the upper classes. Augereau was the son of a grocer, Bernadotte of an attorney, and both commenced their career as private soldiers. Berthier, Bessières, St. Cyr, Jourdan and the fiery Junot, all entered the army as privates. Kleber was an architect, the impetuous Lannes the son of a poor mechanic; Lefevre, Loison and the bold Scotchman Macdonald were all of humble parentage. The victorious Massena was an orphan sailor boy, and the reckless, chivalric Murat the son of a country landlord.

Victor, Suchet, Pichegru, Oudinot, and the stern and steady Soult, were each and all of humble origin, and commenced their ascent from the lowest step of fame's ladder. And last of all Ney, the "Bravest of the Brave," was the son of a poor tradesman of Sarre Louis. He was born in 1770, and at the age of thirteen became a notary of the village. The stirring events passing around him inflamed his youthful imagination, and at the age of seventeen he entered the army as a hussar, and commenced his military career. We do not design to follow him through all his history, but select out those acts which illustrate the great and striking qualities he possessed. His air and bearing stamped him as a soldier, and made him from the first a great favorite in his corps. Being selected by them to challenge the fencing master of another regiment, for some real or supposed insult, he gladly undertook the commission. The day was appointed to settle the difficulty, but just as the combatants had crossed their sabres, they were arrested by their officers and thrown into prison. As soon, however, as young Ney was released, he renewed the quarrel, and having met his antagonist in a secret place, fought and wounded him in the hand, so that he was unable to practise his profession, and was consequently reduced to pov-

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erty. Ney did not forget him in the day of his greatness, and settled on the poor fencing master a pension for life. In 1793, he was promoted for his bravery and skill, and the next year, being then twenty-four years of age, he was presented with a company. General Kleber having noticed his admirable qualities, placed him at the head of a corps composed of five hundred partisans, who received no pay and lived on plunder. It was their duty to reconnoitre the enemy's position and cut off their convoys, which exposed them to many hair-breadth escapes, and adventures exceeding even those of romance. Young Ney being resolved on promotion, brought to this perilous service all his mental and physical powers. His iron will seemed to compensate for the loss of sleep and food and rest. Daunted by no danger, exhausted by no toil, caught by no stratagem, he acquired at the head of this bold band of warriors the *sobriquet* of the "Indefatigable." Three years after he found occasion to distinguish himself in the engagements of Dierdorf Altenkirchen, and Montabour. With one hundred cavalry he took two thousand prisoners and obtained possession of Wurtzberg. He led two columns straight into the river, and forcing the opposite banks, though lined with cannon, made himself master of Forsheim. For these exploits he was appointed general of a brigade. At the battle of Neuwied he had charge of the cavalry, and in a desperate charge passed entirely through the Austrian lines; but being surrounded by a superior force he was compelled to retreat, and his horse having fallen under him, he was taken prisoner. Having been liberated by exchange, he was raised to the rank of general of division. For awhile after the peace of Leoben, he remained in Paris, and having joined the Clichian party became entangled in politics. But the commencement of hostilities in 1799, found Ney again in the field of battle, struggling with the allied forces on the banks of the Rhine. Here occurred one of those adventures that belong rather to the period of romance, than to the practical history of our times. The Rhine flowed between him and the city of Manheim, which was strongly garrisoned and filled with stores of every kind. It was a matter of much discussion how this key of Germany should be taken. The generals of the army met in frequent consultation, on the best mode of attacking it. Ney, in the mean time, thinking it could be better taken by surprise, resolved to visit it in disguise and ascertain its weak points. So, one evening assuming the garb of a peasant, he entered the city, and, after satisfying himself as to the best mode of attack, returned. Selecting a hundred and fifty brave men, he recrossed the river at eight in the evening, and at eleven made a furious assault on the outposts. A portion of the garrison having made a sally he repulsed them, and following hard after the fugitives entered the town with them, and after a short but desperate engagement captured it. This fixed his rising fame. At Worms, and Frankenthal, and Frankfort, and Stuttgard, and Zurich, he maintained the character he had gained. In 1802, we find him again in Paris, holding the office of inspector-general of cavalry. He there married Mademoiselle Augrè, an intimate friend of Hortense Beauharnais. Bonaparte presented him at the nuptials with a magnificent Egyptian sabre, which eventually cost the bold marshal his life. In 1803, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary into Switzerland, where he exhibited those higher qualities of justice and kindness so uniformly, that the Swiss Cantons presented him with a medal on his departure. The next year Bonaparte made him a Marshal. The year following this, he was created Duke of Elchingen, in honor of the battle he there fought. In the campaigns of 1806–7, he reached the height of his fame and power, and ever after Bonaparte regarded him as one of the strongest pillars of his power.

The three great distinguishing characteristics of Ney were great personal bravery almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of peril, and an excellent judgment. In the first two, all writers are agreed, while the last is not generally conceded to him. No man can deny he was brave, for there can be no appeal from the decision of an army of heroes, who named him "bravest of the brave." Such a distinction among the men and in the times he lived, was not won by ordinary actions. In an army where Davoust, Junot, Macdonald, Murat and Lannes, commanded, to be crowned "bravest of

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the brave," was the highest honor a military chieftain could desire. But his courage was not the rashness of headlong excitement, like that of Junot and Murat. The enthusiasm born in the hour of battle amid the tossing of plumes, the tramping of the host, the shout of trumpets and roar of cannon, has always been found sufficient to hurl man into any scene of horror or peril. Junot could coolly sit and write to Bonaparte's dictation, while the shot whistled around him, and laughingly shake the paper as a cannon ball ploughing past him threw the dirt over it; with the exclamation "This is lucky, I shall have no need of sand." Murat could ride on his magnificent steed up to a whole company of Cossacks, and disperse them by a single wave of the hand. Davoust could forage like the lion mid the foe at Montibello, while the cannon shot wasted so awfully around him, that he himself said afterward, "I could hear the bones crash in my division like hail-stones against a window." Yet each of these was but one among a thousand heroic acts, and gained for their authors no such title as that given to Ney. There was a reason for this. It was a heroism called forth by sudden emergencies, such as the commonest soldier often exhibits in the heat of battle. Ney's courage was something more than all this. It dared just as much without the least apparent excitement. His thoughts were just as clear, and his eye as quiet amid the falling ranks, as if he were standing on some far observatory and looking over the scene of slaughter. He would stand almost within the blaze of two hundred cannon, and while his horses were sinking under him, his guard falling around him, and whole companies melting like frost-work before his eyes, give orders as calmly as though manœuvering at a grand review. It was his wonderful, almost *marble calmness* in the most sudden and extremest danger, that struck even heroes with astonishment. He would stand within musket shot of a most terrific and hotly worked battery, and while the storm of bullets swept where he stood, eye all its operations, and scan its assailable points with imperturbable quietness. The fierce shock of cavalry, and the terrific charge of English bayonets, could not for one moment divert his gaze, or disturb the clear and natural operations of his mind. The alarming cry through his own ranks, "*Sauve qui peut*," or the full belief that all was lost, could not shake his rock-fast steadiness. One would have thought him a marble-man, strung with no ordinary nerves, had they not seen him in a desperate charge. Then his eye glanced like an eagle's, and with his form towering amid the smoke of battle and flash of sabres, he seemed an embodied hurricane sweeping over the field. Much of this doubtless was constitutional, and much was owing to the wonderful power of mental concentration. He could literally shut up his mind to the one object he had in view. The overthrow of the enemy absorbed every thought within him, and he had none to give to danger or death. Where he placed his mind he held it, and not all the uproar and confusion of battle could divert it. He would not *allow* himself to see anything else, and hence he was almost as insensible to the danger around him, as a deaf and dumb and blind man would have been. He himself once expressed the true secret of his calmness, when after one of these exhibitions of composure, amid the most awful carnage, one of his officers asked him if he *never* felt fear, he replied, "I never had time." This was another way of saying that fear and danger had nothing to do with the object before him, and therefore he would not suffer his thoughts to rest on them for a single moment. It would not require much "*time*," we should think, to see the danger of marching straight into the flash of a hundred cannon, or to feel a thrill of terror, as the last discharge left him almost alone, amid his dead and dying guard. But he had trained his mind not to see these things for the time being. This devotion and concentration of all his powers, gave him great advantage in moments of peril and when the fate of a battle was turning on a single thought. Where other men would become confused in the confusion around them, he was as clear as ever, and hence was able frequently to redeem everything, when everything seemed lost. *He would not be beat*, and in the last extremity, rallied like a dying man for a final blow, then planted it where the clearest practical wisdom would have done. His tenacity of resolution was equal to his bravery. He disputed every inch he yielded, as if

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it were his last hope, and fought on the threshold of the next as if that were but the commencement of the struggle. So in encountering obstacles in the execution of any plan he had formed, he would scarcely admit their existence, and seemed to think he could wring the decree against him out of the iron hand of fate itself. These qualities rendered him an invaluable ally to Bonaparte in his great battles. Standing in his observatory, and looking over the conflict, Napoleon often saw where the whole issue turned on a single point Such a column *must* be shaken—such a place in the lines broken or a certain battery carried, or the day was lost. On such missions he always sent Ney, knowing if human skill and valor could avail, it would be done. When he saw him start with his column and move down towards the spot where the fate of the battle was vibrating, his countenance always wore a complacent look. Again and again, did he fling his crown and France into Ney's keeping, and that of his legion; and almost without fear, see them borne on into the smoke of battle. The bold Marshal never disappointed him, and it was for this reason Bonaparte placed his throne and empire into his hands, and saw them both go down in the last charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo. Even here Ney would have saved his master, if bravery and devotion could have done it.

During the whole campaign of 1806–7, Ney moves before us as some hero of former ages. We see him at Jena, when borne on by his impetuous courage, he charged and took a battery, and the next instant found himself surrounded by an army that no other man would have thought of resisting. But though hemmed in, and apparently overwhelmed, instead of yielding, as prudence itself seemed to dictate, he immediately formed his men into squares: and kept up such a rolling, devouring fire, on every side, that the headlong masses fell by hundreds at every discharge. Bonaparte, seeing the imminent peril of his brave marshal, detached Bertrand with several regiments of horse to his relief. No sooner was he extricated, than he unrolled his men again into column, and with a firm and rapid step ascended the hill on which Vierzehn Heiligen stood, and after a fierce conflict, took it. This was the centre of the enemy's position, and Napoleon saw from a distance with delight his favorite marshal in the very heart of the Prussian lines. Repulsing for awhile with prodigious slaughter every attempt of the enemy to regain it, he again unrolled his column and marched through a most devouring fire, straight on the Prussian's right. The tempest of musketry and grape through which he advanced, drove like a storm of sleet in the face of his men; but nothing could resist his impetuous charge, and the right line of the allies was swept away. Around the wall of Erfurt and Magdeburg—crossing the Vistula—at the terrible battle of Soldau—annihilating a Russian corps at Deppen, at Gustadt and Amskerdorff—he is the same calm, determined and terrible man. In the picture our imagination draws of the battle of Friedland, Ney always occupies the foreground. There, as usual, he was appointed to commence the action. The engagements with detached corps had ceased, and both armies were drawn up in battle array. For several hours there had been no firing, and it being now four o'clock, the Russian general supposed there would be no engagement till morning. But at five o'clock the sudden discharge of twenty cannon from the French centre, the signal of attack, announced to the Russian army that the day was to end in blood. They were ordered to stand to their arms, and the next moment the head of Ney's mighty column was seen to emerge from the wood behind Posthenen and stretch itself like a huge Anaconda out into the open field. In close array and quick time it moved straight upon Friedland. The sun was stooping to the western horizon as if hasting from the scene of carnage about to open—yet his departing light gave new splendor to the magnificent array. A forest of glittering steel seemed moving over the field. From the steeples and towers of Friedland the countless thousands of those that still remained in the wood were visible. But all eyes were directed on Ney and his magnificent column, that, crossing the field at a rapid step, scattered like a whirlwind everything that opposed their progress. Whole regiments of cavalry and Cossacks, the chasseurs of the guard, militia and all, went down, or were driven before the tide-like movement of that column. On every side were seen fly-

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ing horsemen and scattered infantry. The other divisions now advanced to the attack, but the victory seemed about to be won by Ney alone, for he was close upon Friedland, and a shout rolling along the whole column and heard above the roar of battle, announced that the town was about to be carried by assault. But just at this crisis the Russian Imperial Guard was ordered to advance. With fixed bayonets, this mass of living valor hurled itself on its adversary. The head of Ney's column went down before the terrific charge, and the whole body was rolled back over the field. But falling on Victor's corps rapidly advancing to sustain him, he rallied his broken ranks and again pressed to the assault. Friedland was carried after an obstinate resistance and immense slaughter, and soon the bridges in the rear over the Alle were in flames. The smoke rolled over the field of battle like that of a burning forest—the sun went down in gloom, and the dead were piled over the ground, and Ney had made Bonaparte again conqueror by his indomitable valor.

Napoleon's confidence in him was almost unbounded. During the battle of Bautzen, he lay on the ground, sheltered by a height in front of the town, at his breakfast, when suddenly he heard the sound of Ney's guns thundering on the left. At the same instant a bomb burst over his head. Without noticing the bursting shell, he sat down and wrote to Marie Louise that the victory was gained. He waited only to learn that Ney was where the crisis turned, to be sure of victory.

Yet Ney has been often accused of wanting generalship. Mr. Alison makes him a brave man and no more. This decision is based on a single declaration of Bonaparte,—speaking once of Ney, he said "he was the bravest of men; there terminated all his faculties." Now we do not place the least confidence in this assertion of Napoleon. His opinion of his generals changed with their success. A brilliant achievement brought down on them the most extravagant encomiums from the Emperor; a defeat, on the contrary, his bitterest invectives. This disparagement of Ney was doubtless made, after contemplating some failure in which the marshal was implicated. Besides, Bonaparte was the last man we should choose, to estimate the character of his own officers. He rated all military leaders low but himself. Accustomed to plan for his generals, he came to think they could not plan for themselves. So also their achievements, when put in comparison with his own, he invariably depreciated. Bonaparte made the pass of St. Bernard, and he wished it to stand alone beside that of Hannibal's: so that McDonald's passage of the Splugen, to which his own was mere child's play, he declared repeatedly to have been no great affair, and so reported it to the French Government at home. The whole history of Bonaparte's career—the confidence he everywhere reposed in Ney's skill as well as bravery, pronounce this declaration false, while the manner in which he managed the rear guard in that awful and disastrous retreat of the grand army from Russia,, shows the injustice of the charge in every way. Something more than bravery was needed to cover the retreat of the French there, and Bonaparte knew it. He never placed Ney at the head of the army in invading Russia, and in the rear when retreating from it, simply because he was a *brave* man. His actions and statements here contradict each other, and the former is more likely to be honest than the latter. The two great and ruinous errors of Bonaparte's ambitious career would have been prevented had he listened to Ney's counsel. The conquest of Spain brought nothing but disaster, and the invasion of Russia overturned his throne. Against both these Ney urged his strenuous remonstrance as long as it seemed of any avail, and then did his utmost to prevent the ruin he knew must follow. One day at Madrid Napoleon entered the room where Ney and several other officers were standing, and said in great glee, "Everything goes on well; Romana will be reduced in a fortnight; the English are defeated and will be unable to advance; in three months the war will be finished." The officers to whom this was addressed, made no reply; but Ney, shaking his head, said with his characteristic bluntness, "Sire, this war has lasted long already, and our affairs are not improved. These people are obstinate, even their women and children fight; they massacre our men in detail. To-day we cut the enemy in pieces, to-morrow we have to oppose another twice as

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numerous. It is not an army we have to fight, it is a whole nation, I see no end to this business." Bonaparte followed his own inclinations and was eventually defeated. Ney saw the difference between conquering an army and a people. Though engaged in no general battle while in Spain, he exhibited his wonted skill and bravery in Asturia.

But it is in the Russian campaign that he displayed his greatest qualities as a commander. The history of the Grand Army in its invasion of Russia and retreat from it, combines more of glory and of gloom than anything of its kind in the annals of man. The contrast between that army of near three hundred thousand men, crossing the Niemen in presence of Napoleon, as he sat in his tower and saw those glorious legions move in beautiful order and high spirits before him; and the remnant of that scattered army in rags, wan and ghastly, following their iron-hearted leader as he strode on foot over the same river, always fills one with the profoundest melancholy. At Smolensko, Ney made a last effort to dissuade the Emperor from pressing into Russia so late in the season. But neither he nor the other generals that formed his council could divert his purpose. The battles of Valentini and Krasnoi soon followed, and last of all came Borodino, in which Ney "outdid himself," and earned the title Napoleon gave him on the spot of "Prince of Moskwa." At the commencement of that action Bonaparte kept Ney close beside him, and would not for a long time allow him to take any part in the conflict. There they stood within hailing distance of each other, and gazed on the battle that raged on the right. At length Napoleon called Ney to him and gave his last orders. The drums beat their wild and hurried charge, and Ney with his three divisions hurled themselves on the foe. The enemy's artillery swept within a certain limit every inch of ground, and it seemed impossible that a body of men could stand there a single moment. Bonaparte watched the progress of the column till it at length entered the storm of grape shot, when the head of it sunk down and disappeared like snow when it meets the river. Yet Ney still towered unhurt amid his falling column, and without faltering a moment, led the remnant of his divisions straight through the destructive fire, up to the very intrenchments, and carried them. Then commenced that terrific struggle for the heights of Demenowskoie. Davoust and Ney strove together with more than human valor to gain the eminence. After four hours of steady, unparalleled effort against superior force, and in the midst of incessant discharges of artillery, Ney sent to Bonaparte for help. The Young Guard and the reserve cavalry were ordered down, while Napoleon wheeled four hundred cannon on the redoubt. Under cover of this terrible fire, the mighty columns of cavalry and infantry moved to the assault. The Russian artillery from the batteries stretched whole battalions on the field at every discharge. But it was all in vain. The rent columns closed again as before, "each treading where his comrade stood," and pressed on like the in-rolling wave of the sea. Finding the French were gaining ground, the Russian commander ordered his whole left wing to leave the intrenchments and meet the French in the plain below. The shock was awful. Eighty thousand men were crowded into a small space, and for more than an hour raged against each other in all the ferocity of war, while seven hundred pieces of cannon played incessantly upon the dense masses of living flesh. Ney moved amid this wild storm the same calm and determined man as ever. His uniform riddled with balls, and his face begrimed with powder and smoke, he still, with his clear clarion voice, cheered on his troops, and with his cool bravery held his exhausted men to the encounter with a tenacity that could not be overcome, and which saved Bonaparte that day from a ruinous defeat.

Napoleon often gazed with astonishment on the movements of his favorite marshal. The quiet determination with which he set out to execute the most hopeless order—the progress he would make against the most desperate odds, and the victory he would wring from defeat itself, brought even from Napoleon bursts of admiration.

The blazing towers of Moscow, the turning point of Napoleon's invasion and his fortune, have scarcely crumbled to ashes before the fated army turn their faces homeward. We should like to be made acquainted with the conversations of Napoleon and Ney as they sat together in the Kremlin and talked over



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the disastrous issue they had met and the only way of escape from total annihilation. The fiery and impetuous harangues of the former, and the blunt characteristic replies of the latter, while the crackling of the flames and the falling of columns and walls without were borne to their ears, must have been in the highest degree dramatic. From the heap of ruins and from the solitude which was more prophetic than the uproar of the storm, Ney was appointed to cover the retreat; and this act of Napoleon utters more distinctly his opinion of that Marshal's generalship than language *can* do. The whole history of Ney's conduct during that memorable retreat seems to belong rather to some hero of romance than an actual man. The marvellous details appear incredible, and would not be believed if the evidence was not incontestable. With a mere handful of men he placed himself between the French and Russian armies, and by his incredible exertions, desperate valor, and exhaustless ingenuity, saved a portion of that host which would otherwise have been totally annihilated. That retreat alone would make him immortal. With all the fault found with his generalship, there was not a commander among either the French or allied forces during the whole war, that ever did or ever could accomplish what Ney performed in that memorable flight. Had he fallen we believe Bonaparte would have fallen also, and the former *really* saved the army, which the latter never could have done. Without provisions, almost without arms, he battled the well-tried and countless legions of Russia back from his beloved Emperor—and over the wintry fields of snow and amid the driving storm, with a heart untamed and a will unsubdued, he hovered like a protecting spirit around the divided and flying ranks of his countrymen. The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snow-drifts, and lay down by thousands to die. Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army straggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns, while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked cold and dimly down through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions. On the rear of such an army, and in sight of such horrors, did Ney combat. Nothing but a spirit unconquerable as fate itself could have sustained him, or kept alive the flagging courage of his troops. Stumbling every moment over the dead bodies of their comrades who had marched but a few hours in advance of them, thousands threw away their arms in despair, and wandered off into the wilderness to die with cold, or be slain by the Cossacks. Yet Ney kept a firm band around him that all the power of Russia could not conquer. Now ordering his march with the skill of a general, and now with musket in hand fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of his example accomplished what authority alone never could have done. At length the brave and heroic commander seemed to have reached the crisis of his fate, and there was no escape from the doom that hung over him. The Russians had finally placed themselves between the French army and that rear guard, now dwindled to a few thousand. Ignorant of his danger Ney was leading his columns through a dense fog to the banks of the Lossmina, on which were strewed the dead bodies of his countrymen, when a battery of forty cannon suddenly poured a destructive storm of grape-shot into the very heart of his ranks. The next moment the heights before him and on either side appeared lined with dense columns of infantry and artillery. Ney had done all that man could do, and here his career seemed about to close. He was ordered to capitulate. He replied, "A Marshal of France never surrenders," and closing his columns marched straight upon the batteries. Vain valour. His noble and devoted followers proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader, but after a loss of half their number they were compelled to retire. Finding the army gradually extending itself on every side to hem him in, he returned back towards Smolensko for an

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hour, then forming a body of 4000 men, turned north towards the Dnieper. Having reached the stream in safety, he arranged his fragment of an army so as to march over the ice at a moment's warning, and then waited *three hours* before crossing to allow the weak and wounded stragglers to come in. Pressed by the most appalling dangers he still yielded to the dictates of mercy. There on the banks of the frozen river, and during this time of intense anxiety, did this strange indomitable man lie down with his martial cloak around him, and sleep. Bonaparte, far in advance, struggling forward on foot with a birch stick in his hand to keep him from falling on the ice, surrounded by his few exhausted yet faithful followers, was pressed with anxiety for the fate of Ney—his now last remaining hope. But the marshal, with only three thousand men, had still a wilderness between him and his Emperor, and that wilderness was filled with Cossacks. For sixty miles he struggled on with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors. At one time they got in advance of him and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. But Ney ordered the trumpets to sound the charge, and with the cheering words, "Comrades, now is the moment; forward, they are ours," rallied their courage to the assault, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not see, and that the enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward where otherwise they would have yielded and fled. At length with only *fifteen hundred* men out of the forty thousand with which he had started, he arrived near Orcha and near the French army. When Bonaparte heard of it, he exclaimed, "I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuileries, I would willingly have given them to save Marshal Ney." Well he might, and half his empire with it, for without him he had been a throneless Emperor. The meeting of Bonaparte and his brave Marshal shows the profound impression the conduct of the latter had made on him. As his eye fell on the worn yet still proud unconquerable veteran, he exclaimed, "What a man, what a soldier!" But words failed to express his admiration, and he clasped the stern warrior to his bosom and embraced him with all the rapture one hero embraces another.

But Ney's exhausting efforts were not yet over. Bonaparte dared not relieve him from his dangerous and important post. Though the rear guard had melted away again and again under his command, he still renewed its ranks, and presented the same determined front to the enemy. At the awful passage of the Beresina, he stood again between the army and destruction. At length the scattered remnants of the French Legions reached the Niemen, the boundary of the Russian territory. Ney arrived destitute of troops—the rear guard had again melted away. Collecting in haste a few hundred men whom he found in the town (Wilna), he planted twenty-four cannon on the redoubts, and kept back the enemy all day, while the army was retiring. The next morning he continued his defence, but the soldiers, seeing their comrades bending their footsteps towards France, and away from the bullets of the Russians, began to follow after till he was left almost alone. Still true to his duty he continued to cover the retreat of the army he had so often saved. All had not yet passed the Niemen, and by dint of persuasion, and threats, and promises, he collected *thirty* men around him, and with musket in hand defended with this handful the gate of Wilna. At length, when the last soldier was over, he slowly retired through the streets with his face to the enemy, and crossing the river, "*was the last of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.*"

Gumbinnen was the first place in Germany, after crossing the river, at which rest could be obtained. General Dumas, who was sick, had just entered the house of a French physician in this town, when a man accosted him whom he took to be a perfect stranger. His powerful form was wrapped in a large military cloak—his beard was long and untrimmed—his countenance begrimed with powder, and his whiskers half burned off, while his emaciated face spoke of toils and privations of no common magnitude. But his eye still burned with that lustre no one ever forgot who once saw it in battle. "What," said the stranger, "General Dumas, do you not know me?" "No," replied Dumas, "Who are you?" "I am the rear guard of the grand Army—

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Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms; and I have walked hither as you see me across the forests." He had done all that man could do—fought till his army was annihilated, then formed another—created means where they did not exist—sustained the sinking courage of his followers when all before him was blank and hopeless—struggled at last with a few hundred and then thirty, and then alone, as rear guard of the army, and finally on foot and almost unattended crossed the forests to the remnant of that army.

We cannot follow him through the campaign of 1813. He fought beside the Emperor, though his fortunes were evidently declining. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, Denonewitz, Leipsic and many other places, he exhibited his accustomed skill and bravery. After the abdication of Napoleon he lived in Paris in almost entire seclusion. Too rough for the polished society of the French capital, and too stern and grave to be dissipated, he dwelt by himself. His palace was elegantly furnished; and his wife, fond of gaiety and luxury, entertained her friends there, while he would be dining by himself, musing over the stormy and adventurous life he had led. Sick of the inactive monotonous life of Paris, he retired to his country-seat, where, in the sports of the field, he could find some relief to his restlessness. It was here he received his unexpected order to join the Sixth Military Division. On arriving at Paris he learned to his astonishment that Bonaparte had left Elba and was on his way to the capital. Here we approach the only dark spot in his history. The defence his own friends make for him fails to exculpate him. Bonaparte's star had apparently set for ever at his exile, and Ney did perfectly right to sustain the government of France; but he had no right to betray the trust his Monarch reposed in him, and go over with his army to the side of the invader. He, by this act, became a traitor; but his treason had more excuses than the like crime ever had before. At first he regarded the descent of Napoleon on the shores of France, as the most extravagant rashness, and designed, as he declared, to bring him a prisoner to Paris. But he had hardly set out on his expedition before Bonaparte began to ply him with those arts he knew so well how to use. He had made Ney what he was, and he appealed to the gratitude of the noble-hearted veteran. He had stood by his side in the smoke and thunder of battle, and he recalled these scenes to his imagination. They had been warriors together in danger, and Bonaparte excited him with those recollections, so calculated to move a heart like his. He kept his emissaries constantly about him, representing to him the utter feebleness and imbecility of the Bourbon throne — he called him again the "Bravest of the Brave," and entreated him not to fight against his old companion and King. At the same time he promised peace to France, and all that Ney could desire. A plain blunt soldier—with a heart full of great affections for heroes like himself, what wonder is it that his constancy shook! Added to all this, the emissaries of Bonaparte had at length affected the fidelity of the army, and while Ney was wavering, his soldiers had already determined for Napoleon. He felt he could not resist the tide if he would, while he evidently had lost all desire to do so. His act of treason has many palliations; still it was unworthy of him. If his old affections and his gratitude were too strong to allow him to fight against his *former* Monarch, his honor should have prevented him from fighting against his *new* one. He should have returned and resigned his command, and retired from the contest. He himself afterwards felt so. The excitement and enthusiasm under which he had acted had passed away, and he saw the transaction in a clear and just light. It weighed on his heart, and he grew melancholy and spiritless. He had lost his self-respect; and his honor, which he heretofore had kept bright as his sword, was tarnished. Kindly feelings had conquered him whom no enemy could subdue, and now the eye no danger could daunt or hardship dim, became dull and lustreless. That glorious forehead, that had been the terror of so many hundred battles, had a spot upon it, and Ney felt feebler than in the hour of extremest peril. Remorse gnawed at his heart, and the feeling of personal dignity was gone for ever. He became morose and restless, and not until ordered by Bonaparte to Lille, "if he would see the first battle," did he evince any of his old fire. This single fact is the greatest apology we could

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offer for him. It shows that, whatever his *act* may be, his *heart* was not that of a traitor. It was not the deliberate treason of a villain, but the sudden impulse of a man too frequently governed by his feelings. He afterwards doubtless hoped, in the excitement of battle, to rid himself of his remorse, and perhaps by his valor to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on his name.

His last charge at Waterloo showed that the firmness and bravery of the man was undiminished. It is true the Old Guard was not what it had been. It required the experience and training of the veterans that fell in the snow-drifts of Russia. But still it was "the Old Guard," which had ever regarded itself the prop and pride of Bonaparte. It was the same that had gained him so many battles—the same that at Krasnoi, in the retreat from Russia, when reduced to a little band, closed round their emperor and marched past the Russian batteries; playing in the hottest of the fire the popular air, "*Ou peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*" It was the "unconquerable guard."

From eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, the battle had raged, while victory perched on neither standard. The heavy French cavalry had charged the English squares in vain. Jerome Bonaparte had left 1400 men around Hougoumont. The centre of the English lines had not yielded an inch, yet, exhausted and worn, they stood less firmly in their places. The Old Guard had remained passive spectators of the scene during the whole day, being reserved for the last moment to complete the victory. At this juncture, the head of the Prussian columns appeared on the field. Fifty thousand fresh troops added to the English army would make the odds too great. Instead of retiring till Grouchy could come up and restore the balance, Bonaparte took the rash and desperate resolution of bringing his entire reserve into the field, and with one awful charge break the centre, and prevent the threatened junction of the two armies. For this purpose he called up the Old Guard, and placing himself at their head marched down the slope, and halting in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, vehement manner. He told them everything rested on their valor. They answered with the shout, "*Vive l'Empereur*," that was heard all along the British lines. He then placed them under Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power Ney carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole battalion. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of Macdonald, we do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he. The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to put Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. We almost forget Napoleon's ambition and guilt in our sympathy with him in this critical moment of his life. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "*la garde recule*," "*la garde recule*," make us for the moment almost wish he had gained the day. Ney felt the immense responsibility resting upon him. He felt the pressure of an empire on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final

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charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines. Without the beating of a drum or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole columns disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The column closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till *five* had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But the sudden firing of that hitherto unseen rank into their very faces, pouring a sheet of flame into their bosoms, was too much for human courage. They reeled, shook, turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him back, he would have stood alone and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific tide, and would have done so had it not been for the fifty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time they stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though we believe Ney did what no other man in Europe could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so balefully over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo with him at their head will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

We now come to the expiation of his treason by a public execution. The allies, after they assembled in Paris, demanded some victims to appease their anger. Many were selected, but better counsel prevailed, and they were saved. Ney was a prominent example; he had routed their armies too frequently and too nearly wrested their crowns from them at Waterloo, to be forgiven. Though no more guilty than marshal Soult, and many others, it was impossible to save him. It was intended at first to try him by martial law, but the marshals of France refused to sit in judgment on so brave, generous, and heroic a warrior. By a royal ordinance, the Chamber of Peers was directed to try him. Scorning to take advantage of any technicalities of law, he was speedily found guilty and condemned to death, by a majority of a hundred and fifty-two. Seventeen only were found to vote in his favor. That he was guilty of treason, in the letter of the charge, is evident, but not to that extent which demanded his death. No man had done more for France than he, or loved her honor and glory with a higher affection; and his ignominious death is a lasting disgrace to the French nation. Justice was the *excuse* not the *ground* of his condemnation. To have carried out the principle on which his sentence was based, would have ended in a public massacre. Ney and Labedoyere were the only victims offered up to appease an unjust hatred. Wellington should have interfered to save so gallant an enemy at the hazard of his own life; but honor was forgotten in the public clamor, and the sentence, which might at least have been commuted into banishment, was carried out to the letter. *Ney was publicly shot by Frenchmen.* His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed to hear his sentence read. As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in—"why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney,—now a French soldier and soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed through, or his approaching death. This over, he resumed his wonted calmness. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said, "Marshal, you should.

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now think of death," he replied, "Do you suppose any one should teach me to die?" But recollecting himself, he added in a milder tone, "Comrade, you are right, send for the Curate of St. Sulpice; I will die as becomes a Christian!" The place is still shown in the gardens of the Luxembourg where he was executed. As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mien he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle. An officer stepping forward to bandage his eyes, he stopped him with the proud interrogation, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye, now subdued and solemn, turned towards heaven, said with the same calm and decided voice that had turned the tide of so many battles, "I declare before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, *vive la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them a moment, struck one hand upon his heart and said, "my comrades, fire on me." Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead. Shame upon his judges that for a single act could condemn one braver and nobler than them all, to so base a death. If France never has a worse traitor, the day of her betrayal will never come, and if she never has a worse defender, disgrace will never visit her armies. Says Colonel Napier, in speaking of his death, "thus he who had fought *five hundred battles* for France—not *one* against her—was shot as a traitor."

His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty-eight years of age, and lived to be a hundred years old. He saw by the mourning weeds on his family that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no inquiries, and though he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how nor where he died.

The great fault in Ney's character was indolence. Unless his energies were summoned from their repose by some pressing danger he was inclined to inactivity. Yet this tendency, which has so often been severely censured, is almost necessarily associated with the prodigious power and resolution he possessed. The Lion is not easily roused, and strength is always immobile till there is a call equal to its capacity. The heavy English squares can never be converted into light troops without losing their invincible tenacity. Bonaparte possessed in an extraordinary degree the strange combination of high nervous excitement—constant activity and headlong impetuosity—with unconquerable endurance, steady courage, and clear and comprehensive judgment. In this he was unlike almost any other man in history. Ney had not this combination, and we would like to have those who criticise his character point to one besides Napoleon that has.

He was also plain and direct even to bluntness, and often offended his friends by the freedom with which he spoke of their errors. He never lost sight of his low origin, and was never ashamed of it. To some young officers boasting of their rank, titles, etc., he said, "Gentlemen, I was less fortunate than you. I got nothing from my family, and I esteemed myself rich at Metz, when I had two loves of bread on my table." Simple and austere in his habits, he reminds one of an old Greek or Roman hero. The vacillation of feeling which caused him to commit the great error of his life, adds to our sympathy for him, while it injures the perfection of his character. It led him to be a humane soldier, and when second in command frequently to disobey orders for the execution of criminals. He was a kind yet fearless commander, an untiring and skilful leader, and a warm-hearted and noble man.

We have said nothing of the work from which we have taken some of the minor incidents of his life, for we have never before seen so poor a book made from such excellent materials. Next to Bonaparte, Marshel Ney furnishes the best character for a memoir, of any modern general. His life is full of adventure, and characterized throughout by great actions. Yet his friends, in compiling these Memoirs, have followed no law but chronological order. All his papers and letters, both those written by himself and those received from others, seem to have been arranged according to their dates, and printed in a

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volume form. There is no grouping and no unity, and the reader stumbles on amid a mass of ill-arranged matter, wondering how human ingenuity could produce so stupid a book, from such abundant and interesting materials. There is not a single battle described in it with even third rate ability, while with all the heterogeneous mass gathered together, the work is still incomplete. The life of Marshal Ney is yet to be written.

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## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

In our number for March we were enabled to congratulate our readers on the resumption of her payments by the State of Pennsylvania; at the same time we expressed our firm belief in the integrity of the people of the State of Illinois, and the consequent probability of the passage of the tax bill for the payment of a portion of the interest on the debt of that State. It now gives us sincere pleasure to record the perfection of that law, and the consequent preparation to resume the works on the canal. The passage of the tax bill removes the stain of repudiation from the State, and opens the way for the procurement of the means for completing one of the most important works in the country. In our number for June, 1843, we made some remarks upon the position of the State, the nature of the canal law then just passed, with the probability of its successful negotiation. As we look upon this event in a national point of view, as second only in importance to the resumption of Pennsylvania, we will briefly recount the progress of affairs. The debt of the State of Illinois was about $12,500,000; of this $2,500,000 was issued to banks which failed, and were withdrawn by a law of the session of 1842–3; of the remainder, $4,300,000 constituted the canal debt. The balance was created for the construction of railroads, &c., forming the internal improvement debt. There was also an amount of about $800,000 of bonds known as the "Stebbins & M'Alister bonds," issued to pay interest, but for which the State never received full pay. For these latter a special law was passed, allowing them to be cancelled by the payment of as much money as the State had received on them, but otherwise they were not acknowledged as a responsibility of the State. Thus the debts to be provided for were the internal improvement bonds, having no other security than the faith of the State, and the canal bonds issued upon the security of the canal and the lands connected with it. The lands consist of 230,467 acres on the borders of the canal, being portions of a grant from the U. States government in aid of its construction; also, lots in cities along its routes valued at $1,800,000. The canal itself is 100 miles long, and after the expenditure of $4,300,000 requires $1,600,000 to put it in operation. In order to obtain the means of completing this great work, by which the lands are to be made available and the means of the people to pay their debts enhanced, the Legislature, at the session of 1842–3, passed a law giving the holders of the canal bonds the privilege of subscribing the required amount to complete the canal. As soon as the work should be in operation, the canal lands to be sold to reimburse the new loan, principal and interest. The first revenues of the canal to be applied to the interest of the canal bonds, then to the interest on the internal improvement bonds, after which the principal of the canal bonds will be discharged, and then that of the internal improvement bonds. The canal will then revert to the State. The provisions of the loan were to be carried out under three trustees, two to be appointed by the subscribers to the new loan, and one by the governor on behalf of the State. This law was the result of the personal exertion and perseverance of Michael Ryan, Esq., a member of the Illinois Senate, who had long applied his attention to some means of extricating the State from her difficulties; accordingly that gentleman was associated with Col. Charles Oakly, who was favorably known to the public as fund commissioner, as commissioners to negotiate the loan under the law. After near 18 months of laborious negotiations in Europe, they succeeded in pro-

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curing subscriptions to the full amount, on the condition that the legislature should pass a law levying a small tax for the payment of a portion of the interest on the State debt. Accordingly a bill was drawn up by Mr. Arnold, the able chairman of the Illinois Finance Committee, which has become a law. The following is a synopsis of its provisions:

SYNOPSIS OF ILLINOIS TAX LAW.

SECTION 1. Levies a tax of three mills per $1 of valuation for the year 1845, and 3½ mills for 1846, to be continued for succeeding years. The county commissioners to levy for county purposes no more than 4 mills thereafter.

SEC. 2. The proceeds of the above taxes, together with all the surplus money in the treasury after paying State expenses, to be called the "interest fund," to be sacredly held and applied to the payment of the interest on the public debt.

SEC. 3. The taxes to be collected in gold and silver only, and applied to semi-annual payments of interest on all the public debt, *pro rata*, with the exception of the "Stebbin's bonds." The application of the funds to any other purpose to be deemed an embezzlement and punishable accordingly.

SEC. 4. Provides for the delivery of a deed of trust to the trustees to be appointed under the canal law, of the canal and its property, and entitles subscribers to the new loan to priority in payment of their advances, and also to priority of payment of the original bonds they hold.

SEC. 5. The majority of the board to decide; the trustees to be elected under the direction of a United States District Judge for New York; subscribers to be entitled to one vote for each $320 subscribed.

SEC. 6. In case the subscription is not complete, the subscribers have the right to fill it up among themselves in the first instance; if they neglect to do so, any other persons may subscribe.

SEC. 7. After the payment of interest, arrears and differences on the registered bonds, the trustees shall pay the principal of the registered and canal bonds, and when that shall have been discharged, they shall proceed to pay the interest on the unregistered bonds.

SEC. 8. The expenses of the negotiation, surveys, &c., to be first paid by the trustees.

SEC. 9. Provides that the subscribers shall incur no forfeit of priority of payment in case the canal is is not completed within three years.

Such is the law which restores Illinois to her rank among honorable States. To the indefatigable exertions of Messrs. Ryan and Oakly, backed by the firmness of the Illinois democracy, may this desirable consummation mainly be attributed. The canal will open the lake trade to the valley of the Mississippi, and in process of time afford the means not only of discharging the State debt, but of supporting the government, and, therefore, of relieving the people from taxation. We have recounted thus briefly the details of the operation, because we conceive it not only an important era in the affairs of Illinois, but because its influence in a national point of view is of great weight. It goes far towards removing the blot upon our national character, which stood so fair up to the disastrous results of former extravagance. The effect upon the general stock market has already been apparent, in supporting confidence during the panic attempted to be got up on occasion of the annexation of Texas to the Union. It is matter of regret, that although the means appropriated to the payment of the interest on the debt of the State of Maryland were deemed sufficient, a law requiring the payments to be resumed in July was rejected in the Legislature of that State. Notwithstanding this untoward event the progress of public credit, generally speaking, is in the advance, and the value of stocks is tending upward.

The money market generally is in a healthy condition, and money can be obtained readily at 6 per cent. Its value no longer displays those violent vacillations that marked it last year, when it fluctuated 3 to 4 per cent. in a month. This probably grows in part out of the fact that banking credits have begun to enter more generally into the operations of business. The demand is in a great degree proportioned to the extent of outstanding bank loans, because when the loans are actually paid at maturity the demand from the payors is greater than the supply derived from the Banks through their new discounts. The loans of the New York Banks have been for the last two years quarterly as follows:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| January | 1843, | 52,348,467 | May | 1844, | 70,161,068 |
| August | " | 58,593,081 | August | " | 71,673,929 |
| Nov. | " | 61,514,129 | Nov. | " | 73,091,788 |
| Feb. | 1844, | 65,418,762 | Feb. | 1845, | 66,883,098 |

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From August, 1843, to August, 1844, the loans of the banks increased $13,080,848. These loans mostly mature within a circle of sixty days, and under the supposition that the whole is active, the demand for money in August, 1843, was equal to $9,765,513 every sixty days to pay into the banks, and money was never more cheap or abundant. The institutions gradually increased the movement to November, 1844, when the demand equalled $12,181,964 every sixty days or 30 per cent. increase. Money was then difficult to be obtained at 7 per cent. For the first time in two years and a quarter the February return showed a diminished amount of loans, and money became more plenty at lower rates than in November. These were results precisely the reverse of that which is supposed to be the effect of bank loans. It is supposed generally that the liberal loans of banks make money more plenty, when in truth they only enhance the demand for money, and for an obvious reason. When a note is discounted, the maker of the note receives from the institution a less sum than he promises to pay to it. Hence the maturity of the notes requires a larger sum to be paid in money into the banks than those institutions have supplied. Thus a note for $20,000 is discounted at sixty days, the interest is deducted, and the applicant receives $19,800, but at the end of the sixty days he has to return $20,000; thus the demand is greater than the supply by $200. If the market is supplied with money, by an increasing line of discounts, this discrepancy is not felt; but when the line has been stationary for a few weeks, it gradually operates an advance in the price of money. If the banks reduce the volume of their loans, an intense pressure is the immediate result. During the year 1843, a very large sum in specie was received from Europe, and furnished an abundance of means wherewith to meet the notes due banks at their maturity. In 1844, the large imports of goods, which took the place of specie, were sold at a loss, thereby greatly increasing the difficulty of meeting the bank obligations. The important results of the business of 1844 were undoubtedly the indirect effect of the distressed condition of the agricultural portion of the country. Notwithstanding the apparent activity and the improved prosperity which have been manifest in the manufacturing and importing interests, the agricultural portion has presented a marked contrast. While prices of manufactured and imported goods have averaged an advance over former years, produce has been lower than ever, and the remuneration to the farmers for their labor has probably never been so small. The effects of this are manifest in the cities in the inability to collect country debts. In order to observe the fluctuation, which prices of leading articles, subject to duty, have undergone in the New York market, we have carefully compiled the following table, showing the price of each article, and aggregate of twelve articles at different times down to March 1st, the latter date compared with October, 1836, the latter date compared with October, 1836, the point of highest prices.

PRICES OF DUTIABLE ARTICLES IN NEW YORK.

| | Sheetings, 4-4. | Flax, Russia. | Raisins, bunch. | Indigo, Madras. | Iron, pig. | Iron, bar. | Salt, T. I. | Brandy, Otard. | Sugar, Cuba. | Coal. | Hemp, or clean. | Molasses. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1843. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Oct., | 0.07 | 0.08 | 1.75 | 0.90 | 26.00 | 7.50 | 0.26 | 2.25 | 0.06¾ | 9.57 | 185.00 | 0.25 | 282.87⅞ |
| 1844. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Feb., | 0.07 | 0.08 | 2.12½ | 0.95 | 32.00 | 55.00 | 0.28 | 2.25 | 0.06¼ | 8.75 | 180.00 | 0.27 | 281.93¾ |
| April, | 0.07 | 0.08 | 2.12½ | 0.90 | 30.00 | 57.50 | 0.32 | 2.35 | 0.06½ | 7.50 | 180.00 | 0.27 | 281.18 |
| May, | 0.07 | 0.08 | 2.20 | 0.85 | 32.50 | 57.50 | 0.20 | 2.30 | 0.06½ | 6.75 | 180.00 | 0.25 | 282.86½ |
| June, | 0.07 | 0.08 | 2.20 | 0.85 | 35.00 | 62.50 | 0.33 | 2.30 | 0.06 | 6.75 | 110.00 | 0.28 | 290.46 |
| Sept., | 0.07 | 0.08 | 2.35 | 0.82½ | 33.00 | 62.50 | 0.26 | 0.20 | 0.06 | 8.50 | 175 00 | 0.28 | 285.12½ |
| Oct., | 0.07 | 0.08 | 2.30 | 0.82½ | 32.60 | 62.50 | 0.26½ | 2.20 | 0.06 | 8.00 | 175.00 | 0.28 | 283.58 |
| Nov., | 0.06½ | 0.08 | 2.56¼ | 0.80 | 30.00 | 62.50 | 0.26 | 2.20 | 0.05¾ | 9.50 | 170.00 | 0.26 | 278 28⅝ |
| Dec., | 0,06½ | 0.08 | 2.60 | 0.80 | 30.00 | 62.50 | 0.23 | 2.20 | 0.05¾ | 10.50 | 170.00 | 0.26 | 279.29¼ |
| 1845. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Jan., | 0.06½ | 0 08 | 2.70 | 0.80 | 30.00 | 62.50 | 0.24 | 2.20 | 0.05½ | 10.00 | 180.00 | 0.25 | 288.89 |
| Feb., | 0.06½ | 0.09 | 2.65 | 0.80 | 31.00 | 62.50 | 0.24 | 2.12½ | 0.04 | 10.00 | 187.00 | 0.25 | 296.76 |
| March, | 0.06 | 0.09 | 2.65 | 0.80 | 36.00 | 70.00 | 0.24 | 2.12½ | 0.04½ | 9.75 | 190.00 | 0.26 | 312.02 |
| 1836. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | 0.10 | 1.10½ | 2.62½ | 1.20 | 52.50 | 92.50 | 0.38 | 1.50 | 0.09½ | 11.50 | 195.00 | 0.41 | 357.91½ |

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From October, 1843, to May, 1844, the aggregate prices were remarkably steady. From that time to September, they began to rise and the imports to increase in proportion. During the last year, that is from May, 1844, to March, 1845, the advance in these goods has been as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Aggregate prices, May 1844, . . . . . | 282.86½ |
| " " March, 1845, . . . . . | 312.02 |
| Increase 10 per cent., . . . . . | 29.15½ |

The aggregate price of the same articles in 1836, was 357,91½, or 10 per cent. higher than now. Some of these articles are quite as high as then, while others fall far below those rates, as for instance, iron, pig, and bar. Pig iron in particular is but $36,00 against $52,50, notwithstanding that it has advanced $11,00 per ton, since October, 1843, when the present duty of $9 came into operation. The iron has consequently risen $2 per ton more than the duty. This iron which sells in New York at $36, sold in England at the latest date at £3,10s. or $16,94 cts. per ton. The New York price is consequently $19,00 more than the foreign price. A large import may therefore be expected. An advance has taken place on all articles during the last six weeks, a result of the small imports of the present year. We have no official returns of the actual amount of imports; but the following statement of the amount of customs received at New York and Boston for the first two months of the year, affords a close approximation to the decline.

CUSTOMS DUTIES—NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

| | 1844. | 1845. | Decrease. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York, . . | 4,159,481 | 3,111,604 | 1,047,877 |
| Boston, . . | 844,000 | 619,302 | 224,698 |
| . . | 4,993,481 | 3,730,906 | 1,272,575 |

This evinces a decline of 25 per cent., or equivalent to $3,321,000 of dutiable goods at these two points alone, equal to the rate of near $20,000,000 for the union for the year. The goods imported last year having sustained a loss, a diminished quantity this year seems to have the effect of forcing up prices to a paying point. It is observable, however, that while this is the case with taxed goods, the reverse is apparent when we turn to the prices of produce. The following is a table of produce.

PRICES OF PRODUCE IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.

| | Ashes, pots. bbl. | Cotton, fair. lb. | Dry Cod. cwt. | Flour, western. | Rye. bush. | Tar. bbl. | Beef, mess. bbl. | Pork, mess. bbl. | Rice. cwt. | Tobacco, Ky. lb. | Wool, merino. lb. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1843. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Oct., . . | 4.50 | 0.06¼ | 2.25 | 4.44 | 0.65 | 1.37½ | 6.50 | 10.87½ | 2.50 | 0.03 | 0.30 | 33.50¾ |
| 1844. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Feb., . . | 4.62½ | 0.10 | 2.69½ | 4.87½ | 0.67 | 1.25 | 5.87½ | 9.25 | 2.87½ | 0.02¾ | 0.40 | 32.57½ |
| April, . . | 4.37½ | 0.08½ | 2.75 | 4.87½ | 0.68 | 1.50 | 5.87½ | 9.50 | 2.43¾ | 0.03 | 0.40 | 32.50½ |
| May, . . | 4.31¾ | 0 07½ | 2.94 | 4.62½ | 0.69 | 1.50 | 5.25 | 8.94 | 2.75 | 0.02 | 0.38 | 31.82½ |
| June, . . | 4.25 | 0.07½ | 2.87½ | 4.50 | 0.67 | 1.50 | 5.00 | 8.50 | 2.75 | 00.2 | 0.38 | 30.51 |
| Sep., . . | 4.19 | 0.06¾ | 2.37½ | 4.12½ | 0.66 | 1.56 | 5.00 | 9.37½ | 3.37½ | 0.02½ | 0.42 | 31.17½ |
| Oct., . . | 4.12½ | 0.06½ | 2.25 | 4.37½ | 0.67 | 1.75 | 5.00 | 9.06½ | 3.25 | 0.02¾ | 0.40 | 30.98½ |
| Nov., . . | 4.00 | 0.06½ | 2.56½ | 4.62½ | 1.70 | 1.81 | 5.50 | 8.94 | 3.19¾ | 0.02¾ | 0.40 | 31.81½ |
| Dec., . . | 3.87½ | 0.05½ | 2.25 | 4.69 | 0.65 | 1.81 | 5.50 | 9,37½ | 2.75 | 0.02½ | 0.27 | 31.35½ |
| 1845. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Jan., . . | 3.75 | 0.05¾ | 2.44 | 4.62½ | 0.66 | 1.69 | 6.50 | 9.37½ | 2.75 | 0.02½ | 0.37 | 32.94½ |
| Feb., . . | 3.87½ | 0.06½ | 2.44 | 4.88 | 0.65 | 1.69 | 6.75 | 9.87½ | 2.62½ | 0.02½ | 0.37 | 33.94½ |
| March, . . | 3.75 | 0 06¼ | 2.63 | 4.82 | 0.66 | 1.50 | 7.00 | 10.25 | 3.00 | 0.02½ | 0.37 | 33.31¾ |
| 1836. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Oct., . . | 7.25 | 0.12½ | 3.25 | 9.00 | 1.12½ | 2.12½ | 10.50 | 29.00 | 3.50 | 0.07 | 0.50 | 66.44½ |

The aggregate prices of these articles, it would appear, underwent a decline of 10 per cent. from October, 1847, to June, 1844, since when they have gradually improved, until they have nearly regained the level at which they stood, October,

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1843, and about 50 per cent. of the prices they commanded in the same month of 1836, the aggregate prices of these articles will compare as follows:

| 1836-1843 | 1844 | | | | | | | | 1845 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Produce, Oct. | Feb. | April. | May. | June. | Sept. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. | Jan. | Feb. | March. |
| 66,44½ | 33,50¼ | 32,57½ | 32,50¼ | 31,88¾ | 30,51 | 31,17¼ | 30,98¼ | 31,81½ | 31,35¼ | 32,94½ | 33,94½ | 33,31¾ |
| Goods, | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 357,91½ | 282,87¾ | 281,93¼ | 281,18 | 292,86½ | 290,42 | 285,12½ | 283,58 | 278,28½ | 279,99¼ | 288,89 | 296,76 | 312,02 |

The advance which is perceptible in the taxed goods has by no means taken place in produce, and while large profits have been reaped by the manufacturers, jobbers have sustained losses and the farming interests have been greatly depressed. As an instance of the benefits derived by corporate factories from the existing state of things, we may quote the following dividends of the Lowell factories, from official sources.

DIVIDENDS OF LOWELL COTTON FACTORIES.

| | Capital. | 1840. | 1842. | 1843. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Merrimack, | $2,000,000 | 9 | 8 | 16 | 20 |
| Hamilton, | 1,000,000 | 5 | 8 | 6 | 7 |
| Appleton, | 600,000 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 6 |
| Lowell, | 600,000 | 0 | 4 | | 7 |
| Suffolk, | 600,000 | 8 | 3 | 6 | 16 |
| Middlesex, | 600,000 | 0 | 9 | 4 | 10 |
| Tremont, | 600,000 | 7 | 2 | 6 | 16 |
| Lawrence, | 1,500,000 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 15 |
| Boott, | 1,200,000 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 11 |
| Massachusetts, | 1,200,000 | | 3 | 4 | 14 |
| Total, | $10,500,000 | 4.1-10 | 4.2-10 | 6.0 | 12.2 |

The amount of dividends for 1840 was $420,105, and in 1844 it had risen to $1,262,100, an advance in profits evinced by no other occupation in the country, and presenting a strong contrast to the condition of the agriculturists generally. These facts have presented themselves in so significant a manner during the past year, as to excite a considerable degree of attention among that portion of our fellow citizens who have clung to the delusion of a "home market." They begin to consider seriously whether there may not be some mistake in the theory. In 1840, Lowell factory stock yielded as good dividends as test the farms in the country. The tariff has increased those dividends 200 per cent, and has poured into the pockets of the stockholders in hard cash $840,000 more than they before received. If ever a "home market" is to exert its influence for the benefit of the farmer, it should be under such circumstances; but the fact stands out in bold relief, that low as were the prices of farm produce then, they are lower now, with no other hope of an advance, than that arising from the contingency of a foreign demand.

The revenues of the federal government during the past year, were indeed large, but the amount of trade from which they were extracted, was small and a losing one; so much so, that, as above stated, the imports have again so far declined, as to affect the federal revenues and afford every indication that there will this year again be a deficit in the means of the government. The estimated receipts and expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1845, were as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Customs, .. .. | $31,945,018 |
| Lands, &c. .. .. | 2,239,856 |
| Total Receipts, .. | 34,184,874 |
| Expenditure, .. | 35,019,431 |
| Deficit .. .. $ | 834,557 |

The receipts thus far in the Treasury have been only $19,573,000 from customs, and to make good the estimates $12,372,000 must be received between November and July, exceeding the receipts of last year by over $2,000,000: whereas they are now running about

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25 per cent. below last year. The result will be a deficit up to July of at least $4,500,000 from diminished customs, showing incontestably that the weight of the present duties is too heavy for a healthy state of trade. The deficit in the revenue will in all probability absorb the whole surplus $7,857,379 which existed July, 1844, before Congress again meets, when a modification of the tariff will become imperative for purposes of revenue. This view of the case is already beginning to exert an influence upon the markets, and in the fall will probably exercise a restrictive influence upon imports.

In order to observe the effect which the present duties have had upon those articles of import which are most necessary to the consumers, we annex a table showing the value imported for three years, and the amount of duty collected on each for the two years under the present tariff.

IMPORTS AND DUTIES INTO THE UNITED STATES FOR 1842, NINE MONTHS OF 1843 AND THE YEAR ENDING JULY 1, 1844.

| Articles. | 1842. Value. | Nine months, 1843. Value. | Nine months, 1843. Duties. | Year, 1844. Value. | Year, 1844. Duties. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Leather goods..... | | 43,644 | 15,134 | 77,487 | 23,216 |
| boots and shoes. | 47,178 | 16,557 | 5,871 | 25,534 | 8,363 |
| Hats, Leghorn, &c.. | 574,876 | 270,620 | 94,717 | 713,483 | 249,719 |
| Molasses ..... | 1,942,575 | 1,134,520 | 582,914 | 2,833,753 | 1,122,429 |
| Sugar, brown..... | 5,434,750 | 2,426,041 | 1,738,358 | 6,793,540 | 4,396,437 |
| Raisins, Muscatel... | 797,961 | 276,164 | 212,490 | 318,142 | 254,773 |
| Pepper ..... | 92,977 | 56,664 | 73,686 | 59,037 | 83,669 |
| Nutmegs ..... | 66,715 | 14,688 | 8,601 | 97,532 | 19,942 |
| Ginger, ground ..... | 3,408 | 291 | 68 | 352 | 95 |
| Cloves ..... | 46,144 | 43,513 | 22,123 | 56,027 | 29,251 |
| Cassia ..... | 16,748 | 43,791 | 27,470 | 85,432 | 56,882 |
| Pimento ..... | 39,416 | 47,441 | 52,720 | 46,765 | 43,499 |
| Camphor, crude..... | 15,320 | 22,531 | 2,804 | 97,496 | 12,227 |
| Indigo..... | 731,350 | 432,035 | 21,002 | 1,145,067 | 69,585 |
| Bleaching Powder... | | 59,205 | 14,337 | 111,092 | 26,748 |
| Whiting ..... | 1,081 | 304 | 445 | 241 | 456 |
| Cordage, tarred..... | 66,548 | 26,570 | 19,050 | 68,349 | 56,226 |
| " untarred .. | 19,491 | 5,798 | 10,103 | 5,273 | 6,843 |
| Hemp ..... | 267,849 | 228,882 | 72,538 | 262,365 | 101,504 |
| Pins, solid headed... | | 2,720 | 1,628 | 20,014 | 11,455 |
| " pound..... | | 1,035 | 670 | 22,921 | 11,474 |
| Salt..... | 841,572 | 710,489 | 436,366 | 911,512 | 659,451 |
| Coal ..... | 380,635 | 116,312 | 72,035 | 236,963 | 152,377 |
| Bar Iron, rolled..... | 2,053,453 | 511,282 | 393,496 | 1,065,682 | 947,280 |
| " hammered. | 1,041,410 | 327,550 | 106,318 | 583,065 | 200,983 |
| Iron, cables and parts | 92,134 | 24,196 | 19,383 | 28,775 | 23,137 |
| Other manufactures. | 2,919,498 | 270,851 | 141,530 | 484,653 | 297,045 |
| | 17,543,089 | 8,133,594 | 4,149,307 | 16,150,552 | 9,005,166 |

These are articles of prime necessity, and the amount imported under the first imposition of the tariff was cut down one half. In 1844 the prices consequent upon the short supply of 1843 rose so as to admit of the tariff, and the value imported was nearly recovered, yielding a revenue of $9,005,166 or one-third of the amount of the duties collected for the year. This large amount of duties added to the foreign cost forms an important part of the price paid by the consumers, and when their means are limited, through the low price of what they sell, the quantity they purchase must necessarily be more limited than if those duties were not so high, as they can get less for their money. The imports of free articles in the same time have been as follows:

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IMPORTS OF FREE GOODS INTO THE UNITED STATES.

| | 1842. | | 1843. | | 1844. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Quantity. | Value. | Quantity. | Value. | Quantity. | Value. |
| Dye-woods.. | | 305,404 | | 226,675 | | 428,049 |
| Copper, pigs | | 821,109 | | 369,076 | | 488,981 |
| " sheathing | | 381,197 | | 244,050 | | 688,610 |
| Tea..... | 15,692,094 | 4,527,108 | 13,866,137 | 3,849,228 | 15,353,524 | 4,075,195 |
| Coffee..... | 112,764,635 | 8,931,177 | 92,296,660 | 6,346,787 | 158,332,111 | 9,594,877 |
| Specie..... | | 4,087,016 | | 22,320,335 | | 5,810,428 |
| Other articles... | | 11,474,475 | | 2,218,433 | | 3,680,741 |
| Total ..... | | 30,627,686 | | 35,574,584 | | 24,766,881 |

In 1842 a number of articles were admitted free which in 1843 were charged with duties. The imports of 1843 being for nine months only, the ratio of free goods was larger than for the corresponding period of 1842. In those nine months there was nearly as much tea imported as for the whole year 1842, showing the reverse of the operation of dutiable goods.

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## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Chaunt of Life, and other Poems, with Sketches and Essays.* By Rev. Ralph Hoyt. In six parts. Part I. New-York: Pierey & Reed, Printers, No. 9, Spruce st. 1844. 8vo. pp 32.

A little volume, but a very creditable one to the printers, who, we understand, have taken up the publication, solely on their own account, and for the author's benefit. One association of this kind, with some good will and good faith in it, between a printer and an American author, is worth the reputation of a hundred reprints of foreign books snatched from the importer's counter—an honor to the humblest participants in the good work of bringing together the materials for the future American literature.

The present volume of thirty-two pages contains at least two poems, very happily hit off, and of enduring merit for the American Anthology. If the same proportions of good poetry were carried out through the multifarious volumes so labelled by the trade, there would be no complaint of the "honey from Mount Hybla." We have seen many quartos, not taken either from the lowest rank of dulness, with far less that is acceptable in them. The two poems to which we allude, are entitled "Snow," and the "World for Sale." In the former there is a naturalness and simplicity of description which has some touches in common with Burns. There is something of the good old music of the days long past, when verse needed no trick or affectation or gloss of novelty, to be listened to, but dropped its meaning simply upon the ear, quietly into the heart. Words, words, words have well nigh spoilt our literature. Mr. Hoyt, to his honor, is brief. He can do well, and what seems sometimes as difficult—he can let well alone. There is a vile species of diluted blank verse for the most part appropriated to matters of description—small beer with the spigot out—which should be every reader's aversion who has ever looked into Shakspeare, or seen a classic author. If there is one general characteristic which runs through good literature, it is this—a great respect for Time by a corresponding conciseness and brevity. The art to put in three words what a common writer puts in a hundred constitutes a great part of the difference between an author and a brainless hack. Mr. Hoyt's poetry shows an appreciation of this truth—in many a trace of the light, quick, vanishing, fairy-footed step of the Muse. There is something to us very felicitous in this description of a snow storm.

"E'en the old posts, that hold the bars
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars
And age sedate,
High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,—
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;

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The hay-stack has become a hill;
All covered o'er—
The wagon, loaded for the mill
The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail,—
But where's the well!
Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanished,—curb, and crank and rail;—
How deep it fell!

The rest is as good, and there is a delightful interior of an American country farmhouse. The close we have heard noticed, in the reading of the poem, as very happy —bringing up the whole with a sharp frosty word partaking of the atmosphere of the whole piece—

"So cheerful—tranquil—snowy—fair,—
The WINTER MORN."

The "World for Sale" has great energy —and a strong dash in it of wayward melancholy, which is usually bought dear, —paid for to the Shylocks out of the ruddy currency of the heart.

Who bids?—who'll buy the Splendid Tear!

Wealth, Love, and Friendship are sold at their price — 'tis an honest auctioneer, as it needs ought to be, for the pulpit is his box, his purchasers are the congregation, and his hammer "the sword of the spirit which is the word of God!" Wealth and the broad estate dwindle to a burial place; love to a plumeless dying bird; friendship, a broken staff. There was but a faint whisper at that last sale. The auctioneer of all earth's treasures catches a breath of enthusiasm, and sounds the trumpet of Fame.

FAME! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!—
How much for Fame! How much for Fame!
Hear how it thunders!—would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned,—
Now purchase, and a world command!—
And be with a world's curses crowned.

All are sold, but three treasures remain "more sure than life or breath," his Faith, his Bible and his God.

The Chaunt of Life, of which the first canto only is given, appears a record of personal history, and will be valued by those who can listen to the simple-minded talk of a man who has been a pilgrim on the earth, finding much sad but nothing barren.

The Rev. Ralph Hoyt is a man in middle age, a Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a portion of his face, chiefly about the eye, reminds us very much of Dr. Hawks. There is that in the countenance of each to which a man may attach himself—the something which Kent saw in the countenance of Lear, and called "Authority!"—something that prompts allegiance. We were led by a newspaper announcement two Sundays since to hear Mr. Hoyt preach before the French congregation (the evening service is in English) in the brick building, in the rear of Dr. Spring's Church. The sermon was direct and full of feeling, with that use of poetic language which sounds as it were a musical requiem over the nothingness of life.

We have been thus personal, because we think very little can be communicated in generalities; because these personalities to us are everything, and we believe the reader cannot be so easily interested in any other way. We desire that the reader shall enter upon the perusal of the original poem "New" in another column, with the best disposition to enjoy—so we have told him what we could of the author.

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*Mary Schweidler, the Amber Witch, the most interesting trial for Witchcraft ever known, printed from an imperfect Manuscript by her father, Abraham Schweidler, the pastor of Coserow, in the Island of Usedom.* Edited by W. MEINHOLD, Doctor of Theology, and Pastor, etc., translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 16mo. pp. 192.

This forms the second volume of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, of which Eothen was the first. It is one of the very few works of fiction of late years which bears about it the unmistakable marks of classicality. It was a memorable work in the original, and has been already adopted by acclamation in the English library, where we may suppose the Vicar of Wakefield shaking hands with its good, simple-hearted pastor, and De Foe nodding approval to the excessive probabilities, the *vraisemblance* of the style. The critics of Dr. Meinhold were fairly taken in by his Art stepping so exactly in the footprints of Nature. The little plot and counter plot of the story become of excessive interest, and will be very likely to cheat midnight of several of its hours of slumber; but the anxiety we feel is excited by the character evolved in the leading personages quite as much as by the incidents. We have a relish of the latter after the story is "ravelled out," and can read the book again and again. There is just that mixture of folly and infirmity which nothing but the courage of genius would think of attributing to a hero and heroine,

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and that dependance upon little things which binds us so surely to great ones. We cannot give the plot without marring the reader's enjoyment, but we have it in our power to give the history of the reception of the book in Germany, which to many, who might not be attracted by a mere work of fiction, will be a new source of interest. The whole will form a chapter in some future "curiosities of literature." The account is taken from the (English) Baptist Record. We must put our veto upon one sentence of the statement, however, as somewhat pharisaical, that in the opening which offers a sanctimonious apology for noticing a work of fiction, *as such*, without any reference to its being a good or bad book of fiction. It is time this cant and misappreciation of the imagination as one of God's good gifts were exploded—there can be no religion, worth possessing, without it.

"Our readers may have seen or heard of a sort of romance published last year by Murray, translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon, entitled 'The Amber-Witch.' It is not a work to be noticed in these pages except on account of the theological purpose it was intended to answer. In order to explain this, it may be necessary to say a word or two on the history and present state of German theology. Fifty years ago a degree of scepticism prevailed in Germany, of which in this country we can form no adequate conception. Under various names, Neologists, Rationalists, and so forth, they took the most daring liberties with the Word of God. They explained away all the miracles, and everything, in fact, which was supernatural. They pretended to an acquaintance with the language and history of the sacred writings so profound, as to be able to decide respecting the most ancient portions of Scripture, what was genuine and what was not so, to a degree of certainty which overpowered all external evidence. Accordingly, there is hardly a book of the Old or New Testament whose genuineness, either in whole or in part, has not been impugned by them. And of what these writers have allowed to remain, the most important parts, the great facts on which our religion mainly rests, has been declared by others to be statements of the same kind as those which Niebuhr rejected from the early history of Rome, *i. e.*, legends, or as they call them, *myths*, to which some ancient common opinion had given rise.

"Of this kind a portentous phenomenon has appeared within the last ten years. An elaborate work by Dr. David Strauss was published in 1836, to show that the whole history of Christ was exactly what the Apostle Peter said it was not, 'a cunningly devised fable;' *i. e.*, not a fraud, but a myth, a sort of spiritual exhalation, the superlative beauty of which was one of the evidences that it could not be real. Astounding as this production appeared, it was soon perceived that it was likely to be the crisis of a disease which had long preyed upon the vitals of German theology. It is to the credit of Neander, the celebrated historian of the Church, that, as a member of the Censorship, he gave a casting vote in favor of its publication. The result has fully justified him. Osiander remarks, in the 'Studien und Kritiken' for 1840:—'While the eagerness and concentrated activity of the contest shows the deep importance of the object, and indicates a vital crisis in theology, the universal excitement produced by it,—the number of defenders of the Gospel history from among laymen as well as clergymen, Rationalists as well as Revelationists, Catholics as well as Protestants, who have come forward,—the multifarious positions from which the defence is made,—and the entire unanimity among men of estimation which has prevailed,—are all indications of a healthful action which has sprung from the influence of that very history of the Incarnate God.'

"But what, it will be asked, has all this to do with the Amber-Witch, published last year by Murray? In 1836, a small treatise was written by a clergyman of Usedom, a small island at the mouth of the Oder, in Prussian Pomerania, intended to illustrate the witch trials and the belief in witchcraft, at one time so general. For some reason or other, it was 'not allowed' by the Censorship of the Press. The author, therefore, kept it by him for some time, till the idea occurred to him of putting it into the form of a narrative professing to be derived from an old manuscript discovered in the church at Usedom, in which an account of a witch-trial and the events that led to it is given in the language and manner of the supposed period. It further occurred to him whether he could not mistify the Rationalists of Germany, and thus put to the test, by means of a modern production, the skill to which they pretend, of detecting forgeries be they ever so ancient, and be the traditionary evidence ever so strong in favor of their genuineness. He, therefore, sent the manuscript to Dr. David Strauss, suggesting whether the account which it contained might not, in some degree, illustrate certain statements in the New Testament. The work, in short, was laid before the king himself, and by him ordered to be printed in 1843. Half a year after this, the author, finding that his *myth* was universally received as a piece of genuine history, made a public declaration of the entirely fictitious character of the work, and of the theological purpose it was intended to answer. He says, in *Hengstenberg's Kirchenzeitung* for last year, after the declaration referred to:—'My view, as far as I can find out here, in my literary Patmos, is attained; the work is almost universally received as genuine; none of the critics mention the least suspicion of what is nevertheless the fact, that it is mere fiction, without any single historical ground to rest upon. In this way those persons have received my undisguised *myth* for genuine history, who have rejected as fabulous a history which is attested not only by its existence and wide extension to the present day, but by the united testimony of all antiquity and by the blood of thousands of martyrs—a madness more insane than if they were to affirm that the splendid cathedral at Cologne was commenced and obtained its present state without an architect and without a plan, by the act of pilgrims who merely cast stones together as they passed!

"In a subsequent communication to the same periodical, the author says:—'After I had made my former declaration, the uproar was unbounded at the manner in which the critics had been deceived; they not only abused me and accused me of wickedness, but persisted in declaring that my Amber-Witch was a genuine historic document. I, therefore, hereby subjoin the united testimony of the Synod of Usedom that my declaration is correct.' Here follows their testimony. The author continues:—'From the history of my work the following conclusions may, I think, be drawn, which I would fain circulate far and wide:—1. The critics who assert that they can develope, from the letters and the style of the sacred writings the author, and the exact time of composition, ought to blush at the present failure of their skill. 2. Those of them who declare that history of Jesus Christ, whose historic truth has a far better foundation than any other historic fact whatever, to be a romance, ought to be ashamed of themselves for taking the romance of Dr. Meinhold (the author's name) for real history. 3. If they per-

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sist, as they probably will, in declaring my fable to be a fact, in spite of my own assertion to the contrary and of the affidavit of a synod of divines, and yet declare the history of the Gospel to be false or fabulous, though its authors have sealed their testimony to its truth with their own blood; all reasonable men will judge that they have pronounced their own condemnation. If the device by which I have proved this is wicked, it is the wickedness of one who, by an artifice, would detect a thief that had broken into the sanctuary. To me and thousands of others the Gospel is such a sanctuary."

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## LITERARY BULLETIN.

### NEW AMERICAN WORKS.

Mr. Cooper's new novel, to be published early this month by Burgess & Stringer, is entitled "Satonstoe, or the family of Little Page."

A new edition of the Poems of Halleck has just been issued by the Messrs. Harper.

Wiley & Putnam have in press a volume of "Tales by Edgar A. Poe," and a new and complete edition of the "Letters from Italy," by Mr. Headley. The poems of Alfred B. Street are also to be published soon.

Messrs. Harper have in press "A Chance Medley," a collection of Miscellaneous papers from the Quarterlies and Monthlies, by Thomas Colley Grattan.

The Æsthetic Letters, Essays and the Philosophical Letters of Schiller, translated with an introduction by J. Weiss, 1 vol., 12mo., published by Little & Brown: Boston.

Saul: a Mystery, a poem by Arthur Cleveland Coxe, will be issued immediately at Hartford, Conn.

Phreno-Mnemotechny, or the art of Memory;—the series of Lectures explanatory of the principles of the system delivered in New York and Philadelphia—in one large octavo of 600 pages, accompanied with fine mezzotint Portrait of the author, Professor Gouraud, is just issued.

Mr. Downing's New Work on Fruit trees, is nearly ready. Wiley & Putnam are the publishers.

We have the pleasure to announce a new work, by Rev. John Dowling, A. M., of this city. "*A New and Complete History of Romanism.*" It will comprise a copious yet succinct history of the Latin Church, its rise, progress and present state, derived from the most accredited authorities, both Catholic and Protestant, including among the former, Bellarmine, Baronius, Raynaldus, Sarpi, &c., accompanied with notices of the most celebrated Roman Pontiffs, Ecclesiastical Councils, bulls, decrees, persecutions, &c. The work will form an octavo volume of about 600 pages, illustrated by some 40 or 50 engravings, and will be published by E. Walker, 114 Fulton street, in a few weeks.

J. S. Redfield has just published a "Pictorial History of the American Revolution," illustrated with several hundred engravings, in one volume, octavo. Nearly ready, The Snow Drop, a gift for a friend, by Rev. C. W. Everest; and the Sinless Child and other Poems, by Mrs. Seba Smith, in Miniature Library style.

We take this opportunity of calling attention to Dr. Raschenberger's excellent series of Elementary text-books, designed for the use of colleges and schools on the subject of Natural History. Eight volumes have already appeared, comprising the following divisions: Anatomy and Physiology; Mammology; Ornithology; Herpetology and Ichthyology; Conchology; Entomology; Botany; and Geology. This series has been adopted in several of our colleges and public schools, and with, as we learn, unqualified satisfaction. One admirable feature among others, which characterize these works, is their perspicuity and simplified arrangement, combining a vast amount of information in the smallest compass—a mode of imparting instruction quite up to the labor-saving and time-economising spirit of the age. Gregg & Elliot, of Philadelphia, are the publishers; and they are for sale by Langley, Wiley & Putnam, and the booksellers generally.

Prof. Gregory has in press a new compendious work on Chemistry for students, condensed from his larger work, which has acquired such high repute. The work will pass under the supervision of Dr. Webster, and will be issued by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Jewett & Co., of Philadelphia, have now ready an attractive little work—"Sto-



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ries of the American Revolution," comprising a complete anecdotic history of that great event—a valuable and interesting book for the perusal of the young. "The Maiden, a tale for my countrywomen, by T. S. Arthur," is the title of another little volume from the same publishers.

Prof. Frost has just commenced a serial issue of a "Pictorial History of the World"—a work entitled to special consideration both as to its superior artistic embellishments and the judicious arrangement of its literary department. The first part contains a well-digested sketch of Egyptian history, based upon the latest authorities, including the monumental records of Gliddon and others. Geo. S. Appleton has in press "Melodies adapted to gems of Music," by Mr. S. T. Sullivan, of Philadelphia. one of the best *Artistes* in this department, we know of; like Anacreon *Moore*—he composes his song and chants its melody, extemporaneously. The forthcoming collection will receive a cordial welcome.

Wilkins & Carter, of Boston, have in preparation a thoroughly revised edition of "Worcester's Dictionary of the English Language," which is to combine many new features.

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REPUBLICATIONS.

The Fourth number of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading will be "Leigh Hunt's Imagination and Fancy;" to be followed by the "Indicator," "The Seer," and his other writings. The same series will also include the Works of William Hazlitt, to appear in successive volumes.

Wiley & Putnam have also in press, "Stories from the Italian Poets," "Dante, or the Italian Pilgrim's Progress." "Pulci, or the Humors of a Giant," and the "Battle of Roncesvalles." By Leigh Hunt.

Appleton & Co. have in press, "Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," for Schools. "Smith's New Classical Dictionary," for Schools. Mrs. Loudon's "Country Companion." Templeton's "Operatives' Mechanics' Companion." "Goldsmith's Village," by Zschokke.

Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, are about to publish a cheap stereotype edition in double columns, of "The Modern Essayists," to include the works of Macaulay, Alison, Sydney Smith, Professor Wilson (the Recreations of Christopher North), the critical and miscellaneous writings of Carlyle, the critical papers of Talfourd and Stephen; a selection from the Quarterly Review, including Southey, Hallam, Milman, Croker, Gifford, Scott, Lockhart, Heber, and others; Sir James Mackintosh's contributions to the Edinburgh Review; Sir Walter Scott's Critical Writings, and those of Lord Jeffrey.

The same publishers are about issuing the Waverly Novels *complete, in five royal 8vo. volumes, for two dollars and a half.*

Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, will publish, "Browning's History of the Huguenots," in 1 volume octavo.

"Wraxall's Historical Memoirs of his own times," in one volume octavo.

"Guthrie on the Anatomy and Diseases of the Bladder and Urethra," in 1 vol. octavo.

"Esquirol on Insanity," translated by Dr. E. K. Hunt, in 1 volume 8vo.

Miss Strickland's "Memoirs of the Queens of England," volume 8.

Ranke's "History of the Reformation in Germany," parts 3, 4 and 5.

Gregory's "Outlines of Chemistry," for the use of Students, in one volume, small 12mo.

"Fowne's Chemistry," edited by Bridges, in one thick volume, royal 12mo.

"Hoblyn's Dictionary of Terms used in Medicine and the Collateral Sciences." Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., in one volume, 12mo.

"Costello's Cyclopedia of Surgery."

"Modern Cookery," by Eliza Acton, in one volume, 12mo, with cuts.

"Every Man his own Farrier," by Clater. Edited, with numerous additions, by J. S. Skinner, 1 volume, 12mo.

Greeley and McElrath have just issued "Popular Lectures on Astronomy, &c." by M. Arago, with additions and illustrations by Dr. Lardner. We need not add a word of commendation on a work endorsed by two of the most eminent names that adorn the annals of this department of science. We are gratified to find that Dr. Lardner is preparing for publication a series of his Scientific Lectures, delivered during the past four years, in the several cities of the Union. The entire work will occupy about a dozen numbers, at 25 cents each; the first of which will appear 1st May.

Taylor & Co. have issued an excellent little story for youth, entitled "The adopted Child," &c., by Charles Burdett. The same firm has also issued Charlotte Elizabeth's Judæa Capta, being a sketch of the overthrow of Jerusalem.

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Charlotte Elizabeth, in her full name *Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna*, is engaged in writing a new work, expressly for this country, for which a copyright will be secured by the publisher Mr. M. W. Dodd of this city.

James Stuart Mills's "New System of Logic," the English edition of which was published some time since in two large octavos, is about to appear from the press of Appletons.

The same publishers issue shortly Dr. Arnold's "Lectures on History," with notes and an introduction by Prof. Reade of Pennsylvania University; it will form a volume uniform with the life and letters of the author. Reid's new "Dictionary of the English language," is also in press; this will, besides other new features for a *portable* dictionary, comprise those of punctuation and derivation.

A fine library edition has just appeared of Bishop Horne's "Commentary on the Psalms," with an Introductory Essay by Rev. Edward Irving. Few Theological works enjoy a higher reputation with the whole religious public than this excellent commentary; and the accompanying Essay, by Irving, is a splendid specimen of his masterly style; a rich florid gothic, full of quaint conceits and exuberant in imagery and illustration; R. Carter, of this city, is the publisher.

R. Carter, of this city, has also issued a fine edition of Prof. Wilson's "Lights and Shadows of Scottish life," a work, like the "Diary of a late Physician" of such striking verisimilitude that the reader cannot doubt the reality of the narratives; those who have never read this admirable work have a rich treat in reserve. "A world without souls," by Rev. Mr. Cunningham, is a specimen of religious allegorical writing no less fitted to arrest attention than to impart instruction.

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## MISCELLANY.

### THE NEW COMEDY OF FASHION.

The production of a new five act local Comedy, by an American Author, on the boards of the Park Theatre, is a circumstance of sufficient importance in itself, whatever the merits of the play, to be carefully recorded. Something should be gleaned from such a fact to survive for the benefit of the Drama, when the immediate occasion shall be entirely forgotten. It is one point gained that a play by an American author has been acted at all; it is another, that the scene is laid in New York in the year 1845; and it is another, of less consequence, that the play is called a Comedy and extends to five acts. It is not to be doubted that at some future day the country will possess a national drama. The instinct for theatrical amusements is as keen here as in any part of the world; perhaps keener than in most lands, as any one may have noticed who has cast even a careless look at the holiday amusements of the people, and the dramatic element exhibited in Camp Meetings, Revivals, and especially Political Processions. No people more greedy of shows, none fonder of amusements, gossip and criticism in which the stage delights, can be found in the world. Now this is a taste to be gratified, and when once the Theatre offers greater attraction of this kind than is found outside of it, every one will run to the Theatre. The contrary is at present the case. There is more that is really dramatic to be found in the committee room, the political meeting, the lecture on magnetism, the newspaper and the ale-house, where the dialogue is always more pointed and amusing than on the present stage, than in the Theatre itself. Notwithstanding this our people are, in reality, still great supporters of the stage. The number of houses open and the large sums of money expended are sufficient proofs of it, but yet, with the exception perhaps of a particular class of "roaring boys" at the Bowery, there is no regular dramatic audience—no set of people constant in their support of the drama, to be relied on for their presence habitually or even occasionally, and to constitute, what is essential, a fashionable society in the boxes. There is nothing on the stage to hold such a set of desirable people together. The London cockney drama which has exclusive possession is a thing to be laughed at,—not *with*. It is mere farcical distortion and absurdity, with not even the good laughter of broad honest farce. Until we have some sympathy with what is going on upon the stage, there can be no true interest ex-

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pected in the matter. And this constitutes, we may remark, the difference between comedy and its caricature, and leads us, by a short turn, to the so-called comedy of "Fashion." With all genuine comedy we have a certain sympathy, with this play of "Fashion" we have none at all. There is too little humor in it for comedy, and too little force for satire. This may be, and we think it is, a fault of the subject, which has not depth enough for the profound qualities essential to a comedy. Fashion in its present stage in New York affords materials for broad farce, or in the hands of a keen writer for indignant satire; but of that mode of treatment which is indispensable to create an interest in the hearts of men, it is not capable. It is only when fashion shall have become a settled power in society, when it has its acknowledged good laws as well as its abuses, when its authority is felt and recognized, and it requires to be held responsible for its failures, when it is something real and tangible, that it can be put upon the boards with any effect. At present, Fashion (we mean the thing and not the play) is poor and meager, a mere unsettled piece of pretence, too thin and flimsy to get humor out of. It will be time enough to think of *comedies* of Fashion a hundred years hence. A very thin species of farce seems the embodiment of the hurrying incident of the present day, which does not survive long enough to deposit character.

A man of great wit and severity—a stern biting censor might, we think, make something of our ways and manner on the stage—might find abundant material for satire in the popular ignorance, the flippancy, the pretence and corruption of the Times. But he should write with a pen of iron, and the audience should tremble while the actor spoke. We need some one to strike our hollow life and show it a "sounding brass;" to strip us of our conventionalism and disguises; to be thoroughly in earnest with sharp naked words.

The "Fashion" of Mrs. Mowatt, measured by the strictest stage requirements, had undoubtedly many faults, and we may expect many faults in the commencement of our attempts at the much talked of "National Drama." As we have said, too, there was not material for a comedy in the subject matter; the plot was without strength and the language without any epigrammatic niceties. But it is creditable that a lady should have made the attempt. If it do not contain the germ of any future dramatic authorship, which it does not, it is at least a good precedent for managers, for its performance proved one thing incontestably, that a good audience can be easily called together to witness an American play, nay that there is great readiness to appreciate and positive enthusiasm for the faintest excellence. Let this be remembered, and when opportunity offers, acted upon. It is no pleasant task to labor in the raw infancy of any business.—Mrs. Mowatt will be remembered for her courage and zeal in encountering the difficulty.

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### MR. HUDSON'S LECTURES ON SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Hudson as a critic is in the right line of succession in the same branch as Coleridge, Schlegel, Hazlitt and Lamb, and not at all in the spurious line of Rymer, whose glory it was to show up the absurdities of Othello, Steevens who said people could be compelled to read the Sonnets only by Act of Parliament, Malone who whitewashed the bust, and the other numerous Stupidities who offered up their incense, according to Geoffrey Crayon, as worshippers in Roman countries smoking with their farthing candles the image which they pretend to glorify. It is the fashion to praise Shakspeare, a fashion which has silenced much empty criticism, but it is doubtful whether the old spirit which suggested the objections does not yet exist—suppressed within the heads and hearts of a great many. The readers who understand Shakspeare are, perhaps, as few this day as ever. Mr. Hudson puts life into this empty creed by bringing home to his audience the principles and mode of thinking and acting of his great author. Others have done it before, nor does the lecturer claim anything on the score of novelty or originality, as the latter is generally understood. It is because his thoughts are old, he says, that they are likely to be true. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that just now, in the lecture room of New York, the oldest and most assured truths are the most striking and novel. People listen to tales of the wonders of magnetism and the rights of women, and perfectibility of man, with the greatest indifference and complacency, but talk to them of such old matters as the character of Adam and Eve, and the spiritual philosophy of the Bible, and they stare. Mr. Hudson's simplest truisms create the greatest sensation, when he says, for instance, that it is impossible for woman in all respects to become man.

The general scope of Mr. Hudson's Lectures may be indicated, when we say that he traces the genius of Shakspeare through every part of his writings with

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the profoundest reverence, that he is a critic of the school of Coleridge, and a conservative in his philosophy, that he has an instinctive abhorrence of all prudish moralists and authors who talk of conventionalisms and taste, that he seeks the true and genuine in character, and does not mince his words by the way.

Much has been said of Mr. Hudson's manner as a lecturer, and he has been charged with affectation—a charge which would be fatal to the sincerity of his opinions, and destroy the value of his lectures at once. Mr. Hudson has some peculiarities at the lecturer's desk, but they are not affected. At first the presumption to be sure is against him, and remembering the prevalent characteristics of the crowd of lecturers who appear before the public, it is as well that suspicion should be on its guard. As the lecturer goes on with his subject, these imperfections of manner (they soon appear nothing more) are scarcely noticed, so completely are they lost in the depth of the discourse. If they were affectations we should never get used to them, but they would jar upon us more unpleasantly as the lecture went on, and the discrepancy between sound opinions and an unsound tricky manner of expressing them, become more evident.

Mr. Hudson is now delivering his course of Lectures at the Stuyvesant Institute and at Brooklyn, to audiences in which the professions and literature of the city are amply represented.

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### MR. POE'S LECTURE ON THE POETS.

There were some things in Mr. Poe's Lecture on the American Poets at the Society Library which appeared out of harmony with the general tone of his remarks, but they were slight, unworthy of being mentioned alongside of the devoted spirit in which he advocated the claims and urged the responsibilities of literature. The necessity of a just independent criticism was his main topic. He made unmitigated war upon the prevalent Puffery, and dragged several popular idols from their pedestals. His closest critical remarks were given to an examination of the poetry of Mrs. Sigourney and the Davidsons. Bryant, Halleck, and Willis were spoken of briefly, but any neglect in this particular was compensated by several choicely delivered recitations from their verses. There was some injustice done to Dana, whose early reputation was attributed to his connexion with the North American Review at its commencement—a circumstance which on the contrary provoked great hostility to Mr. Dana, who was at that time much in advance of the literary opinions of the "American Athens." There has been a great deal said about this lecture, which should be either repeated or printed. If published with proper revision and some additions, it would render our literature, at the present time, an important service.

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### PLAGIARISM.

Mr. Poe has been for some weeks past engaged in a critical discussion in the *Broadway Journal* on the subject of plagiarism. While it is necessary that something should be said on this point, there is also great danger that the thing may be carried too far. There is no literary question which requires more discrimination, greater nicety of apprehension and occasionally more courage. We appreciate the latter quality in Mr. Poe; it is especially necessary in a country which numbers some thousand poets, and not one, *in the highest sense*, worthy the name among them all. It is something for a man to encounter so formidable an opposition in this day of newspapers and public opinion, when the opportunities for the gratification of a whim or prejudice, to say nothing of malice and disappointed hate, are so ready at hand. Yet it is necessary that a man should respect himself and tell the truth. Occasionally critics are found in this predicament. Of all pursuits in the world we know of none more humiliating, more dastardly, or less comfortable to an honest mind than the aimless, shifting, puffing, practice of literature as a poor, mean, good natured thing to live by from day to day, impart complacency to a certain number of fools, and persecute a certain number of supposed enemies. The more noble the calling, the greater the temptation to assume it hypocritically, and the more prompt should be the reckoning. It is for the interest of literature that every man who writes should show his honesty and not bring letters into contempt. If in doing this he should happen to fall on the other side of harshness or rudeness—provided he do not sin from ignorance or wantonness, or self-sufficiency—let him be pardoned, for it is better both for the cause of truth and virtue that this should be the case than that a man should be always dull and complaisant. As an exercise of the intellect let us have now and then a little witty asperity; as a relief to the heart let us keep up an antagonism with Sin and vent our indignation loudly.

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Freedom of speech is the pride of Englishmen—may it never be said of us, that we have neither virtue to give birth to or endure a sound hearty Satirist.

For the other side of the matter, while criticism should be free, clear and loud, if we would ever arrive at excellence—it should always be just; nay it should lean toward merit, and protect and kindle the faintest spark of promise. A charge of Plagiarism is a very serious one and should not be lightly uttered. It is a word which has a taint in it of dishonesty, and will be resisted to the death. In the cases employed by Mr. Poe, a gentler word might be substituted to advantage. In the discussion of these topics there are always a great many preliminary distinctions, to be settled by demurrer and argument, before the case can be fairly determined. Plagiarism may be anything from downright theft, according to the original signification of the word, stealing people's children and as a necessary concomitant disguising them, to the most harmless and permissible familiarity with them. The vilest plagiarist on record reduced the system to an art, and his name is recorded by D'Israeli. This grave prose writer seems entirely unconscious of a pun, but he tells us the name of this miscreant was Richesource. He was the very Machiavelli of dishonest authorship; a bawd to weak minds and empty heads, teaching fools how to shuffle and transpose and translate another man's writings into their own. What an interval between the paltry tricks of a Richesource, and the subtle associations of a Shakspeare. Yet both these extremes and all shades of difference between pass commonly for plagiarism. One of the two or three anecdotes we have of Shakspeare is an authentic one, which relates a conversation in which Alleyn the player and founder of Dulwich College, accuses him —Shakspeare—of stealing the address to the Players in Hamlet. He had said the very same things to him in conversation!

Is a man to be forbidden to write everything that he hears or sees or reads—for you might as well forbid the impulses derived from conversation or observation as those from books. In the former cases, which generally go scot-free, the impulses may be quicker and more tangible. If this were carried out, few men of the present day would write at all. Literature would be left to Shakspeares and to Miltons—but these too have not been exempt from the charge.

There is a bastard originality, which is more spurious than sheer commonplace—the artifices of a man, for instance, who dresses up his thoughts with bits of tinsel and forced exaggerations, simply to disguise them.

Sincerity is at the bottom of true originality. Words are weapons which cannot be used without strength and vigor. What matters it, if sometime in the heat of the battle, the author snatches another man's sword, his language, and deals a hearty blow with it? Wordsworth is surely an original writer, if he is anything, yet he states, according to a passage in Hare's "Guesses at Truth," that he had always found his thoughts (afterwards) in other writers, and upon one occasion when he had written something which he thought "new," he had found it the next day in so common an author as Boyle.

But we may take the case of known plagiarists—authors who have been taken in the act. Sterne is as noted a thief as any on record. His sermons he stole from Bishop Hall; his moralizing from Montaigne and Bacon; his wit from Rabelais, and courageous robber that he was, a passage on plagiarism itself from old Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Yet there is nothing more unquestionable than that Sterne's sermons are as unlike Hall's as possible; that Burton had no conception of the fineness of touch in Tristram Shandy, and that Rabelais himself would be delighted with the novelty of his own garments if he could see them on the back of the Sentimentalist. Dr. Ferriar, a witty physician, exposed all these things in a delightful book which holds a permanent place in the library—which we read alongside of Sterne himself. Yet who thinks the less of the "Journey in France," or of "My Father," or "Uncle Toby," or "Corporal Trim?" We admire Dr. Ferriar for his learning, and pleasant mode of communicating it, and Sterne for a thousand things—just as the future connoisseur in American literature will rejoice in the acumen of Mr. Poe, and the picturesqueness of Mr. Longfellow.

Gray is another example of an author who borrowed largely. In Mitford's edition of his poems nearly every line of the Elegy has its parallel in an ancient or modern author. Some passages are transferred bodily, and there is no end of the phrases worked in Mosaic. One tenth of the evidence would damn a contemporary author. Yet Gray's Elegy is his own —every line of it, for it is pervaded by his own spirit—and there is no poem more read or more enjoyed in English literature. What are the notes of critics against the "adamant" of genius—the fire and the feelings of Gray?

Pope, somewhere, we believe, in his

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letters says, the Old Poets are very good to—steal from. His Christian's Dying Address to his Soul, is taken wholesale from Flatman, an old writer, whose name as an accuser he might have thought would have rendered the man harmless in any court where the English language was spoken. But not so. Flatman lives on the immortality of Pope—a fly preserved in his amber.

> Not that the thing was either rich or rare,
> One wondered how the Devil it got there.

Much more might be said on this subject—which we should regret to see "put down" in literature by any force or collusion. It is one of the fair tests of authorship. Does a writer borrow? If so, how often and what? Has he any excellence beside? This matter of Plagiarisms should be an open question—not handled wantonly or illiberally, but with a reverence for Truth. As we have suggested, it is a very nice matter for Criticism, but it should be fearlessly encountered, otherwise our libraries will be overrun with pretenders and mountebanks.

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REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

> "Behold the fatal day arrive!
> 'How is the Dean.'—'He's just alive.'
> Now the departing prayer is read;
> He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.
> ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

It is now some months past,* since we bore our testimony to the many merits of Sydney Smith as a man, a wit, a reformer, and remembering the cheerfulness of his old age, we called down upon him the blessing of a long life, with full permission to write as many American and Duff Green letters as he pleased, provided always they were as witty as the first. The spectacle of an old man, triumphing over age, and with a few strokes of his pen in his study ruffling one half the world, was something cheerful to look upon. "For many years," said we, "may he be another proof of the long life that is nourished by a quick and fruitful intellect." *Dis aliter visum.* Sydney Smith has gone to join the wits of the past, the shades of Swift and Sterne and Echard, and South and Fuller, his great clerical predecessors. Lord John Russell shall now rest in peace; Sir Robert Peel no more be pricked by the Canon's pen, and the drab-colored men of Pennsylvania pass quietly over to history. But it will long be remembered that such things were, and the name of Sydney Smith point many a frequent aphorism in the annals of Wit.

We have no particular accounts of the death of Sydney Smith; whether, like Sir Thomas More and Rabelais, he jested *in articulo mortis*, we know not, but this we may venture to say, that had he lived a few days longer, to hear of the first payment of Philadelphia dividends, it would have cost him his quip, though he had died for it. It was a poetic adjustment of the little drama of life, by which the curtain fell in time to leave his great jokes immaculate and entire. How many invitations might he have received from interest-paying Pennsylvanians had he lived, to keep that celebrated promise, and appear at the bar of the Senate in the plumeopicean robe! "to suffer Conscript Jonathans to trickle over him the few drops of tar—to stand arrayed in those penal plumes in which the vanquished reasoner of the transatlantic world does homage to the physical superiority of his opponents!" Alas! poor Yorick! Many will miss him—those who grow weary under long evangelical discourses, will sigh for his brief pointed eloquence at St. Paul's; the men who lived upon his jokes will thirst for his wit, and American travellers will long for his hospitality — for be it known, Sydney Smith was a hospitable man, and a great friend of Americans individually, though he had his own notions of an insolvent state in the abstract. We have heard of his kind reception of many who will treasure his name.

Now that he is dead the jackals of literature will pounce upon his remains, for the newspapers, and we shall, doubtless, have many very readable articles, "Recollections of the late Sydney Smith," "Hours with Peter Plymley," &c., &c.—then the man will be handed over to the biographers, a new chapter will be added, and a rare one to Joe Miller, some half dozen volumes will take their chosen place in the library, and our children will read of him as we do of Swift and Rabelais.

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## NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Historical Society was held at their rooms in the University of the City of New York on Tuesday evening, 4th ult. The Society was called to order by Lieut. Gov. Bradish, the first Vice President, in the absence of Mr. Gallatin, the President. On taking the chair, Mr. Bradish, who had been prevented by illness from attending since his election, addressed the society in substance as follows:

Gentlemen of the Society; Before en-

* Democratic Review, lxxii., June, 1844.

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tering upon the duties which you have assigned me, permit me to tender my cordial acknowledgments for the unexpected honor conferred upon me in my election as Vice President of the Society. This has been the more flattering from the fact, that I had not previously been for some time an attendant upon or participator in its proceedings. This unearned honor, therefore, has been bestowed in generous confidence, without a corresponding obligation on my part. A satisfactory discharge of it will be the more difficult from the ability with which the duties have hitherto been performed, but whatever a sincere desire to aid in your labors, and an industrious attention to the duties of the station may enable me to perform, that I can promise—for the rest I must throw myself upon your indulgence."

The librarian then announced among the donations for the month, a valuable collection of bibles and testaments from the American Bible Society, mostly in foreign languages, and several in different Indian tongues. Documents of the New York Legislature, and of Congress, from different gentlemen. Two memorials addressed by Miss D. L. Dix, to the legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, on the subject of Insane Asylums, from the authoress, and a deposit of forty-seven volumes of the late New York American from Charles King, Esq., its editor.

Among new nominations was that of the Hon. James K. Polk, *virtute officii*, an honorary member.

Mr. Jay, Domestic Corresponding Secretary, next read communications from the following gentlemen—from Dr. J. P. Kirtland, of Cleaveland, Ohio; from Wm. A. Whitehead, Esq. Corresponding Secretary of the New Jersey State Historical Society, announcing the formation of that Institution, and transmitting a list of its officers—from George Johnston, of Lake Michigan, Grand Traverse Bay, with a translation from the Indian Dialect, of the etymology and tradition of the word "Osawgenong,"—the land of the Sacs, and from whence the river derives its name, signifying the sortie of the Foxes or Sacs—from Mr. Rufus W. Griswold, of Philadelphia, acknowledging his election as a corresponding member—and letters, from the Honorable Moses G. Leonard, J. Phillips Phœnix, W. B. Maclay, Thomas J. Patterson; and Wm. J. Hubbell, in reply to certain resolutions passed by the Society at the last meeting requesting the co-operation of the members from New York, in the passage through the House of Representatives, of the "Act to establish the Smithsonian Institute for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."—The letter from three members expressed their hearty concurrence in the object of the bill—but their fear that it would be impossible to reach it the present session.

Mr. Jay announced the recent decease, at Seville, of Mr. E. Champion Bacon, of Litchfield, Connecticut, a corresponding member of the Society, and appropriate resolutions were thereupon passed.

The Executive Committee, through their chairman, reported upon the nominations referred to them, and the following gentlemen were elected:

*Resident Members*—George B. De Forrest, Oliver De Forrest, Edward D. Nelson, Andrew W. Green, J. J. Bowden, George P. Nelson, David E. Bartlett, Jacob Van Nostrand, Stephen Hyatt, Morris Barker, Thomas R. Gerry.

Mr. Wetmore, on behalf of the Executive Committee, laid upon the table the new volume of the Proceedings of the Society for the past year, with an Appendix, embracing Mr. Broadhead's Oration, and the speeches at the late celebration of their fortieth Anniversary. This volume, containing upwards of 300 pages, like those which have been previously published from the press of the Historical Society, under the direction of the Executive Committee, is characterized no less by its excellent typography and execution, than its intrinsic value. It will be for sale at Messrs. Bartlett & Welford's, Broadway.

On motion of the Domestic Corresponding Secretary, it was Resolved, That this Society have learned with sincere pleasure the formation of the New Jersey State Historical Society, and tender to that Institution their cordial congratulations and friendly services.

Resolved, That the Librarian be directed to forward to the New Jersey State Historical Society, copies of all the collections and proceedings of this Society, and also any duplicates, documents, books or pamphlets, bearing upon the history of the country, which may be spared from its collections.

Prof. Robinson in continuation read the posthumous paper of the late Col. Stone, commenced at the last meeting, prefacing it with a few remarks on the character of the author. The subject of Indian or aboriginal archæology was briefly treated of, with notices of the researches and labors of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Henry Wheaton, and others.

Mr. D. D. Field introduced, with a few remarks, a resolution proposing a committee for the purpose of restoring the Indian names to localities in the United States. Mr. Field, Mr. Schoolcraft, and Mr. Hoffman were appointed such committee.

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Geo: McDuffie

*Engraved for the Democratic Review by J. B. Forrest from a contemporary Miniature*

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THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XVI. MAY, 1845. No. LXXXIII.

## THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest. He is a bad patriot who is seen to make it an object of eager partizan zeal to degrade and disgrace his own country, and his country's government, not only in the eyes of our own people, but of the rest of the world,—not only of those engaged in controversy with us on the point at issue, but of that envious step-mother-land ever scowling malignly upon us with evil eye from across the water; keen for the discovery of every occasion for a sneer, quick to seize it, and bitterly scornful in pushing it to its utmost possible length, of insult against us, and disparagement of democratic institutions.

The Annexation of Texas is a measure which industrious arts of misrepresentation and sophism have labored to pervert into an act of national rapacity, spoliation, and bad faith,—aggravated by the comparative weakness of the poor neighbor who is the object of the imputed wrong. In the relations of private life, a similar charge would certainly be one which an honorable self-respect would repel with the most sensitive indignation. The honor of our Country surely should be no less dear to each of her sons not wholly unworthy of that parentage. We acknowledge, therefore, a sentiment not far removed from that which is the just meed of all treason, when we see a portion of the American press itself teaching to the foreigner this language of outrage against our own national honor, —pleading guilty to the charge in the name of the country, for the sake of maintaining a partizan argument or partizan clamor against an antagonist party ascendant in the government. To the American in Mexico or in England, reading in the journals of those countries, copious extracts from the papers of his own, stamped on every line with this unpatriotic moral treason, and fully sustaining the worst that can be even pretended by our worst enemies there,—by a testimony paraded as the confession of the party criminated—there can be but little consolation in the reflection that these are indeed American journals, from whose columns such insulting citations are thus flouted in his face. Smarting for his country beneath the sting of the insult—(and to a jealous delicacy of honor, insult does not need the barb of truth to pierce and sting) —he will remember that so the "struck eagle"

"Views his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivers in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

In truth, this traitorous Anti-Americanism has been dealt with all too leniently. Too much indulgence has been extended to that which may perhaps have been honest difference of opinion before the action of the country became decided and committed, but which after that time lost its right to a similar charitableness of construction and treat-

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ment. The more patriotic and loyal portion of our press have been too much content with a defensive attitude on this point, when the scoffer and the slanderer of his own country's honor should have been shamed into silence by the crushing rebuke of a just indignation. We have been content with deferentially disputing and calmly disproving his charges—sometimes with little more than simply parrying or palliating them.

Now we wholly deny that there is anything in this case of Annexation, so far as regards the rights of Mexico, or any relations of ours to her, to cast a shadow upon the honor of our country. There is no *primâ facie* case even, against us. There is no color of truth in her charges, insolently though she may parade her ridiculous protests through the courts of the two worlds. On the contrary, all that there has been of violence and wrong, of cruelty and treachery, of abuse of force over supposed weakness and dependence, has been on her side, throughout all this history of the origin, growth, and emancipation of the State of Texas. Whereas, on the other hand, our conduct has been characterized by a degree of generous forbearance, of regard for even the appearances of good faith and national justice, carried to a point only this side of quixotism, and certainly far beyond any precedent as yet afforded us in the history of any civilized nation on the face of the globe.

We propose briefly to go over this ground. We recognize our obligation at this time to do so, in response to the action which (at the date of the present article) Mexico appears to be taking in regard to the Annexation of Texas. That obligation is the more imperative from the fact of the vast disparity between us in power and resources for the forcible maintenance of our respective rights. The obligation would be still stronger, were Mexico a still feebler power. We would not consent to be placed in the wrong, in a national dispute with the mightiest sovereignty in either hemisphere—still less with one of the weakest and meanest. Hence the duty of a distinct exposition of the true merits of this case between Mexico and ourselves, at the present moment, even though at the cost of the recapitulation of views and arguments already familiar to the public, and already amply covered by the discussion of the question at some of its former stages, in previous articles of this Review.

The Mexican argument against us is this—that Texas is a revolted province, with which she is rightfully engaged in a war for resubjugation, and that by its annexation to our Union, we do her a threefold wrong; namely,

That we violate the Boundary Treaty between us, of April 5th, 1831, by which we established the Sabine as the boundary between the two countries.

That we violate the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation of the same date, by a step which is a virtual act of war, since it involves the assumption of an existing war between her and Texas.

And that we commit an act of aggression and spoliation, and assumption of an existing war, in violation of international law, even without the special obligations imposed by our treaties.

This is her argument, and her assumption of the state of the facts involved in the argument.—Very well; —let us look first to the two treaty questions, thus brought into the front of the case.

And first as to the *Boundary Treaty.* This was simply a treaty determining the boundary between the two countries, with reference to all then existing rights and claims. It was nothing more nor less than the transfer to Mexico, now become independent of Spain, of that mutual recognition of boundaries which had been agreed upon with Spain, by the Florida treaty, of 1819. By the treaty of 1819, the Sabine was declared the boundary as between the United States and Spain; by that of 1831, with Mexico, the same boundary was recognized between us and Mexico. A treaty of this kind is certainly a mutual abandonment of all existing territorial claims founded on any rights existing at that date; and so far as regards the argument sometimes advanced in the pro-Annexation discussions, that any unexhausted or unforfeited rights remained to us by virtue of the original Louisiana treaty (under which we had claimed to the Del Norte), this boundary treaty of 1819 and 1831 was certainly conclusive against us. But it is equally clear that it has no bearing whatever upon *new* rights accruing in the course of *subsequent* events, by which a portion of the Mexican territory should become disintegrated from its main bulk,

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and converted into a separate state, rightfully independent and sovereign, and entitled to form any alliance or union with us or any other power, as it may deem proper. As by the establishment of the independence of Mexico, our former boundary treaty with Spain became justly applicable to the new sovereignty, rightfully entitled to, and in fact possessing the same country; so now by the subsequent establishment of the independence of Texas, the just applicability of the boundary treaty with Mexico, becomes transferred to the new state, to which alone it then has reference. This branch of the Mexican argument absurdly assumes that a boundary treaty is a perpetual guaranty of the continued cohesion of each other's territory, so as in truth to deny to either the right ever to recognize any separation of any portion of the territory of the other—whatever subsequent combination of circumstances may arise to cause and justify it. So, in the case of proprietors of adjacent landed estates, A and B, a boundary line may at one period be agreed upon, with a mutual quit-claim and abandonment of all anterior rights or pretensions; yet if a third party, C, should subsequently become vested with both legal and equitable title, and actual possession, of a certain portion of the land of B, lying adjacent to that of A, it is very certain that A is guilty of no wrong against B —no violation of the original quit-claim agreement—by afterwards becoming the purchaser of the tract belonging to and held by C. That agreement retains no further efficacy than for the protection of C against A, whom it still restrains from transcending the boundary line agreed upon, without the consent of C, now become the owner of the adjacent tract. But why waste time and space to illustrate a truth so plain in itself—that a boundary treaty is no treaty of guaranty for the future integrity of the respective territories; and that, while it is a mutual abandonment of all past or present claims beyond the established boundary, it has no conceivable reference to any new rights which may accrue to either party through subsequent events, or by the introduction of third parties into the relation between the original two. If a boundary treaty is to be construed into the effect now claimed for it by the Mexican argument, by what right could the very treaty in question have been concluded between the U. S. and Mexico, precluded as we were by the subsisting agreement of boundaries with Spain by the treaty of 1819? The Mexican argument, on this head, explodes itself, by assuming a principle whose first application and effect must be to annul the very treaty to which it itself appeals. It is evident that, so far as regards the country in dispute, Texas now stands between us and Mexico on precisely the same footing as she herself, Mexico, stood between us and Spain. Spain's formal recognition of the independence of Mexico was not made till after the treaty of 1831.

So much for the Boundary Treaty, which evidently has no more bearing on the real merits of the question, than Mr. Cushing's late treaty between the United States and the Ta Tsing Empire.

This brings us to the other treaty of the same date, the *Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation.* By this we pledged ourselves to maintain perpetual peace with Mexico—which of course forbids our ever engaging in any other war with her than one defensive against her aggression, or made justifiable by her violation and abrogation of the treaty. The Mexican argument now is, that inasmuch as she is "at war" with Texas, we by annexing Texas adopt that war, and place ourselves *ipso facto* in a state of war with her—of course aggressively, and in violation of the treaty. Let us examine this point closely and clearly.

Assume the Annexation to be completed, and the sovereignty of Texas to be merged into the broader and higher sovereignty of the Union of which it then becomes a small fraction; retaining indeed its sovereignty in regard to internal affairs (subject only to the obligations of the federal Constitution), but having wholly parted with it in regard to all foreign relations. What then has become of the war between Texas and Mexico? Why, Texas, as a body politic capable of any foreign relations, whether of peace or war, has ceased to exist. Her war is as much at an end, as in a litigation between individuals, the death of the one terminates it, as between those parties,—or as in the Homeric combat between Paris and Menelaüs, when the former is sud-

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denly borne off by his patron-goddess in a cloud, nothing is left but the empty air to receive the blows of the remaining party to the engagement. By the annexation, Mexico is brought up face to face with a new party, the United States. It is not we who assume the War of Texas, but Texas which, merging itself into our political being, comes *ipso facto* into our existing relation of Peace. It is with us that Mexico now has to deal. We are now the only other party in the case—and it takes two to make a war as well as a bargain. *We* are in a state of peace with Mexico, peace guarantied by treaty. The question then arising is simply, whether such a step on our part is, or is not, a sufficient cause for Mexico to declare war against us? Perhaps it may be—perhaps not. This will depend on various considerations, both of fact and of right. All we are here contending for is, that Annexation is not an adoption of the war of Texas, but at the worst, only the performance of an act which *may possibly* give Mexico a right to declare war against us.

Of the considerations which are to determine that point, we must be the judge on our side, and Mexico on hers; the general reason and conscience of mankind, between us two.

If the preponderance of those considerations be against us, then would the act of annexation be a departure, more or less decided, from the spirit of the treaty in question. If not, not.

So far as regards the letter of the treaty, it is not at any rate a violation of it. Texas, we repeat, comes within the embrace of our existing peace; precisely as, if the case were reversed, and we were at war and Texas at peace, by coming into the Union she would come within the scope of our existing war.

Before the country thus annihilated so far as regards its sovereignty, merged itself by annexation into the political being of another, the nation which was then engaged in war with it may have had certain grounds of quarrel, which it maintained by force because justice was refused it, by the imperfect moral sense or imperfect intelligence of its opponent. But it by no means follows that that refusal of justice would be continued by the new and enlarged party, to whose control the matter in dispute would thus become transferred. Texas by herself, while an independent sovereignty, might insist on certain grounds in her relations with Mexico, which the Union, of which Texas would become by Annexation only a small fraction, might regard with a very different eye. We by no means intend to admit that in the instance of Texas there was any injustice done to Mexico, which might perhaps be corrected by the more enlarged views and action of the Union. We give the statement of the case in this form for argument's sake, only to make the plainer the truth, that Annexation under such circumstances is no act of war, no adoption of a pending war—(even admitting anything resembling an actual war to have been pending between the two). Even supposing Mexico to have been the object of any wrongful treatment on the part of Texas justifying war, the only effect would be that Mexico would then have to address her complaints and her reclamations to the new party brought into the case. Perhaps they would be received in a very different spirit than before. Possibly the equity of all Mexico's demands might be recognized, and full right done her in the premises. Perhaps it might be by indemnification—perhaps by restoration of all the territory in dispute—perhaps by a renewed boundary treaty, with the Sabine again fixed as the limit. Who knows? The probability of such a result as the latter might not indeed be great—but how can Mexico know even that, until she has tried—until she has exhausted the mode provided by our existing treaty of amity for the adjustment of disputes—until she has asked and been refused satisfaction or arbitration? And in regard to the former result, what right has she to assume that ample satisfaction would not be done her, by an appeal to the liberality and justice of our government and people—satisfaction going perhaps to the full extent of making her rejoiced and grateful for the bargain? It is very certain that no small amount of encouragement has been held out to her to expect such a disposition on our part, not only through manifold organs of public sentiment but through distinct and direct overtures of our government itself. It would be time enough for Mexico to think of war—to fancy herself aggrieved at all by us—after having in vain appealed to these chances of redress; especially when she may read in her existing treaty with us such a provision as the following:—

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"If (what cannot indeed be expected) any of the articles contained in the present treaty shall be violated or infracted in any manner whatever, it is stipulated that neither of the contracting parties will order or authorize any acts of reprisal, or declare war against the other on complaint of injuries or damages, *until* the said party, considering itself offended, shall first have presented to the other a statement of such injuries or damages, verified by competent proofs, and demanded justice and satisfaction, and the same shall have been refused or unnecessarily delayed."

This line of reasoning, not the less just and sound because it may be nice and strict, disposes satisfactorily of the Mexican argument on the ground of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation—so far, at least, as we have carried the reasoning. Remains then to examine these considerations of fact and right, on which must depend whether Annexation is, or is not, a departure from the *spirit* of that treaty.

And these hinge mainly on the question of the legitimacy and completeness of the independence of Texas. If Texas is *not* really and truly independent, but bears towards Mexico the relation pretended by the latter, of a merely insurgent province, justly liable to reconquest, and probably about to be reconquered, then Annexation would be an act of aggression upon Mexican territory, such as to justify war. But if, on the other hand, Texas *is* really and truly independent of Mexico, so as to bear no longer, if ever she bore, such a provincial relation, as a constituent and subject portion of the Mexican territory, then Annexation is no infringement of any right of Mexico, and it is no just or reasonable cause of war. How then stands this question of fact—the fact of Independence?

It may stand on either of two grounds—or it may stand on them both united.

*Either*, the independence of Texas may be a simple consummated fact—*un fait accompli*—respecting which it would be immaterial whether a just moral right lay at its origin or not. It would be enough that the thing were done—finished—settled—beyond any power of Mexico to undo it—Texas being as powerful to repel invasion as Mexico to attempt reconquest.

*Or*, it may be a moral right, unsupported, or only doubtfully supported, by an adequate physical force for its maintenance against the wrongful menaced aggression.

In either of these two cases, the other nations of the world have a perfect right to assume the Independence in question, and to act on that assumption. The former case needs no argument, beyond its own statement. Nor is the latter any less clear. Take the case of Switzerland, rightfully independent of Austria. Suppose it to be wrongfully menaced by the gigantic power of the latter, it would have a perfect right to incorporate itself into the realm of France, and France would be therein acting perfectly *in her right;* so as to make a declaration of war by Austria against France an act of unmitigated wrong and aggression, unjustifiable to man, and unblessed by God.

To apply these principles to the case before us, we might stop at the first-named ground of independence, namely, the unquestionable independence *de facto.* Or we might pass it over, and prove for Texas the other ground alone, namely, the independence *de jure.* Or, better still, we may show the happy combination of the two, in justification of our national position on this question. And that is what there is no difficulty in doing.

We do not propose here to go minutely into the historical facts of the case. Without narrating, it will suffice to indicate them. Texas never bore any other relation to Mexico than a federative one. She declared her independence of Spain in 1813,* as a

* The following Declaration of Independence by the Province of Texas, was proclaimed on the 4th April, 1813, in the city of San Antonio de Bexar, when a provisional form of government was adopted. We quote from Niles's Register, vol. 4, p. 313.

"We, the people of the province of Texas, calling on the Supreme Judge of the Universe to witness the rectitude of our intentions, declare that the ties which held us under the dominion of Spain and Europe are for ever dissolved—that we possess the right to establish a government for ourselves—that in future all legitimate authority shall emanate from the people to whom alone it rightfully belongs; and that henceforth all allegiance or subjection to any foreign power whatsoever is entirely renounced.

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province. After going through the long and confused struggles of the war of independence, she eventually, in the reorganization of the country into a political system by the constitution of 1824, took her place in the Mexican Union, in a sovereign capacity as a State, and with guaranties of State independence still more distinct and positive in terms, than those secured by

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"A relation of the causes which have conduced to render this step necessary, is due to our dignity and the opinion of the world. A long series of occurrences originating in the weakness and corruption of the Spanish rulers has converted that monarchy into the theatre of a sanguinary war between two contending powers, itself destined to be the prize of the victor. A king in the power and subject to the authority of one of them, the miserable wreck of its Government in the possession of the other, it appears to have lost the substance and almost the form of sovereignty—unable to defend itself upon the Peninsula, much less to protect its distant colonies. Those colonies are abandoned to the caprice of wicked men, whilst there exists no power to which they may be made responsible for the abuse of their authority or for the consequence of their rapacity. Self-preservation, the highest law of nature, if no other motive, would have justified this step. But independent of this necessity a candid world will acknowledge that we have had cause amply sufficient in the sufferings and oppressions which we have so long endured. Governments are established for the good of communities of men and not for the benefit and aggrandizement of individuals. When these ends are perverted to a system of oppression, the people have a right to change them for a better and for such as may be best adapted to their situation. Man is formed in the image of his Creator; he sins who submits to slavery. Who will say that our sufferings were not such as to have driven us to the furthest bounds of patience, and to justify us in establishing a new government and in choosing new rulers to whom we may intrust our happiness?

"We were governed by insolent strangers who regarded their authority only as the means of enriching themselves by the plunder of those whom they were sent to govern, while we had no participation either in national or municipal affairs.

"We feel with indignation the unheard-of tyranny of being excluded from all communication with other nations, which might tend to improve our situation, physical and moral, We were prohibited the use of books, of speech, and even of thought—our country was our prison.

"In a province which nature has favored with uncommon prodigality, we were poor. We were prohibited from cultivating those articles which are suitable to our soil and climate, and of pressing necessity. The commerce of our country was sold to the favorites of the court, and merchandize were supplied under the enormous exactions of monopolists. A barbarous and shameful inhospitality was manifested to strangers, even to our nearest neighbors. The products of our soil and of our industry were alike denied exportation. Our trade consisted in a trifling system of smuggling. Every path which led to fame or honor was closed upon us. We were denied participation in public employments;—we had no rank in the army maintained in the bosom of our country. We expected no promotion in a church to which we have ever been faithful and obedient sons.

"We saw the mighty monarchy of Spain threatened with destruction, and our oppressions were forgotten. We flew to her assistance like faithful and submissive vassals. As a reward for our faithful services, a sanguinary vagrant distinguished in his own country by no honorable action, is sent amongst us, and his government exhibited only acts of cruelty, insatiable avarice and augmented oppressions. Nothing but the specious promise that a general assembly of the Cortes would be convened, could have restrained us. Experience has shown this hope to be illusory. Some miserable wretches styling themselves the rulers of Spain, have sold us to a foreign power for a term of years in order to procure the means of consigning us for ever to the most ignominious servitude.

"The Spanish colonies of South America have long since declared and maintained their independence. The United States prove to us by an experience of 30 years that such a separation may be attended with national and individual prosperity.

"We conceive it a duty we owe as well to ourselves, as to our posterity, to seize the moment which now offers itself of shaking off the yoke of European domination, and of laboring in the cause of the independence of Mexico; taking the authority into our own hands, forming laws, and placing the government of our country upon a sure and firm basis, and by those means assume a rank among the nations of the world."

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our federal constitution, which afforded the model on which the Mexican constitution was moulded. This position, with the rights incident to it, is in no degree affected by the fact that Texas and Coahuila were then united, with but one legislature for the two. Their distinct political being was at the same time recognized, and the right of Texas to her own distinct independence and sovereignty secured, by the guaranty that this temporary union with Coahuila should cease, as soon as Texas should reach a certain complement of population. Santa Ana's violent military usurpation in 1835, and his overthrow of the constitution, carried into effect by the force of arms, and accompanied by the conversion of the *States* into *departments*, and the centralization of the whole political system of the country into a despotism—himself at the central State and City, Mexico, being the despot—was, undeniably, a complete dissolution of all the rightful bonds that united Texas to either the State of Mexico singly, or to any, or all of the rest of her former sovereign sisters in the confederacy. This, *this* was the revolution which separated Texas from Mexico. It was no revolt, and Texas was no revolted province. Other States attempted likewise to maintain the independence which this violent and wrongful dissolution of the existing political system, with all its fundamental guaranties, made rightfully theirs. They were rapidly overrun and conquered by the dictator. Texas alone succeeded, and by that success, remained standing in a position of independence, rightful as well as actual, as complete in all its aspects, as that of Mexico herself,—as that of any empire, kingdom, or republic, on the face of the globe. Even *before* the battle of San Jacinto, Texas was rightfully independent and sovereign, precisely as in the case above supposed, Switzerland would be, even while awaiting, under the protection of God and her Right alone, the approaching menace of Austrian war. After that battle the seal of consummated fact became added to what was before but a moral equity.*

We have here passed over more than

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* It may not be amiss to quote here the declaration adopted on the 17th November, 1835, by the Texan "Consultation" which assembled on the 3d of November at San Felipe, of which Dr. Branch T. Archer was chosen President:

"*Whereas* General Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, and other military chieftains, have, by force of arms, overthrown the Federal Constitution of Mexico, and dissolved the social compact which existed between Texas and the other members of the Confederacy, now the good people of Texas availing themselves of their natural right, SOLEMNLY DECLARE,

"First, That they have taken up arms in defence of their rights and liberties, which were threatened by encroachments of military despots, and in defence of the Republican principles of the Federal Constitution of Mexico, of 1824.

"Second, That Texas is no longer morally or civilly bound by the compact of union; yet stimulated by the generosity and sympathy common to a free people, they offer their support and assistance to such of the members of the Mexican Confederacy as will take up arms against military despotism.

"Third, That they do not acknowledge that the present authorities of the present nominal Mexican Republic, have the right to govern within the limits of Texas.

"Fourth, That they will not cease to carry on war against the said authorities whilst their troops are within the limits of Texas.

"Fifth, That they hold it to be their right during the disorganization of the Federal system, and the reign of despotism, to withdraw from the Union, to establish an Independent government, or to adopt such measures as they may deem best calculated to protect their rights and liberties; but that they will continue faithful to the Mexican government so long as that nation is governed by the Constitution and laws that were framed for the government of the political association.

"Sixth, That Texas is responsible for the expenses of her army in the field.

"Seventh, That the public faith of Texas is pledged for the payment of any debts contracted by her agents.

"Eighth, That she will reward by donations in land, all who volunteer their services in her present struggle, and receive them as citizens.

"These Declarations we solemnly avow to the world, and call God to witness their truth and sincerity, and invoke defeat and disgrace upon our heads, should we prove guilty of duplicity."

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one collateral point which would have added strength to this statement of the case. They were unnecessary. Why pause "to gild refined gold or paint the lily?" We will simply direct the reader's thought, by a passing allusion, to the invitation held out in the interval between 1824 and 1835, to American immigration into Texas, by the guaranty of State independence and self-government, on the model of the institutions familiar to them, in the homes they were thus tempted to abandon. The right of independence would have been not a jot less perfect, had every Texan, down to the very drummer-boys at San Jacinto, been of Spanish or Mexican birth. The feeling likely to pervade the population of Texas on the explosion of the Centralist revolution of 1835, under the usurping military dictatorship of a Santa Ana, might have been sufficiently anticipated from the character and origin of that population, as it was sufficiently proved in point of fact, by the brief history of the contest.

How then stands this question of fact, the fact of Independence?—was the question stated a little above. We have answered it, by showing its impregnable establishment equally on both of the two grounds, either of which would have been singly sufficient for all the purpose of the argument.

From this it follows undeniably, that Texas is *no* revolted province of Mexico—that Mexico has no better, and no stronger rights over Texas, than Texas over Mexico—that Annexation involves *no* aggression upon Mexican territory—and that it is, therefore, as little a violation of the *spirit* as it is of the *letter* of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation.

So much then for the two Treaties which have a place in the consideration of the general question between us and Mexico. The only practical bearing of either of them is now in our favor, and we invoke and claim its benefit. It is upon *Mexico* that *we* have to call, to respect the treaty of perpetual peace between the two countries. It is from *her*, aggressively upon *us*, that some danger of its violation appears to be impending. She appears, in a spirit of ignorant ferocity and foolhardiness, under the double influence of national vanity and demagogue counsels, disposed to plunge into a course of proceeding at once foolish, unjustifiable, and in violation of the terms as well as spirit of our existing treaty with her. If she shall persist in it, she will do so to her own wrong, and will reap from it nothing but disgrace and disaster.

Having thus disposed of the Mexican argument as founded on the two Treaties cited, it is unnecessary to dwell on its third branch, as we have above stated it—namely, that, independently of the two treaties, Annexation is an act of wrongful aggression and spoliation, in violation of the general principles of international law. This has been sufficiently covered by the refutation of the argument on its higher grounds, and in its more imposing form. The greater includes the less—the higher obligation the inferior one—the positive pledge to do right, the general equitable duty to do so. This is plain enough to dispense with waste of words upon it.

What right then has Mexico to complain? What right to hold to us the insulting language of protest against our imputed spoliation of her territory and violation of our treaty obligations? What right to undertake to hold us up to the censures of the moral sentiment of the rest of the family of nations, by diplomatic protests addressed to their several courts, in a pretended attitude of rapacity and faithlessness, under circumstances made the more odious from the vast disparity of power between us and her? All this is the most insolent farce ever attempted even by the bombastic absurdity of Mexican conceit and imbecility. And when we see a portion of our own press at once emulating and stimulating this tone of slanderous insult against the honor of their own country, for the gratification of a factious animosity against the ascendant policy of a party always most obnoxious to them when most in harmony with the true nationality of the country, we confess that it is hard to bear patiently, hard to remain content with the simple indifference and silence of that contempt which such a course deserves.

Mexico has *no* right to complain of anything in the premises. On the contrary, we have borne and forborne much. We had a right to receive Texas into the Union at the time of her first assertion of her independence, the independence upon which she was thrown by

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the revolutionary usurpation of the Mexican central government. If we then waived our right, and even repulsed the application of Texas herself for admission, notwithstanding the earnestness with which our government has always pursued the object of the recovery of that region, it was from a degree of honorable regard for even what Mexico might imagine to be her rights, of which rare examples are to be found in the histories of other nations. And before further entertaining the project, we waited through an ample length of time, to afford Mexico the fullest opportunity of enforcing her pretended rights; nor has it been till after a practical demonstration of her utterly helpless and hopeless impotence, as against Texas, to which no eye can possibly remain any longer blind—till after time has placed the independence of Texas on a ground so incontestable as even to supersede all need of pleading its original rightfulness—that we now at last consummate this great and interesting measure of our national policy.

A few words only on a single other point which has been made prominent in the Mexican case, as usually urged against our country by Mexican ministers in Mexico, and Mexican orators and writers among ourselves. They charge on our government the responsibility for the whole movement of the assertion and forcible establishment of the independence of Texas. It sent our citizens into the country to plunder it from Mexico—it connived at the active participation of fresh hundreds and thousands of volunteers to aid in their war of independence; and the whole affair from beginning to end has been but a scheme of its public policy, deeply planned and artfully pursued, for the acquisition of the long coveted territory. The grossness of this calumny needs no refutation. It was *our* government then that invited American settlement into Texas, under all its guaranties of State independence, after the establishment of the constitution of 1824! It was *our* government, which in 1835 revolutionized the Mexican confederacy—overthrew the constitution—dissolved the whole political system which it established and guaranteed, casting each of its constituent parts back on the rights of its own independence and integrity—and at the same time established at the seat of the former central government an usurping military despot, with a priest's crucifix in one hand, and a soldier's sword in the other, as the government to which it was to be expected that submission could be yielded by a population freshly immigrant from our Union, on Mexican invitation, into Texas! It was *our* government, then, that did these things, and therefore is chargeable with the responsibility of their natural, their inevitable consequences!

And if during the progress of the brief contest, succors poured in upon the Texans from the adjacent section of the Union, it was no fault of our government. From the nature of our institutions, and the defect of our laws as they then existed, it was impossible to prevent it. Nor could any laws have practically prevented it—nor any attempts to execute those laws. The government did all that was then in its power, to prevent the organization of armed bands for the purpose; but the right of expatriation and emigration, which could not be contested to the American citizen, and which was in no respect affected by the fact of hostilities in progress between Texas and her menacing assailant, Mexico, baffled the attempts which were made in good faith, and to the extent of the faculties afforded by the existing state of our laws. If in the somewhat analogous, though far from identical case which afterwards arose with England, in regard to Canada, a greater and more effectual energy was displayed by our Executive government, it was partly because of the vast difference in the facilities afforded by the section of Union which was the field of operations, and partly because the former recent experience in regard to Mexico and Texas, had proved the inefficacy of the existing laws on the subject, and had led to the bestowal upon the Executive of enlarged powers and means of action.

Away with this Mexican gasconading about her pretended rights and pretended wrongs! And away with that less endurable cant of American factiousness, which does not hesitate to disgrace the country for the sake of attacking an adverse party dominant in the government! The former, after disproving, we can well afford to despise; the latter we must needs also detest. This thing is done, and so far as regards Mexico, rightfully done, honestly and honorably done. She loses nothing,

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but gains much, in exchanging independent Texas for our great, pacific and friendly Union, as her conterminous neighbor. The matter might indeed have been conducted with somewhat less abruptness —with somewhat more of diplomatic tact and good taste—than marked the action of the late administration and its agents. With no less of the *fortiter in re*, there might well have been added a little more of the *suaviter in modo* on our part. But these points of form and manner sink into insignificance, in the broader view we are called upon to take of the national rights involved in the case, and in comparison with the insolent charges of violation of treaties and spoliation of a weak neighbor, to which we have had to reply. A very little prudence, a very little moderation, a very little less fierce haste to act immediately on great interests of internal partisan intrigue—would have sufficed to arrange the whole matter to the satisfaction of Mexico and of all parties concerned. Fate and Mr. Tyler willed it otherwise, and we therefore have now to demonstrate our rights, when we might and ought to have prevented their being ever called into question, by any party bringing against us even an unfounded charge of injustice.

The future direction which it may take must depend largely on Mexico herself. Her own conduct in it thus far has been marked with an insolence, stupidity and folly, very little favorable to the cultivation of liberal and conciliatory dispositions on our part. It has only been from the conscious right to be magnanimous—to deal indulgently with a power at once so petty and so petulant —that her conduct has been at all tolerated, and any terms kept with her. If she now persists in carrying into effect her absurd threats of war—or visits upon our countrymen resident in Mexico the resentment due alone, if to any, to our government—she will exhaust what remains of disposition on our part to deal generously by her, for the satisfaction of even an imaginary semblance of a right or reason to complain; and will have only herself to thank for the loss of terms which a different course on her part might easily have secured from the good-humored magnanimity of our people and government. In the adjustment of the western boundary of Texas—in the settlement of the debt due from Mexico to the United States —in the negotiation of some proportion of the general debt of Mexico equitably chargeable perhaps to Texas as being due at the time of the disruption of their union together, there was and is ample room for perfectly satisfactory accommodation of all points at issue between the two countries. We sincerely trust that Mexico will not herself close the door upon all such chances, by pursuing an intemperate line of conduct, in which she will be equally in the wrong in reference to her imaginary rights, and foolish in reference to her real interests.

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## NEW ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT.*

If we have any drops of good nature remaining in our breasts, they are sure to bubble up at the sight of a new American book, and instead of judging it as we would any other human production, we feel disposed to regard it as a phenomenon, not to be judged at all, but to be wondered at and admired. It was with feelings like these, that we opened the book before us: the title was peculiarly attractive, and we were curious to know whether others had found New Orleans, as we found it a few years since, and as it happens, oddly enough, the very year in which it was found by Mr. Didimus himself. But never were two places more unlike, than the New Orleans seen by Mr. Didimus and the New Orleans which we saw in the same place, for we will do him the justice to state that he has placed the city on the right side of the river and in the true parallel of latitude. On the first page of the book we find this startling note:—

"The northerner, accustomed to extravagant portraitures of the slave's deprivations, is agreeably surprised to find the servant sheltered by a roof often equal with, and sometimes superior to, that which shelters the master."

The superior roof which the author means, is, probably, the sky; in this respect he is doubtless correct in his statement.

In his dedication, Mr. Didimus says, "I dedicate to you these sketches of some of the incidents of my first visit to New Orleans, in the winter of 1835–'36. In a second part I shall add other compartments to an unfinished picture of the most remarkable city of our country." It was certainly no unreasonable expectation, after this serious declaration, to look for some account of New Orleans; and we do not think that Mr. Didimus himself could murmur at our disappointment, when, turning over his pages, we encountered a string of romances which might have put Baron Munchausen to the blush, and made Sinbad the Sailor appear as matter-of-fact a person as the Secretary of the Treasury.

Saving a page or two of geography and history, the book might with almost as much propriety be called Paris as I found it, as New Orleans.

The author makes his appearance on the levee, where he meets a Kentucky boatman, and, having asked him the price of corn, he, the boatman, invites Mr. Didimus on board his broad-horn, introduces him to his, the boatman's, wife, treats him to a glass of whiskey, and immediately begins to relate the history of his, the boatman's, life, commencing in this very methodical manner, as though it had been written off and committed to memory expressly for the occasion:—

"It was a cold, overcast, drizzly morning of the month of March, 1816, when I, with six companions, took friendly leave of the Boatman's Retreat, a very good house of entertainment," and so forth, and so forth.

That our untravelled readers may judge what refined fellows those Kentucky boatmen are, and what eyes they have for the beauties of nature, and how like a book they talk, we will quote a specimen of Capt. Longfellow's (that was the boatman's name) narrative:

"It was a beautiful site the Frenchman had built upon. His house, a double log cabin, stood upon a natural mound, which fell off on every side to an even plain of ten thousand acres. And the woods about it, cleared of all underbrush (an Indian fire keeps that down), resembled long vistas of finely-tapered pillars, with capitals of living green, the wild vines twining about their bodies and hanging from top to top, like festoons upon a triumphal arch; the ground beneath carpeted by flowered velvet There is nothing, sir, in the art of the cities which can vie with the handiwork of Nature in her deep woods! Her coloring is the rainbow, and the tracery of her fingers lighter than the single web that crosses your path at noonday, floating and glittering in the

**New Orleans as I found it.* By H. Didimus. Harper & Brothers. 1845.

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sun. And then, if you wander into her more inaccessible recesses—where the seal of time is strong and vivid upon everything about you; where trees of a century's growth lie prostrate, their trunks in every stage of decay, heaped one upon the other; where whole forests have crumbled into dust—*you stand in the very temple of God!*

"'Pardon me, sir,' continued the boatman, brushing aside the moisture which glistened in his eye, 'but when I refer to my past travels in the woods, the same sort of feeling will come over me as then often unmanned me, as I trudged along in solitude through some deep glen or dell, thinking of Him who made these things.'"

Whoever has conversed with a Mississippi boatman, more particularly one of the old school who has spent his life on the river like Captain Longfellow, will be struck with the vraisemblance of the Captain's language.

The author leaves Captain Longfellow's boat the moment that his narrative is concluded, and immediately stumbles upon "an abandoned, neglected, unnoticed Irishman," whose attention is drawn to Mr. Didimus by an exclamation which the latter makes on the title of the Marquis of Waterford. It is not a little singular that three or four of the stories which follow, have their origin in the same novel manner of attracting attention, by making an exclamation, in the street. The "abandoned, neglected, unnoticed Irishman," dies very shortly after being picked up by our author, and with his last breath makes a confession, beginning in this wise, "My mother was an honest woman," and so forth. The narrative of the Irishman is a thrilling one, of course, and he dies as soon as he gets to the end of his story.

The story of the Irishman is followed by the thrilling confession of a Magdalen, Anna, who also tells her story and dies. The author evidently regards men and women as a kind of silkworms, who have nothing to do but spin their yarns and die.

The author meets with a lawyer, a doctor, and a good Samaritan, and each relate somebody's history to him. Then he meets a "strange gentleman" at the theatre whom nobody knows; yet this strange gentleman, though shrouded in mystery, no sooner comes in contact with Mr. Didimus, than he invites him to his house where he lives after the manner of Beckford at Fonthill, and feasts him after the manner of an emperor, talking to him all the while in a strain of high philosophy like a transcendentalist. While sitting at supper the strange gentleman converses in this manner, not altogether unlike Captain Longfellow:

"'We were speaking of the opera, Léonie,' said the strange gentleman, returning to the conversation which her entrance had interrupted: 'and you will permit me to run on in my way upon a subject which we both love so much. The foundation of music is rhyme and harmony; of poetry, beauty; beauty as abstracted from all objects, feelings, passions, thoughts,' he continued, resuming the parallel he had drawn between the two arts. 'There can be no sublimity without beauty; or, rather, sublimity is beauty of the noblest kind. Harmony is beauty—I speak of abstract qualities—true passion is, therefore, beauty; for we perceive its harmony with the cause which gave rise to it, and the character in which it is exhibited. The intimate connexion existing between music and poetry may be traced in all their various exhibitions, showing that they are indeed so nearly allied in nature that we must wonder, not that they were in the beginning invariably joined together, but that the perfection of the compact was attained at so late a date. There is a poetry which seems not of this world, but to be altogether of heavenly birth; a song to be sung where all is pure and holy. It has no sympathy with the realities of life, sickens in our murky atmosphere, and flies the haunts of men. Its sweetest notes are heard in the retired vale, or on the tops of distant mountains, where the busy hum of men does not come up and mingle *their* evil passions, desires, gains, losses, and cares, with its strains. There is a music, too, which delights in retirement: the shaded walk at noon, the lonely grot, whose tones seemed attuned to the twinkling stars, and to love the wild and fanciful creations of nature. Is it not so, Léonie? No one can better appreciate what I am saying than yourself; do, then, please me, lend me your aid, and exemplify to our friend the truth of my remarks."

He meets with a "respectable looking old gentleman" at his hotel, who, without an introduction, or prelude of any kind, tells his story; a Jew tells his story, an Improvisatrice tells hers, and somebody tells the story of a "lady in tears." It is one of the curiosities of the book that everybody whom the author encounters, begins directly to

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tell a story. A lawyer takes him to court, and seeing a boy begins to relate his history, which occupies just one half of the volume. The story of Oceanus is modeled after Paul de Kock and Paul Clifford; it has the scurrilousness and extravagance of both, without the wit and nature of either. It is the strangest farrago of nasty philosophy that we ever saw in print, and notwithstanding that it is evidently fashioned after the two illustrious examples that we have named, it bears a greater resemblance to Mr. Cooper's Monikins, than to either of the Pauls.

Oceanus is born at sea, his mother dips him in the ocean in a wicker basket, and while she bobs him up and down with a string, shoals of porpoises and other fish tumble around him. "One old Jack who was fond of music —and what true sailor is not?—drew a well-worn fife from his chest, walked amidships, where Oceanus's mother stood holding the line which gave her command over the frail bark to which she had trusted a freight so precious, and played a gentle tune, whose soft, melodious notes drew towards him the tumbling fish and calmed their excited spirits, while they swam round and round in regular gyrations, moving to the measure of the music, which charmed their listening senses. The smaller tribes, seeing their destroyers, those who fed daily upon their fatness, suddenly assume a demeanor so docile, with a countenance of such meekness, believed the promised day had come, when the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child should lead them. They herded about the ship, leaped in its wake, kissed the rudder, played around the basket, tipped the water with their fins, and flashed back to the sun all the colors of the rainbow. Clouds of flying-fish, Exocetus volitans, filled the air; not now frightened from their element, but springing from the grosser to the thinner fluid, pushed by the impulse of pleasure. One, of more temerity than the rest, or drawn by the silken cords of affection, lighted upon young Oceanus's head, and fanned the air with its large, filmy, pectoral fins, till it lost its strength with its moisture, and fell exhausted back to its waves. The temperate breeze, the tranquil sea, the noble ship moving steadily onward without pitch or roll, conscious of the general jubilee, the mother's joy, the crew's merriment and triumph, the infant's innocent delight, the beauty and the happiness of the inhabitants of the deep, the bright sun shining upon all—it was a scene the gods might have looked down upon and smiled!"

If the whole of this description is not original, why then there is no such thing as originality. The Marine Orpheus, calming the excited spirits of a shoal of porpoises, is the freshest thing in literature; and "New Orleans as I found it," is the most original of all original books.

Presently there comes a shark, that swallows Oceanus, bucket and all, the mother faints, the ship is hove to, the shark spits him out again, he is picked up, the mother recovers, the ship is lost, the mother is drowned and Oceanus is saved. He is taken to Mobile, where he is adopted by an old sailor and his partner Poll. The old people die, and leave Oceanus a Pilgrim's Progress, which he believes to be a copy of the Old Testament; he meets an uncle who adopts him; at the age of twelve he has an ambition for seeing the world; he makes an investment in cotton, ships it on board of a vessel bound to Havre, and ships himself for a sailor. His speculation proving to be a loss, he runs away from the ship, and an American in Havre being a very great curiosity, he ties a cow's tail to his body, and exhibits himself as a live yankee who feeds on negroes and tobacco. The French being an extremely gullible race, they flock in crowds to see him, he receives a large sum of money, goes on a spree with his companion, is taken by the keeper of a Café for an English milord, is treated with great respect, afterwards loses his money, works his passage to Paris, is there taken in keeping by a Grisette, who feasts him on a boiled ham and a brace of fowls which she happens to have in the cupboard. One day she detects him reading the Pilgrim's Progress, is offended at his strait morals and kicks him into the street. He is now taken into partnership by a *chevalier d'industrie*, who opens to him a grand scheme for swindling the Parisians, by the formation of a mutual benefit burial society. The chevalier, who happens to be a blood relative of Louis Philippe, after awhile

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kicks him into the street, where he is picked up by Paul de Kock, who takes him home, reads his manuscript novels to him, asks his advice on a variety of subjects, introduces him to De Balzac and Dumas, to the latter of whom he takes a great dislike on account of his African extraction. The lad Oceanus doubts the propriety of remaining under the roof of an author who writes such immoral stories as *Gustave*, so he goes back to Havre, works his passage back to New Orleans, where he gets into the Calaboose by mistake. Here he meets with a copy of Gentleman George, a "Cicerone" who instructs him in a kind of Chesterfieldian rogue's philosophy. We have here an imitation of the classic robbers' caves in the Golden Ass and Gil Blas. By and by he gets out of prison and the book closes, and New Orleans as I found it is at an end.

We have given a true but a rapid analysis of this book, from which it will be seen, that it is in the style of those happy stories that somehow or other got into the world when Art was young and Faith was large. The story of Oceanus, and, indeed, all the stories in the book, are precisely of that marvellous kind that suits the taste of chambermaids and stable boys, who require something uncommon and startling when they read.

The book is most copiously sprinkled with scraps of Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian and Spanish, and quotations abound from everybody. We cannot afford to offend our readers by quoting any of the obscenities of this book, and we will extract one more passage, which the author would probably quote himself, as an example of his criticism, his learning, and his philosophy.

"There have been but few historical minds, that is, among the many who have written, few have handled the subject with success," said the strange gentleman. "Fine writing you may find everywhere; genius you may find everywhere; but the historian requires something more. He should understand men; possess the power to analyze motives, as well as to enumerate effects. His must, indeed, be a mind of many and rare qualities, which encircles poetry, learning, philosophy, and political acumen; for he who would succeed in historical writing must be a poet, qui nascitur, non fit; a man of learning, qui fit, non nascitur; a philosopher, qui non fit nec nascitur: and a man, especially a politician, qui nascitur et fit. Yet all of history, whether it comes in the legitimate form of a Thucydides, a Tacitus, an Abûlfeda, a Machiavelli, a Mariana, a Ferreras, a Thuanus, a Clarendon, and a Hume; or in the more questionable shape of an Herodotus, a Nepos, a Khondemîr, a Pulgar, a Zenoras, a Comines, and a Froissart; or with the title-tattle garrulity and old grannyism of a Plutarch, a Maximus, a Vopiscus, a Procopius, a Turpin, and a Smollett, is the mirror of truth. The immutable past is its theme; the changeable present, the dubious future, it scorns to place upon its truth-telling page. The present it leaves to the prejudiced writer of the memoirs of a party; the sycophantic biographer of living greatness; the credulous traveller into distant lands, and the fantastic sketcher of living manners. The future; where is it! The Chaldees! the Egyptians! the jugglers! vain pretenders; it is their history: thou teachest the present by the past, and foretellest that which is to be by that which has been."

The "old grannyism of Plutarch" is a fine stroke of criticism.

The book contains a chapter on the rascalities of *Law* in Louisiana, which deserves to be placed in better company, and the description of the sinking ship in Oceanus, though as technical as a chapter in Hamilton More, is as vivid, life-like and exciting, as anything in Cooper or Marryatt.

Mr. Didimus has a precious good memory, and if he has not written much, it is very evident that he has read much, though it is not apparent that he has read to any very good purpose. His style is very rapid, flowing and easy; and if his matter were good, would be called brilliant and eloquent. But his matter and method are bad. It is not easy to discover what he has aimed at in his book; if he meant to verify his title, by giving an account of New Orleans as he found it, he has failed most wofully, nobody will believe that he found any such New Orleans; and if he only aimed at making a framework for his stories, he has made a still greater failure. But if we wonder at the author in producing such a work, what shall we say to the hardihood of the publishers, who could deliberately give circulation to such an amount of absurdity, obscenity and rigmarole?

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# ENGLISH LETTER WRITERS.

NEXT to the essay, the letter is the most agreeable form of the minor literature. It is the most familiar species of writing, and approaches the nearest to ordinary conversation. Letters are the *opuscula* of great authors, but they form the *opera* of lesser writers. We weekly critics and magaziners may be proud of a volume of clever epistles, fearful of essaying a higher flight. Authors of the first class, and with the highest pretensions, affect to look down upon letters as the mere entertainment of a scholar; and hence, from want of sympathy, no less than from want of nicety of apprehension and subtle delicacy of taste, have almost uniformly failed in this department of composition. A professed orator, a great divine, poet or philosopher, cannot easily descend from the heights of speculation and eloquence and imagination, to the plain ground of common-place reality. Raillery is the most delightful talent in epistolary composition (a delicate talent); and next to that, refined sentiment. These are minute excellences, however, agreeable in the great character, and the incidental ornaments of a strong intellect. Women uniformly write the best letters, both of the narrative kind and lively description. Lady Montague and Madame d' Arblay are yet unsurpassed. The female intellect is allowed to possess a finer tact and a minuter (instinctive) observation of things and characters, than the manly understanding. It is better pleased with the details of a subject, and paints the manners with a lighter hand. Boarding-school girls, and young ladies, who have just "come out," are readier with their pens in recounting family history, and current fashionable news; in giving a relation of the incidents at a ball or dinner-party, at sketching portraits of the beaux and their admirers; and in a word, at all the arts of gossiping and scandal, than boys or young men, much older. Richardson has shown this very conclusively in his novels. His letters are the very counterparts of those of young ladies in the same situation, and such as they would naturally write.

Letters are valuable for many reasons. As a test of character, and affording an unconscious autobiography —as materials for literary and political history—as pictures of the times—as the repositories of individual opinions and peculiar sentiments—as a test of character, letters are worth much more than the more ordinary (supposed) keys to that sort of knowledge. A man's autograph may be very far from characteristic. I know a generous man, who writes a mean, cramped scrawl, and an undecided one, whose chirography is firm and regular. Physiognomy may belie the brightness of the head and the goodness of the heart. Phrenology may regard as an indifferent specimen the casket that contains a golden brain. But a number of confidential letters addressed to familiar friends, and written in all the warmth of confidence, afford the fairest means of getting at the real character of the writer. Yet insincerity may occur here. Letters are often written for the public eye, though on the most confidential subjects. Pope and Walpole wrote for posterity. They wrote at, rather than to, their correspondents. So, also, of the French wits. We confine ourselves entirely to English authors, however, in the present paper. Some authors have told their history in letters, as Howell, Gray, Cowper, Burns, and Lamb,—dwelling on petty occurrences and comparatively slight traits, with an unction and gusto that would not be allowed in a formal biography. Of the historical value of letters, no complete student can doubt, and none but he can appreciate it adequately.

English literature is rich in letters from Howell to Lamb. Intermediately, we have Pope and his friends, Cowper, Burns, Gray, Walpole, Lady Montague; a sufficient variety, surely, both of talent and character. Under the present head we shall include James Howell, Pope, and Charles Lamb, as not only the three finest writers of the kind in the language, but as best representing the three prominent epochs of its history: the commencement, the middle, and the latest (not we trust the last). A separate section will contain some of the best examples and characters of



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poetical epistles. We had meant to draw up a classification of, and criticism upon, the different sorts of letters, but find the whole matter so handsomely handled in the very first letter of Howell, that we insert it instead: "It was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man. The latter of the two is allowed large side-robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes: but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely couched; a hungerskin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown. Indeed we should write as we speak, and that is a true and familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a most slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions, but the pen, having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters (here comes the division), though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy." Then follows some very just and severe criticism:

"There are some who, in lieu of letters, write homilies; they preach when they should epistolize (and it is easier to do the former than the latter); there are others that turn them to tedious tractates." Howell, himself, the earliest of our letter writers, is a capital fellow in his way, but as we purpose to devote a paragraph to him solely, we shall not speak further of him now. He has not mentioned all the varieties of letters. There are the precise letters of business, and the ardent love letters; to a third and disinterested person, both of these are not only indifferent, but even tiresome. The purely literary letter is not mentioned, i. e. that in which topics of literature and the characters of authors are discussed; mere letters of compliment, or formal civility are not recognized, nor lively, gay epistles, that turn upon nothing.

Some persons keep no letters by them. Hazlitt destroyed all he received: a very poor compliment, we think, to a clever correspondent, to say nothing of the letters of a valued friend. Others hoard up every scrap of a note; this is as wrong in a different way. Many indifferent communications are received, but the choice correspondence is of another character. Shenstone speaks somewhere of the melancholy pleasure he took of a rainy day when his spirits were low, in reading over the old letters of a dear friend.

This retrospective pleasure is truly a melancholy one. Turning over the precious file, we encounter the affectionate protestations of one who has cruelly deceived us, or the generous praises of a now bitter enemy. We read the prophecies of those who early loved and appreciated us, and who can now confirm their past predictions. Time returns anew; the present is merged in the past, and ideas of old scenes long gone by, revive to memory's view! Ah! could we but recall those feelings to which we received such a sympathetic response, those "hopes and fears, an undistinguishable throng;" could but the veil of years be removed, and youth and hope and innocence be revealed, then indeed might an Arcadian age commence, and the whole world look green and happy. It is well and profitable to the observer of human nature, and the self student, to reperuse his collection of letters, and if he can procure them, to study his own. Viewed in connection with passing events, they form an unbroken narrative, and manifest the progress of tastes and sympathies, improvement in virtue, and accessions of knowledge. The didactic letters, the letters of business, of contention, of mere scandal, may be safely burned; but the memorials of affection, the evidences of friendship, are not to be lightly treated, but dear as the apple of the eye to be held among the richest treasures of the author, the thinker, and the man!

"Epistolæ Ho-elianæ. Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign; divided into four books; partly historical, political, philosophical. Upon emergent occasions."

This is the veritable title, "whole

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and undivided," as the lawyers would say, of one of the cleverest collections of Letters in the English language, and which is commonly regarded as the first ever published; but we are informed by a critical friend, that Bishop Hall claims an equal priority in epistolary composition, as well as in satire and character painting. In point of excellence, Hall is greatly distanced by the sense, wit, fancy, descriptive talent, and acute observation of Howell, of whom we may prefix an account before proceeding to criticise his volume.

James Howell was the son of a country clergyman, and indebted to his father for a most excellent education, which was not obtained without considerable industry, and a keen appetite for study on his part. Though a good general scholar, his skill seems to have lain principally in the acquisition of languages, a talent he greatly improved in his foreign excursions, and which he rendered very available on occasions of business and policy. On leaving the university he is represented by Wood as "a poor cadet, a cosmopolite, not born to land-lease, house, or office, and in a manner put to it to seek his fortune." Fortunately, he had obtained the affection of his college to such an extent, as to be secured by them from any pressing necessities. And possessing (as we may suppose) a genteel demeanor, and as we know from his letters, qualities that beget esteem as well as love, he was patronized at different times by the first men of the state, and finally, by the different sovereigns under whom he lived. Bred to no particular profession, Howell's employments were occasional and miscellaneous. Generally occupied with the business of an agent, either in the way of business or politics, he spent the remainder of his time in studies and conversation. He was necessarily a great traveller, and hence his book of letters is also to be judged as a book of travels. In this light it loses nothing by comparison with more modern works of the same class; but of this by and by. Howell's travels take up so large a proportion of his book, as to merit a particular notice. His first trip was on the continent, in capacity of agent for a glass house (a species of manufacture then much regarded). He visited the principal cities of every state where glass was manufactured, and even went to such out-of-the-way places as Alicant for the sake of getting barilla (an essential ingredient in glass) which was nowhere to be found in equal perfection. On his return from this his first tour, he could boast of having mastered seven modern languages, and he used to say, that he could address his Maker in a different language every day in the week, and on Sunday in seven. The occasions of Howell's further travel, and the offices he filled, would occupy more space than we have to spare, were we to recount each and all with particularity. He went abroad as a governor to the sons of a nobleman; he was secretary to Lord Scrope, and at this epoch in his career so popular, that unasked the corporation of Richmond elected him to represent them in parliament; he was then secretary to the Earl of Leicester, again, clerk to Strafford. Once he was sent to Spain, to recover a rich English ship that had been taken by the viceroy of Sardinia, for his royal master. On another occasion, he was despatched to France on a mission of state importance. His highest office was that of one of the clerks of his Majesty's privy council. For his high-toned loyalty he was committed to prison during the civil wars, where he supported himself by his pen, scribbling verses and inditing political pamphlets by the cart-load. Posterity has forgotten his forty volumes, and has cherished only his collection of Letters.

During the Protectorate, Howell's prudence enabled him to avoid the exhibition of resentment or disgust, and indeed he even went so far as to laud Cromwell (a current flattery of the day), in an elaborate and "kembed" oration. As a reward for his loyalty, Charles II. created him historiographer royal, the first person who ever bore that title in England. This was the last office Howell ever filled, and we hear of him no further.

The letters of this accomplished scholar and sagacious citizen of the world, are now to be considered. His motto best bespeaks their general character, Ut clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus. His verse is natural, and his eloquence comes from the heart. But though full of affectionate sympathy and respectful regards, as writing to friends and equals, or to superiors in station and circumstances, a few special letters excepted, the two grand classes

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into which all his letters may be divided are, Historical, giving contemporary views and statements, and Descriptive (travelling) Letters, somewhat resembling, though much superior to, most books of travels at the present day —of the historical value of his letters, Howell seems to have been well aware, and in his epistle dedicatory to the King, he thus elevates his epistolary craft into historical importance. "And 'tis well known that letters can treasure up and transmit matters of state to posterity with as much faith, and be as authentic registers and as safe repositories of truth as any story whatever." This is not the favorite dogma of a partial critic. The Life by Middleton (a classic biography), is in great part compiled from the letters of Cicero. We know Pliny, from little else than his epistles. The wits of Queen Anne's reign have written her history, and the events of her reign, in their familiar correspondence. To Walpole, we are chiefly indebted for the court history of George I. and II. And, in our own country, the correspondence of our statesmen and public characters, affords the best materials for American history.

Howell, in his preface, classifies the contents of his several letters. "These ensuing letters contain for their principal subject, a faithful relation of the privatest passages that happened at court a good part of king James's reign, and that of his late Majesty (Charles I.), as much also of foreign affairs which had reference to these kingdoms, viz., of the wars of Germany, and the transactions of the treaties about restoring the Palatinate, with the houses of Austria and Sweden—the treaty and traverses of the match with Spain—the treaty of the match with France;" and in a word a relation of all the principal external affairs of his time. Howell is to be regarded also, in some measure, as a court historian; he relates the current anecdotes and sayings of the principal ministers, paints their characters, and estimates their worth with exactness and impartiality. Contemporary news is related fresh from the mouth of Rumor, "with a thousand tongues,"—the return and unfortunate issue of Raleigh's attempt, the rise of Buckingham, the strange will of Attorney General Noy, the King's and Lord Bacon's death, the Copernican theory, &c. Here is his account of the death and character of the great philosopher. "My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no wisdom; it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the same fate befel him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may bear a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared as in divers other passages, so once when the King had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under keeper, and having drunk the King's health to him in a great silver-gilt bowl, he gave it him for his fees. He wrote a pitiful letter to King James not long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear Sovereign Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age forced to bear a wallet; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live—which words in my opinion argued a little dejection of spirit, as his former letter to the Prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped that as the father was his Creator, the son will be his Redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man; a man reconditæ scientiæ et ad salutem literarum natus, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle."

The letters of Howell may be regarded as the first good book of modern travels—the first rational account of foreign nations, their manners, character, and customs. Mandeville and Purchas and Coryate were fablers and romancers, "lying travellers:" but Howell was an acute observer, a solid, judicious thinker, with a lively talent for narrative and description, and master of a style, apt, clear, sprightly and vigorous. His description of foreign cities, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Paris, Venice, are

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equal in fidelity and picturesqueness to the best similar passages in the best modern travellers, Hazlitt, Sir Francis Head, or Lieut. Slidell. If not equally copious and minute, his style is more crisped and witty, and he has enough comic fancy for a magazine writer of the first class. His fancy is not only comic, however, but is often instinct with poetry. Thus, in his picture of Valentia, "one of the noblest cities in all Spain," he says, "The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blows off the shore, he may smell this soil before he comes in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. The latter half of this sentence recalls the fine lines of Milton:

"As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea, north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest."

Amsterdam, and indeed all the Dutch towns, are admirably described, with all the minuteness and finish of a Flemish master. Feltham has poured out wit on the same subject with much greater prodigality, but certainly with no greater judgment. The sketch of the Escurial is very graphic, and almost equal to a good engraving. Venice, the Paris of that age, appears in very fascinating colors, and might well bewitch a youthful imagination. We shall conclude this paragraph with an extract from a letter of Howell's, dated at Venice, on his first European tour, and when he came out as agent for a glass manufactory. We quote it for its ingenuity, and as a sort of defence or plea of the respectability of the business in which he was engaged. "The art of glass-making here is very highly valued; for whosoever be of that profession, are gentlemen *ipso facto*. And it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of knowledge and chemistry to transmute dust and sand (for they are the only main ingredients) to such a diaphonous, pellucid, dainty body, as you see a chrystal glass is, which hath this property above gold or silver, or any other mineral, to admit no poison; as also that it never wastes or loses a whit of its first weight, though you use it never so long. When I saw so many sorts of curious glasses made here, I thought upon the compliment which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who, having five or six comely daughters, said, 'He never saw in his life such a dainty cupboard of chrystal glasses.' The compliment proceeds, it seems, from a saying they have here that the first handsome woman that ever was made, was made of Venice glass; which implies beauty, but brittleness withal (and Venice is not unfurnished with some of that mould). . . . . But when I pried into the materials, and observed the furnaces and calcinations, the transubstantiations, liquefactions, that are incident to this Art, my thoughts were raised to a higher speculation, that if this small furnace-fire hath virtue to convert such a small lump of dark dust and sand into such a precious clear body as chrystal, surely that grand, universal fire which shall happen at the day of judgment, may, by its violent ardor, vitrify, and turn to one lump of chrystal, the whole body of the earth; nor am I the first that fell upon this conceit."—We pass now to a later phase in the history of the Epistolary art: we come to the age of Pope.

Letters never offered more abundant nor so enticing materials, for literary and personal history, as in the case of Pope and his friends. The wonder only is, that Macaulay or Hazlitt never made the correspondence, or the correspondents of Pope, the subject of an article or a lecture. For either purpose, these volumes are admirably fitted; but as the allotted space a notice of the sort may occupy here, is restricted, we can pretend to little more than a sketch. Pope, his letters, and his friends; each text is worthy of a full illustration, but can be only briefly handled.

The character and habits of mind of the poet, par excellence, "of Anna's reign," are vividly depicted in his correspondence. Writing to his nearest friends, and on the most solemn themes, Pope never forgot his authorship. His fame was too much in his eye, and the opinion of the public in his mind. His characteristic refinement, delicacy of judgment, his nicety of expression and neat turns of style, appear on every page. The virtues of the man, too, admirable and as real as the merits of the wit, satirist, and moral painter, in spite

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of his affectation and passion for intrigue and stratagem, are equally evident. His affection and regard for his parents; his devotion to his friends; his sincere humanity; his generous sensibility. The personal character of Pope, owing to his brilliant literary success, and to his success chiefly in satire, is not so well or so favorably known as it should be. He is thought by many to have been what he was humorously styled, and as falsely as humorously, "the little wasp of Twickenham." So far from indulging mean spite and malice, the heart of Pope was of the noblest texture, and its impulses governed by the most exalted sentiments. If ever there was a true-hearted and magnanimous nature, in default of his crooked ways and unwise circumlocutions, it was Pope's. To Pope was addressed not only the hollow, courtly speeches of the titled and great, but the sincerest praises of England's finest wits and most delicate geniuses were accorded to Pope, and Pope was loved and honored, as well as admired and praised. He secured the personal affection of men, not only of talents equally fine and attic with his own, but in some walks superior, and whose own natures and tempers were above all praise. Only survey the list of Pope's intimate associates: Addison, Swift, Gay, Berkeley, Bolingbroke, Steele, Arbuthnot, Parnell, Wycherly, Congreve, Garth, Jervas, Fenton, Hugh Bethel, Ralph Allen, Rowe and Sir William Trumbull, Secretary Craggs, Earls Halifax and Burlington, Bishop Atterbury, the Blounts, the Digbys, Cromwell, and the fine ladies of the day. It may be safely hazarded as a general remark, that not a single distinguished man of letters or public character in the kingdom was unknown to Pope. He was regarded, and justly, as the Horace and Voiture of England united, and for exact justness of thought and propriety of language, for wit (the like of which we have not since seen), for comic fancy, and for exquisite compliment, he was unrivalled—but chiefly as a moral satirist and judge, equally of books and artificial life, was he considered admirable, and in these walks he is decidedly a master.

Pope was as precocious in his prose compositions as in his poetical attempts. His early correspondence was almost all of it written before the age of twenty. At sixteen, he commenced his correspondence with Wycherly, then near seventy, and, it must be confessed, Pope has the best of the bargain. Shortly after, he wrote to Walsh and Henry Cromwell, his early friends and flatterers. With Wycherly Pope maintained a perfect war of compliments, and yet, after all, they quarrelled from Pope's plain speaking, when he was forced to it. Walsh, whom Dryden called the best critic in England, early favoured Pope and augured the most brilliant success for him. Pope has not forgotten to number him among the catalogue of his early associates. We cannot resist quoting the fine lines often as they are referred to—

"But why then publish? Granville the polite
And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth, inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happy their author when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks."

What might not the richest fool give for an epithet of praise from such a pen: what higher honor for the author, but to see his name on the same page with that of Pope, though his be at the bottom and the Horace of England very near the top!

Henry Cromwell affected to be a critic (we should judge he was a man of the world sort of scholar from his letters), and Pope discusses with him questions of taste and criticism, the Latin Poets, versification, etc. He devotes a letter to Crashaw, in this part of his correspondence, which abundantly proves how little Pope really comprehended the genius of that noble poet.

Pope early courted the great, much as he afterwards affected to despise them, and we find him writing to Sir William Trumbull and Craggs, Secretary of State, as well as to several court

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ladies, the style of whom he has admirably parodied in his letter in the style of a lady of quality. Our author's correspondence with ladies, when he was young, he afterwards used to contemn as puerile efforts, and yet trifling as they are, many a modern gallant of middle age might be happy to hit the frivolous style so well, which was current at that time. The prose letters of Pope to women, certainly convey a very mean opinion of their understanding, though couched in elegant phrase, and hidden under the folds of his "polite, insinuating style." But some of his poetic epistles to ladies are beyond all praise, as that master-piece of refinement and delicacy, the epistle to Miss Blount, with a copy of Voiture's epistles. Each couplet contains the rarest essence of grace and wit, and elegant sentiment, at times rising into brilliant rhetoric, and the whole poem is compacted and moulded with all the art, and in the most ingenious form of the master of poetic form, and all the technicalities of his vocation. There were among the throng of courtiers, however, patrons worthy of the name, and nobles deserving the title. Oxford and Halifax, Craggs and Atterbury, sank the minister in the friend, in their intercourse with Pope, and delighted to relieve themselves from the cares of state in a genial intimacy with the poet at his rural villa. But the true friends of Pope, as indeed the truest friends of every author, were his fellow-scholars and brother authors. Let envy and malevolence declaim as they may, true men of sense and genius, the world over, recognize a brother in each other, and band together, like good men and wise, for the preservation of social harmony and intellectual freedom. We care little for the lords and ladies of Pope's acquaintance, but who does not delight in his letters to Gay, and Jervas, and Fenton, and (to leave the society of authors, but not of good men) to those noble specimens of human nature, Hugh Bethel and Ralph Allen? Pope mistook his own nature, when he turned courtier. He had too much heart for the character. How different are his cold, cautious compliments to the great, whom he loved not, from the delicious flatteries, the fruit of rich affections and high appreciation, he was accustomed to lavish on his nearest friends! To dwell but lightly on his faults, there was a tinge of insincerity in Pope; we trust, however, rather a vacillation of opinion than any settled duplicity of intention. We think we see signs of this in his correspondence with Addison, who, it must be confessed, was himself too suspicious, and in one instance treated Pope in an unwarrantably deceitful manner. Pope appears to have had less connexion with Steele, a man of much greater frankness and candor than his associate. Jervas, the Painter, was a life-long friend of Pope, who studied the art of portraiture under him, but never carried it to any perfection. His poetical portraits were certainly fine enough for any reasonable ambition. In his epistle to Jervas, a meet companion for his fine letter to Miss Blount, Pope exclaims:

> "Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
> Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name."

Posterity has preserved the names embalmed in Pope's immortal strain, but has thrown by, in her lumber-room of obscurity, the portraits of Jervas. Swift and Gay, Bolingbroke and Peterborough, are the chief names that remain among the correspondents of Pope. With these most opposite characters, the one part composed of a man, harsh, austere, and sour, yet manly, friendly and firm; the other, in wit, a man, simplicity, a child; wise and innocent, penetrating, yet volatile, a poet, philosopher, wit, child, courtier, and dupe: the other couple, a fashionable sceptic and a military wit, but wise and keen observers, accomplished gentlemen, men of wit, men of the world, men of action, Pope lived not only on terms of perfect amity, but in the unreservedness of brotherhood; nay more, for brothers are not always the nearest friends. The Vicar of Laracor, the keenest of satirists, the manliest of misanthropes, appears in his letters to Pope a very different creature from the tyrant over the lives and fates of Stella and Vanessa. He writes even with an honest sensibility, without a particle of mawkishness. To Gay he writes like a loving, but prudent father, beseeching that imprudent man of genius to lay aside his hundred and one schemes, and nurse his little fortune. Gay died in middle age, and therefore never knew what it was to want the comforts of life in an old age of poverty and friendlessness. Arbuthnot was the idol of Swift.

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He thus writes of him, with mingled admiration and humor: "Oh, if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! But, however, he is not without a fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all by lamenting that, alas, they kept Easter at the wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas, he has a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic."

Lamb valued Pope most for his refined compliments. His prose flattery is not so fine as his poetic eulogy: but it is very elegant. In a letter to Cromwell, he says: "You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works" (alluding to his deafness). To Jervas he concludes a letter thus: "Come thou, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us and see with that eye, which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them." To the same painter he writes: "I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you, all the beauties and colors of nature."

Pope's affectionate disposition shines through all his works, but we do not recollect a more striking instance than the following, in a letter to a correspondent whose name is withheld. "I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation; our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the Park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not!

"This awakens the memory of some who made a part in all these. Poor Parnell, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last; Parnell was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it; I would fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin; and what care has been or is to be taken for his monument, etc. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe: I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster Abbey. After these, the best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth." Thus nobly did Pope indicate his friends, absent or dead. Unlike our modern Damons, he did not from a warm friend become a bitter enemy, but preserved through life his ancient regard with all the steadfastness of a true man. A regulating Providence will preserve the fame of Pope fair and unsullied by the breath of malice or the tongue of slander; the just recompense of a pure heart and a trusting spirit.

Contemporary with Pope, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," the centre of an admiring circle, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," a wit, an authoress and a fine woman, lived the celebrated Miss Pierrepont, more generally known under the name and title of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, one of the idols of Pope's idolatry, and indisputably the cleverest woman of her age. The reign of Queen Anne, and the period circling about that epoch, of about thirty-eight years, from the commencement of the reign of King William III. to the end of the reign of George I., was, we are inclined to suspect, the transition period (to employ a fashionable phrase) in the estimation of female character. Before that day women had not attained their just position in the social state, and since that time they have met with a truer regard and a more intelligent homage than even in the days of knighthood and chivalry, when a lady meant rather a fanciful abstraction of virtue and beauty, made only for worship and extravagant adulation (insincere and therefore heartless, and consequently insulting), than "a perfect woman nobly planned," "a phantom of delight," a genial, loving, household companion and help-mate, in trial and adversity. Pope himself and most of his brother wits appear to have

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held the female mind and the female heart in rather a low estimation, but the characters of women were improving in many particulars. They lost many petty foibles as they shifted the various fashions, in dress and manners. The benevolent ridicule of Addison was pointed not only at their patches and their hair-dresses, and rouging, but also at their absurd political partizanship, at their preference of "pretty fellows" to men of sense, at their vacant minds, simpering manners, ill-regulated affections. Swift's pungent satires on fashionable conversation did much; Pope's characters of women effected a greater reform, as if to falsify the satire; but to Addison and perhaps still more to the gallant Steele, were the ladies mainly indebted. No writers equalled this last pair, in administering judicious counsel in a cheerful, gay, graceful manner, by which they charmed those who charmed all the world besides. Public opinion and a better system of education tended greatly to setting the just rights of woman in a proper point of view. The goddess, from a toy and a plaything, the alluring charmer of an idle hour, became a pleasing, modest, domestic, happy woman, enlightened, ennobled, and refined. Such (to take the most favorable instances) we now find her. From a general digression on the state of female society in the reign of Queen Anne to the brilliant representative of the intellectual woman of that society, the transition is natural. Lady Montague is not, perhaps, after all, the very best specimen, for she was more the woman of clear, acute intellect, and of fashion, than the quiet wife of pure sentiment and propriety of behavior. She was rather the Aspasia (without her vices, though with her attractions) than the Cornelia of English women—the fine lady, rather than the polished gentlewoman—the ambitious wit rather than the natural talker. But taking her as she was, she must have been as fascinating in her conversation as agreeable in her letters, and altogether a delightful creature, one disgusting foible or rather positive defect excepted, which the fastidious reader may comprehend by a reference to the Walpoliana. Lady Montague was almost the first, in point of date, among English female writers, although not recognized as such in her life-time, none of her compositions having been published until after her decease. Lady Russel, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Manley, and a few obscure writers had preceded her, but none in her own department had approached her. She is the English Sevigné, unequalled in a gay, sprightly vein, and in easy natural narrative and description. The bulk of her correspondence, letters from Turkey, present entertaining views of that country, as a book of travels. She had the most favorable opportunities of obtaining information (her husband being the English ambassador at the Sublime Porte), and made diligent use of them. From that country also she derived the practice of inoculating children for the small-pox, by which humane intervention she has entitled herself to the praise of patriotic humanity. With all her wit, and she had a large share; in the very face of her beauty, which was extreme; excluding her authorship: applauding her charitable exertions; we are repelled by a strong tinge of the masculine in her character. A vigorous mind left its imprint upon her disposition and manners. The strong understanding admitted coarseness of allusion and freedom of style. Her descriptions are luxuriant to voluptuousness; the atmosphere of the harem is painted couleur de rose. Vividness of fancy is perhaps inconsistent with delicacy of taste, and strong conceptions with unimpassioned coldness of painting. The woman loses what the wit gains, and we feel that we had rather admire the beauty and applaud the wit, than take the woman to our heart for the journey of life. A brilliant evening in a splendid crowd can never make amends for mornings of lassitude and ennui, and years of dull, cheerless, uncompanionable repinings and moodiness. Age steals the roses from the cheek of beauty, and bereaves the woman of the world of all her charms. Wit is clouded and grows blunt in the passage of years, while the heart of the worldling is approaching more and more closely to a state of moral ossification, by which the soul in time becomes wholly hardened, and the human creature is converted into a petrifaction. We are far from applying the whole of this homily to Lady Mary; but, we believe, we repeat a standard criticism in objecting to a portion of her writings and to some of her habits and constitutional features.



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The two best male writers of letters, between Pope and Lamb, were both poets like them, which was almost the sole point of resemblance the four possessed in common. They all had wit, and something of humor, but each differed from his brother bard. Pope's wit was courtly and refined; Gray's, like his taste, fastidious; Cowper's measured and moral; like himself in public, timid and restrained; and Lamb's full of the whimsical crotchets which formed a portion of his individuality and temper.

Johnson has underrated Gray's Pindaric Poems as unjustly as Hazlitt has overrated his letters. There are noble and grand thoughts filled out, and expressed, in language ardent and picturesque, in the poems of Gray, and there is a majestic sweep in the pinions of his muse, which he has finely described in his own line of the eagle, "Sailing wide in supreme dominion, through the azure depths of air." He is often cold, but when he warms, he glows. His fire is the genuine afflatus, and no pasteboard imitation or balloon inflation. At times he comes nearer to Milton than any poet since the author of Paradise Lost. But in his letters, elegantly as they are written (the English is wonderfully simple for a stickler for the classics), he appears by no means in his fairest guise. His criticisms in many cases are inadequate and criminally careless. He speaks slightingly of Thompson's charming poems, just then out. He relishes Gresset, however, and speaks with respect of Southern. Shaftesbury he anatomises keenly, but with justice. The Greeks and Romans always fare well at his hands, but his contemporaries he has little sympathy for. His humor (his nearest friends thought there lay his forte) would be more readily appreciated if it were less elaborate—a fine humorist and good fellow was spoiled in the pedantic student. For, it must be confessed, Gray was scholastic to pedantry with his characteristic nicety and daintiness. We tire of few things so soon as fastidiousness, for it is impossible to love those whom we cannot satisfy or please. Yet we sympathize with the independence of the man who refused to retain a friendship for Walpole after he discovered the hollowness and fickle nature of the man; and we cannot but reverence the moroseness and admire the secluded life of one who despised the purse-pride of the wealthy, and from the lofty elevation of his genius looked down upon the arrogance of the great and noble. Bating his fastidiousness and reserve, Gray was "every inch a poet, and greater than a king," a true Saxon man. His spirit had all the vigor, something of the roughness and an appearance (only an appearance) of the sterility of the hardy plants of the cold North, but like them it bore equally well the heats of July and the snows of December, and in itself containing a source of perennial fruitfulness, outbraved the mocks of jealousy and lived down the scorn of calumny. It still continues in all its original freshness.

The style of Cowper's letters is less elaborately elegant, is simpler and more agreeable than Gray's. He has more of nature. Gray's genius was high, but also ambitious; it lacked naiveté and unforced ease. His art too was rich and composite, but not so refined as to be concealed. Cowper's domestic habits, continual living with and among women (while Gray lived only by himself, or with a few friends), his moral bias, his physical indolence and timidity, his religious melancholy, gave a distinct coloring to all his productions. These appeared much more in his poetry than in his prose. In his letters he is cheerful, sometimes gay. His vein of humor is quite unconscious, and the more delightful for that reason. He had, when unbiased, a fund of most excellent sense, with a clear judgment. His natural feelings were pure as a child's. He seems to have been a man without guile: affectionate, confiding and constant. Yet he had a keen eye for folly, and a talent for moral satire next to Pope, and, we are apt to think, sincerer. He occasionally sketches a character with brevity and point. He discovers no very rich stores of acquired learning, but much wise reflection.

His quiet life was not without its experience and hours of contemplation. He loved nature, he loved innocent animals, he loved the society of virtuous women, and good men; and he worshipped in truth and with awful gratitude, the Being he adored and loved. Cowper was a Christian poet, a rare title of honor. He might have filled a high political station and had been soon forgotten. Who but a very few know anything of the great statesman, Lord

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Cowper? Who is not acquainted with the greater poet, William Cowper? Yet we are far from styling Cowper a great poet: compared with Milton and Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, he ranks in the second or third class of poets. But he is first in that. He is the poet of domestic life; a moral satirist with generous indignation, but without gall; a Christian psalmist (no hymns are finer than some of his), and a judicious, pure-minded, sweet-tempered, warm-hearted friend, counsellor, and companion. Cowper's English is select and idiomatic. It is as racy as that of many writers more noticed for vigor, and yet it is quite free from the least taint of vulgarity. If he seldom soared very high he never fell into coarseness; and his style is as free from moral and literary corruption, as his wit is free from acerbity, and his sentiment from affectation. With Cowper, we shall conclude, since Lamb has been made the subject of so much delicate criticism and fine writing since his death, that we cannot aim at novelty, without disparaging better writers and better qualified judges, because personal friends, than any American writers can pretend to be. As an appropriate supplement to such poor comment we will add a page or two, on the writers of poetical epistles.—The poetical epistle is no more than a graceful version of the prose letter, differing in little else than in music and measure. It is apt to be fuller and altogether more artful, yet essentially the same. Its range is as wide, it embraces as many topics. But these are more select, and in the hands of a classic writer, it is generally a moral essay or a complimentary address. It forms a more convenient vehicle for instruction or censure than a strict lecture or satire. It contains sometimes the soft message of the lover or the rough jars of martial music. Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Apollo, are successively represented. The Roman poets have left the earliest standard productions in this department, and Horace, chief of all. His epistles differ little from his satires, except perhaps in a greater philosophic gravity, and weight of sentiment. He is moral, humorous, critical; and as a didactic painter and moral satirist unequalled save by Pope, a yet higher master. But it is late in the day to praise Horace. The French wits, universally imitators, have copied from the same original, and have left it for English bards to display fresh and original resources in this, as in every species of poetry worth naming.

Several of the Elizabethan poets have left elegant copies of complimentary verses to their friends, and some classic epistles of a higher and more ambitious character. Daniel, the predecessor of Drayton, in the list of old masters, has, among other pieces of the epistolary kind, left one noble letter behind him, which, though transcending our usual limits, we quote below, as it is inaccessible to the majority of readers.

The finest writers of poetical epistles in the English language, are those two fine poets, to whom continual reference is made of necessity whenever we wish to find the most graceful specimens of elegant compliment, or classic enthusiasm of eulogy, or to read the neatest or the most forcible satirical touches; whom we turn to for the finest judgment or the most ardent sentiment; whose works are models of rhetoric and versification; and who, if not great poets, were admirable writers of verse—Pope and Dryden. Their epistles are incomparable as such. Daniel's poem is deeper, but then it partakes more of the moral essay. The only difficulty is to decide, first, which, is the better poet; and, secondly, which of their poems is superior to the others. We shall not undertake to decide these points, but only state their respective qualities—Dryden has greater vigor and fire, but much less delicacy and subtle grace. He is often copious and elegant, when Pope would be merely judicious and pointed. Yet Pope's point and epigram tell better in an epistle than Dryden's greater force and ardor. The exquisite finish of Pope must remain as an offset to the rich amplification of Dryden, and the nice judgment of the English Horace be allowed a fair counterpoise for the keen fancy of the English Juvenal. The letter of Dryden's we prefer to most of his epistles, is the epistle to Congreve, and if not presumptuous in offering such a judgment, we should give the palm to Pope's epistle to Miss Blount, with the works of Voiture (a finer letter than the French wit ever penned), even before the Epistles to Addison, to the Earl of Orford, and to Mr. Jervas. Miscellaneous writers of verse have hit off occasionally a happy epistle, but always of one cast, as Rochester's satirical letters, or Swift's humorous epistles, but Pope united the

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finest sentimental rhapsody in Eloisa; true pathos, in his occasional personal touches, refined satire, Titian portraits, indignant eloquence, soft turns of insinuating flattery, light touches of charming gaiety.

Since the time of Pope we have had few good epistles. Burns has thrown off two or three lively addresses in this form; Lord Byron has addressed Mr. Moore, and Leigh Hunt has (if we mistake not) addressed Lord Byron. But the poetical epistle seems to have become extinct with the artificial school of poetry, in which it reached its point of perfection. A poet of genius, or more likely, a versifier of talent, may occasionally imitate Dryden, or seek to rival Pope, but the attempt is vain. They may do much better things: but they cannot effect that.

Daniel, a forgotten poet, who flourished in the end of the sixteenth century, and died early in the seventeenth century, was the contemporary of Sidney, Spencer and Shakspeare. He wrote a metrical history of the wars of the Roses and various poems, chiefly of a didactic nature. His Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland, is one of the highest toned moral pieces extant, and well deserves the eulogium of Coleridge. It is in poetry, much what Temple's letter of consolation to the Countess of Essex is in prose, or rather, it might be more appropriately compared to the solemn, gorgeous eloquence of Sir Thomas Browne.

Drayton, of whom we spoke as Daniel's successor, has written a gallant correspondence, full of chivalrous affection on the part of the Knight, and of delicate attachment on the part of the Lady, between the Earl of Surrey, "that renouned Lord," and the Lady Geraldine. We regret we shall not have space to quote that also; but it must give place to the epistle.

"TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

"He that of such a height hath built his mind
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace or to disturb the same
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

"And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil,
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

"He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding wars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise,
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice he sees (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

"He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses hold.
He sees that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

"Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks,
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

"Although his heart (so near allied to earth)

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Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troubles and distressed mortality
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone.

"And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings;
By whom I see you labor all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your powers can bear.

"Which! madam, are so fondly fashioned
By that clear judgment that had carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; 'mured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

"Which makes, that whatsoever her befalls
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all that malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

"And where as none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do; yet you well know
That wrong is better checked by being contemn'd
Than being pursued; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction living in the dark
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

"Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, above the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless alone himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

"And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still. So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travail to the grave.

"Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'ning of their glory. And you know,
This floating hath but this fort of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come,
And that man's greatness rests but in his show.
The best of all whose days consumed are
Either in war, or peace—conceiving war.

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"This concord, Madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that in working hand
Of heav'n, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree
Equal in fortune, in equality.

"And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
The inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built, you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honor'd name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

After these glorious lines we way prudently close our critical account. "The words of Mercury are harsh, after the Songs of Apollo."

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## PRINCE BEDREDDIN'S TARTS;

OR,

### THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN INDIGESTION.*

CAREME was one morning at work in his laboratory. His forehead rested on his hands and buried in a profound revery, he was meditating upon one of those transcendant culinary problems, the solution of which he pursued with so much ardor. So great was his preoccupation, that he neither heard the door of his study open, nor perceived the sudden entrance of a young woman, wrapped in a rich cachemere; her face half concealed by an English veil. She cast her eyes curiously around her, and took a hasty survey of the apartment into which she had penetrated.

The laboratory consisted of one vast chamber, lighted by two immense windows. Through the red curtains the sun-light streamed in a thousand grotesque shapes and varied hues. On the right side was a library of about a thousand volumes, on the left a piano and a small furnace covered with dishes of silver.

A portrait of Vatel by Rigaut—a fine engraving representing Cambacérès, and a sketch of M. de Talleyrand after Robert, were the only pictures which relieved the severity of walls hung with a sombre brown.

The desk of the illustrious Steward occupied the middle of the study. The devotion of Newton to the study of the celestial system was not more religious, than that of Carême to his gastronomic lucubrations. To distract him from meditations which rendered him unconscious of what was passing around him, the young woman was obliged to lay her hand gently upon the shoulder of the dreamer.

He started like one suddenly awakened from a profound sleep, apologised for his distraction, and with the air of a man not deficient in knowledge of the world, and elegance of manner, presented a chair to the fair unknown.

The latter raised her veil and discovered to Carême one of the most exquisite faces that the imagination of the poet ever pictured. It was not beautiful—it was heavenly.

"Do you know me?" asked she in a sweet, melodious tone.

"If I had, once, had the honor of seeing Madame, neither my memory nor my heart could have forgotten her," replied Carême, bowing.

"So much the better," said she. "The woman will owe nothing to the

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* From the French.

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artist, the unknown to the celebrated woman. I shall but be the more proud of my success and grateful for your condescension. Monsieur Carême, I am come to ask a favor of you."

"The favor must needs be an impossibility, if my desire to serve you go not even beyond your requisition."

"I am charmed with your kindness—and yet I ought not to dissimulate—what I come to ask of you, is no trifle. You are, perhaps, aware that women are bold and exacting."

Carême bowed, and awaited, in silence, her explanation.

"Monsieur Carême, I am come to request you to prepare a dinner for one of my friends."

"The little knowledge that I possess is at the service of all lovers of science," replied he, taking a pen to sketch a bill of fare.

"My requisition goes still further than you suppose. I desire that this dinner shall be your work only."

Carême assumed a serious and dignified air. "Madame is, perhaps, aware that I have the honor to belong to Monsieur de Talleyrand, which position prevents me from bestowing my attentions elsewhere."

She threw off her bonnet in the most graceful manner, ran to the piano, and began to sing—never was there a more pure and melodious voice. Carême, affected, felt his heart beat violently. With tearful eyes he threw himself at the feet of the singer and confessed himself delighted, vanquished. "I will obey you, Madame, I will do all that you may ask of me."

She rose, her face still beaming with inspiration, and extended her hand to Carême—"Thank you," said she with childish delight. "I accept your promise. But reflect before further committing yourself, that your kindness may render me exacting."

"I will obey you implicitly."

"Wait," replied she;—"you may still regret your complaisance." She sang again. Tears stole down the cheeks of Carême—he was quite beside himself.

"Now I dictate my wishes," replied the young woman in a lively tone, whilst the illustrious steward raised to his lips the delicate white hand under whose fingers the notes of the piano had just vibrated with such power.

"You will prepare with the greatest possible luxury and profusion, a dinner for three guests. No one, not even those who enjoy your most entire confidence shall aid in the slightest particular. The most trifling sauce, the soup even, must be your own work. I have but one word to add: never have you labored, never shall you labor for an amateur more worthy, more capable of appreciating the wonderful creations of your art."

"Madame, you shall be religiously obeyed."

"The day after to-morrow at four o'clock precisely, I will send for all that you will have been able to prepare beforehand. You will then suffer yourself to be blindfolded and enter a carriage which will await you—a faithful servant will conduct you to the apartment in which you will complete your labors. The same precautions will, of course, be observed on your return."

"Wherefore all this mystery?" asked Carême, charmed with the romantic aspect which the adventure was assuming.

"You have sworn obedience—obey. Adieu."

She placed upon the desk of Carême a pocket-book with clasps of gold, and was about to depart. Carême detained her—gently took the bank notes from the pocket-book, and added, in a dignified tone which admitted of no reply: "To insist upon my acceptance of these, Madam, would be to offend me seriously. I shall retain the pocket-book as a precious souvenir. As to its contents, you will have the goodness to distribute it amongst poor and deserving artists. These," added he, "are my conditions—the only ones to which I can accede." She extended him her hand, and pressed affectionately that of the worthy and excellent steward.

"I submit; but remember that you are not ever to endeavor to ascertain who I am. All questions upon this subject are interdicted. Conjecture, even, is denied you. Nothing can be revealed to you but by myself." She disappeared.

Carême in the intervening two days was, more than once, surprised to find himself forgetting his culinary meditations to dream of the fairy who had touched him with her wand, and thus transformed the most illustrious steward of the nineteenth century into a simple cook. Faithful in the fulfilment of the

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most trifling engagement, he carried his scruples so far as to select and purchase all the game, fruits and vegetables destined for the repast. The profound skill of the theorist and of the practitioner was employed to examine each material and reject all such as might appear questionable.

On the morrow, as the lady had announced, two domestics in black came for the preparations of Caréme. A few moments after, an old servant brought a letter containing these words: "The carriage and the bandage await you." Caréme, without the slightest hesitation, resumed his steward's dress, girded on his sword, and entered the carriage. The blinds were carefully closed, and yet, notwithstanding this precaution, the old servant bound his eyes with a splendid cachemere shawl. The carriage proceeded for about ten minutes, and then stopped: two footmen respectfully took the hand of Caréme and assisted him to alight: he then ascended a staircase, and, after traversing several passages, was ushered into an apartment. The bandage was then removed from his eyes.

He found himself in a small room, in which were two portable furnaces for the completion of his culinary operations. A white satin apron with his cypher, and an embroidered cap, were presented him by a little negro, who immediately vanished. At five o'clock, precisely, Caréme rang the little silver bell which was laid upon a velvet cushion near him. Two servants immediately entered, received from his hands the dishes which he had prepared, and listened respectfully to the clear and concise directions which he gave in regard to serving them. He then doffed his apron and cap, resumed his former dress, and awaited his deliverance. The door, which the servants had carefully closed, was once more opened, and the little negro entered. He presented to the steward the cachemere of which he had before made use, invited him, by a gesture, to once more blindfold his eyes, then took him by the hand and led him to a neighboring room. An arm-chair was placed behind Caréme: he was seated and the bandage removed. The author of the Art of Cooking in the nineteenth century saw before him the dinner which he had just prepared. He occupied the seat of honor between the fair unknown and a poet.

"Will you pardon my stratagem?" said the latter, extending his hand to Caréme. "I wished to entertain you, but how could I offer to Caréme a dinner worthy of him, unless prepared by himself? The most celebrated of our singers, for whom my respect equals my affection, and who, in return, honors me with her friendship, came to my aid."

Caréme was much affected.

"It would be impossible," murmured he in an agitated tone, "to pay more delicate homage to the talent of an artist. Never shall I forget the proof of esteem which you have given me."

"And I, can I ever forget your kindness, my good Caréme; I, whom you aided when I was obscure and unknown? Your influence and your purse—I blush not to acknowledge it—came to my assistance. To you I owe the protection of the Prince Talleyrand. If fortune and fame smile upon me, do I not owe it all to you? But the dinner, which awaits us, is cooling. You have said in your works that you are a gourmand. Never will you have a more glorious opportunity of proving your assertion." Caréme smiled—seated himself at table, unfolded his napkin, and armed himself with his spoon. It was, I assure you, a scene full of interest to see this master of French cookery discussing his own works—and congratulating himself upon the wonders he had achieved, sometimes he applauded aloud. He ate slowly—prolonged his enjoyment with the voluptuousness of a gourmand who sees old Bordeaux wine sparkling before him.

"Une bisque de perdreaux," from its extreme tenderness and delicacy of flavor, seemed to him so worthy of commendation, that he allowed himself to be helped a second time.

"Des ortolans à la provençale" were less fortunate. Hardly had his fork penetrated the outer crust than clouds gathered on the brow of Caréme. He heaved a deep sigh, and then, pushed from him his plate. Alas! the truffles were not sufficiently seasoned. The man of science had failed in a vulgar detail—he had allowed himself to be deceived where the most common-place cook would have been successful! On what trifles does success depend, and how often is humiliation found side by side with glory!

Caréme remained silent and dispirited, until a dish was brought on containing

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a heater of silver gilt, and which by an innovation as bold as it was original, he had ordered served between the third course and the dessert—it was one of those innovations allowable to genius.

After having left the other guests for a few moments in a state of suspense, he triumphantly raised the cover and discovered three little tarts, the appearance of which alone would have excited the most satiated appetite—I could not even tell you of what color they were, but to look at them made one desire to taste them.

Carême served one to each of his companions, and reserved the third for himself.

It must be confessed that never before had the art of the pastry-cook invented anything comparable. Had the great Vatel been permitted to taste that exquisite, melting crust, which mixed so deliciously with the cream, yes, the great Vatel would have cried with rage, and have sought his sword as on that memorable day in which the fish failed him.

The poet and the Prima Donna seized both the hands of Carême and pressed them enthusiastically. He received this homage, not with the abandon of an artist who is forced to confess his own superiority: on the contrary a sort of feeling of inferiority was visible in his expression.—"Alas!" said he, "I have in this production, but the smaller merit of execution. The glory of such an invention belongs to another, although I am the only steward in Paris who can prepare them. The secret of so wonderful a composition is in possession of but three persons—myself included. Never, perhaps, my friend, in your poetical compositions have you ever imagined anything more outlandish and strange than the train of circumstances which threw this recipe into my hands. If you would like, I will tell you the story. It will be quite apropos to this little fête, and will serve to establish a fact too little known—that the science of cookery, like music and drawing, should form a part of the education of all young people.

"It is now some seven or eight years since, that one evening fatigued by long reflection upon a dinner which his excellency the Prince of Benevento was to give, that I left my laboratory to wander about the streets of Paris. Nothing facilitates more astonishingly the flow of my thoughts, than walking. I wished to compose a new dish, and I sought a bold combination which would unite the different qualities of the most opposite styles of European cookery—namely, the English and the Italian.

"Absorbed in my reflections, I suddenly heard a voice calling my name. I raised my head, and forsook my dreams, for the real world about me. The person who condescended to stop me, was the Prince of Parma, high chancellor of the empire. He was walking, as was his habit, in the Barrière des Panorames, before going to the Theâtre des Variétés, which he honored nightly with his presence. Two or three steps behind his highness walked, as usual, in French dress with sword and chapeau, the Marquis of Villevielle and the Marquis of Aigrefeuille,—the former the most complete personification of starvation. It had been one of my dreams to triumph over his leanness. It has ever made me sad to see a gastronomer resemble a skeleton. The Marquis of Aigrefeuille, on the contrary, presented in his round person, the appearance of a man who does honor to a good table, and who eats not from necessity but for pleasure. 'Well!' said his highness, 'what are you now about, Carême, what new triumph have you recently introduced in the art of cookery?'

"'Nothing worthy of so distinguished a gastronomer as your highness,' I replied. 'I hope, however, ere long, to submit an innovation, of which, I trust, your highness will condescend to approve.'

"I then spoke of my project of uniting the English and Italian styles. The Marquis de Villevielle approached to listen.

"'Carême,' replied his highness, 'you are now seeking to give a false direction to your genius—have nothing to do with the English—their cookery is barbarous—I have no greater esteem for the Italians, who lavish their spices, and only seek to burn the palate and destroy its sensibility. You can never prevent the pudding of the one from being indigestible, nor the maccaroni of the other from being consumed with pepper. Were I in your place, I should direct my researches towards the East. The Greeks and the Romans understood good living. The Indians, the Persians, the Turks, with their savory

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fruits understood the art of confectionery better than any other people in the world. If you wish to imitate, go back to them. But still, it were better to invent—and no one is more competent than yourself to do so.'

"The two Marquises applauded the words of the Prince in the most flattering manner. I resolved to show myself worthy of such glorious encouragement, and resumed my ramble and my meditations. I wandered a long while as I had before done, and without noticing in what direction. At last, fatigue awakened so strongly my appetite that I dropped my scientific researches, in order to find wherewith to satisfy my hunger. I began by ascertaining in what street I was wandering. It was one of those straight and narrow passages which intersect one another in the street St. Antoine, and form a muddy net-work around the royal square. A low eating-house with its horse-flesh and suspicious rabbits was before me. The bare idea of such a repast was revolting. I preferred entering a little pastry-cook shop which I perceived at a short distance. I smiled when I thought of Carême supping upon a poor muffin. To my great surprise, there was not one upon the counter; I only saw a sort of tart which looked sufficiently inviting, and which was presented me by an old negress.

I tasted it—never did surprise equal mine. Figure to yourself Ovid listening to verses more beautiful than his own, improvised by a Thracian peasant. I ate a second tart, for some accidental combination might have given to the first its indescribable flavor. The second, if possible, surpassed the first, which had so surprised me. 'Madame,' said I to the negress, 'by whom were these tarts made?'

"'By me,' replied she.

"'Give me the recipe,' said I, 'here is your recompense.' I drew from my pocket-book a bill of five hundred francs and offered it to the African. She refused and added:

"'Sir, I cannot accept your offer. I swore at the bedside of a dying woman to only reveal the secret of these tarts to her daughter, and on the express condition that she should not reveal it before attaining her eighteenth year.'

"I need not add that the reply, instead of satisfying my curiosity, served only to increase it.

"'Who was this dying woman?' asked I.

"'I have never known her name! One night in London, I was summoned to attend upon a poor stranger, having arrived during the day, accompanied by only a little girl; she had been suddenly taken violently ill. The physician announced that she would not survive the night. His predictions were but too fully realized; delirium soon set in; two ideas seemed ever present to her mind; the desertion of her daughter, and a receipt which she repeated with singular exactness. She said that the tarts of which she spoke, were the invention of a Persian Prince. Towards morning the delirium ceased, the invalid raised her head and beckoned me to approach. In a clear voice she repeated to me the receipt. "Remember," said she, "it is the only hope of happiness that remains for my child—let no other know it until she shall have attained her eighteenth year! Swear to it! It is a talisman which will protect her."

"'She fell back—she was dead!

"'After having shed a few tears, the negress continued—

"'Notwithstanding my poverty, I had not the heart to abandon a motherless child. I sold a few clothes and jewels of the deceased, and had her decently interred. With the remainder, I purchased a little shop and began to make tarts after the recipe which had been given me. This new trade soon obtained a celebrity which enabled me to renounce my old profession of nurse, and to bring up, respectably, my adopted daughter.

"'Twelve years passed, at the end of which time I found myself sufficiently rich to undertake a journey to Paris. This had long been my most ardent desire. The mother of Margaret was French, and a mysterious hand led me to reconduct this child to her native land. I left London, and as soon as peace permitted, came to Paris. My tarts obtained the same celebrity in Paris as in London; but thus far, they have not effected, in the position of Margaret, any of those happy changes, which her mother seemed to predict with so much confidence.'

"'Can I not see Mademoiselle Margaret.'

"'She is now asleep, sir; returning from school at seven, she retires at

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eight, in order that she may be enabled to resume her studies on the following morning.'

"I reflected for some moments, and ate a third tart. After this new proof, sure of not acting hastily, I said to the negress—

"'To-morrow at four o'clock, you will come and make six of these tarts at the Hotel of the Prince Benevento; here is the address.'

"She looked at me distrustfully.

"'You need not fear,' said I, 'I swear upon my honor not to seek to penetrate your secret. If I make this requisition, it is only that I may be enabled to serve the tarts hot. You will bring with you all the necessary ingredients.'

"She came the next day, as I had directed, and prepared the tarts. I had them served upon the table of Monsieur, at which his highness, the high chancellor, was dining. I awaited, in anxiety, the result of my experiment; nor was I kept long in suspense. I had expected congratulation. Monsieur de Talleyrand overwhelmed me with reproaches.

"'Carême,' said he, 'of what were those tarts made which were just served? Hardly had Cambacérès tasted them, when the blood rose in his face, and he was suddenly seized with a violent indigestion.'

"It was the first indigestion that the prince of Parma had ever experienced.

"Cambacérès attacked with indigestion for the first time in his life, in the house of prince Talleyrand, at a table served under the directions of Carême!

"It was enough to shame and grieve one to death," added Carême, blushing even at the painful recollection.

He then continued, "Such a check might decide the fate of my whole life, destroy my reputation acquired by so many glorious achievements, and leave me bound hand and foot to the sarcasms of my enemies and my rivals. The blow was more severe as it struck me on a point upon which I had believed myself invulnerable. I had, all my life, professed that the great merit of my cookery consisted in reconciling *Hygiène* with gastronomy, and now, the most illustrious, the most robust, the most invincible stomach of Europe was overcome by me!

"I cannot describe to you what a wretched night I passed. From hour to hour I sent to inquire after the prince. The high chancellor continued to suffer greatly; he appeared greatly agitated, and to aggravate his indisposition, fever had set in. At last, towards five o'clock in the morning, a note informed me that the invalid slept profoundly. The physicians had left him, declaring that on the morrow no unfavorable symptoms would be found remaining.

"Reassured, at least in regard to the health of my victim, I tried to sleep—need I add—I could not close my eyes—early in the morning, I descended to my laboratory, and sought relief from that art which I loved so well, and which had so cruelly deceived me. It was hardly possible for me to fix my mind upon the most simple combination—twice did I sweeten a cream, which I amused myself by preparing for the breakfast of Monsieur de Talleyrand, and at last caught myself holding it over a heater without fire. Towards noon, a footman of the prince of Parma came to notify me that his master desired to speak with me immediately.

"This was the finishing stroke. His Highness undoubtedly wished to reproach me, and overwhelm me with shame. I resigned myself to a punishment which I felt that I had deserved for daring to serve at the table of his Excellency, confectionery manufactured in the faubourg St. Antoine. As a soldier who is about to be degraded, puts on his uniform, I assumed my grand costume of steward, and repaired to the prince. Hardly had my name been announced, when I was admitted. I found the prince pale, weak and dejected, I fell upon my knees, unable to repress my tears and sobs. 'Compose yourself, Carême,' said the prince, kindly, 'compose yourself—you are not answerable for my indisposition—your magnanimity but renders my repentance the more sincere, and adds to the cruel gravity of my fault.' He motioned me to rise and seat myself in a chair to which he pointed—then passing his hand across his forehead, where the traces of his late suffering were still visible,

"'Did you yourself compose the recipe of those tarts?' asked he.

"'No, sir! they were not even made by me.'

"He started as though stung by a viper—but quickly mastering his emotion, he ordered me, by a look, to go on.

"'I acknowledge my fault in all its

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extent,' added I, 'and this acknowledgment shall be my punishment—yes, sir,—infatuated, I dared to send to the table of my master, to that table at which his highness was seated, tarts made by an old negress in the street St. Antoine.'

"'Carême,' exclaimed the Prince, 'we must ascertain immediately who taught her to prepare those tarts?'

"I confess that at that moment, so great was his distress, that some suspicion of an attempt to poison the high chancellor flashed across my mind.

"'She would not consent to tell me—in vain I offered to purchase her secret—she obstinately refused to sell it—all that I could learn is that she is recently arrived from England accompanied by a young girl.'

"'My God!' murmured his highness, 'my God! am I at last on the track of a secret which I have so long sought?'

"He rang—a valet appeared—

"'Peter,' said he, 'take my carriage, and go immediately with Monsieur Carême to an old negress who sells confectionery in the street St. Antoine, you will bring the woman and a young girl who lives with her to me—go—let the horses fly—every moment will seem to me an age.'

"I confess it—a complete confusion took possession of me, I understood nothing of what passed—the valet shared my astonishment—he confessed to me, by the way, that during the twenty years which he had had the honor of serving his highness, never before had he seen him so excited.

"Thanks to the spirit of the horses, we soon arrived at our destination. The negress received, without any surprise, and indeed, with an expression of satisfaction, our order to follow us.

"'You then know Monsieur Cambacérès?' asked I.

"'No—but what of that?' said she, 'have I not the talisman of my tarts to protect me? The predictions of the dying woman, are now, I am sure, about being accomplished.'

"She then called a young girl of exquisite beauty, who seemed about fourteen or fifteen years of age. After having addressed some words to her in English—she presented her to us—the young girl took the hand of the woman, raised her eyes to heaven, as if in thankfulness; and we returned to the hotel of the prince. Hardly had we crossed the sill of the prince's cabinet, than the high chancellor uttered a cry of surprise and joy. He ran to the young girl, took her by the arm, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, exclaiming, 'My child, how many years have I sought you?'

"I left the cabinet and awaited in the ante-chamber until five o'clock, when my duties called me to the Prince Talleyrand's. I expected to be again summoned to the Prince of Parma, but I was mistaken—his highness spoke to me no more of the adventure in which I had played so strange a part. Once, during a conference which I held with the eminent gastronomer, I hazarded an allusion to the mysterious tarts. A forbidding look from the prince warned me of my indiscretion, and I stopped. Nor did I again venture to commit the same error.

"I confess, however, that the secret of the mysterious tarts troubled me greatly, even in the midst of my gravest occupations. My researches after the negress were fruitless. She had never returned to her shop, which was now occupied by a confectioner who had never seen her. The valets of Monsieur Cambacérès had taken away her moveables and given satisfaction for the rent. I lost myself in the most ridiculous conjectures. Was it possible that he had found the tarts delicious, and had endeavored, by a refinement worthy of the gastronomer, to obtain the monopoly? The tarts were never served upon his table! He had never known the young girl before she entered his house, and yet he had shown the greatest joy at seeing her—and since that time, no one knew what had become of her—she had never been seen in the house! Never was curiosity more severely tried. Three years passed by: I had almost forgotten the particulars of this adventure, when one morning the Prince de Talleyrand condescended, as was sometimes his wont, to enter my laboratory.

"'Carême,' said he, at the same time smiling, 'I have a secret to confide to you. I know that you may be trusted—swear then that you will never reveal the secret which I am about to tell you—that it shall die with you—swear upon your honor.'

"The prince made this requisition in

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a half serious, half joking tone, which he often assumed to me. I promised all that he asked.

"'I can, now,' said he, 'without danger, confide to you the recipe of a dish which I shall expect to see on Thursday, in the bill of a splendid dinner which I am to give.'

"I glanced at the recipe—it was, there could be no doubt, that of the mysterious tarts.

"The prince could not refrain from laughing at my surprise. He left, without deigning to give me the explanation which I begged. I set myself to work, and soon succeeded in making the tarts so as to defy the old negress herself.

"It was a most singular and unheard-of combination of the most opposite substances. To read the enumeration of ingredients, you would have thought it the result of a wild imagination, and have expected a most miserable compound—and yet, you have had an opportunity of judging, and I venture to say that never before did so delicious a mixture delight your palate. On the following Thursday, when I repaired to the dining-room, to superintend the repast, the first person whom I perceived, was the young girl of whom I before spoke, covered with diamonds. She occupied the seat of honor on the right of Prince Talleyrand, and on her other side was placed his highness, the prince of Parma.

"So amazed was I, that my hat dropped from my hand, and it was some moments before I could recover myself.

"When the moment arrived for serving the tarts, I took them from the hand of the servant, and boldly placed them directly before the young woman. She was unable to repress a slight exclamation, and exchanged a hurried glance with the High Chancellor. She then condescended to serve the tarts with her own hands, and carried her condescension so far as to congratulate me upon my success.

"After the dinner was finished, and the guests had left the table, I slipped near the Marquis of Aigrefeuille, and asked the name of the lady. 'It is,' replied he, 'Madame, the Duchess of D—. She last week married the young and handsome Duke of D—, and brought him a dowry of upwards of five millions of francs.'

"I was stupefied. A vender of tarts bring a dowry of five millions!! And yet, so it was. The information which I received from the notary, confirmed the account given me by the Marquis. Since then I have not been able to make any discoveries which might enable me to untie the Gordian knot—and, as I had not the sword of Alexander with which to cut it, I resolved to think no more of it."

"Well!" said the Prima Donna, "I shall take upon myself to solve this mystery.'

"You, madame?" asked Carême, with astonishment.

"I"—

"By what miracle?"

"Alas! without either miracle or romance—by the most simple, commonplace means. I was the school companion of Dorothy V., now Duchess of D."

"What a curious coincidence!" exclaimed Carême.

"A coincidence which united with me two hundred young girls all equally acquainted with the secret which you have pursued with so much anxiety. Since you speak of this enigma, I am ready to read you the solution."

It was now Carême's turn to listen.

"In 1776," said she, "two families, being on the most friendly terms, inhabited two contiguous houses at Montpelier. The one was simply a citizen's dwelling—the other a palace. The former belonged to Monsieur Cambacérès, Counsellor to the Court of Subsidies; the latter to the Count of P., Governor of Picardy.

"The son of the Counsellor had been brought up on the most intimate terms with the daughter of the Governor. Nearly the same age—living side by side—they saw one another freely at all hours. The old aunt, who in the absence of the father, had charge of the education of Diana, never dreamed of interrupting the intimacy which had lasted for eighteen years. Regis passed nearly every evening with the ladies, who constituted his only society, with the exception of an old uncle, an arch-deacon, a great card-player, who came regularly each evening, from five o'clock until nine, and placed himself at a card table, opposite Madame, the Dowager Countess of N.

Whilst the old people beguiled their leisure by games of cards, the young people read, and wandered together through the ideal world. The Arabian Nights, too, one of the books which the guardian had permitted them—those

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fanciful stories, in which the oriental imagination lavishes its fantastic treasures, were, to them, irresistibly attractive. They knew all the heroes by name—were familiar with their most trifling adventures. They dwelt with delight upon the history of a poor, obscure youth, who suddenly became a great prince, and was enabled to marry the daughter of the Caliph, whom he had long loved.

"At this period Bedreddin-Hassan—the mysterious husband of the Lady of Beauty, was their favorite hero.

"One evening, when they were reading, for the hundredth time, the adventures of this poor prince, reduced to selling tarts at the gates of Damascus, they conceived the idea of making tarts like those of the Prince—the receipt of which was partly found in the book of Galand. The project was hailed with the greatest of joy; they ran to the kitchen. Regis, who already felt within him the germ of that passion which was to render him, at a future day, the most celebrated gastronomer of Europe, was of no slight assistance to the young girl, in her culinary efforts. After many ineffectual attempts, they succeeded in making excellent tarts: they hastened to carry their work to the dowager and the arch-deacon. They tasted, at first, rather suspiciously, but soon proclaimed its excellency and delicacy. Never had they tasted anything so delicious! Whilst these four happy persons were thus amusing themselves, a post-chaise entered the court, and a grave and severe looking man opened the door of the drawing-room. The Countess ran to embrace the traveller, and Diana respectfully presented her forehead for him to kiss. It was the Duke of P. He bowed coldly to the arch-deacon, cast a freezing glance upon Regis, and retired to his apartments. The young man returned to his mother with a weight upon his heart, and a prey to the most fearful presentiments.

"Alas! his presentiments did not deceive him—he saw Diana but once more. She left on the following day with her father who had betrothed her, without her knowledge, to the Marquis of V.

"Régis nearly sank under this separation—but time and study softened his grief. He entered on the practice of law, he received from his native city a pension of twelve hundred livres, and soon acquired a distinguished name. I need not tell you the rest of his history—you already know it. The obscure Régis became the distinguished and powerful Cambacérès. Cambacérès became high chancellor of the Empire, and Prince of Parma.

"In 1793, when the reign of Terror was at its height, Cambacérès, who had long since forgotten the Prince of Bedreddin and his tarts, received a letter, the hand-writing of which made his heart beat violently, and filled his eyes with tears. It was from Diana. 'I have been obliged to emigrate,' said she, 'my husband was killed fighting at Quiberon, exile and poverty will be henceforth my lot. I am a mother—and I implore your protection for my child, save for her in better times the inheritance of her father, which has been sequestrated by the French government. Régis, I ask it of you in remembrance of the sweet but cruel evening of the tarts of Prince Bedreddin.

'Diana de P.'

P. S. I shall leave to-morrow for England; arrived in London, I shall write again to give you my address.

"Cambacérès awaited the letter for six months, but it did not arrive; then notwithstanding the war, and the many attendant difficulties, he sent agents to England to seek out Diana, and bring her back to France, when, thanks to his credit, he hoped to be able to restore her estates. But all his researches were fruitless. For Diana arriving in London in the most frightful distress, died the same day.

"Now you know all—chance or rather Providence made you an agent in restoring to Diana, through his highness the Prince of Parma, the sequestrated estates of the Marquis of P. Cambacérès became guardian of the young orphan, placed her in one of the best schools of Paris to complete her education, and afterwards married her to the Duke of D——.

"The old negress, now become the happiest of governesses, occupies a rich apartment in the home of her adopted daughter, and occasionally amuses herself by preparing for the children of the Duchess some of Prince Bedreddin's tarts."

The conclusion of this recital kept Carême plunged in a profound revery.

"Gastronomy has then its romance,"

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said he. "What a pity that this strange story should not be known—perhaps it might convince some of the necessity of introducing the study of cookery in the education of women. This art would develope correctness of judgment, and ensure them the means of success in the world by which they are often deprived by a less judicious course."

He did not smile at this assertion—it did not even seem to us absurd—Carême was one of those men so carried away by his profession, that his enthusiasm converts it into an art.

"My dear Carême," cried the poet, "I promise you that I shall some day write this story; you will soon have an opportunity of reading it in print.'"

Alas! Carême did not read it, nor the Prima Donna, nor the Duchess of V——, all three rest beneath the sod—one at Paris, the second at Brussels, and the third in the interior of Germany.

Cambacérès, Talleyrand, Monsieur de la Villevieille, Monsieur d'Aigrefeuille, have all disappeared from the stage. Of all those who figured in this history, there remains but him who has written the history of Prince Bedreddin's tarts.

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## ON WRITING FOR THE MAGAZINES.

A MAGAZINE is such a pleasant embodiment of wit and wisdom, such an infinite good fellow of a companion, that we may well pity the unfortunate condition of our now somewhat distant ancestors who ever lived without one, to say nothing of an army of them of all shades and diversities of temperament. We look with respect upon the absurdities and stupidities of that old rag-bag of literature, the "Gentleman's," when we consider that it was the first and is now venerable with the rust of its second century. Peace, quietness, and a never ending existence to old Sylvanus Urban, the type of cocked hats and country parsons, who bids defiance to all the innovations of taste in printers, authors and publishers, who goes on his way rejoicing with his fag ends of knowledge and criticism a hundred years old. Men and magazines of genius die young, because they are always fretting about immortality. If you would live a long life, cultivate the body and keep down the spirit. Nothing kills men sooner than a restless intellect. It is notorious that a magazine which depends upon the brains of its original projectors dies out in a lustrum. Hazlitt and Lamb and Carlyle, and the young Hood, could not keep the life in the noble "London," but the old Gentleman survived them bravely.

Before the days of magazines, wit and mirth and quips and jests and glorious outbursts of temperament must have lost half their relish without the after enjoyment of being reproduced in the magazines—if indeed they could ever exist in any conversational perfection without the suggestions and stimulus of the press. How stupid are the jests of the old Romans, how solemn the mirth of Cicero, what fatuity recorded in Plutarch, wanting as those ancients did the periodicals. It is notorious now-a-days, or if not, it may be very readily observed that men talk to write and write to talk, that the mutual collision of the babble of the club room and the *soirée* with the silence of the writing table, broken only by the music of the pen on paper, makes them perfect in both. One never talks with any knowledge till he writes, travelling into the secret labyrinths of thought, or writes with feeling till he has been warmed by the countenance and sympathy of the living eye and voice. Our ante-magazinists had none of this; they left few records to their children of their swift passing moments; they appeared only in state, on special occasions in print, and handed down history to us as little better than a Parish Register.

Negligence and ease, with enthusiasm and refinement, are the charms of a magazine. No one should care what a writer is deficient in, for this purpose, if he can only excite sympathy and awaken our enjoyment. Who is the prince of the magazinists but Christopher North, the careless slipshod enthusiast, a glow-

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ing Sun breaking upon us all the brighter out of the polar austerities of Scotland. It was a merciful dispensation which sent this tropical genius to a clime which might naturally produce only Chambers's Journals and Information for the People. Soul, soul, soul are the three requisites for the great magazine. We like the dishabille air and demi-toilette of authorship, for we feel, where these are worn, the surrounding atmosphere is warm and genial. Here we prefer sensibility to sense. Political economy may take care of the pocket elsewhere, and the didactic play on some other instrument of its own. Our 'organ' should breathe only the heart-stirring symphonies of Beethoven. We would have one shelf or more in our library for solid Encyclopædias and books of business, and another distinct where the eye may catch the golden lettering of the poets, and these prose legers of the heart where the best affections are entered up monthly, and an open account kept against Time to the end. What a good round balance there will be in favor of John Wilson, Leigh Hunt, and Thomas Hood for instance, when three score and ten brings its settlement!

It will be seen that we restrict the magazine article proper to but one species of writing, or rather one way of thinking or feeling, for the illustrations of the faculty may be various, ranging through all the wide world of fancy, humor, pathos not forbidding satire—for satire, when it is not purely malevolent, may be enjoyable, bringing us into closer companionship with our fellows. The rough points of a satirist's temperament may be the cog-wheels which link us in more closely with the general movement from which we might else be separated and unhappy.

Above all things the magazine must depend upon its interest to us for its contemporary matter. It must talk of the day and hour, the whim or philosophy of the moment. It must be immediate and local. It must discourse readily upon the fashionable notoriety of the time, or read its homily for the benefit of the newest politician, or satirize the latest folly, and turn round to put us in conceit again with its conveniences and virtues. Its great aim is to make us pleased with the world as it is, its praise must be the very otto of egotism and complacency, its "feigned abuse such as perplexed lovers use." It should purify the soiled temple of the world, by causing us to forget all the evil and reminding us of all the good, removing the mildew of weariness and disgust from its shrines and altars, that the spirit may return and worship again pure and undismayed. Life would sometimes pall upon us, were it not relieved by the playful graces of the essayist. In this day no one can be insensible to the benefits of literature. The most heroic act is incomplete till it receive the welcome, the All Hail! of the orator and poet. Fame dwells in books. The guardian being wanting, the virtue becomes extinct. If the magazines had more power it would be better for the state. We know not what cultivation our statesmen, for instance, might receive if their measures were ably reviewed by faithful writers, and their speeches commented upon by a body of critics who would be the protectors of manly eloquence. No one will long waste intellect where it is unheeded. "Do not use fulminating gold when common gunpowder will do as well," wrote Moore to Leigh Hunt, when Moore thought his friend was writing too well in the pages of the Reflector. Our politicians are in little danger of resorting to any such costly alchemy. Abroad it is different. Public men approach the public with the fear of the press before their eyes. An English debater rounds his periods by the music of the eloquent Times or Examiner, as by the flute of Gracchus. Our orators, with no such clarifying medium, speak directly to Bunkum. It is by the support and influence of the best men that the best things are done, the best words spoken and the best books written. Pope has explained this in his courtly graceful way.

"But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self, great Dryden's friend before,
With open arms received one poet more."

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There is nothing more delightful in authorship, than an unchecked genial strain of friendly altercation, a rivalry in the appreciation of one another's qualities, where it takes place between men who possess something in themselves worth eulogizing, and are of sufficient importance for the world to take an interest in the matter. We know what a much dreaded word egotism is in society and among critics, and how instinctively alarm is taken by a class of very sensitive persons at the slightest approach to personality; how many very careful guardians there are in the world with the zeal of duennas, whose prudish nicely educated souls are offended at an improper exhibition of self, and we appreciate very kindly the good taste which would reduce men and women to a vapid state of insipidity, by closing the mouths of everybody to anything which might prove hazardous to the personal comfort of—fools. Yet in spite of all this, we are advocates of plain speaking, downright thinking, egotism, personality and any other terror "within the limits of becoming mirth," and guarded by a never to be relinquished spirit of honest dealing. So long as fair play is shown, let us have the game out, come the good or ill fortune of it where it may.

One large class of objectors to the egotism of authors is that numerous body who are not authors, and who sometimes affect to be superior to the supposed vanity which, they imagine, is at the bottom of these exhibitions in print. Let us look into the matter. Waiving, for a moment, all question of the kind of notoriety, in the case of the author, it may be, as it very often is, that the name of a fault-finder, if he be a merchant, for instance, is a hundred times in the papers, to the author's once. The most greedy, carnivorous candidate for fame, who bites with the avidity of a pike at a newspaper puff, and urges his literary wares upon the public, amid the general laughter, and particular contempt of his own class, is not half so industrious as the tradesman with his signs, bill-heads, check-books, agencies, correspondences, runners, gazetteers, advertisements, with his name on every packing box, placards on every dead wall, running about the streets on carts, labelled on sloops, making the tour of rivers on steamboats, from the broad bunting to the very plates and dishes in the cabin, and the last pewter spoon, or reaching that apotheosis of reputation, the figure head and bow of a ship ploughing the ocean. More people know the name of Rothschild, than know the name of Lord Byron. John Jacob Astor is a man of greater celebrity than his book-keeper, and glorious book-maker on his own account, Halleck. A prolific literary rabbit keeps before the people with some diligence, but not with half the success of the last new pill manufacturer. But, it will be said, the fact is nothing, the motive is everything. The merchant pursues notoriety purely as an affair of business, of dollars and cents, and, when these are attained, his own private character, his domestic interests, his heart and soul, are his own uncorrupted, while the author is making trade and merchandize of all that a man should hold most dear and secret, of his affections, his sensibilities, the pretended goodness of his heart, and nicety of his feelings. Is the merchant so entirely uncorrupted as he represents himself? Is there nothing involved in his notoriety seeking but matters of interest and profit? Is it all outward, material, separable from the man? No, his good name stands for a thousand things besides his dollars and cents. Go into the interior of the country, and see the fluttering which the presence of a man whose name has stood its quarter of a century, with honor, in Pearl Street, creates. He may be courted for his wealth, but he is respected for all that stands behind it, the probity, the self-denial, the industry, the talent, the energy, which have made him celebrated. Is name, is notoriety nothing? Why, without any impeachment of his modesty, he goes up to the desk of the hotel, and writes his autograph, in the traveller's book, with the air of a man drawing a check on the spectators for an unlimited amount of respect, attention and deference, with the certainty of its being honored. The merchant seeks notoriety for the same ends, and as nearly as he can, with the same means as the author. Talk not of the vanity of authors, and the love of puffs and notoriety, ye merchants, before editors. As soothing to the soul of the ship-owner in South St., or the Captain on the seas, is a few inches of type, eulogistically arranged, as to the glistening eyes of the most self-idolatrous youngster, who ever perpetrated rhyme or prose. If you would



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see the true difference between the two estates, look upon the picture of a literary man who has received more of this species of literary attention than ever literary man, before or since—the great Dr. JOHNSON, with BOSWELL at his heels, with ink-horn and note-book, and a man, a species of merchant, whom he once met with, in travelling. The Dr. was at an inn, and could not but notice the uneasiness of a gentleman, whom we may presume dapper, snug, and of sufficient external respectability, in his appearance; the last man in the world, probably, to be reproached as an author. It is most likely the literary leviathan has been recognized, and is receiving the obsequious attentions of the house. The little gentleman of business celebrity grows impatient over his toast, spills his tea, worries and dogs-ears his newspaper; he finally transports himself from the mahogany pew in which a travelling Englishman takes his breakfast, and gets to the fire. He derives courage and new vigor from the warmth. His coat is gracefully parted over either arm, as he thrusts his hands into his pockets and his back to the fire. He faces the Doctor and the company. Some petty turn in the conversation, artfully suggested by himself, gives him his long-looked-for, and anxiously-sought opportunity—"What! do you not know who I am?" "You certainly, sir, have the advantage of us." "Why, I am"—with a pause, for admiration to enlarge itself—"THE GREAT TWALMLEY—THE INVENTOR OF THE FLOOD-GATE IRON!" Now Johnson sat for his portrait, chose his own painter, "e'en such an honest chronicler as Griffith," and may be said to be responsible, personally, for all the adulation recorded by Boswell, for he knew very well what the man was about, all the time he was making his record—yet, heaping all this weight of biography upon his shoulders, it is utterly impossible to crowd him down into any such position as the great Twalmley assumes, impaled in those very pages. The author has a greatness within to sustain him, the inventor being an empty fellow is blown over by the first laugh.

We see that the merchant, in his own argument, does not stand quite clear of the suspicions he urges against the author. He is very righteously and commendably strengthening his own convictions and deference to duty by the voice of public opinion. And he is by no means necessarily making sale of his virtues, because he is prosperous by the credit he gets for them. The author assuredly goes further in the voluntary exhibition of himself,—in his egotism,—to admit the point at once. It is his vocation. To find fault with him for this is to beg the whole question. It is his business to write out what he knows, thinks and feels, that other men may learn to know, think and feel. If he were to do otherwise, and cease to exhibit, directly or indirectly, his own personal character on the page, biography would soon be an enumeration of mere platitudes, and would fall into the very pretence and puffery sought to be avoided; ignorance would be unquestioned, folly respected and vice unscathed; there would be one biographical formula, something like that in the ladies' magazines, where character and reputation are dispensed as freely as tin money on the stage, where genius, that century-blooming aloe, blooms as rankly as the dandelion in the field, and Shakspeares and Miltons go staggering about in bibs and petticoats. What a blessed uniformity of praise there would be!—what charity, what kind-heartedness!—how perfect a Utopia, how benevolent a Millennium, if heroes of various kinds could have it all their own way, unchallenged by the occasional impertinence of interfering sensibility and justice. Homer might then confine himself to the Catalogue of the Ships; Shakspeare would have no business to talk in his loud, lofty strain; Ben Jonson should relinquish his learning; Milton his pride; Spenser his luxuriousness; Cowley his negligent, happy humors; and such diseased writers as Montaigne, Rousseau, Hazlitt, Lamb, and other individualities, would be clean gone for ever. Egotists all—a sad race of insufferable talkers about themselves. What is genius but this secret spring of egotism, everywhere giving life to books as the water to the landscape which is sometimes hidden deep beneath the surface, at others half concealed by foliage, then playing, laughing and rejoicing in a thousand streams and rivulets in the full blaze of day? Egotism will be valued always in proportion to the character of the author, as a soil that betrays a vein of gold is worth more than one of coal or slate. That it may become a nuisance, is undoubted; but in

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its annoying forms, it carries its own antidote in its very barefacedness. But even in its coarser and common forms, it has its value, as in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, while no passages of the great authors are treasured more than those in which they pause, parenthetically, to convey some allusion to themselves. Who would lose the supposed personal reference to the blind bard in Homer, or the passage on Light in Milton? and, in spite of what is generally said to the contrary, who does not fancy Shakspeare, probably with justice, a thousand times interposing his own sentiments?

We have certainly "fetched a compass" to get to our port of magazine writing, and vindicate its personalities. Are not our American writers, lecturers, preachers, politicians, editors, actors and other publicans enough talked about? It may be that they are too much talked about, and too little—that their names are better known than their actions—that they are often heard of, but poorly understood. We want the niceties of knowledge: it is not enough to know that Bryant is poetical, Hudson forcible, Dewey eloquent, Calhoun brilliant, Kendall a great journalist, or Placide a capital actor—all this is nothing, mere barrenness, till we find out or are taught the peculiar secret principle which constitutes their vitality. We do not know anything of the men till we know that. Let us once feel the breath of the native muse, fresh from the woodland and the forest, on our cheeks, and we begin to learn something of Bryant. The first acorn which we pick up alongside of him, ourselves in a country ramble, is worth more to us than to hear him called "Great" for ever, and admit it in every drawing-room in the country. We must have a niche for our writers, in the gallery of the mind, otherwise they are so much lumber thrown together at the threshold. No man's knowledge is to be valued till he offers you something of his own, which is not to be picked up on the highway, or to which has been added some value from use or keeping. We get this rarely. How many people have we heard speak of the acting of Kean—from how few have we heard anything but mere chaffish generality! He was a *great* actor—great in Othello, great in Shylock; you could hear a pin fall; gentlemen's servants waited twenty-four hours in the lobbies to engage seats; his benefits were immense—but how was he great? You can commonly get no further. He was very great in Richard. This is a provoking and, with the leave of the reader be it said, a prevailing home trait. Every one knows everything about our public men, few know anything. How little of all that has been written can we refer a stranger visiting the country to for a keen, just, appreciative character of our worthies! The magazines should be looked to for this criticism. Here is a field where the genuine writers of the country should come to one another's help, and not leave the best characters of our authors and statesmen, as is the fact at present, to be written abroad. If we wish to learn anything of our great men, beyond, of course, the fact that they are *great*, we must go to Miss Martineau and the foreign reviews.

Authors have always been a generous body of men to one another in dedications, compliments, reviews, &c., and there is nothing more graceful or valuable than these things, when they are conscientiously bestowed by good and true men. The old scholarship of the Continent, the verses prefixed to the Elizabethan editions, the tributes in the writings of Hazlitt and his friends, are so many well remembered instances among others. It was a peculiarity of the old English authors—insomuch that Leigh Hunt in his new work on Imagination and Fancy, has gone somewhat at length and apologetically into the matter, in reference to Shakspeare, who mentions none of his contemporaries. "Has anybody," says he, "discovered the reason why he never noticed a living contemporary, and but one who was dead? and this too, in an age of great men, and when they were in the habit of acknowledging the pretensions of one another. It could not have been jealousy, or formality, or inability to perceive merits which his own included; and one can almost as little believe it possible to have been owing to a fear of disconcerting his aristocratic friends, for they too were among the eulogizers: neither can it be attributed to his having so mooted all points, as to end in caring for none; for in so great and wide a nature, *good* nature must surely survive everything, both as a pleasure and a duty. I have made up my mind to think that his theatrical *managership* was the cause. It natu-

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rally produced a dislike of pronouncing judgments and incurring responsibilities. And yet he was not always a manager; nor were all his literary friends playwrights. I think it probable, from the style, that he wrote the sonnet in which Spenser is eulogized:

'If music and sweet poetry agree,' &c.

but this is doubtful; and Spenser was not one of his dramatic fellows. Did he see too many faults in them *all* to praise them!! Certainly the one great difference between him and them, next to superiority of genius, is the prevailing relevancy of all he wrote; its freedom, however superabundant, from inconsistency and caprice. But could he find nothing to praise? Nothing in the whole contemporary drama? Nothing in all the effusions of his friends and brother clubbists of the "Mermaid and the Triple Tun?"

How necessary this spirit of appreciation is among authors, where literature is an affair sustained and defended by the few, is a point only to be suggested. In the present state of our literature it is of the next importance to being true to themselves, that literary men should be true to one another. Short as our history has been, and comparatively few as have been our men of letters, there has been time to forget and neglect some of the best spirits among them. American criticism has yet many a genial hour's delightful toil to come, in making the acquaintance of the inner life of many who are but little understood.

E. A. D.

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## BRALLAGHAN, OR THE DEIPNOSOPHISTS.*

What is to be done with all the bacchanalian literature in these days of Temperance Societies! Is it all literally to go by the board? Are the "Noctes" to be made waste paper of, are Father Prout and O'Doherty to be sacrificed! Are there to be no more cakes and ale, because some men are virtuous and drink cold water? There must be some explanation of the case. The Noctes are published and read and enjoyed by a new race who have never heard of Scotch drink, save in these classic pages; and here, before us, in a neat modest volume dedicated to Serjeant Talfourd, and with preliminary verses, very sweet ones too, to a lady, is Brallaghan, or the Deipnosophists, a rampant book full of all manner of wicked trivialities and impertinences, made up from the glowing red hot pages of Fraser. It is but a novice in literature, a raw hand in the glorious use of books, who can never get beyond the letter to the creative sentiment—who would say away with these books, they dont at all suit the time, I can get nothing out of them, as I am neither always in love or always drunk,—they are barren. This is to be sure the logic of a great many who would drag down all literature to the petty momentary standard of some limited body of men, in some limited month of some exceedingly restricted year. There is but one answer to such Malvolios, and Shakspeare has put it into the mouth of Sir Toby Belch,—"Ginger *shall* be hot i'the mouth."—Consider what havoc this condemnatory principle would make in literature if there were no sympathy with others, if there were no accommodating ourselves to the spirit of the past, and yielding our local ways and habits to the customs of our forefathers. Drinking is at end, say the objectors, and we want no more of these desperate hard drinking volumes. It is a sin in an author, as it has been alleged against Dickens, that his characters very often mention the words brandy and water—there must be a new censorship, and all these provoking phrases must be Lord Chamberlained out of existence. It is the part of a delicate and newly acquired virtue that

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* Brallaghan, or the Deipnosophists, By Edward Kenealy, Esq. London: E. Churton, 26 Holles Street, 1845, 18mo., pp. 334.

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it should be so tender and sensitive to the air—if it had not a lurking distrust of its own strength it would not be so suspicious. There is no need of setting up any apology for the pleasant peculiarities of our ancestors, for their locked doors and after dinner orgies, for a way they had of mixing whisky punch without discretion and talking so familiarly of Port and Madeira. There was probably a great deal of evil in it, and there was just as certainly some good—let it pass, we are the descendants of those jolly old boys, and self-love whispers us that they left human nature quite uncorrupted, at least no worse than it was before. If we would look around we might find new vices in existence, as well as neglected virtues brought to light. The average of human character is pretty much the same. We leave off drinking and take to avarice or some other agreeable counterpart; we are more quick-witted than some of our old predecessors handed down to us as a stupidity-loving, chimney-corner-seeking race; but then again, to put a little solemn meaning into a free colloquial expression, which appears to have truth as well as profanity in it, we are in a *devil* of a hurry. Yes, we are possessed by an unquiet restless devil, one of the most buzzing, impertinent, head-walking flies of the race of Beelzebub. So it always is; we barter away the vices of youth for the vices of age, and congratulate ourselves on our improvement, and different generations do just the same. Charles Lamb was writing about human nature, when he says in his letters to one of his friends: "I have left off smoking and am looking about for the corresponding vice." The acknowledgment of the impulse is sufficient proof that he did not follow it—otherwise, he would have had very little difficulty in meeting with some ready-made sin.

But all this we waive. Vice is not to be looked at comparatively, but positively. One evil does not neutralize another. Still, our libraries cannot be expurgated of all allusion to the habits out of fashion, habits which we regard as criminal, though in their day they were considered, perhaps, as virtues. Who does not read Homer with zest? and what civilized man has not an instinctive horror and distaste of the absurdities of war? To slaughter men in Texas, or on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico, as they were slaughtered on the shore of Troy, would appear to us simply revolting and disgusting—to read of the same things done and suffered in the Iliad, awakes in us ideas of glory and magnanimity, of a generous contempt for life, in the cause of duty, the invincible desire of fame. Are we to burn these divine poems, because we have outgrown their barbarous incidents? or are they to be withheld from our youth at school, lest they should be seized with a sudden desire for imitation, arm themselves in greaves, helmet and short sword, and go about the world, speechifying and butchering? The most pusillanimous shopkeeper, whose nightly dreams are infested with constant armies of robbers, the most pacific of Quakers, the President and members of the Peace Society, have never thought of such things. The rage of Achilles, and the death-blows of Ajax, are daily commented upon by a race of lily-livered school-masters, from whose inert hands even the birch has fallen; and youth is still coy and submissive, though it wanders daily over a battle-field, where men are cleft by the chine, and transfixed in the jugular, and bite the dust, as in a human shambles. All these things are but symbols, from which a healthy, well-disciplined nature extracts aliment for virtue by its better instinct. Take other examples—the Crusades, or the History of the Roman Catholic Church, its Missionary enterprise, its Lives of Saints and Martyrs, which are so diligently kept out of view by a certain class of instructors, who treat the human mind as the cooks of Strasbourg do the goose, box it up, set it before the fire of their own conceit, and send it out to the world with an enormously inflated liver. Heaven preserve our youth from such kindness—they had better be left to themselves, and experience in the school-house of the world.

This is our apology for the Noctes and the Deipnosophists, who make such an ado about eating and drinking on paper, that they no more make us gluttons or drunkards than the battle-pieces of Homer make us savages. They do talk, to be sure, a great deal about festivity and Bacchus; if you believe them, they drink oceans of wine, and eat whole archipelagoes of oysters—but a moment's reflection, and the whole mystification is dispelled. Drunkards and

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sensualists never have such fine brains, and nicely-attempered souls, or can rhapsodize such poetical eloquence and just philosophy, through twenty double columned pages. Their extravagant wit and humor are a cloak for the most sober and impartial feeling; just as Rabelais, who carried the joke to a most wilful excess, says of his "books"—they were like the vessels of ointment of the ancient physicians, without adorned with hideous images and grinning satyrs, within all health and medicine.

There is no book, save an irredeemably stupid one, from which a man of some experience, a good eye for observation, an honest heart, and a slightly speculative turn of mind, may not gain something to his profit. And there is no book wholly evil, of such a loathsomeness of vice as to be a moral pest-house of disease, which has ever long held the attention of the world, or even got among the classics; though there are many volumes, among the latter, at which fashion turns up the nose, and prudery affects to shudder. Has nature done nothing for us, has God done nothing for us, that we should shut ourselves out from the sight of the world, tie ourselves down to some narrow, conventional system, begot of fear and prejudice, and trust nothing to the free, voluntary movements of the soul? Is man to be more a slave than the animal creation, which enjoys its utmost liberty? Are reason and feeling to be inferior to instinct? Is the father, the school-master, the preacher, to rule the world? or is God, who made all, and to whom all human beings look up? One would think, to glance round, sometimes, and see the fetters which chain the mind and heart, that the world was under the government of pedagogues and new-fangled sectarians, and that natural goodness of heart, rectitude of mind, and all which shapes the individual, were to be systematically crushed.

This is getting to be a lengthened prologue to our notice of a book of which we have only a few words to say. Brallaghan, or the Deipnosophists, belongs to a class of writings much famed in Fraser, Blackwood, and the English tory magazines, the general characteristics of which are an *ex-officio* love for Church and State, a thorough-bred collegiate education, shown in multitudes of Greek and Latin verses, a man of the world's knowledge of French, an abundance of Tom Moore-ish poetry, an abusive tongue, and an admirable heart. Read some of these effusions, the maxims of O'Doherty, for instance, to a person unacquainted with the ways of these learned roisterers, Kit North, Father Prout and company, and he would think himself in an unmitigated world of blackguardism—where the only merits recognized were those of tossing off pots, wrenching door-knockers, beating the watch, damning authors in reviews, and eating salt herrings. The truth is, with these men, that sentimentality has got to be so common a thing, that they desire to cover up their new sentiment in a dress of fribble and nonsense, just as we meet occasionally with some desperately savage spoken fellows, who are, at the bottom, the very Sydneys of courtesy and kindness. Under this mask, they write the most gentle and lady-like articles, and insinuate morality into the hearts of fops and slangwhangers, who might not relish the prescription in its naked state. Brallaghan's book bears the name of Edward Kenealy for its author, and has been, we believe, mostly, if not altogether, contributed to Frazer's Magazine. There is a great deal in it about Oliver Yorke, and Mahony, and Dr. Maginn; many old ballads, &c., turned into Greek; papers read at the Club; bad spelling, after the manner of Yellowplush; and an elaborate article on the poet Moore's plagiarisms, which are enumerated to the number of fifty-six.

We will select a few foolish passages, a few merely flippant, a few witty and a few sentimental ones. Here is something which is mere braggadocio. "I never had any real respect for a man who could not drink thirteen tumblers of punch." And this is propounded with the dignity of a maxim alongside of aphorisms which would do credit to La Bruyere and passages of scholarship which would honor Dr. Parr. Here is another of the frivolous. "He is a philosopher who can bear the company of either the Bulwers, or tight boots without shrinking." And another. "The most ferocious monsters in existence are authors who insist on reading their MSS. to their friends and visitors. I really believe that the greater part of them are descended from the Hyrcanian tigers. They are cannibals, beyond the pale of society. Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand

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should be against them. I speak strongly, because I have suffered much from fellows of this sort. Take an instance. I was once invited by a poetaster, to his house in the country, and during my sojourn I was as miserable as those unhappy wretches within the gloomy portal on which Dante tells us is inscribed,—

'Perish all hopes, once ye have entered here!'

"Songs and comedies were served up with breakfast; tragedies and farces at luncheon; philosophical essays garnished the dining-table; odes, madrigals, and canzonets, were introduced with the desert; coffee was accompanied by a long epic called the 'Progress of Time,' or the 'Progress of Trash,' I forget which; and the summons to supper was the signal for producing some assafœtida stuff dedicated to Spring Rice."

Here comes something which might be taken out of Hazlitt's Characteristics—"Tell me your *second* reason: I do not want your first. The second is the true motive of your actions." "I have heard very dull men say very witty things, though unconscious of them. Aganippe had its source in the centre of Bœotia." Of the impudent again, "Punning is a pleasant vice. Your dull-witted fools, who find it as impossible to make a decent pun as to square the circle, affect to sneer at it, and call it the lowest species of wit. Be it so. But while it amuses, I am content to take it with all its faults. I can bear the worst pun with complacency. Hence I laughed with Miss Martineau, when she remarked to me the singularity of the name of Luther's wife, Catharine de *Bore*. But Harriet did not even smile when Dr. Maginn, once bantering her on her 'preventive check,' said, 'Between you and me, Harriet, your philosophy is all in my eye, Betty Martin, oh!'"

There is a simplicity in the opening lines:

TO MRS. W. F.

My summer task is ended—the sweet labor
Thou oft hast heard me speak of, is complete:—
Songs rudely cast for rustic pipe and tabor
Wild quips, and sportive jests and fancies, meet.
Here is this little book, that at thy feet
Like some meek suppliant lies. O! ladye fair,
If there be aught within this little tome,
Worthy to win one passing thought of thine,
*Thou* art the cause;—thy songs of beauty rare,
The pleasant days pass'd in thy happy home
Of roses, myrtle, and green eglantine,
Thy smiles—thy sweet, sweet talk—and angel heart,
And loveliness, and goodness all divine,
*These* have inspired the Poet's gentle art.

But what has afforded us more pleasure than anything else is the tribute to Dr. Maginn, whose personal qualities are set in a very enviable light, and with this sketch we leave the Deipnosophists with the reader, who, if he be the man of sense we take him for, will, in the case of this book and all similar ones, extract the abundant nutriment and throw away the husk. The first part of this passage is taken from the early part of the volume written during the Doctor's lifetime—the second, containing an allusion to the other, forms part of an "obituary."

"Of our associates it behooves me to give some account. At present I'll notice only the most prominent. And first, preeminent and alone, stood WILLIAM MAGINN, LL. D., occupyin' the post of honor, not only in his capacity of presidint, but also as the gratest wit in the club. No man in it could compose varses quicker, or dhrink off his punch sooner, and this, let me tell ye, Misther Yorke, is sayin' a great deal. Nobody but Sir Walther Scott could adequately describe Docther Maginn. In one of them fathers—I don't exactly remember which, and I'm too lazy to look—I wanst met the expression ανηρ μυριονους—*the myriad minded man*. Now sich a one is Docther Maginn:

A man so various that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,

as Dhryden said of the Dook of Buckingham. Thaologian, Histhorian, Poet, Metaphysician, Mattymatician, Philosopher, Phrenologist, Stenographist, Fincer, Boxer, Orathor, Philologer, Dhramatist, Reviewer, Sonnetteer, Joaker, Punsther, Docther of Laws, Hoaxer, Political Economist, Newspaper-edithor, Wit, Dooilist, Pedesthrian, Linguist, Arithmetician, O'Doherty, Pamphleteer,

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Thranslathor, Epigrammatist, Antiquarian, Scholar, Conversationist, Novelist, and thrue Tory to the back bone. If the ould saw *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* could jump up into flesh and blood, and take upon itself the form of man, the shape which it would assume would be another Maginn. With abilities confined to no single branch of intellect, he shines brilliantly in all, and reminds me more than any man I evir saw of Johnson's eulogium on Voltaire, 'Vir acerrimi ingenii et multarum literarum.'

"The Docthor is in private the most unaffected man I ever knew. I have never convarsed with him, that I didn't feel as if I had been taukin to Gay, or honest Mat Prior. The sperrit of good nature baims all about him—I never heard him say a bitther thing of any one. And this atthribute forms a remarkable fayture in his charikther. Swift hasn't written more sevare things of his opponents, litherry and politikal, than has our Maginn. Both is unrivalled in launchin bolts of witherin' sarkasm: both crushes at a single sthroak. But Dain Swift was habitually and in ordinary life a morose cynick. Maginn on the conthrary lays aside his sathire with his pen and sthrikes only in prent. I have seen him in all hours and in all company; in sickness and in health; by his own fireside and at the boords of others. Always he was the same—the gay good-humored man of jaynius whose conversashun resembled rather a bright vollem of fillosofee, anecdote, histhory, and whim, than the meer common places of every day discourse, *Quidquid comè loquens, et omnia dulcia dicens* [Cic ad Lib.] Maginn was LL.D. at the age of twenty-five. Can I give a more sthrikin' illusthrashun of the airly developemint of his talons or the assiduity of study with which he cultivated them?

* * * * * * *

"His memory was the strongest in the world, and was a rich storehouse of all learning, so that he might with propriety be called, like the sublime Longinus, 'the living library.' Often when in want of some scholastic illustration for our own writings, have we applied to him, and never did we ask in vain. Quotations the most apposite; episodes the most befitting; obscure points of literary history, an elucidation of which we had ineffectually hunted for; sketches of minor literary men of other lands, the difficulty of finding which those conversant with such studies alone can appreciate; stray lines and sentences from authors read only once in a century, and quoted but as curiosities: parallel passages in the Greek and Latin and Italian and German authors:—all these he could refer to without a moment's deliberation, as easily as if they had formed the business of his whole life. And yet, like Scott, no eye ever saw him reading. He seemed a perfectly idle man, and knowledge to come to him by intuition.

"His erudition was without pedantry—his mind had no dogmatism. The Αυτος εφα of the Greek sage did not enter into any of his opinions, which were never put forth in conversation but with the most singular modesty.* He would talk to you like a little child on the most learned subjects; and whenever he advanced a sentiment, he would turn to his hearer with an appealing look, as if he distrusted his own judgment, and would not willingly mislead another's. We have seen him listen attentively to the speculations of a boy; gently correcting him when he was wrong, and when he was right entering with alacrity into the spirit of his views, but always more anxious to hear another speak than himself. We do not think he ever uttered a sophism in his life, but was an eager inquirer after truth; and his investigations were like those of another illustrious student,—ἄει φιλοντα θεμιστας—who ever loved justice. His sense of honor was heroic; and he adhered, like Sheridan, inflexibly to his principles, though they did not meet those rewards on which he might have well calculated. The devotion with which he loved his children is well known, and the memory of it is painted on their hearts. He would instruct his daughters for hours in the beautiful Italian, of which he was a complete

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* While the letters of Brallaghan (published in *Fraser* for January and February, 1842) were yet in manuscript, they were submitted to the Doctor, and the delineations of his own character seemed to please him particularly. He felt greatly interested in their success, and did all in his power to ensure it. Some misapprehension having arisen on the part of one of the Doctor's friends as to the spirit of those allusions, the Author wrote to the latter regretting, as he had been informed, that those trifles should have given him annoyance. The following was the Doctor's reply.

Dear Kenealy—How could you possibly think that I was offended by the overflowing kindness of your notices? N—— must have greatly mistaken if he imagined anything of the kind. I certainly did say that I thought the compliments extravagant, especially as appearing in a quarter so much connected with my name; but surely there is nobody connected with the scribbling trade who can be, at the bottom of his heart, *annoyed* by flattery. "What cat refuses fish?" If that is all the offence you offer me or anybody else, my dear Kenealy, you will rub through life easily enough. Come over and spend the evening with me, my wife and daughter, if not better engaged, to-morrow evening, calling about seven o'clock.

Your's faithfully,

William Maginn.

55, Upper Stamford St.

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master, and their presence always brought brightness to his eyes. On his death-bed the desolate condition in which he knew that he was leaving them was the great sorrow of his soul; but he committed them to the generosity of this mighty country, whose charities are more sublime trophies of its greatness than its grandest trophies by sea or on the land.

"His poetry was of the highest order of humor—far superior to Swift, and entirely exempt from his grossness and impurity. Not a single line did he ever write which dying he might have wished to blot; not a single obscene thought can be discerned in the whole range of his compositions, poetical or in prose. The wildness of his wit was well known; but his muse was always decent, and never arrayed herself in the immodest peplos in which some of our modern authors have shown her.

"His theological knowledge was extensive. He had deeply studied the ecclesiastical writers, and spoke of Hooker and Barrow with rapture. Never lived a man impressed with a more humble sense of his own failings, or with a finer veneration of our great Creator. He entertained for mankind an enlarged and bewitching love, and, conscious of human frailty, never spoke severely of their errors, but always in charity. He did not hold himself aloof from his kind with the sullen dignity of other eccentric spirits, but mingled with them with the careless, familiar ease of Fielding, or Fox, or Goldsmith, and would share in the noisy sports of younger men as if he were a boy himself, and not the rival of Swift in all true greatness, and infinitely beyond him in every private trait deserving of our love. His works, when they are collected, will form an imperishable monument of his mind; but his genius, though splendid, was the least of his qualifications: and the writer of this notice can declare, that he valued more the kind and gentle heart of his deceased friend than all the glories of his intellect or the dazzling brightness of his fancy."

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## LEGENDS OF THE LAKES.—NO. I.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

[SENECA LAKE, on which the town of Geneva is situated, is perhaps the most picturesque sheet of water in our State. It is about forty-one miles long, and two miles wide; girt with the most romantic scenery, and furnishing at every point fine subjects for the pen, or for the pencil. The water rises and falls some inches at regular intervals; a phenomenon not accounted for in this nor observed in our other lakes. Dead bodies never float upon its surface, but its extreme transparency often reveals what, like a subtle murderer, it would never otherwise confess. A large tree has been floating up and down, from end to end of this beautiful lake, during many years, and it is now regarded with much interest by the ancient dwellers of the neighborhood, from whom the writer gathered the wild tradition which, in the following poem, he has humbly endeavored to preserve.]

### OUTALISSA.

THE tempest gathering fierce and fast,
  Darkly the welkin overcast;
The sun was o'er the western hill;
  And autumn winds blew chill;
The ominous melancholy owl
  Screamed to the prowling panther's howl;
The wolf lay lurking in his lair,
  Scenting the treacherous air.

By Seneca, that wildly tossed,
  A weary stranger, lone and lost,
Pursued his dismal, dangerous way,
  Seeking a place to lay
His fainting heart and aching head,
  And sleep the slumber of the dead;
Praying only that he might die
  Screened from each monster's eye.

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As sadly onward still he pressed,
  Deep anguish brooding in his breast,
The last hope quenching in despair,—
  "Yaicomah!—who comes there?"
A forest-voice demanded mild;—
  "Peace to the wanderer of the wild!
Rest, stranger,—hide thee from the blast
  Till this drear night be past.
In Outalissa's friendly cell,
  The white man shall securely dwell—
Shall sit upon the welcome-seat,
  And share his children's meat."
To where a taper dimly burned,
  The worn wayfarer fainting turned,
And soon, within the red man's door,
  Slept, all his sorrows o'er.

Went past the night,—went past the storm;
The glowing sun came bright and warm
Adown on hill, and vale, and wood,
Cheering the mighty solitude.

Where grew the sacred Council-Tree,
Upon the verge of Outalee,
The chieftain and the guest ascend,
And free in social converse blend;
Beguiling still the toilsome way
With kindest words that each could say,
Till, from the summit's lofty crown,
They on the scene below looked down,
Far-gazing, as o'er half the globe,
On nature in her fairest robe;
Hoar-forests, dells, and silver streams,—
It seemed but Fancy's land of dreams,
A glorious, inspiring sight—
A world all bathed in living light!

But deeply now the patriarch sighed,
And, o'er the lovely vision, cried
"Alas, that these old eyes should see,
Home of my sires, thy destiny!
Mark, stranger! When these limbs are still—
When Outalissa's heart is chill—
When his fleet arrow flies no more
By Seneca's wild mountain shore—
Then this fair landscape shall be thine;
The white man's sword these fields of mine
Will stain with the poor Indian's blood;
Each rivulet will be a flood
Swoll'n with our wives' and orphans' tears!
Ah, that these eyes should see those years!—
That I, prophetic, should behold
The wolf in my defenceless fold,
And unavenged, foredoomed to die,
My trusty warriors lifeless lie!

Oh stranger, that dark hour I see,
Yet turns my heart with hope to thee;
Say, when the red man's hut shall blaze,
And thy white brothers fierce shall raise

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The long, annihilating knife,
Wilt thou protect my widowed wife;
My comely, dark-eyed daughter save
From brutal hands, if not the grave.
But ah, too much from thee I ask;
'Twere e'en for me a mighty task,
Though I were then as firm to be,
And stalwart, as this Council-Tree:
I would not, stranger, ask thee swear
To see fulfilled a hopeless prayer,
But this one boon I joy to know
Thou canst and freely wilt bestow;
Take this green branch, and o'er it bend,
And swear to be the Indian's friend!

"By Manitou that hears me vow,
By yon bright orb that sees me bow,
By the deep lake beneath our feet,
By heaven above, that marks deceit,
And by this sacred Tree, whose shade
A solemn council hall is made,
Eternal love to thee and thine
Shall warm this grateful heart of mine!"

"Enough!" the aged Sachem said,
And pensive drooped his silvered head;
Sad thoughts oppressed his heart,—he wept,
Then leaned against the tree, and slept.

Now noon was glowing on the hills,
The herds were laving in the rills,
The lake, rejoicing in its sheen,
Reflected all the golden scene,
The sky was cloudless, and the breeze
Came odorous o'er sweet-scented trees,
'T was, near and far, a fair domain
A monarch might be proud to gain.

Then rushed upon the stranger's soul,
Temptation dark,—'tis but to roll
The sleeping chief beyond the brink,
And all is mine!—'tis but a link
That, breaking, I shall sooner buy
What must be mine by prophecy.

The spell had power!—Oh, gratitude,
Where then thy thunderbolts!—he viewed
The slumber deepening on the eye,
Watched the last, sad, foreboding sigh,
Till all in quiet sleep were stilled,
Then crept, a murderer, staunch and skilled,
And the curst perjury fulfilled!

That deed was seen in heaven, and swift
The Spirit-Senecas uplift
Their vengeful prayer:—Oh! Manitou!
That see'st o'er all the world below,
And mark'st the ingrate, and deceit,
Let flee the whirlwind from thy feet!
But e'er that prayer had reached the throne,
The dire, avenging blast was down!

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Clutched the foul wretch,—and reft the tree
That shadowed o'er the perjury,
And instant, as the lightning's flash,
Down, down the craggy steep they crash!
Till from a jutting rock they take
The last wild bound, and reach the lake!
Th' astonished water hastes to hide
The twain intruders in its tide;
Mid-depth they part,—the villain white
Sinks to the caves,—the tree, to sight
Its way with swift ascension wins,
And its long wandering begins.

The sires of Seneca are dead,
A thousand moons have come and fled,
Their hunting seasons all are past,
Yet still that Council-Tree shall last,
And as it journeys still complain—
"I SAW GREAT OUTALISSA SLAIN!"

*New York, April*, 1845.

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## EDUCATION.*

WITH the controversy of which these publications form a part, we have nothing to do. We would merely avail ourselves of the occasions thus furnished, to suggest a few thoughts of our own upon the subject. We may remark, by the way, however, that we had read Mr. Mann's "Report," before any opposition to it had appeared. We must say, we thought it an admirable production in every respect, admirable in matter and in manner; and we were not a little surprised to find a portion of the Boston teachers waging a war against it. Calm and temperate, but firm and vigorous, Mr. Mann seems admirably qualified for the post he occupies. Most heartily do we wish he may continue to hold it, so long as he will furnish us with such productions as the "Report." True, his standard is high, very high; but not at all higher than we need. Though, perhaps, not likely soon to be attained, it does not seem unattainable; and we would much rather see the practice raised than the standard depressed. We found, indeed, some slight matters in the "Report," from which to dissent, but felt inclined on the whole to raise as loud and long a note in its favor as we could. Of his subsequent doings in reply to the Thirty-one, we have nothing to say. If on some points he appeared rather bitter and violent, it should be borne in mind, that he had no slight provocation; and it must be confessed, we think, on all hands, that he has shown himself a man whom it is safer to conciliate than to irritate.

That the whole subject of education should be despatched in a single article, probably is not expected, certainly is not promised. For, should we attempt to go *over* so much space in so little

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* *Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education.* Boston: March 1, 1844.

*Remarks on the Seventh Annual Report of the* HON. HORACE MANN, *Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education.* Boston: Little & Brown, 1844.

*Reply to the "Remarks" of Thirty-one Boston School-masters on the Seventh Annual Report, &c. By* HORACE MANN, *Secretary of the Board.* Boston: Fowle & Capen.

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time, we would not go *into* any of it; and as we intend to urge the precept of going into things, we ought, if possible, to avoid the example of going over them. That our readers may not indulge the anticipation of novelties, we beg to assure them in the outset, that we mean to re-collect and re-present the oldest truths we can find.

Education is one of the few subjects whose acknowledged greatness comparatively excludes them from our thoughts, and whose very triteness denies them a just appreciation. The least understood, perhaps, of all subjects save religion, people think they understand it so well that they can hardly be induced to reflect upon it. As is often the case with the Bible, we seem to have read the subject into a dead letter; to have heard so much upon it, that we know nothing whatever about it. The chief danger now appears to be, that its advocates will eat it out of house and home; that its physicians will doctor it to death; for, that we are fast killing it with kindness, that we are nursing and petting it into a premature grave, is a fact too obvious to need remark. Temples are daily erected and priesthoods established for it; nay, our efforts to *build* prevent our *becoming* temples for it; and our enthusiasm in its deification would seem to argue its decease. It is with no little shame, therefore, that we venture to open our mouth upon the subject; and our only apology for speaking is, the almost universal practice, in which we have ourselves been educated, of praising it, and neglecting it.

To declaim on the advantages of education were, indeed, an easy matter, and, probably, no less useless than easy; but to set forth the means by which it may be best secured is truly difficult. In a certain sense it may be styled the creator of all that is peculiar to our being; the inspirer of all our distinctive attributes. Gifted, indeed, with the germs of a rational soul, it is yet education that must breathe into those germs the breath of life, and spread them forth in graceful development. Like the air we breathe, it is the very life of our being; like the air we breathe, too, its worth cannot be adequately felt, till we venture out of its presence. All nature lays herself under voluntary tribute in its favor; there is not an object in the universe without us, there is not a principle in the universe within us, but contributes a testifying voice to its importance. Without it, man is scarcely superior to the brutes; with it, he becomes scarcely inferior to angels. Chained to earth with his body, education may yet bring his soul to touch heaven. Without it, we exist but among material things and palpable forms, discerning nothing but objects suited to earthly uses, and answering to earthly appetites; all nature seems speechless, soulless, meaningless; spiritual darkness and spiritual silence brood over the face of creation. But education comes transforming and transfiguring all before us; in her presence the whole creation becomes a divine apocalypse;

"Flowers laugh before her in their beds,
And fragrance in her footing travels,"

she hangs a whisper, a tale, or a song in the mouth of everything that surrounds us; nature grows instinct with beauty and life at her touch; and all things wax eloquent of God.

But it is not our purpose to spend time in mere encomia on a thing which all would be glad enough to have; which it is so much easier to wish than to get; and which is recommended to us alike by daily experience of its advantage and by the instinctive election of our nature. To furnish, if possible, some aids and inducements to get and to give what all are compelled to wish, is the task we have set ourselves. While, therefore, our limits will oblige us to be general, our design requires us to be as practical as we can. Our task, though self-imposed, is one for which we truly feel our inadequacy; but we are sure that the integrity of our purpose will amply compensate us for the feebleness of our performance.

Of laborers and of writers in the field of education there is certainly at present no deficiency; but the misfortune is, that the study and practice of it are seldom found together. For most part, those who act think not, and those who think act not; so that we have either mere speculation without experience, or mere labor without reflection. Now, if instruction were a mere mechanical affair, requiring only a few intellectual artizans to devise the machinery, and then a stream of physical labor to keep it in motion, all this might do; but such, it seems to us, is not quite the case. What we more

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particularly need is, a code of instruction setting forth the combined results of both experience and reflection; for in this, as in most other things, true wisdom is the offspring of both. It is only from experience suggesting the thought, and thought shaping the means, and practice approving the thought, that any legitimate results are to be expected. It is necessary, not only that each one should have an idea of his own to translate into action, but that each should translate it into action for himself; for while his means must be carefully suited to his patients, his plan must also be suited to himself. In short, it is only by reflection adapting itself to practical exigencies, and by action embodying and testing the results of reflection, that any genuine fruit is to be produced. Many have indeed written with great beauty and fluency; have even conquered, in theory, whole provinces of ignorance and vice; for in the world of mere speculation all things are not only possible, but easy; but if they were to encounter its real difficulties, they would doubtless find how much easier it is to tell the world what were good to be done, than to go out into the world and perform their own instructions. But without stopping to dwell on such considerations, we shall proceed to suggest, as well as we may, some practical observations in regard to getting and giving instruction.

Now, in our ideas and plans of education, it is to be feared that we are apt to make an undue division and distribution of labor. We seem, often, to regard the student as having various independent susceptibilities, which may be best developed and disciplined in succession. Hence, we suppose his several endowments to have each its appropriate teacher and school; and assume that we even draw out his nature faster and better, by talking to but one endowment at a time. We therefore address our instruction to but one side of his nature at once, and aim to complete his education on a sort of *rotatory* scheme. Assuredly, no mistake can be greater or more fatal than this. Such a course is repugnant alike to nature and to sound philosophy. It is not so much falling in with, and carrying out nature, as trying to supersede and dispense with her. It not only does not educate, indeed, but altogether miseducates, inasmuch as it destroys the very harmony and equilibrium of being from which all true wisdom springs, and which it is the aim of all true education to produce. Such a school, in short, rather shuts pupils up away from instruction, than shuts them up with it; we had better send them out into the fields and woods, and leave them to the unassisted influence of nature.

Considered as the subject of education, man is not made up of parts, to be addressed in succession; he is an unity, a whole. The mind is not a mixture, or mechanism of spiritual susceptibilities, but an individual concrescence; and the just development of any one susceptibility implies a corresponding development of all the others. Intellectual, moral, social, and religious endowments, do not refer to different elements of a compound substance, but to the same individual being, now, viewed in relation to truth, now, to duty, now, to society, and now, to them all together. The chief worth of education undoubtedly consists in its forming or promoting the well-being of its subject; and his well-being in every capacity is inseparable, even in idea, from his well-being in any capacity. He is not created, and is not to be regenerated,—is not lost, and is not to be saved, by parts and parcels, and therefore is not to be developed and cultivated by parts and parcels, any more than a bird, or a plant. Even the head will never work to any good purpose, unless constantly supplied with warmth from the heart: educate the former into isolation, and it will freeze up. By a partial and onesided culture, a man may, indeed, contribute to the economical well-being of society; but that his own well-being is, or can be, thus secured, is entirely out of the question. Mere economists and financiers doubtless have their value; and so have sawmills and cotton-factories; but it is a shameful abuse of terms, to call them intelligent men. We often speak of reason and imagination, for example, as incompatible with each other. This, we suspect, is a pretty sure sign that we lack them both; for, in our present state of being, neither can exist and act without the other. Many people seem to think all knowledge consists in acquiring and using certain abstract ideas. But the truth is, this is no knowledge at all, for God and nature

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give us no such things to study. They are but the spider's-web of our own brain, and those who employ their minds in spinning them generally stumble over them into perdition. The more we think, without humility, and reverence, and love, the further shall we go astray. It is like using our eyes without light; in which case, they only see phantoms, and thus make fools of us. Mere logicians and abstractionists, like Mr. Hume, may indeed become very popular authors, but they cannot possibly tell the truth. Such men can no more distinguish between a martyred saint and an executed criminal, between one dying for the truth, and one dying by the truth, than a man without eyes or ears can distinguish between colors and sounds; and whenever they attempt to speak on such subjects, they cannot choose but lie. Those people who, in the pride and arrogance of modern illumination, are perpetually kicking up such a hubbub of logic, and constructing their Babel-tower of syllogisms, and packing men off to one place and another on railroads of moral, and political, and theological doxies and abstractions; we very much doubt whether they truly *know* anything. If they had any true knowledge of *things*, would they be so desperately love-sick for certain abstract ideas? If they really saw anything out of themselves, would they have so much confidence in themselves? Do not the cobwebs, which they are for ever spinning out of their minds, blur their vision, so as to prevent their seeing anything, or, at least, seeing into anything that God or nature has made? Would not the least particle of true wisdom drive out of them that contempt and arrogance that so dilates and gigantifies them! If we do not wish to be befooled out of what little wit we have, had we not better make haste to cork our ears with our fingers, and take ourselves out of their way, whatever righteous judgments and holy indignations it may please their sweet voices to utter respecting us?

But we digress. It is idle, then, to talk of an intellectual school, of a moral school, of a social school, of a religious school, and of a corresponding division of the duties and functions of a teacher. Each school must be all, and all schools must be each. Each study must be all, and all studies must be each. It is only in virtue of all these relations, that a teacher is to succeed in any one of them. It is only by addressing himself to every endowment at once, that he is to speak successfully to any endowment. Everything is to be taught with our whole nature; everything is to be studied with our whole nature. Can the brain perform its functions without the heart, or the heart, without the lungs, as the lungs, without the brain? Does not the successful operation of each depend upon the constant co-operation of them all? Why do we not analyze our food before we eat it, and then take the constituent elements by themselves, at such times and in such portions as convenience or physical science may prescribe? The answer of course is, nature has so made our bodies, that each organ requires all the elements, and all the organs requires each element of our food; and that, if all the constituents be taken together as nature furnishes them, then each organ will perform its office, and receive its share, according to the laws of system. Nay, it requires the harmonious co-operation of all the organs, to digest and assimilate the food for each. If, then, we take materials to make flesh, and blood, and bones, separately and successively, of course neither will be made; and our skill in gastronomy will stop our gastronomising.

As nature feeds and exercises all the organs of the body at once, so instruction should feed and exercise all the faculties of the mind at once; and if the food for either be decomposed into its constituent elements, it can only be taken as medicine, relished, perhaps, by a diseased taste, but loathed by a healthy one. It is for this reason, doubtless, that those minds which are most in love with nature as she is, often have the least relish for her when analyzed into scientific abstractions. Such minds instinctively reject the anatomies of science, and cleave to the living forms of nature, because of their very wholeness and healthiness.

To be a true teacher, therefore, requires a whole man. Clear visions, warm sympathies, noble passions, and lofty purposes; the whole mind, and heart, and soul, and body; all, in short, that goes to make up the totality and integrity of a man and a gentleman, should be present and active in each

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and every part of the work: and the less he smells of the closet, or the office, or the pulpit, or the school-room,—of anything, indeed, but heaven, and nature, and humanity, the more instinctive will be his instructions. He, who brings only a book, a voice, a sceptre, and a piece of cerebral clock-work into the school-room, can never truly teach anything, because he does not truly know anything. He may act *upon* the mind as an external force, but he cannot act *within* it, so as to develope it; and all his instructions will but tend to crush and deform it into angularity. A teacher should stand before his pupils, as at once the subject and the object of all the feelings and faculties that enter into the idea of manhood. He should be to them a breathing revelation of humanity, in the recognition of which they are themselves to grow up into men. He becomes their instructor, not so much by virtue of what he knows and says, as by virtue of what he is. Mere learning, mere competency as a scholar, though indispensable, is by no means enough. Himself is the matter to be communicated; his learning is but the means of communication, and indispensable only as a means. He is not to use himself as an instrument to impart what he knows, but use what he knows as an instrument to impart himself. To communicate life and inspiration to the mind, is the thing; the mere communication of diagrams, and theorems, and syllogisms, is nothing. In short, all true instruction is but forming and perfecting a mutual acquaintance; a process in which each tries to reproduce himself in the other, and reproduce the other in himself. Hence the necessity, that the teacher should be able to touch the pupil's mind on all sides at once; or rather, to touch the centre, and through this diffuse his influence over the whole; as nature unfolds a flower by acting in and through the entire plant at once, and not by acting on each petal in succession. Without the respect and love of the pupil, he cannot get access to his mind; without access to his mind he cannot get his respect and love; in a word, he must have access to the whole at once, or he can have access to none at all.

All our plans, then, of instruction are worthless, unless they aim, as far as they go, at the harmonious and simultaneous development and culture of our whole nature. The truth is, a human being is not be raised out of the region of ignorance and debasement by fragments and sections; as far as he is raised at all, his whole being must be raised at once; and all attempts to raise him otherwise will but tend to pull him asunder. In this matter, division is destruction; it is as if the brain, the heart, and the lungs should perform their several functions apart from each other; while it is only by the united action of all, that each continues to exist. To intruct, is, to perform the highest duty of one intelligent being to another intelligent being, on grounds of common sympathy, and from feelings of mutual affection. Teaching is the exercise of benevolence in imparting knowledge from a sense of duty, or the discharge of duty in imparting knowledge from a principle of love: we care not how you have it, but it must be all in each, and each in all, or it can be truly nothing.

But there is, probably, no point in which this position is better verified than in the obvious necessity of subordination and respectful submission to a teacher. To load down a teacher with responsibilities, and yet withhold from him the authority requisite to their discharge, is almost as common as it is preposterous. The great strife, among us democrats, is, to secure our right, without doing our duties; to realize the benefits of government, without being governed. Impatient of the least inequality, we demand all the blessings of subordination; and are everywhere trying to substitute convictions of interest for sentiments of loyalty and reverence. We are like Gonzalo in the play, the latter end of whose commonwealth forgets the beginning; we will have no sovereignty, and yet we will all be kings. Now, to be above or beyond the control of a teacher, is, simply, to be above or beyond his instruction; for it is perfectly natural that pupils should conceive themselves wiser than their teacher, when they are encouraged or allowed to sit in judgment on his requisitions. Docility implies submissiveness, and upon indocility all instruction is of course powerless. The mind must be humbled before it can be elevated; the heart must be softened before it can be moulded. People can never rise until they look

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up to something above them; while looking up to themselves, their course is always downwards. Angels, so far as we know, have never fallen but once, and that was in an attempt at self-government. Democracy may be good in its place, but if people be treated as democrats in boyhood, it is to be expected that they will turn devils in manhood. A self-governing school is, simply, a self-damning school. If men are ever to *govern* themselves, they must perforce be first taught to obey. Obedience to ourselves is but the renunciation of all obedience. If people be made coördinate with each other, they all become teachers, not teacher and pupils; and bedlam springs up in the footsteps of our school-house democracy. No one can teach us, unless he be set over us; if he set us over ourselves, we shall be sure to set ourselves over him. In short, we can never truly learn from a teacher, till we obey him; we can never truly obey him, till we revere him; we can never truly revere him, till we recognize his superiority; and if that recognition cannot be awakened in our minds, it must be awakened in our bodies. If we both obey and revere, we are his freemen; if we obey without revering, we are slaves to him; if we neither obey nor revere, we are slaves to the devil.

Hence, too, in regard to the teacher, the manner and spirit with which he enforces his authority, are no less important than the act of enforcement itself. To regard himself, or be regarded by his pupils, merely as the repository of power, is utterly subversive of the very respect and loyalty which all true submission implies. His government must be known and felt to be a government of right, not one of might, and of might only in enforcement of right; of principle, not of passion; of practical equity, too, not of abstract legality; and of living order, not of lifeless formality. The naked enforcement of order by threats and penalties is alike vicious and impotent. The capricious or gratuitous exercise of power cannot be too severely censured, or too studiously avoided; it mars the sense of right, without producing the effect of order. If a teacher would be truly obeyed, he must be more ready to give liberties than to take them; to meet the obligations upon him, than to enforce the obligations to him: and, above all, he must avoid any ostentation of conscience; for there is probably nothing that youth are so quick to perceive, so slow to forget, and so sure to despise, as moral coxcombery. The moralistic and pietistic cant of the present day, is the last thing that ought to have any place in the world; and the school-room is the last place in the world where it ought to be practised. The whole system, indeed, of administration should be pervaded by a spirit of humanity and conscientiousness. Every act of enforcement must derive its sanction and its efficacy from an obviously paramount, yet unostentatious, sense of duty. He, who strikes one blow from a severe sense of duty, and then turns away to hide his grief for the pain or disgrace he has been obliged to inflict, will scarcely need to strike again. On all scores, indeed, it is best to treat pupils as if we thought they had souls. It is true, they may not always have them; but by treating them as if they had, we may reasonably hope to develope souls in them; while, by treating them as if they had none, we shall be sure to kill all the germs of soul out of them. Doubtless, the worst of all governments is that which only acts upon them, not within them; which gives them all to dread, and nothing to venerate: and the next worst is that which disdains to act upon them, in *order* to act within them; for, whether pupils have souls or not, they certainly have bodies; and treating them as if they had no bodies is nearly as bad as treating them as if they had no souls. To reason with a pupil, is but to compromise with his self-will; the surest way to confirm the very disobedience which needs to be subdued. No one can possibly understand the worth of obedience until he obeys; and all attempts to reason him into it only tend to strengthen him against it. If it be said that pupils are rational beings, our answer is, they are not rational beings, until they obey; if they were, they would not need to be reasoned into submission. In the school-room, or the nursery, an ounce of birch is always worth a ton of logic. That there is danger in using the former, is admitted; that there is more danger in refusing it, a very wise man once asserted, and a very wise age is now demonstrating. The truth is, people may as well be destroyed in their youth, as be educated into grown-up destructives; they may as well be burnt up in the egg, as hatched out into walking firebrands.



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The modern notion, that, whether as pupils, or as citizens, we are to obey orders, as according with our sense of right, and not as coming from our lawful governors, is alike false in theory and fatal in practice. If such be the doctrine of democracy, then we, for one, have small care for democracy. By thus inviting pupils to sit in judgment on their duties, we foster a pride of understanding, a sort of intellectual self-sufficingness, that is equally at war with growth in knowledge, and with growth in virtue. Government, from its very nature, involves something which the forms of logic cannot convey, and the understanding cannot receive; and of which the whip is a far better expression than all the syllogisms in creation.

And the notion, that a teacher, or a parent, should enforce his orders by love, is nearly as bad as the notion that he should enforce them by logic. The truth is, it is time enough to show pupils our love, when they have obeyed; while disobedient, we had better show them our authority. It may even be questioned whether pupils, while in a state of disobedience, are fit objects of love, and whether such untimely manifestations of it be not a positive injury to them. It looks rather too much like dispensing with the natural conditions of love, and thus precluding the natural motives to obedience.

It is often said, indeed, that by inflicting corporeal punishment, we break down a pupil's self-respect. But if a pupil respects himself while obstinate and disobedient, the more pity for him, and the more whip for him, too. This is altogether a bastard self-respect—a self-respect that is incompatible with a respect for law and authority: and the quicker it is broken down, the better. Genuine self-respect always involves, or rather presupposes, a recognition and confession of what is above us; is of a meek and submissive spirit; and manifests itself in a generous loyalty, that fears, or rather scorns, to disobey. A stiff neck is sure proof of low thoughts; and low bows are the truest signs of lofty conceptions. If pupils really respect themselves, they will not give a teacher occasion to mar their self-respect; for, in this case, neither floggings, fondlings, nor syllogisms will be needed. The sentiment, so often wickedly miscalled self-respect, which makes pupils self-willed and insubmissive, is the same in kind that once turned angels into devils. Let it be crushed!—Power, in short, is obviously a much better representative of authority than logic or love; and the sense or sensation of power is often the best, sometimes the only, means to awaken a proper respect for authority.

But the upshot of all these remarks touching discipline is, that a teacher must inspire reverence and love, in order to impart knowledge; that he is to awaken these sentiments by being, himself, their object, and not by discoursing about them; that the pupil's heart must be subdued before his head can be instructed; and that order is to be maintained, not by emotions of fear, nor by convictions of the understanding, but by true moral, nay, religious feelings of submissiveness, and by true social feelings of respectfulness. It is by thus addressing and interesting all the susceptibilities, moral, social, religious, and intellectual, at once, and by engaging them all upon himself as their object, that a teacher is to instruct: and he may be assured, that whatever susceptibilities he does not take along with him, will pull against him; that whatever powers he may awaken, unless he awaken them all, will be thwarted by those which he leaves asleep. But we have doubtless said enough on this subject, and will therefore pass to another topic.

Whether the pride and arrogance of modern illumination have fulfilled, or are fulfilling all their promises to the world, may, we think, admit of serious doubt. In education we have certainly had illuminators enough; but, unfortunately, the places they have visited are not, it is believed, much the better for their visits. In spite of all our modern march-of-intellect, we cannot help thinking, that there are some very old truths which are really none the worse for their age; that what has been long tried and found successful, brings some proof of excellence; that there is often more of safety, as well as more of merit, in using the retrospective, than in using the inventive faculties; that, on such subjects as religion, and morality, and education, whatever is wholly new, must be wholly or mostly false, and therefore false, even because it is new; and that, after all, it is no mark of wisdom, "to presume that they perforce must go astray, who tread the footsteps of their sires." There is really more

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true intellectual progress, as well as more virtue, in the humility that consents to err along with the past, than in the superiority that presumes to dispense with it. The surest way to build higher than our fathers did, is by continuing the structures which they began; if we tear down their structures, and begin anew, ten chances to one we shall not build so high as they did. If we cannot find any wisdom in them, it behooves us to inquire whether we have any eyes to find it with. We are often met, indeed, on this subject, with the remark, that all ages have complained of their own degeneracy. In thinking themselves worse than their fathers, other ages have given some proof they were better; in thinking itself better than its fathers, this age only gives proof that it is worse. Assuredly, if we have any reverence at all, we shall show it towards the past; if we have no reverence, then, indeed, we are as low as we can be, and all our knowledge will but puff us up, not raise us up.

We are aware, that almost everything is subject to the freaks and caprices of fashion; but that religion and education may be saved from her tender mercies, seems a consummation devoutly to be wished. Without either much of respect, or much of contempt for most modern inventions, we cannot help thinking that the system which God and nature have been teaching, and which experience has been testing for centuries, has some claims to our confidence, which many more recent systems do not possess. After all our educational frippery and trumpery, our knowledge-factories, and teaching-jennies, instruction is still, to us, the same mysterious communing of knowledge with ignorance, that it used to be. An intellectual railroad or turnpike, aircraft, or water-craft, were an improvement which we have not even the hope of living to see effected. Leaving, therefore, our modern, cunningly-devised, vehicular swiftsures to such as prefer them, we are very well content to trudge, trudge, trudge along, in the good old way; and have only to say to all such spiritual space-annihilators, nay, annihilate us none of your annihilations; you may be from heaven, and you may be from Tophet; but your speed argues your course to be downwards through Duncedom to Nowhere, or to a worse place; so, please take yourself along, lest you get belated, and leave us to tread in the path our fathers trod, and go to the place where they have gone. The best apparatus that we know of for instructing, is a genuine soul, blossoming with the light of truth, and gushing with the spirit of love: if this be present, instruction *will be given*, whether we have any apparatus or not; if this be wanting, *instruction* will not be given, and all the apparatus in creation will not avail us a straw. As for you, Mr. Space-annihilator, you may, for aught we know, have such a soul; but you look, and smell, and puff mightily like some infernal machine. If you were stripped of all this noisy rigging and gearing, wherewith you have rigged and geared yourself, we could see whether you have any soul; but as you are, we cannot even see the place where the soul ought to be: and we hugely suspect you have rigged and geared yourself only to hide your want of a soul.

But the practical results of our so much boasted improvements may be best seen, we apprehend, in the prevailing and, perhaps, growing tendency, to regard the surface rather than the depth of education. Or rather, these improvements are, themselves, the offspring of a vain attempt to realize a vain expectation. In everything we grow impatient of delay, and clamorous for immediate results. Despatch is everywhere the order of the day; we must have everything done with despatch. We must, therefore, have education done with despatch; and the teacher, instead of exposing to us the folly of our wishes, invents, or adopts some system (of mnemotechny, for example), and goes to work to realize them for us. But finding, as of course he must find, if he have half an eye, the method of despatch impracticable in his sphere, he proceeds to substitute the show of knowledge for the reality; and hence we have surface unsupported by substance. But, surely, it must be good; it has been done with despatch; in everything else despatch is evidence of goodness; and why not, then, in education? We answer, simply because it is evidence of badness. We want no more proof that an education is worthless, than that it has been done with despatch. The very swiftness of your mental rotations has but generated a centrifugal force, that has thrown the

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mind all into outside. It is the very reverse of instructed. Why, man, you have sent your mind to the potter's shop, and got it turned into a jug; and the larger it looks, the greater hollow there is in it, that's all! Call you that education? We should call it jugification. Now, sir, you must just get that work done *back* again, not *over* again, and that with despatch, too, for it will harden the quicker for its hollowness, unless you wish it to go through life a piece of walking potter's ware, to be filled, perhaps, from every newspaper, and emptied upon every stump it may find. But do you say it is already full of something? Aye, doubtless, your jug will hold cider, or wine, but do you suppose it will ever produce any apples or grapes? But seriously; by giving the show of knowledge without the substance, you have only cherished the vanity and indolence that will content themselves with mere show. Instead of inbuilding and expanding the mind with real knowledge, you have only puffed it up with emptiness; instead of warming with genial heat, you have frozen the soul with a painted fire. Your teacher has been aiming not so much to give instruction, as to get the pay for giving it; and your pupil has been going to school, not to get knowledge, but only to make people believe he has got it.—In education, emphatically, "haste makes waste, and waste makes want." A mere artisan can fabricate a mock-flower in a few minutes, but a real flower is the slow growth of several months. At a short distance, perhaps, both show equally fair; but the one has life, has fragrance, has promise of fruit, the other has—looks. Most assuredly, "the foundations and the building-up of a human soul" are not to be thus conducted. Make-believes are certainly bad enough at the best, but there is no make-believe so contemptible as a make-believe knowledge. It were well to remember, that by inflating people, till they rise from their own levity, we prepare them for exposure, not for exhibition. There are certainly bubbles enough in this world, without teachers blowing up any!

The truth is, the minds of people seem possessed by some vague scheme of spiritual mechanics, or intellectual steam-engine possibilities. The idea of a locomotive or aerial-steamboat passage from the Limbo of Ignorance to the celestial city of Wisdom, or at least to the stump or the rostrum of Vanity Fair, is so grateful to their indolence, and so alleviating to their purses, that they must perforce accept it; and the afflatus, celestial or infernal, with which it inspires them, transports them away from seeing or suspecting its utter futility. Instruction, therefore, seems to them but a sort of cunning mechanical process, and intelligence a sort of delicate aeriform manufacture, which may be hastened and cheapened indefinitely, by mechanical skill and contrivance. Now, we deem it our duty to admonish people that our fierce, but fruitless endeavors to realize some such scheme, have nearly or quite demonstrated that the thing is impracticable; or that, at least, nothing short of a few more Bacons and Lutheran Reformations can possibly realize it for us. Our best way, therefore, for the present is, to go to work, one and all, in the good old way, and try first to raise up a few more Bacons and Luthers; and if they should *not* work out the desired invention, the fact that the old way can produce such men, will prove, perhaps, that it is good enough for us. Why do not our modern systems, if they be so much more divine than the old, as is pretended, give us some more such men? Has nature ceased to do her part? Perhaps, then, she has been playing the eaves-dropper with us; and, overhearing our resolution to dispense with her, has determined to plague us, by letting us have our way. The gods, we read, to cure our wilfulness, sometimes punish us with our own choice. But seriously, it is passing strange, that people will not rest, once for all, in the very plain truth that education is not a manufacture, but a development; that the human mind is not a piece of mechanism, but an organic growth; a growth which may, indeed, be facilitated and perfected by art, but which can no more be wrought out by time-and-labor-saving machinery than a tree or a horse; and that every attempt thus to fabricate it must perforce end in mere deceptive and worthless appearance.

As might be expected, however, the result of this wasting haste, or hastening waste, or both, is, that various things are constantly attempted to be taught, before the faculties, to which they are addressed, are or can be unfolded.

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Nothing is more common, or more preposterous, than for subjects, which belong almost exclusively to the reflective and constructive powers, to be passed over before those powers can possibly have burst their shells. Probably no science, for example, has less to do with the memory than the science of numbers: and yet it is almost universally *despatched* when the pupil has no faculty but the memory to study it with. The consequence of course is, that the study, instead of being a clear, active intuition or intellection of mathematical truth, is but a blind, passive reception of verbal formularies into the memory, each pushing out the one that preceded it, and to be pushed out, in turn, by the one that follows it; so that when the pupil has completed a given circle, he has but to turn back and repeat the process, with just as much benefit and a little more ease than at first.

The truth is, we might just about as well attempt to distinguish sounds by the eye, or colors by the ear, as to learn the science of numbers by the memory. For in this science, the mind can make no true progress whatever, except by insight and construction; it must proceed by an evolution of principles, not by an exercise of memory. Indeed, the very idea of progress, here, involves the construction, not merely the application, of formularies. The mind, therefore, must, itself, give out the light by which it sees, and put forth the strength by which it moves; and a formal application of rules can no more teach us the thing, than riding behind a locomotive can teach us how to build one. A set of formularies lodged in the memory, are as dark and dead as the ink they are printed with, until pervaded with the light and life of the student's mind; or rather, they are like a looking-glass in the dark, which offers resistance indeed to the touch, but no image to the eye or object to the mind. This repeating of a process, without originating or even understanding it, is really but passing over the subject, not passing through it. Nay, your formularies are not so much a medium as a substitute for insight; stifle, rather than stimulate, the reflective and constructive powers. For as we do not turn our eyes back when we wish to go ahead, so we generally stop going ahead when our eyes are turned back; our very efforts at recollection naturally blur and confuse our vision. In short, remembered formularies are to a mathematical student, much the same as floating straws to a drowning man; they afford him no help, while, at the same time, they divert his attention from things that would. Every one, who has ever thought at all, knows there are no two things more different than knowledge and remembrance; for what we merely remember we may easily forget; but what we once truly know, becomes a part of our being, so that we can no more forget it than we can escape from ourselves.

It seems plain enough, indeed, that however swift one moves in a circle, he can make no real progress; while he who moves in a straight line cannot go so slow but that some progress will be made. Nevertheless, the former thinks he advances; for he is conscious of motion enough, and knows there is great pawing of dirt or puffing of steam; and he seems to himself to devour the road before him. But the important fact which escapes his knowledge is, that his road is always returning upon itself. Nay, he has not time even to form sufficient acquaintance with the objects he meets, to recognize them when he comes round to them again. Impressions rush on and rush off in rapid succession; the very wind which his speed creates, blows them out as fast as they are made; or rather, his velocity of movement blends and confuses them all into vagueness, so that he takes up no distinct impression at all. It is so with the student who is hurried round through a set of arithmetical formularies without insight of their contents, or even the faculty to penetrate them. It is not an evolution of principles into their results, by the exercise of his constructive powers, but only a manufacture of results, without any intellection of their principles at all. He does not *mechanize*, but only turns and tends the machine which another has made. Now, we speak from the very best authority, when we say it is altogether more difficult to teach a pupil the science of numbers, after he has thus gone several times round the usual circle of formularies, than if he had never seen a formulary at all. For, to him the sensation of motion has come to be the only evidence of progress. Accustomed to proceed without insight and construction, he is of course impatient of the effort and delay necessary to attain

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them. His mind has got thoroughly vitiated with the idea, that he has nothing to do with principles and processes, but only to manufacture a quantity of results. With your formularies floating like straws in his mind, he can neither help catching at them, nor get any aid from them. In a word, the habit of trusting to memory and going by rote, lies like an incubus on his reflective and constructive powers; and it is next to impossible for him to realize the need of thinking into and thinking through that which he has so often *done* without thought. He has acquired, perhaps, a sort of mental dexterity; but his acquisition has only blocked up the inlet of real knowledge.

But a still more vicious substitution of faculties is involved in our constant efforts to make certain things intelligible to the understanding, of which the understanding is not legitimately cognizant. We are perpetually sending pupils to the understanding for answers which they cannot find there, and ought not to seek there. The result is, that the questions remain, either without any solutions at all, or, what is still worse, with false solutions. Questioned for a morality, or a religion, the understanding, if it answer at all, gives but a sort of prudential foresight and self-regard, which is the very reverse of religion. The truth is, on these subjects, the understanding is not competent to originate laws, but must, itself, receive them from higher, or, at least, coördinate faculties. Virtue and religion are not acquisitions, but developments; not something to be taken in from without by the understanding, but something to be unfolded from within. Contrivance, say our natural theologists, proves design, and therefore, a designer. Yes; but the very question is, whether there be any contrivance. They might as well say, contrivance proves a contriving, and therefore a contriver; which is but an identical proposition; that is, one whose subject *assumes* its predicate, not proves it. Grant the existence of a designer, and of course, all things prove it, but it is impossible to prove it to the understanding without first assuming it. It is like going to visible things to prove the existence of light, while it is that very light that renders them visible. To one who has eyes, its existence needs no proof, and to one who has not, they will not prove it.

The idea of God is a development from within, and a matter of faith, not an induction from without, and a matter of proof. When Christianity has developed its correlative principles within us, then we find evidence of its truth everywhere; nature is full of them: but we cannot find them before, simply because we have no eye to find them with. The irreverent man of course sees nothing around him to revere, because he has nothing within him to see it with; and to reason with him about it, is like dissecting eyes before a blind man. To the man of mere understanding, God himself is not a being to worship, but only a sort of omnipotent diagram, to reason, and speculate, and syllogize about. But let the principle of reverence be unfolded within him and he finds something to revere everywhere, and your reasoning at once becomes superfluous. The same may be said respecting our perception of the beautiful. It is the development of an inward sense, not a conviction of the understanding, that brings us to see and feel the beauty of things. Hence, as Bishop Taylor says, with characteristic felicity, it is impossible, on these subjects, to make men understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not. It is of course useless to talk to the ear about colors, the ear cannot possibly distinguish color from sound. And it is equally useless to talk to the mere understanding about virtue; the understanding cannot distinguish virtue from prudence. In like manner, abstract reasonings on religion, whether in the shape of natural theology or of orthodox divinity, can afford us little or no help. They may, indeed, be valuable as science, but for all religious effect, they are like eating theological paper, and drinking theological ink; and might just about as well be addressed to the digestive as to the logical powers. The defect is not in the object, but in the percipient, and our abstract reasonings only encourage him to transfer the fault from himself to the object.

This trying to give and get a knowledge of everything through the understanding is undoubtedly the deepest and fatalest vice in modern education. Ever

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since our boyhood we have been accustomed to hear people say; But we want more religious and moral education; we have intellectual education enough already. They therefore go to work with all their might, to manufacture morality and religion into scientific systems, addressed to the mere understanding, and only aggravate the very evil they seek to remedy. In thus attempting to teach, through one faculty, what is addressed to another faculty, we spoil both the mind studying and the subject studied. In vain do we labor to *syllogize* a pupil into the perception of beauty; he must be *developed* into the perception of it, and all our syllogisms but tend to convince him that no such thing exists. Even the understanding itself is thus perverted by giving it authority out of its sphere. Cognizant only of outward tendencies and consequences, the understanding cannot give us morality, but only prudence; nor religion, but only the political economy of a future state. Morality and religion, like beauty, are intelligible only to the inward principles preconfigured to their influences; and they must first quicken and unfold these principles within us, before we can truly know and receive them. In short, they all require special developments, and cannot possibly be understood by the same faculty to which political economy is addressed, until they are, themselves, turned into political economy. Nothing, therefore, can be worse, than sending people to the understanding for a knowledge of them; for it leads them to expect satisfaction from a source that can never give it, and thus tends to make them either honest sceptics, or, what is far worse, ignorant or insincere believers.

Now, nature and revelation, in their concrete, organic forms and transpirations, have elements and qualities corresponding to all these inward susceptibilities. They nowhere offer us abstractions for the exercise of the understanding alone, or of any other single faculty, but everywhere speak, and are always speaking to all our faculties, to our whole nature, at once. A true knowledge of them, therefore, requires, and a true study of them, as they are, will ultimately effect, an harmonious development of all their correlative principles within us. Indeed, the crowning excellence of the Bible is, that, instead of giving us abstract notions and propositions respecting justification and redemption, for us to reason and speculate about; it bodies forth in facts and figures a Justifier and a Redeemer, as the *object* of faith and love,—the object, indeed, of everything good, and the antidote of everything bad, within us. Hence it is, that the old poetry, and painting, and architecture were so much better teachers of religion, than our modern theologies. Presenting the truths of Christianity, not in their lifeless elements, but in their vital concrescence or consubstantiation, they thus ensured catholicity and completeness of impression. It is for this reason, too, that an accurate and adequate knowledge of any one object of nature implies a knowledge of them all. Such a knowledge involves the development and exercise of all our faculties and susceptibilities. The perception of beauty and sacredness in one thing awakens within us the power to perceive them in everything; so that, from being non-existences, they pass into omnipresences, to us. We may thus learn each thing in all, and all things in each, and make every object a sort of panopticon, in which we may behold, and enjoy the boundless opulence of creation. But by dissecting, and analyzing, and manufacturing nature and revelation into abstract, scientific systems, we disrobe and denude them of all instruction but what is addressed to the understanding. To analyze and botanize a flower, is, to destroy, not develope, its meaning. By the time we have cut open the bird, to find the *why*, the *how*, and the *whence* of its singing, the divine musician has taken its flight; our sacrilegious inquest but scares away the object of our search: and its sweet lessons to the heart are sacrificed for something to relieve, and, by relieving, increase, a sort of itching or lusting of the brain. It is thus that we make fools of ourelves, by first conceiving ourselves wiser than nature, and by attempting to improve upon her instructions. We claim to have conquered nature, to have broken and harnessed her into our service; and we have become but the slaves of our own conquests. We are prodigal sons; we must return to nature, and humble ourselves before her; for we may be assured that she will never truly serve us but on condition that we first obey her.

But perhaps the absurdest thing of all is, the time and manner in which intel-

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lectual philosophy is attempted to be taught. Books of metaphysics, books addressed almost exclusively to the reflective powers, are put into the hands of youth, before even the perceptive powers are developed; when they have no power to reflect, nor any anything to reflect upon. We thus set them to watching their mental operations, before their minds have fairly begun to operate; we make them turn their eyes inward, to gaze upon—nothing. This, truly, is like trying to develope the flower, before the stalk is grown;—the surest way, of course, to spoil them both. Now, intellectual science, in so far as it is genuine, is obviously but a sort of universal portrait of the human mind. Its study, therefore, is utterly worthless, unless it involve a constant comparison of the picture with the student's inward original; and yet it is attempted to be studied when that original is comparatively undeveloped. In short, it is simply an effort to bring forth into consciousness the laws and activities of the mind before they are fully awakened into life. The very obvious fact, obvious, at least, to all but those who are most bound to know it, is, that the intellectual faculties and processes are first unfolded by external objects; and that, until they are unfolded, introspection has nothing to lay hold of. All of course know, who can find it for their interest to do so, that the mind cannot gain a single idea of itself, its powers and operations, except through the medium of consciousness; and that it cannot be conscious of them until they are developed. Its reflex perceptions must of course follow, not precede, its direct perceptions; it must perforce learn to work, before it can learn to perceive its workings. To say, therefore, that such books have no instruction for people at such an age, is not enough; they have no meaning for them whatever. It is holding the mirror up to our inward being, when there is nothing but the mirror itself to be seen; when we have no spiritual figure to be imaged therein, nor any eye to see it, if it were. The only thing we can learn from them, in this way and at this time, is, to marvel that such useless and meaningless books should ever have been written. The study, like our arithmetical formularies, is simply an exercise of the memory; it is but a formal committing and repeating of certain expressions, without understanding them.

But this effort to force a prematurity of reflection, in so far as it succeeds, cannot be otherwise than unhappy upon the character of youth. We are apt to be interested quite enough in ourselves anyhow; and our earlier years had better be spent in trying to interest us in something out of ourselves: otherwise we are in danger of drawing the little button of self so near the eye as to shut out everything else. The longer we are kept unconscious of our mental faculties and processes, or even that we have any, the better it will be for us. The chief beauty and bliss of childhood are its tendency to self-oblivion, and absorption of mind in outward objects. In this "first Eden of our innocence," it is not ourselves, but the world, which seems to us newly born; and we naturally forget ourselves in love and admiration of the beautiful and wonderful objects which seem everywhere springing up into existence around us. This unconsciousness of self, springing, as it does, from the very vividness and intensity of our perceptions and emotions, is the true "heaven that lies about us in our infancy;" and is no less favorable to growth of mind than to purity of heart. To prolong this state of mind as far as is practicable, is alike the dictate of wisdom and of humanity. It is for this reason, that such books as Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, and old English Ballads and Romances, are so much better than the moral and religious nursery and Sabbath-school books which have come to be substituted for them. The self-forgetting emotions of wonder, and love, and awe, which cluster around these marvellous old tales, are incomparably better than all the reflection and introversion, that childhood and youth can be forced or tortured to undergo. In this way, and in this way alone, may we hope to realize, in some degree, the beautiful picture, by Coleridge, "of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect, plenteous as morning dew-drops; of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance; of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters; of images uncalled for, and rising up like exhalations; of hopes plucked like beautiful wild-flowers from the tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead: in a word, of nature as a teacher of truth, through joy and

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through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties by a process of smoothness and delight."

Such, then, are some examples of the strange misapplication of powers which every intelligent observer must have remarked. Now, such an attempt at inversion and substitution of faculties is simply an outrage on the natural order of things; and its results, if it have any, can be none other than monstrous. But, it may be thought that even if immediate growth of mind be not thus secured, yet a stock of materials may be thus accumulated for its quicker and better after-growth. The reverse of this, however, is much rather the case; for if the memory hold what is thus attempted to be stuffed into it, it becomes the grave rather than the soil of the other faculties. Instead of feeding them, it steals away their natural aliment; nay, often eats them up, aliment and all. Growing and spreading itself over them, it comes to cast so broad and dense a shade, that they are forced to sleep, or rot in the germ. The memory may be aptly enough called the stomach of the mind, which, like that of the body, should be filled no faster than its contents may be taken up into the general circulation, and assimilated into the surrounding organs; and everybody knows, that if the stomach be overgorged, its energies are rather paralyzed than stimulated; and constipation follows instead of digestion. Or, to vary the figure, the contents of memory are not, themselves, intelligence, but only the fuel of intelligence; and, if accumulated and compacted to excess, they become like a bale of cotton, whose very magnitude and density cause it, when ignited, to ray out nothing but smoke, thus making everything invisible but its own darkness. It is in this way, probably, that we are to account for those prodigies of learned ignorance which sometimes astonish and amuse us; for nothing is more certain than that learning and intelligence may be, and often are, in inverse proportion to each other. Your heap of remembrances smothers, not feeds, the fire of original thought. The eye gets cheated of vision from the press of objects crowded about it. Instead of suns, people thus become moons, to be visible only after the suns have retired. Mere conductors, not sources of thought, everything comes *through* them, not *from* them.

But there are other studies, equally common, which have, if possible, still less to recommend them. And among them, there is probably none that talks more and does less than history. Now, history, true history, itself a living, breathing miniature of the past, is doubtless at once the deepest and usefullest study in which a whole mind can engage;—the deepest, because it images the whole mighty ocean of human life and character; the usefullest, because it forms our best compass and chart for the endless voyage upon which ourselves and all our hopes are embarked. "The concentrated essence of innumerable biographies," embracing the whole sphere of universal humanity, it of course requires and repays the fullest and freest exercise of all the human faculties. We say true histories, for the abstraction-tissues of Hume, Gibbon & Co., made by dissecting and anatomizing the Past, not by painting it, besides being, integrally considered, magnificent falsehoods, are no true histories. For a true history is a genuine work of art, embodying universal truth in individual forms, and ensouling individual forms with universal truth. Like any other genuine work of art, therefore, it acts upon the mind with all the force and completeness of natural objects. For a round and full development of mind, the old histories, written by men who were so simple as to give us individual men and things, not abstract ideas of men and things, are almost like Nature's and Shakspeare's works. But in this age of illumination and acquisition, these old histories have of course been superseded, among grown people, by our more modern historical abstraction-tissues.

The old historians give us both the body and soul of the past, in harmonious living concrescence; they therefore speak to all the faculties at once, and are good for people of all ages and conditions. Our modern historical abstractionists give us neither the body nor soul of the past indeed, but they give us its dry bones and ligaments in abundance, and therefore require great strength and labor of the understanding. For youth to attempt the acquisition and recitation of either of these, were truly, like beginning at the roof, and building downwards, or

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like flying *for* wings, instead of flying *with* them. Such an attempt, accordingly, is nowhere made. The little Philistines have nothing to do with these mighty Samsons, till their locks have been shorn off. Having no mouth to take in either the embodied soul, or the anatomized body, of the past, a sort of tertium quid is manufactured, to suit such mouth or rather such want of mouth, as they have. For in this study, unlike the former ones, the substitution is not in the faculty, but in the object of study. Instead of forcing memory up to the greatness of history, we force history down to the littleness of memory. Instead of raising us to a knowledge of individual men, or even the abstract ideas of men, it sinks them both into mere names, and dates, and events, which are really but the clippings of the beard, and parings of the nails, and cast-off slough of the past. This, truly, is like going to the old clothes and shorn-off locks of men, to learn their lives and character. It is thus that the mind is taught to dance in masquerade, and play at hide-and-seek among the empty egg-shells of the past. Such are the transformations that are wrought in order to transform nurslings into sages. History is no longer a speaking picture of the myriad-souled past, nor would it answer our purpose if it were. It has been shorn of its beams, that it may illuminate our darkness, at a time when its light would serve but to disclose our want of eyes. The great drama of human life is shrunk to a mere puppet-show, to suit the scope of the nursery; the master champion of human knowledge has dwindled into a doll of shreds and patches, to beguile the precious dreaming-time of life. No wonder that people lose their reverence for the past, when it is served up to them in such a shape!

Similar remarks might be made of various other studies which usually swell the catalogues of a pedagogic puffery, and inflate the sails of a pay-loving philanthropy. The radical vice of them all is, that they tend either to spoil the subjects studied, by shrinking them within their proper limits, or to spoil the mind studying by stretching it beyond its proper limits. If it be asked, when and how fast such studies ought to be pursued, the answer is, just as soon and as fast as they can be understood. Nay, the power of full comprehension should, no doubt, be, in some measure, anticipated; but anticipated for the purpose of unfolding and strengthening it, not oppressing or outstripping it. It was a favorite remark of Dr. Johnson's "that to advance in small things, is far better than to stand still in great things." It is by first doing what we can, that we gain strength and skill to do what we wish.

(*To be continued.*)

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## JOURNAL OF AN AFRICAN CRUISER.

### A CHAPTER FROM A FORTHCOMING NEW BOOK.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY.

By the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, who are about to include the work in the American Series of their new Library, we are enabled to lay before our readers, in advance, a few pages of a book which, from the comparative novelty of the subject, its home interest, and the simple, sincere style in which it is written, cannot fail of proving widely attractive.

The cruise was performed in the U. S. ship Saratoga, in the years 1843–1844, and the Journal comprises sketches of the Canaries, the Cape de Verds, Liberia, Madeira, Sierra Leone, and other places of interest on the West Coast of Africa.

The value of the book will be found to lie in its honest air of good sense and good feeling. It is a literal Journal, clear, exact in its information, unincumbered by anything impertinent or irrelevant. The Preface, which we quote, will interest the reader in the book.

"The following pages have afforded occupation for many hours, which might else have been wasted in idle amusements, or embittered by still idler regrets at

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the destiny which carried the writer to a region so little seductive as Africa, and kept him there so long. He now offers them to the public, after some labor bestowed in correction and amendment, but retaining their original form, that of a daily Journal, which better suited his lack of literary practice and constructive skill, and was in fitter keeping with the humble pretensions of the work, than a rearrangement on artistic principles. At various points of the narrative, however, he has introduced observations or disquisitions from two or three common-place books, which he kept simultaneously with the Journal; and thus, in a few instances, remarks are inserted as having been made early in the cruise, while, in reality, they were perhaps the ultimate result of his reflection and judgment upon the topics discussed.

"If, in any portion of the book, the author may hope to engage the attention of the public, it will probably be in those pages which treat of Liberia. The value of his evidence as to the condition and prospects of that colony, must depend, not upon any singular acuteness of observation or depth of reflection, but upon his freedom from partizan bias, and his consequent ability to perceive a certain degree of truth, and inclination to express it frankly. A Northern man, but not unacquainted with the slave-institutions of our own and other countries—neither an Abolitionist nor a colonizationist—without prejudice, as without prepossession—he feels himself thus far qualified to examine the great enterprise which he beheld in progress. He enjoyed, moreover, the advantage of comparing Liberia, as he now saw it, with a personal observation of its condition three years before, and could therefore mark its onward or retreating footsteps, and the better judge what was permanent, and what merely temporary or accidental. With these qualifications, he may at least hope to have spoken so much of truth as entirely to gratify neither the friends nor enemies of this interesting colony.

"The West coast of Africa is a fresher field for the scribbling tourist, than most other parts of the world. Few visit it, unless driven by stern necessity; and still fewer are disposed to struggle against the enervating influence of the climate, and keep up even so much of intellectual activity as may suffice to fill a diurnal page of Journal and common-place Book. In his descriptions of the settlements of the various nations of Europe, along that coast, and of the native tribes, and their trade and intercourse with the whites, the writer indulges the idea that he may add a trifle to the general information of the public. He puts forth his work, however, with no higher claims than as a collection of desultory sketches, in which he has felt himself nowise bound to tell all that it might be desirable to know, but only to be accurate in what he does tell. On such terms, there is perhaps no very reprehensible audacity in undertaking the history of a voyage; and he smiles to find himself, so simply and with so little labor, acquiring a title to be enrolled among the authors of books!"

April 5, 1845.

"August 2, 1843.—Liberia.—We were visited by Governor Roberts, Dr. Day, and General Lewis, the latter being Colonial Secretary, and military chief of the Settlement. They looked well, and welcomed me back to Liberia with the cordiality of old friendship. The Governor was received by the Commodore, Captain and officers, and saluted with eleven guns. He and his suite dined in the cabin, and some of the officers of the Porpoise in the ward-room. In the evening, we brought out all our forces for the amusement of our distinguished guests. First, the negro band sang 'Old Dan Tucker,' 'Jim along Josey,' and other ditties of the same class, accompanied by violin and tambourine. Then Othello played monkey, and gave a series of recitations. The French cook sang with great spirit and skill. The entertainments of the evening, as the theatrical bills express it, concluded with Ma Normandie and other beautiful songs and airs, well executed by the French cook, accompanied by Symmes on the violin, and a landsman on the flute.

"5.—Sailed for Cape Palmas, in company with the Porpoise.

"9.—Anchored at Cape Palmas. We were boarded by Kroomen, in eight or ten canoes. While the thermometer stood at 75 or 80 degrees, these naked boatmen were shivering, and seemed absolutely to suffer with cold; and such is the effect of the climate upon our own physical systems, that we find woollen

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garments comfortable at the same temperature.

"Visited and lunched with Governor Rasswurm. Called on Mr. James, a colored missionary, now occupying the house of Mr. Wilson, who has lately removed to Gaboon river. Mr. James presented us with some ebony, and a few Grebo books. He informed us that the fever had visited him more or less severely, as often as once in four weeks during seven years. This may truly be called a feverish life! He is about to remove to Gaboon.

"The Catholic Mission seems to have driven the Presbyterian from the ground. We called on Mr. Kelly, a Catholic priest from Baltimore, and the only white man of the Mission at present in Africa. Preparations, however, have already been made for twenty more, principally French, whose arrival is expected within a year, and who will establish themselves at different points along the coast. Mr. Kelly is now finishing a very commodious house, on a scale of some magnitude, with piazzas around the whole. There is evidently no lack of money. The funds for the support of the Catholic mission are derived principally through Lyons, in France; and the enterprise is said to be under the patronage of the King. The abundant pecuniary means which the priests have at command, and the imposing and attractive ceremonies of their mode of worship—so well fitted to produce an effect on uncultivated natures, where appeals either to the intellect or the heart would be thrown away—are among the chief causes of their success. It is said, too, and perhaps with truth, that as many converts are made, among the natives, by presents, as by persuasion. But no small degree of the prosperity of the mission must be attributed to the superior shrewdness and ability of the persons engaged in it—to their skilful adaptation of their precepts and modes of instruction to the people with whom they have to deal, and to their employment of the maxims of worldly policy in aid of their religious views. These qualities and rules of conduct have characterized the Catholic missionaries in all ages, in all parts of the world, and in their dealings with every variety of the human race; and their success has everywhere been commensurate with the superiority, in a merely temporal point of view, of the system on which they acted.

"Before returning on board, we called on King Freeman, who received us, seated on a chair which was placed in front of his house. His majesty's royal robe was no other than an old uniform frock, which I had given him three years ago. We accepted the chairs which he offered us, and held a palaver, while some twenty of his subjects stood respectfully around. He remembered my former visit to the colony, and appeared very glad to see me again. His town was nearly deserted, the people having gone out to gather rice. About the royal residence, and in the vicinity, I saw thirty or forty cattle, most of them young, and all remarkably small. It is said, and I believe it to be a fact, that cattle, and even fowls, when brought from the interior, take the coast-fever, and often perish with it. Certain it is that they do not flourish.

"11.—King Freeman came on board, dressed in his uniform frock, with two epaulettes, a red cap, and checked trowsers. He received some powder and bread from the Commodore, and some trifles from the ward room.

"12.—Joe Davis brought his son on board to 'learn sense.' In pursuit of this laudable object, the young man is to make a cruise with us. The father particularly requested that his son might be flogged, saying, 'Spose you lick him, you gib him sense!' On such a system, a man-of-war is certainly no bad school of improvement.

"13.—A delightful day, clear sky, and cool breeze. We sailed from Cape Palmas yesterday, steering up the coast.

"I have been conversing with young Ben Johnson, one of our Kroomen, on the conjugal and other customs of his countrymen. These constitute quite a curious object of research. The Kroomen are indispensable in carrying on the commerce and maritime business of the African coast. When a Kroo-boat comes along-side, you may buy the canoe, hire the men at a moment's warning, and retain them in your service for months. They expend no time nor trouble in providing their equipment, since it consists merely of a straw hat and a piece of white or colored cotton girded about their loins. In their canoes, they deposit these girdles in the crowns of their hats; nor is it unusual,

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when a shower threatens them on shore, to see them place this sole garment in the same convenient receptacle, and then make for shelter. When rowing a boat, or paddling a canoe, it is their custom to sing; and, as the music goes on, they seem to become invigorated, applying their strength cheerfully, and with limbs as unwearied as their voices. One of their number leads in recitative, and the whole company respond in the chorus. The subject of the song is a recital of the exploits of the men, their employments, their intended movements, the news of the coast, and the character of their employers. It is usual, in these extemporary strains, for the Kroomen attached to a man-of-war to taunt, with good-humored satire, their friends who are more laboriously employed in merchant vessels, and not so well fed and paid.

"Their object in leaving home, and entering into the service of navigators, is generally to obtain the means of purchasing wives, the number of whom constitutes a man's importance. The sons of 'gentlemen' (for there is such a distinction of rank among them), never labor at home, but do not hesitate to go away, for a year or two, and earn something to take to their families. On the return of these wanderers—not like the prodigal son, but bringing wealth to their kindred—great rejoicings are instituted. A bullock is killed by the head of the family, guns are fired, and two or three days are spent in the performance of various plays and dances. The 'boy' gives all his earnings to his father, and places himself again under the parental authority. The Krooman of maturer age, on his return from an expedition of this kind, buys a wife, or perhaps more than one, and distributes the rest of his accumulated gains among his relatives. In a week, he has nothing left but his wives and his house.

"Age is more respected by the Africans than by any other people. Even if the son be forty years old, he seldom seeks to emancipate himself from the parental government. If a young man falls in love, he, in the first place, consults his father. The latter makes propositions to the damsel's father, who, if his daughter agree to the match, announces the terms of purchase. The price varies in different places, and is also influenced by other circumstances, such as the respectability and power of the family, and the beauty and behavior of the girl. The arrangements here described are often made when the girl is only five or six years of age, in which case she remains with her friends until womanhood, and then goes to the house of her bridegroom. Meantime, her family receive the stipulated price, and are responsible for her good behavior. Should she prove faithless, and run away, her purchase-money must be refunded by her friends, who, in their turn, have a claim upon the family of him who seduces or harbors her. If prompt satisfaction be not made (which, however, is generally the case), there will be a 'big palaver,' and a much heavier expense for damages and costs. If, after the commencement of married life, the husband is displeased with his wife's conduct, he complains to her father, who either takes her back, and repays the dowry, or more frequently advises that she be flogged. In the latter alternative, she is tied, starved, and severely beaten; a mode of conjugal discipline which generally produces the desired effect.

"Should the wife be suspected of infidelity, the husband may charge her with it, and demand that she drink the poisonous decoction of sassy-wood, which is used as the test of guilt or innocence, in all cases that are considered too uncertain for human judgment. If her stomach free itself from the fatal draught by vomiting, she is declared innocent, and is taken back by her family without repayment of the dower. On the other hand, if the poison begin to take effect, she is pronounced guilty; an emetic is administered in the shape of common soap; and her husband may, at his option, either send her home, or cut off her nose and ears.

"There is one sad discrepancy in the moral system of these people, as regards the virtue of the women. No disgrace is imputed to the wife who admits the immoral advances of a white man, provided it be done with the knowledge and consent of her husband. The latter, in whose eyes the white man is one of a distinct and superior order of beings, usually considers himself honored by an affair of this nature, and makes it likewise a matter of profit. All proposals, in view of such a connection, must pass through the husband; nor, it is affirmed, is there any hazard of wounding his delicacy, or awakening his resentment, whatever be his rank

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and respectability. The violated wife returns to the domestic roof with undiminished honor, and confines herself as rigidly within the limits of her nuptial vow, as if this singular suspension of it had never taken place.

"In spite of the degradation indicated by the above customs, the Kroo-women are rather superior to other native females, and seem to occupy a higher social position. The wife first married holds the purse, directs the household affairs, and rules the other women, who labor diligently for the benefit of their common husband and master. Their toil constitutes his wealth. It is usual for a man to live two, three, or four days, with each of his wives in turn. As old age advances, he loses the control of his female household, most of the members of which run away, unless he is wise enough to dispose of them (as usage permits) to his more youthful relatives. As a Krooman of sixty or seventy often has wives in their teens, it is not to be wondered at that they should occasionally show a disposition to rove.

"August 14. Passed near Sinoe, a colonial settlement, but did not show our colors. An English merchant brig was at anchor. Our pilot observed, that this settlement was not in a flourishing condition, because it received no great '*resistance*' from the Colonization Society. Of course, he meant to say, '*assistance*;' but there was an unintentional philosophy in the remark. Many plants thrive best in adversity.

"Anchored at the river Sesters, and sent a boat ashore. Two canoes paddled alongside, and their head-men came on board. One was a beautifully formed man, and walked the deck with a picturesque dignity of aspect and motion. He had more the movement of an Indian, than any negro I ever saw. Two men were left in each boat, to keep her alongside, and wait the movements of their master. They kneel in the boat, and sit on their heels. When a biscuit is thrown to them, they put it on their thighs, and thence eat it at their leisure.

"16. Ashore at Monrovia. The buildings look dilapidated, and the wooden walls are in a state of decay. Houses of stone are coming into vogue. There is a large stone court-house, intended likewise for a Legislative Hall. What most interested me, was an African pony, a beautiful animal, snow white, with a head as black as ebony. I also saw five men chained together, by the neck; three colonists and two natives, with an overseer superintending them. They had been splitting stone for Government.

"A gun from the ship gave the signal for our return. Going on board, we got under way, and sailed for Porto Praya.

"20. For four days, we have had much rain; and I have seldom visited the deck, except when duty called me. Fortunately, Governor Roberts had lent me the report of the Committee of Parliament, on the western coast of Africa, the perusal of which has afforded me both pleasant and profitable occupation. It is an excellent work, full of facts, from men who have spent years on the coast.

"21. Wind still favorable. The day is sunny, and all are on deck to enjoy the air. Damp clothes hang in the rigging to day, and mouldy boots and shoes fill the boats.

"24. We find ourselves again off the harbor of Porto Praya. I landed in quest of news, and heard of the death of Mr. Legaré, and the loss of the store-ship, at this port. All hands were saved, but with the sacrifice of several thousand dollars worth of property, besides the vessel.

"On approaching the shore, three flags are observed to be flying in the town. One is the consular flag of our own nation; another is the banner of Portugal; and the third, being blue, white, and blue, is apt to puzzle a stranger, until he reads UNION HOTEL, in letters a foot long. When last at Porto Praya, a few friends and myself took some slight refreshment at the hotel, and were charged so exorbitantly, that we forswore all visits to the house infuture. To-day, the keeper stopt me in the street, and begged the favor of our patronage. On my representing the enormity of his former conduct, he declared that it was all a mistake; that he was the master of the hotel, and was unfortunately absent at the time. I was pleased with this effrontery, having paid the exorbitant charge into his own hands, not a month before. It is delightful, in these remote, desolate, and semi-barbarous regions, to meet with characteristics that remind us of a more polished and civilized land.

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"The streets are hot and deserted, and the town more than ordinarily dull, as most of the inhabitants are out planting. The court has gone to Buonavista, on account of the unhealthiness of Porto Praya, at this season of the year. A few dozen scrubby trees have been planted in the large square, but, though protected by palings and barrels, have not reached the height of two feet. In the centre stands a marble monument, possibly intended for a fountain, but wholly destitute of water.

"25. The boat went ashore again, and brought off the consul, and some stores. We then made sail, passing to windward of all the islands, and reached our former anchorage at Porto Grande.

"28. There are one barque and three brigs, all American whalers, in the harbor Porto Grande. They have been out from three to six months, and are here for water, bad though it be, and fresh provisions. Their inducements to visit this port, are the goodness of the harbor, and the smallness of the port charges. No consular fee has been paid until now, when, an agent being appointed, each vessel pays him a perquisite of four dollars.

"This group of islands is chiefly interesting to Americans, as being the resort of our whale-ships, to refit and obtain supplies, and of other vessels trading to the coast of Africa. Little was generally known of them, however, in America, until 1832, when a long continued drought parched up the fields, destroyed the crops, and reduced the whole population to the verge of death, by famine. Not less than ten thousand did actually perish of hunger; and the remainder were saved only by the timely, prompt, and bountiful supplies, sent out from every part of the United States. I well remember the thrill of compassion that pervaded the community at home, on hearing that multitudes were starving in the Cape de Verd islands. Without pausing to inquire who they were, or whether entitled to our assistance by any other than the all powerful claim of wretchedness, the Americans sent vessel after vessel, laden with food, which was gratuitously distributed to the poor. The supplies were liberal and unremitted, until the rains returned, and gave the usual crops to the cultivators.

"Twelve years have passed since that dismal famine; but the memory of the aid extended by Americans has not yet faded, nor seems likely to fade, from the minds of those who were succored in their need. I have heard men, who were then saved from starvation, speak strongly and feelingly on the subject, with quivering lip, and faltering voice. Women, likewise, with streaming eyes, to this day, invoke blessings on the foreign land that fed their children, when there was no other earthly help. England, though nearer, and in more intimate connection with these islands, sent not a mouthful of food; and Portugal, the mother country, shipped only one or two small cargoes to be sold; while America fed the starving thousands gratuitously, for months. Our consul at Porto Praya, Mr. Gardner, after making a strong and successful appeal to the sympathies of his own countrymen, distributed his own stores to the inhabitants, until he was well nigh beggared. He enjoys the only reward he sought, in the approval of his conscience, as well as the gratitude of the community; and America, too, may claim more true glory from this instance of general benevolence, pervading the country from one end to the other, than from any victory in our annals.

"29. Ashore again. An ox for our ship was driven in from the mountains by three or four horsemen and as many dogs, who chased him till he took refuge in the water. A boat now put off, and soon overtaking the tired animal, he was tied securely. When towed ashore, one rope was fastened round his horns, and another to his fore-foot, each held by a negro, while a third took a strong gripe of his tail. In this manner, they led and drove him along, the fellow behind occasionally biting the beast's tail to quicken his motions; until at length the poor creature was made fast to an anchor on the beach, there to await the butcher.

"There is here a miserable church, but no priest. Passing the edifice today, I saw seven or eight women at their devotions. Instead of kneeling, they were seated, with their chins resting on their knees, on the shady side of the church.

"30. The crews of the whale-ships, when ashore, occasionally give no little trouble to the colonial police. This evening, one of their sailors came up to us, quite intoxicated, and bleeding

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from a hurt in his head. He was bent upon vengeance for his wound, but puzzled how to get it; inasmuch as a female hand had done the mischief, by cutting his head open with a bottle. His chivalry would not allow him to strike a woman; nor could he find any man who would acknowledge himself her relative. In this dilemma, he was raving through the little village, accompanied by several of his brother whalemen, mostly drunk, and ready for a row. The Portuguese officer on duty called out the guard, consisting of two negroes with fixed bayonets, and caused them to march back and forth in the street. Fifty paces in the village would bring them to the country; when the detachment came to the right-about, and retraced its steps. These two negroes formed precisely two-fifths of the regular military force at Porto Grande; but, besides this formidable host, there are some thirty officers and soldiers of the National Guard, comprising all the negro population able to bear clubs.

"The women here have a peculiar mode of carrying children, when two or three years old. The child sits astride of the mother's left hip, clinging with hands and feet, and partially supported by her left arm. The little personage being in a state of total nudity, and of course very slippery, this is doubtless the most convenient method that could be adopted.

"The gait of the women is remarkably free and unembarrassed. With no constraint of stays or corsets, and often innocent of any covering, the shoulders have full play, and the arms swing more than I have ever seen those of men, in our own country. Their robes are neither too abundant, nor too tight, to prevent the exhibition of a very martial stride. The scanty clothing worn here is owing partly, but not entirely, to the warmth of the climate. Another cogent reason is the poverty of the inhabitants; so, at least, I infer from the continual petitions for clothes, and from remarks like the following, made to me by a mulatto woman:—'You very good man, you got plenty clothes, plenty shirt.'

"September 3. The Cornelia, of New Bedford, came in and anchored. She has been out fifteen months, and has only 400 barrels of oil.

"4. Left the ship in the launch on an expedition to the neighboring island of St. Antonio; being despatched by the Commodore to procure information as to the facilities for anchoring ships, and obtaining water and refreshments. Our boat was sloop-rigged, and carried three officers, a passenger, and ten men. At 11 A. M. we 'sheeted home,' and stood out of the harbor with a fair breeze, and all canvass spread; but, within an hour, the wind freshened to a gale, and compelled us to take in everything but a close-reefed mainsail. The sea being rough and the weather squally, our boat took in more water than was either agreeable or safe, until we somewhat improved matters by constructing a temporary forecastle of tarpaulins. Finding it impossible, however, to contend against wind and current, we bore up for an anchorage called Santa Cruz. This was formerly a notorious haunt for pirates; but no vestige of a settlement remains, save the ruins of an old stone house, which may probably have been the theatre of wild and bloody incidents, in by-gone years. The serrated hills are grey and barren, and the surrounding country shows no verdure. Anchoring here, we waited several hours for the wind to moderate, and tried to get such sleep as might perchance be caught in an unsteady boat.

"By great diligence in working against wind and current, we succeeded in reaching Genella at 9 o'clock in the evening of the second day. Our mulato pilot, Manuel Quatrine, whistled shrilly through his fingers; and, after a brief delay, the response of a similar whistle reached our ears from shore. A conversation was sustained for some moments, by means of shouts to-and-fro in Portuguese; a man then swam off to reconnoitre; and, on his return, the people launched a canoe and carried us ashore, weary enough of thirty-six hours' confinement in an open boat. We took up our quarters in the house of a decent negro, who seemed to be the head-man of the village, and, after eating such a supper as the place could supply, sallied out to give the women an opportunity of preparing our beds.

"Meanwhile, the pilot had not been idle. Though a married man, and the father of six children, he was a gay Lothario, and a great favorite with the sex; he could sing, dance, and touch the guitar with infinite spirit and tolerable skill. Being well known in the

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village, it is not surprising that the arrival of so accomplished a personage should have disturbed the slumbers of the inhabitants. At ten o'clock, a dance was arranged before the door of one of the huts. The dark-skinned maidens, requiring but little time to put on their ball-costume, came dropping in, until, before midnight, there were thirty or forty dancers on foot. The figures were compounded of the contra-dance and reel, with some remarkable touches of the Mandingo balance. The music proceeded from one or two guitars, which, however, were drowned a great part of the time, by the singing of the girls and the clapping of each individual pair of hands in the whole party. A calabash of sour wine, munificently bestowed by a spectator, increased the fun, and it continued to wax higher and more furious, as the night wore away. Our little pilot was, throughout, the leader of the frolic, and acquitted himself admirably. His nether garments having received serious detriment in the voyage, he borrowed a large heavy pea-jacket, to conceal the rents, and in this garb danced for hours with the best in a sultry night. Long before the festivity was over, my companions and myself stretched ourselves on a wide bag of straw, and fell asleep, lulled by the screaming of the dancers.

"The next morning we were early on foot, and looked around us with no small interest. The village is situated at the point where a valley opens upon the shore. The sides of this vale are steep, and, in many places, high, perpendicular, and rocky. Every foot of earth is cultivated; and where the natural inclination of the hill is too great to admit of tillage, stone-walls are built to sustain terraces, which rise one over another like giant steps to the mountain-tops. It was the beginning of harvest, and the little valley presented an appearance of great fertility. Corn, bananas, figs, guavas, grapes, oranges, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, and many other fruits and vegetables, are raised in abundance. The annual vintage in this and a neighboring valley, appertaining to the same parish, amounts to about seventy-five pipes of wine. It is sour and unpalatable, not unlike hard-cider and water. When a cultivator first tries his wine, it is a custom of the island for him to send notice to all his acquaintances, who invariably come in great force, each bringing a piece of salt-fish to keep his thirst alive. Not unfrequently, the whole produce of the season is exhausted by a single carouse.

"The people are all negroes and mulattoes. Male and female, they are very expert swimmers, and are often in the habit of swimming out to sea, with a basket or notched stick to hold their fish; and thus they angle for hours, resting motionless on the waves, unless attacked by a shark. In this latter predicament, they turn upon their backs, and kick and splash until the sea-monster be frightened away. They appear to be a genial and pleasant-tempered race. As we walked through the village, they saluted us with 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' Whether this expression (a customary courtesy of the islanders) were mere breath, or proceeded out of the depths of the heart, is not for us to judge; but, at all events, heard in so wild and romantic a place, it made a forcible impression on my mind. When we were ready to depart, all the villagers came to the beach, with whatever commodities they were disposed to offer for sale; a man carrying a squealing pig upon his shoulders; women with fruits and fowls; girls with heavy bunches of bananas or bundles of cassada on their heads; and boys, with perhaps a single egg. Each had something, and all lingered on the shore until our boat was fairly off.

"Five or six miles further, we landed at Paolo, where reside several families who regard themselves as the aristocracy of St. Antonio, on the score of being connected with Señor Martinez, the great man of these islands. Their houses are neatly built, and the fields and gardens well cultivated. They received us hospitably, principally because one of our party was a connection of the family. I was delighted with an exhibition of feeling on the part of an old negro servant-woman. She came into the parlor, sat down at the feet of our companion, embraced his knees, and looked up in his face with a countenance full of joy, mingled with respect and confidence. We saw but two ladies at this settlement. One was a matron with nine children; the other a dark brunette, very graceful and pleasing, with the blackest eyes and whitest teeth in the world. She wore



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a shawl over the right shoulder and under the left arm, arranged in a truly fascinating manner.

"The poorer classes in the vicinity are nearly all colored, and mostly free. They work for eight or ten cents a day, living principally on fruit and vegetables, and are generally independent, because their few wants are limited to the supply. The richest persons live principally within themselves, and derive their meats, vegetables, fruits, wine, brandy, sugar, coffee, oil, and most other necessaries and luxuries, from their own plantations. One piece of furniture, however, to be seen in several of the houses, was evidently not the manufacture of the island, but an export of Yankee-land. It was the wooden clock, in its shining mahogany case, adorned with bright red and yellow pictures of Saints and the Virgin, to suit the taste of good Catholics. It might have been fancied that the renowned Sam Slick, having glutted all other markets with his wares, had made a voyage to St. Antonio. Nor did they lack a proper artist to keep the machine in order. We met here a person whom we at first mistook for a native, so identical were his manners and appearance with those of the inhabitants; until, in conversation, we found him to be a Yankee, who had run away from a whale-ship, and established himself as a clock and watch-maker.

"After a good night's rest, another officer and myself left Paolo, early, for a mountain ride. The little pilot led the way on a donkey; my friend followed on a mule, and I brought up the rear on horseback. We began to ascend, winding along the rocky path, one by one, there being no room to ride two abreast. The road had been cut with much labor, and, in some places, was hollowed out of the side of the cliff, thus forming a gallery of barely such height and width as to admit the passage of a single horseman, and with a low wall of loose stones between the path and the precipice. At other points, causeways of small stones and earth had been built up, perhaps twenty feet high, along the top of which ran the path. On looking at these places from some projecting point, it made us shudder to think that we had just passed, where the loosening of a single one of those small stones might have carried us down hundreds of feet, to certain destruction. The whole of the way was rude and barren. Here and there a few shrubs, green in the crevices of the rocks, or wild flowers, of an aspect strange to our eyes, wasted their beauty in solitude; and the small orchilla weed spread itself moss-like over the face of the cliff. At one remarkable point, the path ran along the side of the precipice, about midway of its height. Above, the rock rose frowningly, at least five hundred feet over our heads. Below, it fell perpendicularly down to the beach. The roar of the sea did not reach us, at our dizzy height, and the heavy surf-waves, in which no boat could live, seemed to kiss the shore as gently as the ripple of a summer-lake. This was the most elevated point of the road, which thence began to descend; but the downward track was as steep and far more dangerous. At times, the animals actually slid down upon their haunches. In other places, they stept from stone to stone, down steep descents, where the riders were obliged to lie backwards flat upon the cruppers.

"Over all these difficulties, our guide urged his donkey gaily and unconcernedly. As for myself, though I have seen plenty of rough riding, and am as ready as most men to follow, if not to lead, I thought it no shame to dismount more than once. The rolling of a stone or the parting of stirrup, girth, or crupper, would have involved the safety of one's neck. Nor did the very common sight of wooden crosses along the path, indicating sudden death by accident or crime, tend to lessen the sense of insecurity. The frequent casualties among these precipitous paths, together with the healthfulness of the climate, have made it a proverb, that it is a natural death, at St. Antonio, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. But such was not our fate. We at length reached the sea-shore, and rode for a mile along the beach to the city of Poverson, before entering which metropolis, it was necessary to cross a space of level, sandy ground, about two hundred yards in extent. Here the little pilot suddenly stuck his heels into the sides of his donkey, and dashed onward at a killing pace; while mule and horse followed hard upon his track, to the great admiration of ragamuffins, who had assembled to witness the entrée of the distinguished party.

Poverson is the capital of the island

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and contains about two thousand inhabitants, who, with few exceptions, are people of color. The streets are crooked and narrow, and the houses mean. We called upon the military and civil Governors, and, after accepting an invitation to dine with the former, left the place for a further expedition. Passing over a shallow river, in which a number of women and girls were washing clothes, we ascended a hill so steep as to oblige us to dismount, and from the summit of which we had a fine view of the rich valley beneath. It is by far the most extensive tract of cultivated land that we have seen in the island, and is improved to its utmost capacity. We thence rode three miles over a path of the same description as before, and arrived at the village and port of Point-de-Sol. The land about this little town is utterly barren, and the inhabitants are dependant on Poverson for food, with the exception of fish. A custom-house, a single store, a church, and some twenty houses of fishermen, comprise all the notable characteristics of the principal seaport of the island.

"It was a part of our duty to make an examination of the harbor, for which purpose we needed a boat. Two were hauled up on the beach; but the smallest would have required the power of a dozen men to launch her;—whereas, the fishermen being absent in their vocation, our party of three, and a big boy at the store, comprised our whole available masculine strength. The aid of woman, however, is seldom sought in vain; nor did it fail us now. Old and young, matron and maid, they all sallied forth to lend a hand, and, with such laughing and screaming as is apt to attend feminine efforts, enabled us to launch the boat. In spite of their patois of bad Portuguese, we contrived to establish a mutual understanding. A fine, tall girl with a complexion of deep olive, clear, large eyes, and teeth beautifully white and even, stood by my side; and, like the Ancient Mariner and his sister's son, we pulled together. She was strong, and, as Byron says, 'lovely in her strength.' This difficulty surmounted, we rowed round the harbor, made our examination, and returned to the beach, where we again received the voluntary assistance of the women, in dragging the boat beyond the reach of the waves. We now adjourned to the store, in order to requite their kindness by a pecuniary offering. Each of our fair friends received two large copper coins, together worth nine cents, and were perfectly satisfied, as well they might be—for it was the price of a day's work. Two or three individuals, moreover, 'turned double corners,' and were paid twice; and it is my private belief that the tall beauty received her two coppers three times over.

"After a lunch of fried plantains and eggs, we rode back to Poverson. On the way, we met several persons of both sexes with burdens on their heads, and noticed that our guide frequently accosted them with a request for a pinch of snuff. With few exceptions, a horn or piece of bone was produced, containing a fine yellow snuff of home-manufacture, which, instead of being taken between the thumb and finger, was poured into the palm of the hand, and thence conveyed to the nose. Arriving at the city, we proceeded at once to the house of the Commandant, and in a little time were seated at dinner.

"Our host was fitted by nature to adorn a far more brilliant position than that which he occupied, as the petty commander of a few colored soldiers, in a little island of the torrid zone. He was slightly made, but perfectly proportioned, with a face of rare beauty, and an expression at once noble and pleasing. His eyes were large, and full of a dark light; his black hair and moustache were trimmed with a care that showed him not insensible of his personal advantages; as did likewise his braided jacket, fitting so closely as to set off his fine figure to the best effect. His manners were in a high degree polished and graceful. One of the guests, whom he had invited to meet us, understood English; and the conversation was sustained in that language, and in Spanish. The dinner was cooked and served in the Portuguese style; it went off very pleasantly, and was quite as good as could be expected at the house of a bachelor, in a place so seldom visited by strangers. Each of the Portuguese gentlemen gave a sentiment, prefaced by a short complimentary speech; and our party, of course, reciprocated in little speeches of the same nature. The Commandant did not fail to express the gratitude due from the people of the Cape de Verd islands to America, for assistance in the hour of

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need. Time did not permit us to remain long at table, and we took leave, highly delighted with our entertainment.

"Mounting again, we rode out of town more quietly than we had entered it. A sergeant was drilling some twenty negro soldiers in marching and wheeling. His orders were given in a quick, loud tone, and enforced by the occasional application of smart blows of a rattan to the shoulders of his men. Suspecting that the blows fell thicker because we were witnesses of his discipline, it seemed a point of humanity to hasten forward; especially as the approach of night threatened to make our journey still more perilous than before. After riding about three miles, we met two well-dressed mulatto women on donkeys, accompanied by their cavaliers. Of course, we allowed the ladies to pass between us and the rock; a matter of no slight courtesy in such a position, where there was a very uncomfortable hazard of being jostled headlong down the precipice. We escaped, however, and spurring onward through the gloom of night, passed unconsciously over several rough spots where we had dismounted in the morning. The last mile of our mountain-ride was lighted by the moon; and, as we descended the last hill, the guide gave a shrill whistle, to which the boat's crew responded with three cheers for our return.

"A good night's rest relieved us of our fatigue. The following morning, with a fair breeze and a six hours' sail, we reached our floating house, and have ever since entertained the mess-table with the 'yarn' of our adventures; until now the subject is beginning to be worn thread-bare. But, as the interior of the island of St. Antonio is one of the few regions of the earth as yet uncelebrated by voyagers and tourists, I cannot find in my heart to spare the reader a single sentence of the foregoing narrative."

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## ALLEGHAN, OR ALLEGHANIAN AMERICA.

"I WANT my own peculiar national name to rally under," says the biographer of Columbus, "the title of American may serve to tell the quarter of the world to which I belong, the same as a Frenchman or an Englishman may call himself an European; but I want my own peculiar national name, to rally under. I want an appellation that shall tell at once, and in a way not to be mistaken, that I belong to this very portion of America, geographical and political, to which it is my pride and happiness to belong; * * * we might still use the phrase 'the United States,' substituting Alleghania in place of America. The title of Alleghanian would still announce us as Americans, but would specify us as citizens of the Great Republic; even our old national cypher U. S. A. might remain unaltered, designating the *United States of Alleghania.* Such an appellation would have magic in it. It would bind every part of the confederacy together, as with a keystone; it would be a passport to the citizens of our republic, throughout the world."

Even with those who object to the name indicated by Mr. Irving, the *gist* of his suggestion is acknowledged as most valuable by every enlightened person. But while the most desirable way of effecting the object would be undoubtedly to restore the name of Columbia to the continent, and thus make that of America exclusively ours, while this seems utterly impracticable, the alternative presented by the Committee of the New York Historical Society seems equally visionary. To define the territories of this Union by some single comprehensive geographical term is one thing; to formally by action of Congress adopt a national name is another. The first is a mere arrangement of convenience that appeals to common sense alone; the last is the aspiration after the embodiment of an idea, and if the idea be still immature among the people, the aspiration to give that body which as yet has no soul becomes at once ridiculous. "The Republic," says one of the most thoughtful writers of our country, "will doubtless have a name. There never was yet a great

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idea that did not, at the epoch of its maturity, find a name. As body to soul, so are words to thoughts. An idea is not born until it is embodied in language; that is its birth—its incarnation, as we may say. When, therefore, we become a homogeneous people and are well blended together; when the affinities which draw all parts of the Union together are thoroughly identified and mingled with our sympathies and affections, then shall 'we, the People,' have a name to denote that we are truly one People."

To unite now upon a national name for these States, a name that would at once define our associations with the soil, the institutions and the history of our country, were to shake off all our old Provincial Associations and proclaim our Intellectual Independence. We question whether either the times or the men have yet come for this second Declaration of Independence. Europe's dread laugh has still too much of its old colonial terrors for our countrymen. The European mind still generates opinion for us on both sides of the water, and European opinion will long remain the arbiter of taste among us, even after we have learned to recognize mind of our own.

A national name must spring from national feeling, and vigorous national feeling can hardly be said to have truly developed itself till it has given birth to recognized national literature.

With regard to a mere territorial term, however, the use of some expletive that may geographically define our boundaries, the case is different. The origin of the double use of the word "America" as applied alike to the Confederacy and to the continent, is well known. At the breaking out of the revolution, the whole hemisphere was colonial. Our only relations were with England. These colonies and Canada were her *American* provinces. When they began to act together, they hoped for the union of Canada, and they assumed to act as the United Provinces of *America*. The rest of the continent, in its then secluded and colonial dependence, was of small account in the eyes of the revolted provinces. In their view the continent embraced only themselves. Their congress was the continental congress, their army the continental army, as distinguished from the provincial congresses and troops. When they declared their independence, they did it as the United States of America. They afterwards formed their confederation and their constitution under the same title. There were then no other STATES in America. The severance of Spain from the Indies, with the different political sub-divisions of our hemisphere, consequent upon that event, has long since deprived this phrase of all territorial significancy. To avoid confusion in geographical statistics, scientific writers have, therefore, of late resorted to the term "Anglo-American" to distinguish the inhabitants of the United States, from other peoples of America, while the absurd phrase of "Yankeedom" introduced by the eccentric Carlyle, has found some to adopt it abroad. The following extract from a distinguished work of science sufficiently sets forth the reason why geographers have been driven to the use of that phrase "Anglo-American."

"One of the most distinguished geographers of the Union, Mr. Tanner, correctly remarks, that this confederation offers the geographical anomaly of an immense country, without a proper name. In fact, we find 'United States' in Europe, in the Ionian Islands—'United States' in North America, in the confederations of Mexico, and Central America—'United States' in South America, in the *ci-devant* vice-royalty of Rio de la Plata; and we are on the point of seeing others spring up, by the division of the Republic of Columbia. We had made the same remark long ago; and for some years we have proposed the names of Anglo-American Confederation, and Anglo-Americans, to designate the soil and the inhabitants of this important part of the new world. These denominations, based principally upon the origin of the great mass of the inhabitants, have been already adopted in many works of merit, and we think we can, without inconvenience, use them provisionally, until it shall please Congress to give them a convenient name."—*Balbi, Abrégé Geog., p.* 1015.

The term Anglo-American, though thus adopted, for want of a better, by high authority, has never been too popular with our countrymen, nor can it be said to meet the desideratum sought for in works of science, as it is already appropriated, in a political sense, by the colonies of Great Britain, upon this continent. In this emergency, geo-

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graphy is compelled to look to its own resources for a proper expletive, to define that part of America to which the United States belong.

To the Alghanian or Alleghany ridge, our country is indebted for a great part of its beauty and healthfulness. If it had not been raised as a barrier to the waters of the west, now turned southward to the gulf of Mexico, the rivers from the Rocky Mountains, swollen by the intervening streams, would have found their way to the sea across the continent, and made the Atlantic States low and unhealthy, like the country on the Amazon and Oronoco. It also binds the country together, as with a band of iron. By turning the waters of the Mississippi valley into one channel, and thereby creating a political necessity that they who inhabit the upper regions and sources of the rivers should command their outlet, it makes it impossible for any portion of the valley to separate itself from the rest, while the seaboard is too narrow and too dependent upon the interior to maintain a separate political existence. If the Alleghanian ridges had been extended further north, so as to turn the St. Lawrence southward, Canada would long ago have been a part of this confederation. That part of America, therefore, which we inhabit, is in fact, whatever we may choose to call it, ALGHANIAN AMERICA.

The Alegevi, Talagicoe, Allaghenis, Al-gah-neuh, or Alghanians, as the word is spelt by different writers, seem at one time to have extended themselves over all the intermediate country between Maine and Mexico, and Allegan county, in Michigan, preserves in the north-west the root of the same word which may be traced at the other extremity of the Union, in the Talladaga of Florida. The word then comes from that primordial race, more ancient than our nomadic tribes, beyond which no Indian tradition can go; that wide-spread people, whose mysterious history, dimly shadowed by their vast mounds in the wilderness, calls up so many images of durability, of power, of wide-embracing sway; images to which our progress of empire has given new vitality. While the mountain range from which it is more immediately borrowed, is the backbone of the old thirteen states; is associated with the heroism of young WASHINGTON, under Dunmore and Braddock, and the valor of the stripling JACKSON, under Shelby, at King's Mountain. It was on the grandest feature of these mountains, "the Natural Bridge," that Washington carved his youthful name; and it was through their defiles, so familiar to his career as a provincial officer, that in mature life he led the old continentals to victory, when following down their passes from West Point to York Town. Historically, therefore, not less than geographically, historically, alike from the name of the ancient people that once owned it, and from the associations of our own annals, the country we inhabit is ALGHANIAN AMERICA.

Worthy the patriot's thought and poet's lyre,
This second baptism of our native earth,
To consecrate anew her manhood's fire,
By a true watchword all of mountain-birth;
For to the hills has Freedom ever clung,
And their proud name should designate the free;
That when its echoes through the land are rung,
Her children's breasts may warm to liberty!
My country! in the van of nations thou
Art called to raise Truth's lonely banner high;
'Tis fit a noble title grace thy brow,
Born of thy race, beneath thy matchless sky,
And Alps and Appenines resign their fame,
When thrills the world's deep heart with Alleghania's name!

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# THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

Scion of a mighty stock:
Hands of iron,—hearts of oak,—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led!

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee:
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,—
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

When the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill;—
Where above it gleaming far
Freedom lights her guiding star:—

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high:
Thither with devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim's feet.

Let thy noble motto be
God,—the Country,—Liberty,—
Planted on religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger, far or near,—
Spurn at baseness,—spurn at fear,—
Still with persevering might,
Speak the truth, and do the right.

So shall peace,—a charming guest,—
Dove-like in thy bosom rest,—
So shall honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor:
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

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# THE FRIENDS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG TIECK.

It was on a beautiful spring morning, that Ludwig Wandel set out for a village, some miles distant, to visit a sick friend. He had written to him that he lay dangerously ill, and would fain see and speak to him once more.

The glad sunshine brightened with its rays the green grove; birds were warbling and springing here and there; above the light shifting clouds, sang the gaysome larks; a fragrance came from the fresh meadows, and white and beautiful bloomed the fruit trees in the gardens.

Ludwig's intoxicated eyes wandered over the landscape; his soul was expanding in the sight, but then he thought of his sick friend and relapsed again into silent grief. In vain had Nature adorned herself with such beauty and splendor; he saw in imagination only the sick-bed and the sufferings of his Brother.

"How the music echoes from every branch," he exclaimed; "the notes of birds mingle sweetly with the whisperings of the leaves, but from the distance, through the joyous concert, I hear only the sighs of the Afflicted One."

While he spoke a troop of gaily dressed peasants came from the village; all saluted him cheerfully, and told him how they were going with joyful hearts to a merry-making, for the day's work was over and must give place to festivity. He listened to them, and soon heard in the distance the echo of their gladness; the songs which they sang came to his ear, but his heart grew still heavier. He seated himself in the wood, on the trunk of a fallen tree, drew from his pocket the letter read before so often, and read it yet again.

"Much loved Friend, I know not if thou hast wholly forgotten me that I hear no news of thee. I do not wonder that men forsake me, but that thou too should cease to care for me, this gives me deep distress. I am sorely ill; a fever exhausts my whole system, and if thou delayest long to seek me, I cannot promise that thou wilt ever see me again. All Nature is reviving in freshness and strength, but I am feebly sinking, no new warmth invigorates me, nor can I see the green fields, only the tree whose branches rustle before my window, singing a death-song to my thoughts. I breathe with difficulty, and oftentimes it seems to me as though the walls of my room were about to close upon me and stifle me to death. Thou art enjoying now in the world the fairest time of life, and I must languish in confinement. Gladly would I forego the pleasures of the Spring could I but see once more thy dear countenance, but the well do not consider how precious to a sick man are the visits of a friend; they know not the value of those sweet moments of consolation, for the whole world encircles them with a warm and hearty friendship. Ah, if thou didst but know as I do the terrors of death, and still greater, the terrors of disease, how wouldst thou hasten, Ludwig, to gaze yet once again upon this fragile form that once thou calledst thy friend, but which, ere long, will cruelly be broken in pieces! Were I well, and fancied that at this moment, perhaps, thou wast lying ill, how would I fly to meet thee. Should we never meet again—Farewell."

Amidst the gladsomeness of Nature, as she lay decked in splendor before his sight, how heavily upon Ludwig's heart sank the melancholy of this letter. He leaned his head upon his hand and wept. Rejoice, ye inhabitants of the Forest, thought he to himself, ignorant of care, yours is a light and poetical existance, and for its enjoyment you are clothed with rapid wings—how happy that ye have no need to mourn. The warm Summer calls you, and, careless of the future, you dance to meet him, and ere the Winter comes, you have departed. Oh, happy feathered dwellers in the woods, how I envy you! Why are there in the breast of man so many heavy cares? Why may he not love without purchasing his love with wretchedness, with poverty his happiness? Like a swift torrent, life rushes beneath our feet, but cannot quench our thirst, our hot desire.

He remained for some time thus bu-

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ried in his thoughts, then rose and pursued his way through the thick wood. "If I could but help him," he cried, "if Nature would but grant me some means whereby to save him, alas, I have only the sense of my own weakness, I can only lament over the sorrows of my friend. In my childhood I believed in magic and its supernatural powers; would that I were now fortunate enough to be able to hope for its assistance!"

He quickened his steps, and, involuntarily came back upon him all the memories of his earliest boyhood. He followed the lovely shapes that beckoned him, and was soon so far entangled in a labyrinth of thought as to be no longer conscious of the objects that surrounded him. He forgot that it was Spring; that his friend was ill; he listened only to the wondrous melodies whose echoes flowed upon him, as from distant shores, the wildest tones blending with those most familiar, and his whole soul was changed. From the deep perspective of Memory, from the abysses of the Past, arose the images that once had filled him with delight or anguish, those uncertain, formless phantoms, which so often flit around the brain, and overwhelm the senses with their perplexing voices. The sports and puppets of his childish days danced before him, covering the green sod, so that he no longer saw the flowers beneath his feet. His first love encircled him with the beamings of its early dawn, and caused its sparkling rainbows to fall upon his eyes; his first sorrow passed by and threatened at the end of life, to meet him in the self-same shape. Ludwig sought to detain these shifting fancies, and in their magical enjoyment to remain conscious of himself, but in vain. Like the grotesque pictures in story books, suddenly opened and then in a moment closed again, these apparitions appeared to his soul, fleeting and unstable.

The wood opened, and on one side, in the open plain, lay some old ruins surrounded with walls and watch towers. Ludwig was astonished that, amids this dreamings, he should so soon have accomplished the distance. He recovered from his melancholy as he emerged from the shadows of the forest; for often the images of our thought are but the reflection of outward objects. Now, like the morning sun, arose within him the remembrance of the time when first he awoke to the enjoyment of Poetry, when first he felt the influences of those sweet accords, which in the ears of many men sound never.

"How marvellously," said he to himself, "flowed together, at that time, what I had imagined for ever divided by an infinite chasm! My uncertain impressions received form and outline, and light beamed in upon me, by whose rays I discovered a thousand creations in whose existence I had never till then believed. Then were imparted to me those feelings which I have ever longed to express in words; then were given to me the choicest treasures of earth which my desire had ever sought, but in vain. Ah! for all this I have to thank thee, thou godlike spirit of Fancy and Poetry! How hast thou smoothed the current of my life that once appeared so rough! Ever hast thou given me to discover new sources of feeling and delight, so that now, no longer a barren wilderness stretches on every side to meet me, for all the streams of a sweet and elevating inspiration take their current through my heart. I have drunk deeply of their waters and have learned to know the Heavenly!"

The sun went down, and Ludwig was surprised to find that the evening had already come; he felt no weariness, but was yet far distant from the resting-place he wished to have reached before night. He stood still, and could hardly understand how it had come to pass that the purple flush of evening had so soon overspread the clouds; that the heavy shadows had begun to fall, and the nightingale in the thicket to take up her melancholy song. He looked around; the ruins lay far behind, and he began to doubt if he had not wandered from the straight and well-known road.

Now occurred to him an image that hitherto had never come into his soul, since his earliest childhood. A fearful, womanly figure glided before him across the lonely plain, without gazing back, which he must needs follow, though against his will, leading him after her into unknown places, and from whose influence he was unable to escape. A slight shudder passed over him, and yet he was not able clearly to remember that figure, or to recall the phases of his soul in which her image had first arisen within him. As he strove to distin-

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guish these strange phantasies, he chanced to cast a glance around him, and found himself indeed in a spot which he had never before seen, often as he had passed that way. "Am I bewitched," he cried, "or have my dreams and fancies bewildered me? Is this the wonderful effect of solitude, that I no longer even recognize myself, or, are there spirits and genii floating around me who make prisoners of my thoughts?"

He strove to extricate himself from the power of his imagination, and to find his way back again to the road, but his recollection became even more and more confused, the flowers beneath his feet seemed larger, the purple of the twilight more resplendent and more wondrous. The clouds hung low upon the earth, like curtains before some mysterious scene that was presently to be revealed. A melodious murmuring arose in the tall grass, the stalks bowed their heads together, as if whispering among themselves, and a soft, warm spring rain pattered between them, as if it would awaken all the slumbering harmonies of the woods, the thickets and the flowers. Now everything seemed full of sound; a thousand beautiful voices echoed in melodious tones; songs and symphonies interblended in harmonious concert, while innumerable blue butterflies moved gently around, the purple light of the sunset sparkling on their outspread wings. LUDWIG fancied that he was dreaming, but suddenly the dark red clouds were lifted up, and a wide and boundless prospect opened to his sight. In the sunshine lay a stately plain, dotted with green woods, and copses bright with dew. In the midst rose a palace, resplendent with a thousand colors, as if compounded of rainbows, gold, and precious stones. A river flowing hard by, threw back, as from a mirror, the manifold gleamings, while a soft purple atmosphere encircled the magic castle. Strange birds, of unknown climes, were flying about, sporting on their variegated wings; large nightingales sang with clear tones in the surrounding landscape; mysterious flames shot upwards through the long grass, flickering here and there, and encircling the castle in a radiant belt. LUDWIG went nearer and nearer, and heard sweet voices singing thus:

"Oh wand'rer from below,
Pass not beyond this place;
Rather in the Magic Palace
Tarry for a little space.
Has a thirst for higher joys
E'er thy longing soul possest,
Cast thy sorrows far away!
Enter on the land of rest."

Without further thought, LUDWIG now stepped upon the bright threshold, hesitated for a moment to set his foot on the polished stone, and then entered. The doors shut behind him.

"Hither! Hither!" cried unseen voices, from the interior of the palace, and with a beating heart he followed the sound. All his cares, all his former recollections had vanished. His inmost soul echoed the songs which surrounded him. All desire was hushed. His every wish, known or unknown, was satisfied. The voices that seemed to call him, grew so loud, that they resounded through the whole building, but whence they proceeded, he was unable to discover, though he had already penetrated to the centre of the palace.

A rosy-cheeked boy at length made his appearance, and advanced to greet the stranger guest. He led him through apartments full of splendor and song, and thence into a garden where, he said, LUDWIG was expected. Full of amazement, he followed his guide, and the odor of a thousand flowers gushed upon his senses. Wide and shady avenues received them. LUDWIG's giddy sight could scarce reach the tops of the tall old trees. On their branches sat birds of many hues; and while children in the trees played on guitars, they sang to the music. Fountains gushed forth, in whose water the sunshine seemed to play. The flowers were as high as bushes, permitting the wanderer to pass beneath their branches without stooping. He had hitherto never known so holy a feeling as that which now pervaded him. Never had a purer enjoyment revealed itself to him. He was more than happy.

The clear music of bells resounded through the trees, and the branches bowed themselves; the children with their guitars and the birds became silent; the rose-buds folded their leaves, and the boy brought the stranger into a brilliant assemblage.

Upon a grassy plat sat noble female figures, conversing earnestly with each other. They were larger than ordinary

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mortals, and in their unearthly beauty there was something fearful. LUDWIG did not venture to interrupt their conversation. It seemed to him as though he were transported into the Homeric circles of the Gods, for their speech was in no sort such as mortals use. Ludicrous little spirits stood around as attendants, waiting attentively for the first summons to leave their stations. They looked at the stranger, and then at one another with scornful and significant glances. The ladies at last left off speaking, and beckoned to LUDWIG who had been standing still, quite at a loss, to approach. Trembling, he drew near.

"Be not afraid," said the fairest of the ladies; "thou art welcome amongst us here, and indeed we have long expected thee. Thou hast ever wished thyself in our dwelling; art thou now content?"

"Oh, how unspeakably happy am I," cried LUDWIG, "my wildest dreams receive their accomplishment; my boldest wishes stand fulfilled before me, and I live in their reality. How it has come to pass, I cannot myself imagine; Enough that so it is. Why should I indulge in new complaints at this mystery, when my former complaints have but just ceased."

"Is this life," asked the lady, "so different from thy former life?"

"The former life," answered LUDWIG, "I can myself hardly remember. It has merged itself in this present golden existence, after which all my thoughts, all my anticipations, so fervently aspired; whither all my wishes flew, which I longed to seize in imagination, and detain by violence, in my inmost thoughts; but its image remained ever strange—concealed in clouds. And have I finally attained it? Have I won this new existence, and do I hold it as my own? Oh, pardon me,—in the intoxication of my delight I know not what I say, and indeed in such a presence, I should venture my words with more caution."

The lady beckoned, and immediately all the attendants were busied. In less than a moment a supper of choice fruits and fragrant wines stood before LUDWIG. He seated himself and once more the music burst forth, and youths and maidens moved about him in graceful circles, while uncouth hobgoblins enlivened the dance with their antics, awaking loud laughter. LUDWIG gave heed to every tone, every gesture. He felt himself new born since his initiation into this joyous life. Why, thought he, are our dreams and anticipations derided when their fulfilment comes so much sooner than any one would imagine. Where now is the boundary between Truth and Falsehood that mortals are ever seeking to raise, with impious hands? Oh, if I had gone astray oftener, in my former life, perhaps I might have been sooner prepared for this blessedness.

The dance ended, the sun went down, and the ladies rose. LUDWIG accompanied them in a walk through the quiet garden. The nightingales sang with subdued tones, and over-head a wonderful moon arose. The flowers opened to the silver light, their leaves sparkling in the moon-beams, the wide avenues seemed illuminated, and across them the shadows of the trees were thrown, clear and irregular, red clouds gathered from the distance over the grass, and high and golden the fountains leapt into the clear Heaven.

"Wilt thou sleep now?" said the fairest of the ladies, and she showed the enchanted wanderer a shady arbor, covered with pleasant turf and soft cushions. There she left him alone.

LUDWIG sat down and admired to see how the magical moon-light seemed to break through the thickly tangled branches of the arbor. How wonderful! said he to himself, perchance even now I am only sleeping and dreaming—well, I would thus willingly resign myself ever to visions within visions till no mortal power could break the charm of my slumber. But, faithless that I am, it is a beautiful reality that blesses me, and perhaps my former existence was only a painful dream.

He laid himself down, and the breezes blew softly about him, breathing delicious odors, while the little birds sang lullabies. In his dreams it seemed to him that the garden was no longer the same; the golden moon had fallen from the heavens, and left behind a gloomy void; instead of sparkling jets of water, little genii seemed to gush forth from the fountains, who threw themselves about in the air, one over the other, in the wildest confusion. Instead of songs, cries of terror pierced the air, and not a trace of the gorgeous palace remained. LUDWIG awoke full of sad

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ness, and reproached himself that his perverse fancies should yet retain their sway over his thoughts, reproducing in his dreams such wild and fantastic images.

A lovely morning dawned, and again the ladies greeted him. He now conversed with them with more assurance, and his mind was prepared for greater enjoyment, since his astonishment was no longer so much excited by everything that surrounded him. He examined the garden and the palace, and feasted his eyes on the splendor and beauty which was discovered to his sight. Thus joyously he lived for many days, and believed that his happiness could reach no higher stage.

At times it seemed as if the crowing of a cock was heard near by; then the whole palace quivered and his companions grew suddenly pale. This generally happened about dusk, and presently after they retired to rest. Then, indeed, there would sometimes come into LUDWIG's mind a remembrance of the earth which he had forsaken, and he would lean far out from some window of the shining palace, striving to retain his flying fancies, and once more to discern the highway, along which, in memory, he still journeyed. In such a mood he stood alone one afternoon, when it seemed to him as though he heard the sound of a post horn in the distance, and heard the rattling wheels of a carriage. How strangely, thought he, does this glimmering of the world fall upon my joy and occasion me a feeling of sadness! Do I want for anything? Is not my happiness complete?

The ladies appeared. "What dost thou wish," they asked anxiously, "that thou seemest thus disturbed?"

"You may laugh at me," said LUDWIG, "but yet grant me my request. I had in that world a friend, whom now I hardly remember; but this much I know, that he is ill. Can you not cure him by your arts?"

"Thy desire is already accomplished," they said. "But," said LUDWIG, "permit me one other question."

"Speak on."

"Falls there no gleam of love into this wonderful abode? Is there no place for friendship amidst these bowers? In yonder world the sun-dawn of love was too soon obscured, and men used to speak of it as a fable, but me thought that in such a paradise as this it would linger for ever. I confess to you that I feel an indescribable longing after its delights."

"Thou art longing then again for the earth?"

"Nevermore," cried LUDWIG, "for long ago, in that cold world I sighed for friendship and for love, but they came not at my call. The desire after these sacred feelings must supply in me the place of the feelings themselves, and therefore when I turned my steps to such a place as this, I trusted to find both united in beautiful harmony."

"Fool!" answered the lady, "in the Earth thou didst desire the Earthy, nor didst thou know thy own heart when thy wishes drew thee hither. Thou hast exalted thy lower passions, and thy nobler aspirations and fancies are debased."

"Who art thou?" asked LUDWIG in amazement.

"We are the Fairies of eld," she replied, "of whom thou hast long since heard. Dost thou earnestly long after earth again, thither thou mayest return. Our empire flourishes when mortals are wrapped in night; their day is our night. Our kingdom was established of old, and long will it continue. It rules invisible to men, only to thee hath it been vouchsafed to see us as we are."

She turned, and LUDWIG beheld the same figure which had led him a willing captive in the days of his youth, and for whom in his inmost soul he had cherished a feeling almost akin to terror. He followed her now and cried, "No, I will not go back to the earth. Here, here, will I dwell." Already, then, said he to himself, have I beheld in my childhood this startling apparition; thus lies within us oftentimes the solution of many an enigma, when we are only too idle to explore its hidden meaning.

He rambled further than was his wont, so that the Fairy garden lay far behind him. He found himself in a romantic ravine, where the ivy grew in wild profusion over the steep precipice. Rocks lay piled on rocks, and fearfulness and sublimity seemed to rule the scene; then there came to him a strange wanderer, who saluted him in a friendly tone and said—"It is good to me to see thee once more."

"I know thee not," said LUDWIG.

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"That may well be," he replied, "but once thou didst right well; I am thy sick friend."

"Impossible! thou art wholly a stranger to me."

"Simply for this reason," said the Unknown, "because to-day, for the first time, thou seest me in my true shape. Hitherto thou hast found in me only a reflection of thyself. Thou dost right to remain here, where there is no friendship, no love; where all is illusion and a show."

Ludwig sat down and wept.

"Wherefore weepest thou?" asked the stranger.

"Is not this reason enough for tears," answered Ludwig, "that thou shouldst be the Friend of my Youth? Oh, let us go back to the dear, dear earth, where once again we may know each other, although in borrowed shapes; where we may possess the sweet illusion of Friendship. What do I here?"

"What will it avail?" said the stranger. "Thou wilt straightway wish thyself back again. The earth is not splendid enough for thee, its flowers are too little, its songs are inharmonious; not so richly there does the light blend with the shadows; the blossoms wither soon and fall; the birds are thinking of their death and sing but sorrowfully. But here all things are in fadeless beauty."

"Oh, I will be content," cried Ludwig, between his hot gushing tears, "only return with me and be once more my old friend—let us escape from this desert, let us flee from this splendid exile."

As he spoke, he raised his eyes, for he felt some one shake him violently. Over him bent the earnest but pale face of his sick friend.

"Art thou dead?" cried Ludwig.

"I am alive and well, thou sleeper," he replied. "Dost thou seek thy sick friend in this way? Come with me, my carriage waits near by, and it threatens a thunder storm."

Ludwig raised himself; he had fallen asleep upon the trunk of the tree; beside him lay the open letter of his friend.

"Am I then really again on the earth," he exclaimed joyfully; "really, is this no new dream?"

"Thou canst not escape," answered his friend laughing, and clasped him heartily in his arms.

"How happy I am," said Ludwig, "that I have found thee again—that I find thee as thou wast of old, and that thou art well."

"I was suddenly taken ill," answered the sick friend, "and as suddenly recovered. I wished to relieve the anxiety that my letter must have occasioned you, and therefore set out to meet you. Half-way, I found you here asleep."

"Ah," said Ludwig, "I do not deserve thy love."

"And why not?"

"Because, just now, I doubted your friendship."

"But that was only in a dream."

"It would be strange enough," said Ludwig thoughtfully, "if after all, there were such things as Fairies."

"That such beings do exist," answered his friend, "there can be no doubt, but that is only a fiction which represents them as delighting to make men happy. Unconsciously to ourselves, they plant within our hearts those exaggerated fancies, those supernatural longings which prompt us to misanthropic musings, and to despise this beautiful earth with all its rich blessings."

Ludwig answered him with a pressure of the hand.

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## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

During the past sixty days a very marked improvement in general business has been manifest, and money has become more steadily in demand at 6 *a* 6 1-2 per cent. interest for the best descriptions of paper. This increased demand for money has been the result of improved business, added to the advance of prices, which of itself involves an increase of the amount of money requisite to the purchase or the holding of the same quantity of goods. From various causes, a spirit of speculation has been engendered in several articles,

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mostly of U. States production, and a considerable improvement has taken place in prices. The articles chiefly affected, are embraced in the following table:

PRICES OF CERTAIN ARTICLES IN NEW YORK.

| | Nov. 16. | Jan. 4. | Feb. 5. | March 5. | April 5. | April 12. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Iron, Pig - - | 31 00 | 31 00 | 32 50 | 37 50 | 47 50 | 52 50 |
| Iron, Bar - - | 65 00 | 65 00 | 65 60 | 70 00 | 85 00 | 85 00 |
| Sugar, N. O. - - | 6 75 | 5 00 | 5 50 | 6 25 | 7 50 | 7 50 |
| Pork, Mess - - | 9 00 | 9 50 | 10 00 | 10 25 | 13 75 | 13 50 |
| Molasses - - | 30 00 | 22 00 | 23 00 | 27 00 | 37 00 | 34 00 |
| Beef, Mess - - | 6 50 | 7 00 | 7 25 | 7 50 | 9 25 | 9 50 |
| Hemp - - - | 4 37 | 4 50 | 4 75 | 4 75 | 4 75 | 4 75 |
| Lard - - - | 6 25 | 6 30 | 7 00 | 7 00 | 8 25 | 8 25 |
| Cotton, fair - - | 7 00 | 6 37 | 6 25 | 7 00 | 7 37 | 7 50 |
| | 165 87 | 156 67 | 161 25 | 177 25 | 220 37 | 222 50 |

The articles according to the prices, January 4, form an aggregate value of near $100,000,000, sold in the United States annually. At the prices of April 5, the same quantities would command $130,000,000, showing the important rise of 30 per cent. in these leading staples. This advance, it may be remarked, is influenced almost entirely by causes out of the United States. The leading and general cause, is the modification of the British tariff, by which many articles that formerly paid duties, are now to be admitted either free of duty or at modified rates. Of these, lard, hemp and cotton are free, and the duties on sugar and molasses are largely to be reduced. Sugar, the growth of Louisiana, pays now $5,64 per cent. instead of $15,26. This reduction in duties, it has been estimated, will largely increase the British consumption, while at the same time the crops of Cuba have fallen off from 959,460 boxes in 1844 to 500,000 boxes. These concurrent circumstances have induced the rise of 50 per cent. in sugars of Louisiana, notwithstanding that the crop of that State is unusually large. The important advance which has taken place in iron has resulted from the rail-road speculation in England, causing an enhanced demand there. The article of Pork has risen under the improving export demand for England, simultaneous with an alleged short supply. The former cause is that to which the visible effect may mostly be ascribed, as well as in the case of Beef, in which the trade grows to such an extent, that one packer in Ohio has, during the last season, put up 3,138 head of cattle for the English market, mostly family mess. The great drawback upon this business heretofore, has been the unsuitable manner in which provisions have been put up for the English market. This matter has now been remedied by greater experience. The growth of trade in provisions and agricultural business generally, thus directly for the foreign markets, is calculated to have a very material influence upon the prosperity of the farmers and upon the state of the currency generally.

Want of currency in the interior, during the transition from a high paper circulation to a specie level, has been the cause of great depression to the farming interest; but happily the specie basis has now been increased to a very considerable extent, and the quantity of coin in circulation is far greater than at any previous period. The want of a general diffusion of the precious metals actually in the country, has promoted the difficulties rather than the actual scarcity of money. While last year prices of manufactured and imported goods rose rapidly under the accumulation of money on the sea-board, and the influence of the tariff, the prices of agricultural produce were affected but in a very small degree. On the latter depended the ability of the farmers and planters to pay for their purchases. Hence they were compelled to give more money for that which they purchased without obtaining any more for that which they sold. We have before alluded to this operation as likely to produce embarrassment among that portion of the dry-goods trade whose sales on credit were last fall pushed to the greatest extent. These forebodings have been realized in the

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failure of several very extensive dealers. It is right, however, to remark that those houses were, to a greater or less extent, embarrassed by unsettled difficulties of former years. The movement now going on by disseminating the money through the interior of the country in return for purchases of produce, is calculated to lay the foundation of a greatly improved business. In order to observe the situation of the currency, we will take the comparative returns of the Banks in ten leading States this year and last, as follows:

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE BANKS OF TEN STATES, JAN. 1844 AND 1845.

| | 1844. | | | 1845. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Loans.* | *Circulation.* | *Specie.* | *Loans.* | *Circulation.* | *Specie.* |
| Maine, | 4,279,331 | 1,606,603 | 223,769 | 4,785,314 | 1,980,538 | 192,445 |
| Massachusetts, | 49,993,291 | 9,219,967 | 7,298,815 | 48,770,975 | 12,183,158 | 4,587,140 |
| New York, | 65,419,752 | 17,335,401 | 10,086,542 | 70,888,578 | 18,513,402 | 6,893,236 |
| New Jersey, | 4,764,720 | 1,578,635 | 516,710 | 5,131,451 | 1,980,040 | 557,027 |
| Pennsylvania, | 16,038,016 | 6,022,268 | 6,387,520 | 23,374,426 | 8,375,495 | 5,286,295 |
| Maryland, | 7,551,824 | 1,647,559 | 9,529,265 | 9,975,231 | 1,856,649 | 1,835,230 |
| Ohio, | 2,873,897 | 2,258,255 | 784,316 | 3,141,281 | 2,370,312 | 735,048 |
| Indiana, | 2,649,695 | 2,115,221 | 969,306 | 2,307,303 | 3,101,000 | 1,120,013 |
| Georgia, | 8,230,140 | 1,958,362 | 1,302,757 | 5,341,580 | 2,570,500 | 1,441,218 |
| New Orleans, | 23,266,163 | 1,745,546 | 7,889,099 | 33,108,450 | 2,082,130 | 8,138,987 |
| Total, | $185,066,839 | 45,487,178 | 38,987,099 | 206,724,589 | 54,973,224 | 30,786,569 |

The specie in the vaults of these banks has, it appears, diminished $8,200,530, while the circulation has increased $9,486,046. The amount of bank notes on hand is about $10,000,000. The net circulation furnished by these banks last year was, therefore, in the aggregate, less than the specie on hand. Since then, by paying out bills and specie, the currency has increased $17,686,576. A portion of the specie paid out has left the country, but probably an equal quantity has, during the same period, arrived in it. It may be estimated that the actual specie circulation has become enhanced by the amount, $7,687,767, coined during the year 1844. The quantity of the precious metals in the country has increased in the last four years, during which the largest portion of bank credits have been withdrawn from the channels of business, to a very great extent. The import and export have been as follows:

IMPORT AND EXPORT OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE UNITED STATES.

| | Gold. | | Silver. | | U. States. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Imports. | *Coin.* | *Bullion.* | *Coin.* | *Bullion.* | *Coin.* | |
| 1821 to 1841. - | 34,866,174 | 5,105,588 | 131,673,207 | 9,855,945 | | 181,501,510 |
| 1842, - - - | 700,929 | 56,365 | 3,290,264 | 39,458 | | 4,087,016 |
| 1843, - - - | 16,965,602 | 100,835 | 5,111,799 | 142,199 | | 22,320,335 |
| 1844, - - - | 1,510,154 | 83,150 | 4,008,431 | 208,693 | | 5,810,428 |
| Total, | 54,042,859 | 5,345,938 | 144,084,197 | 10,246,295 | | 213,719,289 |
| Exports. | | | | | | |
| 1821 to 1841, - | 14,642,239 | 513,673 | 104,304,220 | 991,291 | 13,308,487 | 133,759,910 |
| 1842, - - - | 2,134,002 | | 2,508,783 | | 1,170,754 | 5,813,539 |
| 1843, - - - | 1,113,104 | 299,808 | 88,592 | | 107,419 | 1,608,934 |
| 1844, - - - | 1,500,000 | | 3,000,000 | | 900,000 | 5,400,000 |
| Total, | 19,389,345 | 813,481 | 109,901,595 | 991,291 | 15,486,670 | 146,582,383 |
| Excess Imports, | 34,653,514 | 4,532,457 | 34,182,602 | 9,255,104 | | 67,136,906 |

The actual excess of the precious metals which passed through the custom house into the country, has been, it appears, $67,136,906 over the amount going out. The annual product of the U. States mines is $700,000, average. The amount of money brought into the country by immigrants, according to the best estimates of the specie brokers in the large cities, who usually purchase coins of newly arrived immigrants, and from the official returns of those European countries that charge an export duty upon the precious metals carried out of the country, is about $2,000,000 per annum, mostly gold. The quantity of silver usually brought in from Mexico by the Santa Fe caravans, is about $500,000 per annum. For 1844, it was $420,000. The value of the gold watches and other articles imported has been $500,000 per annum, deducting the amount of the same articles exported. These sum up as follows:

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| | |
|---|---|
| Value of watches and gold articles, - - - - - | $500,000 |
| Coin by way of Santa Fe, - - - - - - | 500,000 |
| Produce of United States mines, - - - - - | 700,000 |
| In possession of immigrants, - - - - - - | 2,000,000 |
| Total, - - - - - - - - - | $3,700,000 |

If we take this average for twenty-five years at $3,000,000 only, we have an amount of $75,000,000, in addition to the jewelry, watches, &c., which come into the country in use of immigrants and passengers. These latter probably fully compensate for the actual annual consumption of the precious metals in manufactures, after deducting that which in the same manner leaves the country. There was in the hands of banks, in 1820, $20,000,000, and estimated $10,000,000 in circulation; the coinage up to that time had been $18,411,976. These figures will then result in the following quantity of precious metals in the country:

| | |
|---|---|
| In the country, 1820, - - - - - - | $30,000,000 |
| Excess imports 1821 to 1841, - - - - - | 67,136,906 |
| Produced and imported by immigrants, &c., - | 75,000,000 |
| Total in the country, - - - - - | $172,136,906 |

This being a close approximation to the quantity of the precious metals in the country, the quantity coined is correctly ascertained by the official returns, as follows:

GOLD AND SILVER COINAGE OF THE UNITED STATES MINTS.

| | *Charlotte, N. C.* | *Dahlonega, Georgia.* | *New Orleans.* | *Philadelphia.* | *Total.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1793 to 1837, - - | | | | 72,085,530 | 72,085,530 |
| 1838 " 1841, - - | 507,025 | 517,990 | 1,859,693 | 10,429,664 | 13,314,372 |
| 1842, - - - | 174,508 | 309,647 | 1,295,750 | 2,426,351 | 4,190,754 |
| 1843, - - - | 272,064 | 570,000 | 4,568,000 | 6,530,043 | 11,940,187 |
| 1844, - - - | 147,210 | 488,600 | 4,908,500 | 2,843,457 | 7,687,767 |
| Total | 1,100,807 | 1,886,237 | 11,931,943 | 94,315,045 | 109,218,610 |

Up to 1838, there was no mint but that at Philadelphia. At that time the branches were established, and their operations now exceed by far those of the principal establishment. It is observable in the table of export, that the amount of U. States coins exported amounts to $15,486,670, which, deducted from the coinage, gives $93,731,940 as the amount of U. States coins, exclusive of copper, in circulation. The coin, amounting to $30,786,569, in the banks, is nearly, if not quite all, of foreign descriptions. This will give $124,518,509 of actual coins in the U. States. Of the U. States coins, 25 per cent. has passed into circulation in the last three years. It will be observed that the imports and exports given in the above table are down to June 30, 1844, since when exchanges have been against the country, and down to March 1st, $5,000,000 had been re-exported, mostly from the vaults of the Atlantic banks.

The proportions of gold and silver respectively, that have been coined, are as follows:

COINAGE OF THE UNITED STATES, DISTINGUISHING GOLD AND SILVER.

| | Charlotte. | Dahlonega. | N.Orleans. Gold. | Philad. Gold. | Total Gold. | N. Orleans. Silver. | Philad. Silver. | Total Silver. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1793 to 1838 . . . | | | | 23,150,340 | 23,150,340 | | 48,835,193 | 48,835,193 |
| 1838 " 1841 . . . | 507,025 | 517,990 | 326,190 | 4,581,175 | 5,937,380 | 1,533,508 | 5,848,489 | 7,381,997 |
| 1842 . . . . . | 174,508 | 309,647 | 405,500 | 960,017 | 1,849,672 | 890,250 | 1,442,500 | 2,332,750 |
| 1843 . . . . . | 272,064 | 570,000 | 3,177,000 | 4,062,010 | 8,088,074 | 1,391,000 | 2,443,750 | 3,834,750 |
| 1844 . . . . . | 147,210 | 488,600 | 3,010,000 | 1,782,420 | 5,423,230 | 1,198,500 | 1,037,050 | 2,235,550 |
| Total, . . | 1,100,807 | 1,886,237 | 6,918,690 | 34,535,962 | 44,448,696 | 5,013,258 | 59,604,982 | 64,618,240 |

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In the last two years the gold coinage has exceeded the silver mintage, and it is observable that the operations of the New Orleans branch have last year greatly exceeded those of the principal mint at Philadelphia. This arises from the fact, that the mint at Philadelphia is so far from the places at which the precious metals are imported, that it, in a great measure, is valueless for the purposes for which it was established. It may be safely estimated that had the branch mints not been established in 1838, the whole coinage would have been less than it is, by the amount of their operations, which is nearly half of the whole sum coined. If branches were established at New York and Boston there is very little doubt but that the whole amount which arrives in the country would immediately be coined, and by so doing increase its liability to remain here by 1 *a* 1 1-2 per cent, because in the shape of American coin it is by that amount less valuable for export to foreign countries. The enactment of the gold bill of 1834, without providing means for promptly coining the precious metals which arrive here, was a solecism in finance. We have dwelt thus upon the detail of coinage because the difficulty of access to the mint has been a main reason why the precious metals have (for so long a time) reposed in cumbrous masses upon the seaboard, leaving the interior of the country scantily supplied with currency. Our laws, it is true, allow of the circulation of foreign coins as a legal tender, but when the people at large are unacquainted with the appearance and value of strange coins offering, it is in vain to expect them to circulate freely. They remain in bank vaults, and the purchaser of produce is compelled to pay out paper because he cannot, without expense, procure American coin, and foreign pieces are taken reluctantly. The rapid operations of the branch mints are remedying this matter, and specie "flowing up" the western streams is steadily and gradually filling the channels of circulation, affording a firm basis for the circulation of individual bills representing the actual exchangeable productions of the country.

The increasing export of the agricultural productions is drawing these specie funds into the hands of the farmers; while the markets, becoming relieved of the surplus supplies, evince an advance in prices which materially benefits the farmers, and lays the foundation of a greatly increased general trade on a healthy basis. It is also remarkable that while the United States have, in the last few years, drawn to themselves such large amounts of the precious metals, the production of gold has increased in Russia to more than a corresponding extent. The mines of Russia are situate in the Oural mountains, and in Siberia, and are conducted both by crown officers and by individuals. The production has been for 17 years, down to 1844, as follows:

| | Poods. | liv. | sol. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oural crown mines, | 2132 | 31 | 51 |
| " Individual " | 2644 | 4 | 68 |
| Siberia crown mines, | 260 | 25 | 36 |
| " Individual " | 2114 | 27 | 68 |

This gives a total of 7,161 poods, or at 36 lbs. avoirdupois to the pood, 247,796 lbs., equal at the English mint price of £3 17s. 6d. per ounce to $74,078,287. For the last two years the product has been $10,000,000 per annum, and is rapidly increasing. The effect of this large production, doubtless, is to assist in producing the apparent disposition of gold to flow westward, and of silver to go east, the relative values changing as the former becomes more abundant. This process comes in aid of the gold bill of 1834, and may, before long, lead to a revision of the law, and to a readjustment of the relative legal values. Another reason for the tendency of the precious metals to the United States exists in the commercial policy of the British government, and the increasing quantities of agricultural productions which it annually requires, and the demand for which is yearly producing more important results to the external commerce of the United States. It is undoubtedly true that since the war the general policy of the British government has been to reduce the money prices of all articles of consumption both by restricting the volume of the paper currency of the United Kingdom, and by the removal of duties, which go to enhance the cost to the consumer of raw articles, and the cost of producing those manufactured for export. In relation to the currency we have had occasion before to remark that the virtual return to a specie currency under the act renewing the Bank Charter in August last, was but another step in that



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general course of policy commenced by the bill of 1819, restoring the then depreciated currency to one convertible into coin. The requirement to redeem in coin on demand limited the currency to an amount far below that which could be kept in circulation without that requirement. It however left the ability to expand dangerously great, being as £3 of paper to £1 of gold on hand, or if, in the course of trade, £1 of gold was brought into the country, it became the basis of £3 of paper currency. The act of 1844 again reduced the limit of issues, which can now, by the spirit of the law, not be made to exceed the actual influx of coin into the country. This apparently brought the volume of the currency to its lowest level, but there remains to restrict the Scotch and Irish banks to an amount beyond which their issues cannot be put out. This is in contemplation, and also it is alleged ultimately to substitute the single issues of the Bank of England for those of all other Banks.

The tendency of all these restrictions upon the multiplicity of paper money has been not to reduce prices, but to prevent that unnatural rise, which always attends too great a circulation of Bank credits, and in which revulsions are inherent, inasmuch as that the direct effect is to check exports and promote imports, which require under such circumstances to be paid for in coin. The principle seems to be to prevent such a rise in the money prices of the products of British industry, as will incapacitate her from competing in the markets of the world, with the goods of other nations. This being the principle, it is obvious, that all other causes of high cost should also be removed. These existed in high wages of labor, high prices of goods and of raw materials, caused by the system of protection. The wages of labor being more directly under the control of masters, were long since reduced almost to a starvation point. Under such circumstances, it manifestly became incumbent upon the government to diminish the taxes imposed upon those necessary articles of consumption purchased by the operatives, with their reduced wages. This was, however, a work of extreme difficulty, inasmuch as that almost the whole fabric of British society was based upon protection to landed interest, through the exclusion of foreign agricultural produce. Nevertheless, the minister, in 1842, entered upon the work, and modified the duties upon corn and provisions, in a manner which has led to a large increase in the import of food into England. Although the sliding scale of corn duties was continued, the point of exclusion of corn was fixed at a price far higher than before, admitting of corn imports at a lower average duty than could have been allowed under the old scale. At the same time the duty on provisions was considerably reduced. The result has been a continued increase of produce imported, notwithstanding that an improvement in the harvests has lowered the general prices in England. The progress of the provision trade of the United States to England, is seen in the following table of quantities exported thither:

EXPORTS OF UNITED STATES PRODUCE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

| | 1839. | 1840. | 1841. | 1842. | 1843. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sperm oil, galls. | 5,992 | 373,530 | 257,136 | 185,850 | 325,970 |
| Whale " " | 7,111 | 35,492 | 50,891 | 63,707 | 68,728 |
| " bone, lbs. | 33,136 | 29,320 | ——— | ——— | 187,185 |
| Naval stores, bbls. | 176,721 | 191,443 | 200,789 | 218,353 | 145,006 |
| Ashes, tons. | 143 | ——— | ——— | 234 | 354 |
| Tallow, lbs. | ——— | 29,580 | 25,222 | 2,716,320 | 3,653,614 |
| Pork, bbls. | 10 | ——— | 4,769 | 6,900 | 3,240 |
| Hams, lbs. | 150 | 1,061 | 26,394 | 160,274 | 656,328 |
| Lard, " | ——— | ——— | 444,305 | 3,430,738 | 4,569,684 |
| Butter, " | ——— | 183,509 | 1,657,801 | 676,265 | 1,059,776 |
| Cheese, " | ——— | ——— | 611,021 | 1,414,784 | 2,313,643 |
| Flour, bbls. | 167,582 | 620,919 | 208,984 | 208,[illegible]04 | 14,214 |
| Rice, tierces. | 18,556 | 17,732 | 21,802 | 22,540 | 9,216 |
| Cotton, lbs. | 310,774,060 | 494,915,090 | 348,306,248 | 378,697,649 | 582,845,504 |
| Tobacco, hhds. | 30,330 | 27,136 | 43,131 | 36,999 | 21,050 |
| Flax seed, bush. | 66,739 | 76,961 | 32,194 | 18,200 | 54,915 |
| Wax, lbs. | 45,838 | 28,385 | 51,304 | 67,121 | 86,983 |
| Leather, lbs. | ——— | ——— | ——— | 1,102 | 43,679 |
| Tobacco man. lbs. | 672,128 | 890,506 | 1,446,528 | 204,767 | 337,951 |
| Lead, lbs. | 2,033 | 24,381 | 207,767 | 2,496,386 | 2,171,853 |
| Beef, bbls. | ——— | ——— | ——— | 2,001 | 6,884 |

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The exports for 1843 are for nine months only. The official figures for 1844 have not yet been given to the public, although ten months have elapsed since the close of the fiscal year. The leading items of provisions have, it appears, become important in their magnitude but very recently. Under the new tariff, lard is made free, and the removal of duties on many other articles has added greatly to the list of products exported to England. Among these, the sugar of New Orleans is by no means the least important. Some lots have recently arrived in England, and being admitted under the treaty at the low duty, have, it is understood, done well. The duty has been remitted on lead, lard, wax, staves, hoops, ashes, vegetable oils, bark, seeds, hemp, glass, cabinet woods (among which are cedar, walnut, chestnut, and maple), cotton, and cotton yarn, flax, undressed skins and furs, wool, naval stores, vinegar, ores, except copper. Many of these articles have, in the last two years, as indicated in the above table, become important articles of export even under the duties. The trade under the remissions and reduction must now be stimulated, and an impulse given to those which had not before been sent thither. Of those latter, sugar, both Maple and Louisiana, and staves, have already been purchased largely for that destination. It is also remarkable that the removal of the duty on cotton and some other articles, immediately produced a decline in the market price, equal to the amount of the duty, the price in bond remaining the same. The reduction in the price of sugar and some other important articles of general consumption, has also been such as to give the consumer the whole benefit of the remission of taxes. This, according to an acknowledged and oft tested principle, will directly tend to a great enhancement of the quantities consumed, not only of the taxed articles, but in some other necessary articles. As, for instance, the great reduction in the price of bread allows of the application of large sums to the purchase of other articles of food, as well as of necessary clothing. All these are circumstances which promise an almost limitless extension of the trade in agricultural products to England, provided the restrictions on the return of the products to this country are modified. At present, a very large and increasing contraband trade is carried on through Canada, which is alike injurious to the government revenue, the interests of our manufactures, and the cause of commercial morality already sufficiently lax. The restrictions in England being removed, a corresponding relaxation on this side of the water is required, to a healthy prosecution of the trade, and without it the next 30 years will present the same results as have the last 30 years; viz. that notwithstanding the great increase of population, and extent of territory, the only increase in the value of our exports has been almost altogether in the single article of cotton. That article seems now to have reached its maximum, and the farmers have held out to them the opportunity of a market for the disposal of their whole surplus products, if the liberality of foreign governments is met in a corresponding spirit.

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## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*American Facts. Notes and Statistics relative to the Government, Resources, Engagements, Manufactures, Commerce, Religion, Education, Literature, Fine Arts, Manners and Customs of the United States of America, by* George Palmer Putnam, member of the New York Historical Society; Honorary member of the Connecticut Historical Society; Honorary Secretary of the American Art Union; Author of an Introduction to History, &c., with portraits and a map. London, Wiley & Putnam, 6 Waterloo Place, and 161 Broadway, New York, 1845. 8vo. pp. 292.

We have serious doubts of the propriety of making books of this kind, which are neither good almanacs or good books of philosophy, but an uneasy something between the two. The object is to show that America does not occupy an inferior position in the world, and the very means

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taken to refute the imputation, is proof positive of the allegation. There are no such books got up by Englishmen in France or Frenchmen in England. However either nation may be misrepresented, no one sets about a formal vindication of the greatness of those countries. Why should Americans abroad be less dignified or more uneasy? It is a singular trait among them, and we remember a remarkable instance of it which happened in the coffee-room of the Royal Hotel, at Glasgow. It was on the eve of the Eglinton Tournament, and every one within a hundred miles round was thrown into a fever—and Eglinton himself might be pitied for his anxieties. An announcement had appeared in the papers that persons desiring places on the great stand should apply by letter, within a certain time, to his steward. There were two Americans in the coffee-room loudly and gravely debating the point, whether the national character would not be compromised, by making this application through the steward—whether they should not address Lord Eglinton himself. They had not the sense to see that they were all the while taking great pains to misrepresent the country, by doing what at such a time could be considered as nothing less than a voluntary act of impertinence. This is the class of persons who are so extremely sensitive to the squibs of the foreign newspapers, the chief significance of which is, that a poor devil of a penny-a-liner in Grub street has an empty stomach, and is taking the readiest means in his power to compass his breakfast. To refute these things seriously by argument is absurd; it is only giving perpetuity to a race of fools who, if, as a wise man tells us, they were brayed in a mortar, would not give up their folly. What matters it what the Liverpool Mail may say in the way of Billingsgate, while our ships are hourly entering the docks of that city, bringing and conveying away merchandize, and silently representing the thousands of industrious and good citizens at home? Here is a fact worth more than the vaporing of all the newspaper writers in Europe. A poor, weak, imbecile, "pig-headed" people are not in the habit, it is well known, of constructing the finest models of naval architecture, of filling them with the combined products of nature and art, and of bearing away with them the choicest fruits of European civilisation. One page of a merchant's leger upsets a number of the Times, or even a copy of the Foreign Quarterly.

The country is great enough and mighty enough, if its friends would only let it alone. Its character and resources are better understood abroad than is imagined; or, if they are not, they soon will be, for it is quite impossible, in this travelling, inquisitive age, that the existence of anything remarkable on this continent should be long hidden.

American Facts is a good title for a book, and Mr. Putnam has published much in his volume, indicated on his title-page, which is useful and acceptable; and he would have done much more good by relinquishing his observations and opinions, and letting his facts speak as facts should, in their very simple, business-like, peremptory way. He has opened a great many questions and disturbed others, which, for his object, had better been left alone.* The long article from the North American Review, for instance, is a poor commentary on the value of American literature; and the cause does not gain much by the examples quoted and the manner of bringing them forward. Then, too, a question of great importance—that of slavery—is brought forward and admitted to be bad, very bad, on the mere opinion of the writer, without any regard to history, or philosophy, or the merits of the question. It is entirely too much of an undertaking for any individual to hold in his hand the scales by which a great nation shall be weighed and balanced. The mingling of personality in this book is a serious injury to it. Instead of "facts," the writer has often given his opinions, and has actually preserved a great deal of perishable trash from his dreaded newspaper editors, which would else have gone speedily to oblivion. The chapters on literature are peculiarly unfortunate. Some of the old tabular worthies, to be sure, are relinquished. We hear nothing of Frisbie or Joel Barlow, but then, again, not a word is said of Emerson or Brownson—an unaccountable omission, were the writer seeking to exhibit the true intellectual force of the coun-

* Some of Mr. Putnam's arguments tell against him. On page 90 he says, "It is a rather curious fact, that Americans have *first* collected and *first* printed complete editions of the works of such English writers as Cudworth, Bolingbroke, Burke, Paley and Dugald Stewart; and first printed in a book form the essays and reviews of Carlyle, Macauley, Jeffrey, Talfourd, Stephen and Professor Wilson." It *is* a very curious fact, in spite of the old folios of Cudworth, the editions of Paley in London, and other obstacles; but, like many startling things, it is capable of explanation. The works of Carlyle, Macauley and the rest, having been printed in reviews and well paid for, the English publishers were wisely waiting for the first edition to be sold before they got up another—when the American trade steps in and, *having no copyright to interfere*, publish the whole at once—no very extraordinary meritorious business proceeding, after all.

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try and not merely to echo a list of newspaper names. It is time that something of a higher criticism should be introduced in such estimates of the literary position of the country,—that the better elements should be selected for notice and the rest left to perish—in brief, that our literature and literary men should be judged by the general standards of the language, and not by the provincial standards of the state or district. To effect this change and bring American literature out of the hot-house atmosphere of the nursery into the joyous light and strength of day, is clearly the next work for our Reviews to effect; and the journal which is foremost in leading the way, though it may meet with occasional opposition, will be sincerely respected and gain no unenviable influence.

It would be asking too much to call for an Edinburgh Reviewer, in the active member of a large bookselling establishment, who is likely to be especially unfitted for such a work from the very fact that he is a bookseller; but a writer must always be judged by what he attempts, and Mr. Putnam is clearly out of his element as a critic. The improved edition of his Publisher's Circular, arranged chronologically, with the list of authors' works, place of publication, classification of topics, which we understand is forthcoming, will be a more useful book if confined simply to the facts. It should be as bald as a directory or a set of interest tables, and as accurate, when it may become as well thumbed.

A novelty in Mr. Putnam's volume is the introduction of portraits of public characters taken from the "American Portrait Gallery," by the Anastatic Process. The illustrations include Washington, Cooper, Edward Everett and Daniel Webster. They are somewhat rough and blurred, having probably been done in haste from imperfect originals, but are good enough to show the value of this invention.

Mr. Putnam is well known as the London member of the publishing house of Wiley & Putnam, for his attention to the interests of American authors, and the many personal acts of kindness he has shown to Americans abroad. He is the most amiable and well-meaning of all men, but he was born in New England, with a spirit of morbid restlessness. He defeats himself by his activity. In his eagerness, he lacks faith in his country. He hears in a morning paper the explosion of some "paper bullet," and is alarmed for the fast bulwarks of the Alleghanies. He mistakes the vaporings of English beer for the dignity of national insults.

*Undine and Sintram and his Companions, from the German of the Baron De la Motte Fouqué.* Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, No. III., 16mo. pp. 288.

Undine is a universal favorite; one of the most simply beautiful and perfectly constructed stories in the whole German Literature. The sentiment of the story is as pure and unbroken as the fountains so often introduced, which in the midst of perpetual change and action are always the same. The whole atmosphere of the piece is vapory and gauzelike. It is one of those conceptions of genius which, once taken into the mind, feed it for ever. If there are any of our readers who have not yet learnt to value Undine, they have a new enjoyment in store for themselves. The present translation is a copyright one, that of Rev. Thomas Tracy, printed now for the fifth time, and with the last corrections of the translator. Sintram, the tale which accompanies Undine, is here published, for the first time, in this country. It introduces us into the midst of the old northern chivalry, at its first meeting with the Christianity of the south, before the former had yielded its early barbarity and fierceness. The contrast between the cloister and the hunting field and wassail chamber is powerfully presented; the dark powers of the air still hover over the land, but within the breast there is a great conflict between the light and darkness, the peace and war. In Sintram this struggle is introduced. It is the warfare which goes on in the heart of every man who is assailed by temptation and preserved by faith. For thrilling interest there are few scenes in fiction which equal the one where Sintram is tempted to abandon his benefactor Folko of Montfaucon in the hunt, gain all his evil passions have harassed him to obtain—fate and circumstance have put all in his power—it is the work of a moment and he does *not* yield. The flickering light of conscience had dwindled in its socket and almost expired. One step more, and the Northern Demons would have celebrated their infernal rites over a lost soul, but the man is saved, and Summer and Christianity came together to unlock those wintry superstitions. The mother of Sintram and the wife of the dread old knight "of the olden time" is all the while immured in a cloister, but her prayers and silent influence are felt throughout the piece just as Ophelia, according to Mr. Hudson in his Lectures, is present throughout the whole of Hamlet, though seldom seen. We were about to call this a moral tale, but a German scho-

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lar tells us that the original word which is translated moral, signifies literally "life knowledge." Now all this is conveyed to us in that rich, abundant word *moral*, but the reader may think of Æsop's Fables and the Rambler, an obtrusive commonplace moral, which is a very different thing—so we use the German phrase as an illustration of our meaning. This book is full of the best "life-knowledge."

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*Imagination and Fancy; or selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those first requisites of their art; with markings of the best passages, critical notices of the writers, and an Essay on the question "What is Poetry?" by* LEIGH HUNT. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, No. IV. 16mo. pp. 265.

THE idea of this book seems to have been suggested by the numerous collections in English literature of elegant extracts, which generally are the most inelegant things in the language. By a sad dispensation of Providence, the best poets have commonly fallen into the hands of the most stupid commentators "who with their darkness durst offend their light." The poets, edited by a poet, would be as good a title for this book as any other. It is as far out of the way as possible from the old collections in double columns, which oppress the shelves with the weight of Grenville, Yalden, Brown and others, and the similar series of translations from the classics, by Francklin and Potter, the great misfortune of which, to the originals, was their having been "done" in the eighteenth century. Charles Lamb was one of the first to break the spell of darkness, in his "Selections from the old English Dramatists," with the accompanying notes, frequently rivalling the text in vigor. Such a commentator is Leigh Hunt. His whole life, from early boyhood, has been a pursuit of poetry and the poets. He has admired, loved and emulated, till his own works have supplied an abundant store of the beauties he is so ready to detect in others. His enthusiasm has steadily grown upward into a purer and brighter flame, instead of being quenched or diminished by contact with the world. The present volume, his last, has specimens of his best prose writings—in numerous passages full of love and knowledge. Reserving many matters of comment for the future, we leave the book in the hands of the reader, with this taste of the true Falernian vintage, the author's remarks on his friend Keats—whom he first brought into notice—preliminary to some "choice reading" from his writings.

"KEATS was a born poet of the most poetical kind. All his feelings came to him through a poetical medium, or were speedily colored by it. He enjoyed a jest as heartily as any one, and sympathized with the lowliest common-place; but the next minute his thoughts were in a garden of enchantment, with nymphs, and fauns, and shapes of exalted humanity;

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace.

It might be said of him, that he never beheld an oak-tree without seeing the Dryad. His fame may now forgive the critics who disliked his politics, and did not understand his poety. Repeated editions of him in England, France, and America, attest its triumphant survival of all obloquy; and there can be no doubt that he has taken a permanent station among the British Poets, of a very high, if not thoroughly mature, description.

"Keats's early poetry, indeed, partook plentifully of the exuberance of youth; and even in most of his later, his sensibility, sharpened by mortal illness, tended to a morbid excess. His region is 'a wilderness of sweets,'—flowers of all hue, and 'weeds of glorious feature,'—where, as he says, the luxuriant soil brings

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth.

But there also is the 'rain-scented eglantine,' and bushes of May-flowers, with bees, and myrtle and bay—and endless paths into forests haunted with the loveliest as well as the gentlest beings; and the gods live in the distance, amid notes of majestic thunder 'I do not say that there is no 'surfeit' but I do, that there is no end to the 'nectared sweets.' In what other English poet (however superior to him in other respects) are you so *certain* of never opening a page without lighting upon the loveliest imagery and the most eloquent expressions? Name one. Compare any succession of their pages at random, and see if the young poet is not sure to present his stock of beauty; crude it may be, in many instances; too indiscriminate in general; never, perhaps, thoroughly perfect in cultivation; but there it is, exquisite of its kind, and filling envy with despair. He died at five-and-twenty; he had not revised his earlier works, nor given his genius its last pruning. His Endymion, in resolving to be free from all critical trammels, had no versification, and his last noble fragment, Hyperion, is not faultless—but it is nearly so. The Eve of St. Agnes betrays morbidity only in one instance (noticed in the comment). Even in his earliest productions, which are to be considered as those of youth just emerging from boyhood, are to be found passages of as masculine a beauty as ever were written. Witness the *Sonnet on reading Chapman's Homer*, —epical in the splendor and dignity of its images, and terminating with the noblest Greek simplicity. Among his finished productions, however, of any length, the *Eve of St. Agnes* still appears to me the most delightful and complete specimen of his genius. It stands mid-way between his most sensitive ones (which, though of rare beauty, occasionally sink into feebleness) and the less generally characteristic majesty of the fragment of *Hyperion*. Doubtless his greatest poetry is to be found in Hyperion; and had he lived, there is little doubt he would have written chiefly in that strain; rising superior to those languishments of love which made the critics so angry, and which they might so easily have pardoned at his time of life. But the Eve of St. Agnes had already bid most of them adieu—exquisitely loving as it is. It is young, but full-grown poetry of the rarest description; graceful as the beardless Apollo; glowing and gorgeous with the colors of romance. I have therefore reprinted the whole of it in the present volume, together with the comment alluded to in the Preface;

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especially as, in addition to felicity of treatment, its subject is in every respect a happy one, and helps to 'paint' this our bower of 'poetry with delight' Melancholy, it is true, will 'break in' when the reader thinks of the early death of such a writer; but it is one of the benevolent provisions of nature, that all good things tend to pleasure in the recollection; when the bitterness of their loss is past, their own sweetness embalms them.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

"While writing this paragraph, a hand-organ out-of-doors has been playing one of the mournfullest and loveliest of the airs of Bellini—another genius who died young. The sound of music always gives a feeling either of triumph or tenderness to the state of mind in which it is heard: in this instance it seemed like one departed spirit come to bear testimony of another, and to say how true indeed may be the union of sorrowful and sweet recollections."

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*Mrs. Peck's Pudding.* By Tom Hood. *A Humorous Paper*, by Charles Dickens, and a *Dramatic Sketch*, by Sir Lytton Bulwer. With illustrations by Darley. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1845.

The illustrations are well conceived, but have lost something in being transferred to paper. By the new Anastatic process this difficulty is to be in future overcome, it having been satisfactorily shown that a sketch can be transferred in five minutes, from the artist's drawing paper to the printer's plate of zinc. The London Art Union for February gives several very successful examples of this, and states that printing presses, which may be used by artists, will soon be set up in every chief town in the country. We have never seen any engraved specimens of Mr. Darley's designs which at all kept the promise of his sketch-book, and reasonably presume that the economy of publishers or the inefficiency of engravers is at fault.

This is a pleasant volume, made up from Hood's Magazine, the most genuine, perhaps, of the present race of English monthlies. The articles we have seen from it are all informed by a good spirit of wit, humor, and sentiment. Mrs. Peck's Pudding is a capital story by Hood, worthy of the best days of Dickens. There are passages in it better than similar ones in the "Chimes," the visit of the "Perambulating Member of the District Benevolent Visitation Society" for instance. Dickens' article is a "Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood from an Ancient Gentleman," and its purport is to show up the logic of ancient gentlemen in general in their various ways of thwarting the improvements going on in the world. All humbug in the eyes of this old gentleman is getting fast settled on three points—a dwarf, a wild man, or a boy Jones; and upon these tendencies the constitution is going to pieces. This introduces some pleasant matter about Tom Thumb and the Ojibbeways, the lions of the month when the article (for the month) was written. He advises Mr. Hood, who is about to publish a novel, to put Tom Thumb's name on the title-page, and if he cannot get Tom Thumb's, to take Mr. Barnum's, "the next best in the market."

The "Lay of the Laborer," by Hood, follows. All the world has read the verses—we have here some dozen pages of pregnant prose, by which they were originally accompanied. The following individual passage is full of Hood's later strong and sinewy sentences, in which the serious and comic are inextricably intermingled.

"Some time since, a strong inward impulse moved me to paint the destitution of an overtasked class of females who work, work, work, for wages almost nominal. But deplorable as is their condition, in the low deep, there is, it seems, a lower still—below that gloomy gulf a darker region of human misery,—beneath that Purgatory a Hell—resounding with more doleful wailings and a sharper outcry—the voice of famishing wretches, pleading vainly for work! work! work!—imploring as a blessing what was laid upon man as a curse—the labor that wrings sweat from the brow, and bread from the soil!

"As a matter of conscience, that wail touches me not. As my works testify, I am of the working-class myself, and in my humble sphere furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers—and critics—all receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. My gains consequently are limited—not nearly so enormous as have been realized upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c.,—curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be 'clothed with curses as with a garment.' My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those cyphers—those 0's, at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependent slaves. My wealth might be all hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or a tin snuff-box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden Square, would barely reach from home to Bread Street. My riches would hardly allow me to roll in them, even if turned into new copper mites. But then, thank God! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears or blood clog the meshes, no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse. No consumptive sempstress can point at me her bony forefinger, and say, 'for thee, *sewing in forma pauperis*, I am become this living skeleton!' or hold up to me her fated needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered work-woman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, 'for thee, and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil'—literally a veil of tears. No famishing laborer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad hard hand seven miserable shillings, and mutters, 'for these, and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn till dusk, through hot and cold, through wet and dry, I tilled thy land!' My short sleeps are peaceful; and my dreams untroubled. No ghastly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow. No

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victims of slow murder, ushered by the avenging fiends, beset my couch, and make awful appointments with me to meet at the Divine bar on the Day of Judgment. No deformed human creatures—men, women, children, smirched black as negroes, transfigured suddenly, as demons of the pit, clutch at my heels to drag me down, down, an unfathomable shaft, into a gaping Tartarus. And if sometimes in waking visions I see throngs of little faces, with features preternaturally sharp, and wrinkled brows, and dull, seared orbs,—grouped with pitying clusters of the young-eyed cherubim,—not for me, thank Heaven! did those crippled children become prematurely old; and precociously evaporate, like so much steam power, the 'dew of their youth.'"

There are a number of other tales in the book—an abundant quarter of a dollar's worth.

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*George Cruickshank's Table Book.* Parts 1–3. January—March, 1845. London: Office of Punch, 92 Fleet street.

A kindred humorist and satirist to Tom Hood, is Cruickshank, of the same great family which numbers among its noblest ancestors, Cervantes and Shakspeare, and its later eminent members, Sterne, Jean Paul, Charles Lamb, not to forget Hogarth. Cruickshank, familiar though his name be, is not half known to the public. Some of his very best (his earliest) productions are scattered about in rare and costly single volumes, a single illustration sometimes to a volume; or have been published in a form too expensive to get into popular circulation, at least on this side of the water. His "Sketch Book," "Scraps and Sketches," "Illustrations of Time," are rarely seen here. They are works for the longest Polar winter evenings those! The Table Book contains a world of pictorial wealth, and may be had monthly for one shilling. The force of cheapness can no further go. A book is said to be cheap when the author being paid nothing, the printer's only outlay has been for the use of every day mechanical materials. Here every particle of the work is the direct production of genius. Who shall tell the marvels in these three numbers alone? It would take an hour to talk over that wonderful etching, "The Triumph of Cupid," in the first number. Cruickshank himself sits in the midst, and a myriad of fantasies float out of the bowl of his pipe. We have seen an attempt to sketch Bottom's Dream, but this is more wonderful. Every vein in the marble mantel-piece is instinct with grinning life; the poker is an offish prude, and the tongs a gay reckless bachelor (there is a nicety of meaning beyond this if we had time to find expressions for it); Cupid on the fender is toasting a heart; a coal-heaver is doubled up on the carpet. Turks, heathen, heretics, lie prostrate everywhere: and the great procession, theatrical, clerical, judicial, fops and fashionables, the army and navy, ladies of honor, the car of love drawn by tamed lions, cake bearers, little-bishops blowing trumpets, babies burning incense, cloud the air. There are other specimens of Cruickshank's genius, in every variety. The third number has a print in a serious vein, "The Folly of Crime," which is very forcible, very terrible. A murderer steps on an unsteady stone over a precipice, clutching at a vase of jewels, which a mocking imp is bearing away from him down into the darkness. Every necklace springs up a hissing asp. The light and shade are marvellous—strongly drawn, as if they were guilt and innocence themselves.

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*Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, from* 1794 *to* 1805. Translated by George H. Calvert. Vol. 1. Wiley & Putnam. 1845. Pp. 392.

The American reading public are under no slight literary obligation to the spirited translator and enterprising publishers of the above collection of letters, that passed between the two foremost cosmopolitan men of genius of this century. The volume forms a fair continuation of the Boston series of Select Specimens of German Literature. As for the translation, it reads so like the best familiar English, we can scarcely read it as other than originally so written. This need surprise no one, who recollects an article (full of spirit, acuteness and generous enthusiasm) on Richter in the New York Review some years ago by the translator. Of these grand specimens of the genus *homme de Lettres*, or higher yet, of the race of authors, men-of-genius, nowhere could their relative excellences and individual genius be more justly or happily depicted, than unconsciously in these rapid transcripts of their minds and characters.

It is too late to criticize men, themselves, among their other great and greater gifts, acute, profound, liberal and wise critics, who not only are above criticism in their own productions, but legislators and judges, for the whole Republic of Letters. But we may add a word or two, not so much to increase the vast sum of their merits and glory by petty praise, as to confess a sympathy with that, to refrain from acknowledging the nobleness of

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which, is to be wanting in sensibility to greatness and ordinary poetic justice. Both great, nay grand writers; as men, as scholars, they were equal to themselves as authors; and maintained as lofty a part on the stage of real life, as they exercised a lofty genius in the highest heaven of invention. We figure both of them to ourselves among the herd of even clever writers, as Demigods, strictly possessed of the godlike faculty, as being able to distinguish between good and evil, as artists, and as æsthetical philosophers—(art with them in the high senses being the perfection of *all* philosophy). Yet they ruled separate provinces and exercised different jurisdiction.

Goethe is more strictly the man of genius, no less than of greater accomplishments, literary as well as scientific, more versatile, and truly universal. Schiller is rather (*comparatively* only) the man of great vigorous Talent and elevated moral principle. One distinction marks the two characters, that we can only *suggest* here; Goethe has more of the sentimental; Schiller inclines to fixed principle. The former is more genial, graceful, flowing: the latter, more precise, firm, and perhaps rigid. Schiller's able History, with its masterly comprehensions and few fine passages, is *hard;* while Wilhelm Meister, with all its subtlety and wisdom, grace and sentiment, acquaintance with life and knowledge of character (not always united), has perhaps a little too much of a tone of *laxity* and worldliness. The noble Tragedies of the first, and his noble Life, are able to bear the reproach of austerity; while the superabundance of intellectual wealth and the various rich gifts of the second, atone for numerous defects. Certain lines in Faust, and a few songs and ballads, with some episodes in Wilhelm Meister, outweigh cartloads of Elective Affinities.

This correspondence is almost purely literary and familiar: the interchange of friendly and cordial criticism, a source of mutual aid, a fountain of consolation, a source of counsel. Men of genius should always thus, brother-like (as indeed all of us), help one another—and generally they do, the sneers of the world to the contrary notwithstanding.

The present volume covers the space of above three and a half years from the beginning of the intercourse of their great minds, on the occasion of Schiller's setting up the Horen, to the conclusion of the year '97. We look with desire for the forthcoming volume.

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*So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the reign of Charles the First.* New York: 1845. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, No. V. 16mo., pp. 100.

The first American reprint of a book which appeared in England about a year since in small quarto, written, printed and bound in the style of a century and a half ago. It purported to be the Diary of a lady of the seventeenth century during the period of the civil wars, the chief events of which are briefly recorded in connection with the public life of the Lord Willoughby, a member of the Parliament and friend of Hampden and the popular party. It was evidently, however, a modern production modelled on the biographies of Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshaw. It is too complete to be genuine, harmonizing too well with the present most judicious critical appreciation of the religious ideas, the politics and literature of the age. The politics of the book, so far as they are introduced, are of the first school of the Reformers, Hampden for instance, and not of the last. The Lord Willoughby has nothing to do with the death of Charles, though he had fought against him. The scene closes before that event. The "domestic history" of the book is chaste and simple—a picture of pure piety and a woman's home life without either cant or mawkishness. It may be recommended as a genuine book for the ladies, without an insult to the sex, as the sex are generally insulted when books are written for them now-a-days. This contains neither weak sentimentality, religion made easy, stale romance, nor plates of the fashions. It is much like the good old English books and much unlike the poetry of Mrs. ——, and the diluted essays of —— and the profane crudities of ——.

We select a few fragmentary entries from the Diary, to remind the reader of the period.

*May* 19, 1635. As I returned to the house mett my *Lord*, who had come to seeke me; two Strangers with him: thought as he drew near how comely was his countenance: he advanced a pace or two before the others, took my hand, and pressed it to his Lips as he turned and introduced me to Sir *Arthur Haselriggs* and the Lord *Brooke:* methought the latter very pleasing, of gracefull carriage, and free from any courtly foppery and extravagance in his apparel. They presently renew'd their conversation respecting *New England.* Lord *Brooke* and Lord *Say and Sele* have sent over Mr. *George Fenwicke* to purchase land and commence building: there is talk of Mr. *John Hampden* joining them. Lord *Brooke* discoursed at length on the admirable qualities and excellent attainments of the late Lord, his cousin, who did

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come by a cruell death, being murdered by his servant through a jealousy he entertained that his past services were neglected. Some Members of my *Lords* Family knew him well, and did see much of him when Sir *Fulke Greville;* he was really esteemed by many, but known chiefly as the Friend and Lover of Sir *Philip Sidney*, whose early death was mourned by all *England;* and whose like may not againe be look'd upon. He left directions their friendship should be recorded on his Tomb, as may be seene in *Warwick Church: Fulke* GREVILLE *Servant to Queene Elizabeth Counsellor to King James and Friend to Sir* PHILIP SYDNEY.

*Nov.* 24. One *Thomas Parr* is dead at a wonderfull great age, being, it is said, 150 yeares old. The Earle of *Arundell* had him brought to *Whitehall*, and the change did shortly affect his Health: no marvell, poore old Man, he would have beene better pleased, methinks, to have beene lett alone.

These Lines repeated by one at supper-time, who hath met with divers Mischances in his life:

*The Fortunate have whole Yeares,*
*And those they chose:*
*But the Unfortunate have only Dayes,*
*And those they lose.*

*May Day*, 1637. We walked down to the *Village* at an early houre, just in time to see the Procession of the May-pole, which was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads and Lasses were at their merry Games, the Queene, in her holie-day Finery and Crowne of floures, looking happier than the Wearer of the real Crown, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens: but a number shortly appeared as *Robin Hood, Maid Marean, &c.* Methought some of the Elder Folks look'd grave, and at one side of the Green a stern looking man, dressed in a loose Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut close, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harsh tone. My *Husband* left me, and went towards them: after listening a few minutes to the Discourse, he made as though he would speak; but mett with discourteous reception, and return'd with a smile on his face, saying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and only went on with the more Bitterness to set forth the diabolical Wickednesse of the Dance and the Vanity of all such Amusements. I sate mee down by old *Bridget*, who had hobbled down in spite of her reumaticke paynes: poore *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the sport seemed to flag, my *Lord* offer'd to head a party at *Prisonbars*, and was cordially greeted, and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of Sir *Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was sett on with great spirit. Ale and Victuals came down from the *Hall* and other Quarters, and I left the *Greene*. There was no want of Merriment the rest of the day: and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the usual Proceedings.

1643. Heard at *Framlingham* that *Hampden* was interred in the Parish Church of *Hampden*, his Regiment followed him to the Grave singing the 90th *Psalme:* after seeing their Friend layd in the Grave, they returned singing the 43d, to expresse their Trust in *God*, and looking to Him to deliver them and their Country from Injustice and Oppression. Thus do they truly honour the Memory of their beloved Leader in banding together to go on with his Worke: never was there such Consternation and Sorrow at one Man's Death, as when the Tidings thereof did reach *London*, in the *Parliament*, and the People throughout the Land, as if their whole Army had beene defeated: his private Losse is unspeakable.

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## LITERARY BULLETIN.

### NEW AMERICAN WORKS.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard, the publishers of the work on the Exploring Expedition, are about issuing a cheaper edition of this national book for general circulation, the vignette steel illustrations to be reproduced in wood.

The Warwick Woods, or things as they were there ten years ago. By *Frank Forester*. Henry William Herbert. Philadelphia; Zieber & Co. 1845.

Life of Count Rumford, by James Renwick. Life of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, by Henry Whiting. Life of Samuel Gorton, by John M. Mackie. Boston; Little & Brown, 1845, 12mo. Sparks' American Biography, new series, vol. v.

Alnwick Castle, with other poems, by Fitz-Greene Halleck, a new edition. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1845. 12mo.

Voices of the Night, by Henry W. Longfellow. John Owen, Cambridge, 1845. 8vo., pp. 32, new edition, 12½ cts.

Phreno-Mnemotechny, or the Art of Memory; the series of Lectures explanatory of the principles of the system delivered in New York and Philadelphia in the beginning of 1844, by Francis Fauvel Gouraud, D.E.S. of the University of France. Now first published without alterations or omissions, and with considerable additions in the practical application of the system. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 8vo.

The Book of the Army; comprising a general Military History of the United States, compiled from the best authorities, by John Frost, LL.D. Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia. New York; D. Appleton & Co. 12mo., pp. 446.

The Governmental Instructor, or a

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brief and comprehensive view of the United States, and of the State Governments, in easy lessons, designed for the use of schools, by J. B. Shurtleff. New York: Collins, Brother & Co.

The Farmer's and Emigrant's Hand-Book; being a full and complete guide for the farmer and the emigrant, comprising the clearing of forest and prairie land, gardening, farming generally, farriery, cookery, and the prevention and cure of diseases, with copious hints, recipes and tables, by Josiah T. Marshall, author of the Emigrant's True Guide. Second edition revised. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1845. 12mo., pp. 492.

A Plain System of Elocution, or Logical and Musical Reading and Declamation, with Exercises in Prose and Verse, by G. Vandenhoff, Professor of Elocution in the city of New York. Second edition. C. Shepherd, 191 Broadway. 1845. 12mo., pp. 327.

The Snow-Drop; A Gift for a Friend. Edited by C. W. Everest. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1845.

The Memento, a Gift of Friendship. Edited by C. W. Everest. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo., pp. 278.

Domestic Slavery; considered as a Scriptural Institution, in a correspondence between the Rev. R. Fuller of Beaufort, S. C., and Rev. Francis Wayland, of Providence, R. I. New York: Lewis Colby. 1845.

No Cross, No Crown. A discourse by William Penn. A new edition. New York: Collins, Brothers & Co. 1845. 12mo.

The Prisoners of Perote, containing a Journal kept by the author, who was captured by the Mexicans at Mier, Dec. 25, 1842, and released from Perote, May 16, 1844, by W. Preston Stapp.

Lecture on Immigration and the Right of Naturalization, by Thomas L. Nichols. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. 1845. 8vo.

Keeping House and House Keeping, a story of Domestic Life, edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 18mo., pp. 143.

Isabel; or the Trials of the Heart. A tale for the young. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 18mo., pp. 182.

Veronica; or the Free Court of Aarau. Translated from the German of Zschokke, by the author of "Giafar Al Barmeki," &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 8vo., pp. 111. Library of Select Novels, No. 51.

The Mysteries of London, translated from the French, by Henry C. Deming, Esq., without abridgment. New York: Judd & Taylor. 1845. 8vo., pp. 483.

Florence de Lacey: or the Coquette, a novel by the author of Abel Parsons, a tale of the Great Fire. New York: E. Winchester. 8vo., pp. 106.

Night: a Poem, in two parts. New York: A. V. Blake, 1845. 8vo., pp. 60.

The Indiana Annual Register and Pocket Manual, for the year 1845, by C. W. Cady. Indianapolis: printed by E. Chamberlain. 18mo.

United States Nautical Magazine, by a Lieutenant of the United States Navy—to be published monthly. New York: Saxton & Miles. 8vo., pp. 64. Nos. 1 & 2; March & April.

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REPUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. are preparing for early publication, in their historical series—"History of the Roman Republic," by M. Michelet, Professor of History in the University of France, author of the History of France, &c., translated by Victor G. Benne, A. B., in one 8vo. volume. Also, "History of Modern Civilisation in France, from the fall of the Roman Empire until the year 1789, with complete Chronological and Historical Tables," translated from the French of M. Guizot.

The Sixth, Seventh and Eighth volumes of "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading," will include Hazlitt's Table-Talk (a collection of his most brilliant Essays), Headlong Hall and Nightmare-Abbey, and Lady Duff Gordon's new work, "The French in Algiers."

The Goldmaker's Village, translated from the German of H. Zschokke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo., pp. 180.

Human Magnetism; its claims to dispassionate inquiry, being an attempt to show the utility of its application for the relief of human sufferings, by W. Newnham, Esq., author of the Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 12mo., pp. 396.

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istory of Germany from the earliest period to the present time, by Frederick Kohlrausch, Chief of the Board of Education for the Kingdom of Hanover, and late Professor of History in the Polytechnic School. Translated from the last German edition by James D. Haas. Part I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 8vo., pp. 112. Appleton's Historical Library —to be completed in five parts, at 25 cents each.

Look to the End; or the Bennetts Abroad. By Mrs. Ellis, author of the Women of England. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 8vo. Library of Select Novels, No. 48.

Life in Italy. The Improvisatore, from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 8vo. Library of Select Novels, No. 49.

The Gambler's Wife, a novel, by the author of the "Young Prima Donna," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 8vo., p. 155. Library of Select Novels, No. 50.

Temper and Temperament, by Mrs. Ellis. The Managing Wife. No. I. Saxton & Kelt. 1845. 8vo., pp. 130.

The Westminster Review, No lxxxiv. for March, 1845. Leonard Scott & Co., 112 Fulton street. 8vo., pp. 130.

Wild Love: a Romance, from the German of La Motte Fouqué! Philadelphia: E. Ferrett & Co. 8vo.

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. Second American from the third English edition. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo., pp. 280.

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## MISCELLANY.

### THE ANTIGONE AT PALMO'S.

The production of a play of Sophocles in New York may be regarded as the accident of an accident, the first impulse having been transmitted from Berlin to Paris, then from Paris to London, and now from Covent Garden to the theatre in Chambers street, with probably a diminution in its attractiveness at each successive stage. At Berlin there was probably the best audience, with the additional interest derived from the original musical composition of Mendelssohn. A correspondent of the London Athenæum, who had heard Tieck read the tragedy, found a far deeper tragic force in the stage performance. The action of the chorus at times awakened notions of sublimity as they encircled the altar uplifting their thyrsuses and wreaths. The stage adaptation was the work of scholars with an audience of scholars. "So far from finding the performance tiresome," says the writer we have quoted, "I found the interest of the portentous story powerful from the first, and ever rising to the awful close. I never came away from any drama more exhausted with attention and emotion. From the first appearance of the curse-laden and heroic Antigone to the last death-wail of the tyrant, stricken in the midst of his cruelty and arrogance by the never-sleeping vengeance of Zeus, all is grand, tragic, divine! yet how simple, how unrestrained and unadorned, how human, are the emotions and the passions! Witness Creon's cries over his son. How entirely tragical, how death-devoted, does Antigone stand before us from the first! How do we foresee and desire for her the narrow house in which she is to repose from her long wanderings with her wretched father, and her last pious and heroic duties to his wretched son! How, on the other hand, do we see the wrath of the outraged gods gathering in a black storm round the head of the arrogant tyrant! How ruinous is the sudden exit of Hæmon! How wo-denouncing the speech of Tiresias! Never, as it seems to me, can pity and terror be more strongly excited."

In Paris the Antigone was produced at the Odeon, and the action and passion were found to be too vivid for the *French* Classical Drama. It was tamed down in the performance.

At Covent Garden the chorus was compared to Hackett's militia muster squad; the scholars' interest in the exhibition was not particularly attended to, and the play rested upon Vandenhoff and his daughter. It was still successful. The expectation of the English critics, in point of decoration, may be measured by the remark of

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one of them, that in the single scene, the front of the palace, "an excellent opportunity was lost of introducing, by way of trial, some of the more peregrine traits and fancies peculiar to genuine Greek architecture, not polychromy alone, but the insertion of colored glass and gems in the eye of the Ionic volutes."

At Palmo's it was a labor of love on the part of Mr. Vandenhoff, hardly less praiseworthy, under the circumstances, than Antigone's devotion to *her* sire, to undertake the representation at all. The feelings of the best audience in New York have all along been with him, regarding his work as a graceful continuation of his father's and sister's efforts. He had his difficulties to contend with, the theatre being one of the smallest in the city, and this play being one of the first of a new management, with the limited resources of an unformed stock company. We have seldom seen anything more wretched on the stage than the prophet Tiresias; a species of mumbling blind beggarman—no inspired deliverer he of the sublime oracles of the gods. The Eurydice was very painful; the messenger a sad fellow; the chorus was ill dressed in parlor-door mats for wigs, and one of them was guilty of the tremendous anachronism of wearing spectacles, which he did with perfect gravity. The façade of the temple blended the two orders of the Doric and the Corinthian architecture, with a predominance of the modern three story dwelling; and as for putting gems in the volutes, you would sooner have thought of putting a pearl in a swine's snout. In spite of all this, there was an interest in the performance; derived, perhaps, more from what was suggested than what was done. It was still "the tale of Thebes or Pelops' time," with the mighty interest of the old Greek stage built up so firmly in the heart and the affections, and reaching out of that old dead royalty to the modern life in a republic, just as the vine and the olive bloom amid the ruins of the amphitheatre, to the present eye and sense. Something of the sentiment was left. Why should there not be? It was all so simple, pure, elemental at first, with nothing of artifice, that Time has had little to pluck away. The religious instincts of woman, the love of the sister, exemplified in Antigone, are virtues of the present day. And Creon was not merely ruler at Thebes, but "a great man battling with the storms of fate." Resolution and anguish, the conflict of peace with duty, to be powerful and suffer, to be weak and suffer the same—these were the incidents with that overshadowing power of Destiny which is present to the mind of every scholar, and speaks with an emphasis unknown to the listeners at Athens, for it speaks out of the very ruins of Athens itself. Poor, meagre, imperfect, as were the accessories, we owe Mr. Vandenhoff thanks for his attempt, for his dignified performance of Creon; and Miss Clarendon for her sad, counterfeited look, though all the while we were looking "in the mind's eye, Horatio," at another Antigone more mournful, more intense, thousands of miles away and thousands of years ago.

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### MR. ANDERSON IN BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Mr. Anderson is what is called a spirited performer, a vague phrase which includes youth, animal spirits, figure and a good voice, but in the finer intellectual traits he is deficient, notwithstanding the applause of the audience. He is a prose version of Macready, whom he follows in attention to dress and in the delivery of particular passages. We were struck at once with his advantages and defects in the recent performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother. There is just the interval here, proportionally, between the intellectuality of Macready and the fluency of Anderson, that there is between the earnest, sincere Shakspeare, and the loose, fluttering Fletcher. But there is an exquisite fineness and grace left in the plays of the great literary co-partners to which Mr. Anderson showed himself unequal. His character was that of the Scholar who has been indifferent to everything worldly in his lofty abstractions, who has made the acquaintance of man in detail, in parts, but knows nothing of the aggregate individual in society, and who is suddenly redeemed from his cloistered seclusion by the sight of a beautiful woman. Love is the electric spark which changes his metaphysical chaos into a living unity. He is henceforth the good brave man whom he has always been taking to pieces in his books and speculations. It is a sudden transition, one of those miracles of the Dramatic art wrought upon the instant, in which Beaumont and Fletcher (there is another example in the same play) delight. But there should be something of the scholar left, not of the vulgar notion of a scholar, the bookworm of the Dominie Sampson order, but of the fine, lofty abstractionist, of "the high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," in fine, of the gentleman, a character which is never sacrificed, whatever other sacrifices there may be in these au-

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thors. He should love like a Sir Philip Sydney, with all the conceit, and eloquence, and winged words of love, but yet, as we may fancy, with something of a grave dignity too; there is no appearance of trick or artifice about the gentleman. Now Mr. Anderson turns to his uncle, Miramont, after the first address to the lady, with as many winks and shrugs as we have seen in scenes of this kind in any farce, as if to say, Didn't I do that well —that's the ticket, my boy. The sentiment of the piece was vulgarized in precisely this way. The audience applauded, that is, the half dozen of them with the biggest feet and smallest brains, just as they always do where commonplace is roundly delivered. The tendency to proclivity is rapid enough in Beaumont and Fletcher, after Shakspeare, without employing an actor to kick them down stairs.

The glorious enthusiasm of Beaumont and Fletcher is of a far higher order than stage declamation; there is something more in it than in apparently similar passages of modern plays, the Lady of Lyons for instance. A sense of this refinement should be imparted to the audience. There is no better sign on the stage than the feeling of awe which Macready communicates to the house, for the listener is sure to carry away from such moments both humility and elevation of soul. The actor should always seek thus to raise the audience, especially when to do otherwise, falls short of his author. The manager seemed to have this consciousness of the spirits with which he was dealing. The attention to dress and the general arrangement of the scenes were very creditable. It is a question sometimes whether this luxury of equipment is of advantage or not to the dramatic author. Shakspeare, perhaps, may be greater without it; but to the light, cheerful spirit of Beaumont and Fletcher, such elegance is indispensable.

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### THE DRAMA AND MR. MURDOCH.

If the career of any people has been dramatic, from first to last, it is the American. The Mayflower of the old Emigrants has—casting about in the trough of the sea and watched by dusky figures from the shore—the true Argonautic interest. The wild and perilous life of early settlement; the French war in the wilderness; the Revolutionary struggle (bating the wigs and straight-cut coats), down to our present every-day life of endless agitation and conflict; carry, all of them, the heart of the drama in their bosom; and require but a few touches from the true enchanter to make themselves visible in their very walk and aspect. This city is at this moment, in a sense, in the custody of the theatres; both by land and water. The Park, the Bowery, the Olympic, the Chatham, Palmo's, and the Floating Temple of the Muses on the North River; the city is fairly girt and beset by them on every hand; and shooting up out of the very centre of them we have had Mr. Hudson's twelve Shakspearian lectures piled up, story on story, for weeks. No sooner is that structure ended and finished by its master-workman, than Mr. Murdoch appears to raise a dramatic building, after his fashion.

Mr. Murdoch is an actor who has in the spirit of a true self-denial and self-respect withdrawn from the theatre during its three past years of sad depression and disfavor; and now, as preliminary to an earnest return to it, is engaged in a series of dramatic Recitations, all having an eye that way.

The Park audiences have a friendly recollection of this gentleman, now some three years old, as a performer of decided promise: and his present series of lectures and recitations connected with the stage, of great interest in themselves, have a higher interest to us as embodying Mr. Murdoch's notion of a true Drama, and the views with which he will return to the theatre, after a long and fair pause for study and self-examination. These present performances are to be taken but as prologue and prelude, therefore, to Mr. Murdoch's purpose of a re-appearance in the course of a few months, in a range of characters of his own. He aims at a distinct position as an actor, and whoever has witnessed his Recitations must have felt that he has it in his power—if but true to himself—to secure it.

This determination of Mr. Murdoch's is but one of many indications that the Drama is lifting itself slowly but surely out of the ooze in which it has wallowed—too long already. Once raised from this sad estate it will show itself a majestic instructor, a cheerful friend, and ever-present benefactor to the American people. Welcome home the noble outcast; and let Mr. Murdoch, as one who runs before to announce her coming, be met with all good greeting.

Mr. Murdoch engages in this errand with certain marked advantages of person, voice and culture. He looks for a distinct position of his own as an actor, and has wisely selected the moment of returning favor in the popular mind toward the Drama, for his own re-appearance.

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## NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of this Society, for April, was held at its room, in the N. Y. University, on the 1st inst.

Hon. Luther Bradish, 1st Vice President, in the chair.

The Dom. Corresponding Secretary read a communication from George Johnston, Esq., a corresponding member of the Society, respecting certain traditions among the Sac Indians. Also from J. Addison Carey, Esq., a corresponding member.

The Foreign Corresponding Secretary communicated a letter received by Hon. Albert Gallatin, President of the Society, from Hon. John Q. Adams, accompanying a medal struck in honor of J. Fennimore Cooper's Naval History, at the request of Commodore Elliott.

The Librarian announced the following donations, received since the last meeting of the Society:

Catalogue of the Library of Congress. 8vo. From the Library Committee.

Meteorological Register—kept by O. W. Morris, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—for 1844. MS. From the author.

Manual for the Use of the Legislature of the State of New York, for the year 1845. 16mo. Albany, 1845. From the Publishers—C. Van Benthuysen & Co.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the year 1844. House Document, No. 78. Washington, 1845. From P. M. Wetmore.

Bulletin of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Vol. 1, No. 1. (Containing a reprint of Denton's New Netherlands.) From J. S. Haviland, Esq., Philadelphia.

History of the British Expedition to Egypt, &c. By Robert Thomas Wilson. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1803. From Stanford & Swords.

Reminiscences of Old Gloucester, or Incidents in the History of the Countess of Gloucester, Atlantic and Camden, New Jersey. By Isaac Mickle. 8vo. Phila. 1845. From the author.

Official Report, made by the Commanding Officer, Mr. Dubuisson, to the Governor-General of Canada, of the War at Detroit, in 1812, between the French and their allies and the Ottagaunie and Mascontins Indians. Pamphlet. 8vo. Detroit, 1845. From Clinton Haring, Esq., of Detroit.

The Librarian announced the following purchases, made since the last meeting:

Gales & Seaton's Register of Congressional Debates. First series, 1789-91; New series, 1824-37. 29 vols., 8vo. Washington.

Cases of Contested Elections in Congress, from 1789 to 1834. 8vo. Washington, 1834.

American Almanac for 1843–4. 2 vols., 12mo.

Massachusetts Magazine. 9 vols., 8 vo. 1791–7. (Containing much historical matter.)

Proud's History of Pennsylvania. 2 vols., 8vo.

Journal of the New York Convention which formed the Constitution. 8vo.

Among the donations of the last month, were some specimens of ancient earthen-ware and skulls, found in Florida, and presented to the Society by James Hitchcock, Esq. In connection with which, George Gibbs, Esq., offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the specimens of ancient earthen-ware presented to this Society, by Mr. James Hitchcock, be referred to Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft, and the skulls accompanying them to Dr. Charles Lee, for examination, and a report."

The Executive Committee having reported favorably upon the nominations of the following gentlemen, as members of this Society, they were thereupon elected:

Honorary member, James K. Polk, President United States. Corresponding members, Thomas W. Coit, D. D., of New Rochelle; B. B. French, of Washington city. Resident members, David Bigelow, Samuel T. Tisdale, John C. Brigham, D. D., Wm. Thompson Van Zandt, Israel Russell, Wm. H. De Forest, Lewis Atterbun, Jr., James F. Otis, Samuel Sinclair, Jr., George G. Waters, William Remsen.

George Gibbs, Esq., offered the following resolution, which was adopted by the Society:

"Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed, by the Chair, whose duty it shall be, with all convenient speed, to prepare for the press, from the materials recently collected by the Historical Agent of the State, a volume of Collections for the Society, and that the time and mode of publication be referred to the Executive Committee."

The Chairman then appointed Hon. Albert Gallatin, Rev. Dr. Dewitt, J. R. Brodhead, J. R. Bartlett, and C. F. Hoffman, as said committee.

D. D. Field, Esq., on behalf of the committee appointed by the Society, at

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its first meeting, to inquire into the practicability of changing the name of our country, presented a report, accompanied by the following resolutions, which, with the report, were, on the motion of the chairman of the committee, laid upon the table:

"Resolved, *First*, That it is expedient that efforts should now be made to unite upon a SPECIFIC GEOGRAPHICAL NAME for the country; and while this Society disclaims any pretensions to decide upon a question of such general interest, yet, as the object is of common concern, and any successful movement in regard to it must begin among the people, we venture, for want of others to undertake it, to bring the subject before them, in the hope that the requisite action may be no longer delayed.

"*Second*, That the name of ALLEGANIA be recommended as the best, considering that it is derived from the grandest and most useful natural feature common to the whole country, an eternal type of strength and union, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes; that it is associated with the most interesting portions of our history; and that in adopting it we should restore to the land one of the primordial titles of the aborigines.

"*Third*, That a letter be addressed by this Society to other historical Societies, and to eminent citizens in different parts of the country, asking their concurrence and co-operation in bringing the name before the people.

"*Fourth*, That the want of a specific name for our country being an essential defect in the elementary works of education, it is proposed to the authors of school-books and maps, to designate this country hereafter as the "Republic of Allegania."

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq., who had engaged to read a paper before the Society this evening, having failed to appear, or to send any explanation or excuse for his failure, Rev. Dr. Robinson proceeded with the reading of a paper prepared by the late Col. Stone, and which had been commenced at a previous meeting; at the conclusion of which, Hon. B. F. Butler announced his intention to offer a resolution, before doing which, he submitted a few remarks in commendation of the able and judicious report of the committee on a national name. Mr. Butler thought the committee had proved the practicability of the project, and illustrated, with great felicity, the necessity which was continually experienced, both at home and abroad, for a national title. The following was Mr. Butler's resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That the report of the committee on a national name be presented for the use of the members, and made the special order for the next stated meeting of the Society, and that in the mean time copies be sent to the several historical societies with which this Society is in correspondence."

The above resolution was not intended as an adoption by the Society of the report, or of the resolutions appended to it; but merely as a measure for obtaining the opinions of other kindred institutions upon the topic to which it referred, and, meantime, to give the members of the Society here an opportunity, and an inducement, to mature their judgments upon the propositions of the committee.

The Society was addressed on this subject by Dr. M'Vickar, John L. Stephens, Prof. Mason, J. B. Brodhead, and others.

On the motion of Prof. Mason, the thanks of the Society were returned to the N. Y. Legislature, for the hundred copies of J. R. Brodhead's report which they had presented to the Society; and the executive committee were directed to make a proper disposition of them.

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## NOTE,

*To the Article on Page* 492, *entitled* "*Alleghan, or Alleghanian America.*"

WE feel bound to accompany the article above referred to with an intimation that it does not express our own views in regard to the point of national nomenclature of which it treats. An esteemed friend, and occasional contributor, has been permitted to insert it, on a responsibility which we feel constrained to limit to the individual author. It is by an inadvertence, unnoticed till too late for correction, owing to an absence of the editor from his usual post, that this Note did not accompany the Article on the same page. We stand by the name of "AMERICA," which every year is tending more and more to confine to the United States—*our* United States; looking forward to the day when we shall have carried it over the whole or nearly the whole of the Northern continent, and when the Southern continent will be distinguished as "Columbia," or by the names of the different countries included in it.—EDITOR.

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M. B. LAMAR,

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THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XVI. JUNE, 1845. No. LXXXIV.

## THE OREGON QUESTION.

THE OREGON is a tract of country on the western side of the new world, principally watered by the river Oregon, or Columbia, and its tributaries. It extends from 42 degrees of north latitude, to 54 degrees and 40 minutes, and from the Pacific eastward, five or six hundred miles, to the ridges of the Rocky or Oregon mountains. The name is taken from the river which, long before its actual discovery, had been supposed to exist beyond the mountains, and which was first called the Oregon by Jonathan Carver of Connecticut, who travelled in the interior of the continent in 1766. How he got the name, or whether he invented it himself, it is impossible, at the present day, to determine. The stream was not actually seen till 1792, many persons until then believing it to be fabulous. The name, however, remained, and is now not only applied to the country from which its waters are gathered, but, as the name of the river itself, is

"Married to immortal verse,"

in

"The continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings."

This country is traversed by ridges of lofty mountains. The shores are bold and high; in many parts, mountains rising immediately from the sea. Up to the 48th parallel there are few inlets, or islands, but further north there are thousands of islands, and a net-work of bays and peninsulas. The valleys of the interior are generally narrow. The climate is drier and milder by many degrees than on the Atlantic side in the same latitudes. Of the soil, different accounts have been given, some representing it as fertile, and others as of little value. The most valuable portion of it undoubtedly lies south of the river, though by far the best part of the territory, for its harbors and maritime advantages, lies around the strait of Fuca. To us as a trading power on the Pacific, these are invaluable.

Until within a few years there have been but scanty settlements; a few trading posts and missionary stations. But the tide of American emigration has lately set in that direction, and nothing but some fatal misstep on our part, can prevent its habitable portions being occupied in a few years by our countrymen, and a vast trade thence carried on over all the Pacific.

This country is claimed by America* as belonging exclusively to her; while England claims, not an exclusive right in any part of it, but a right to occupy

* We use the words "America" and "American" in a national sense only, using another designation for the continent, whenever we have occasion to mention it.

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and settle it, in common with America and other nations.

The discussion between the two governments has grown to be an angry one; and if we were to judge by the late declarations of the English ministry, there remains no arbitrament but the sword. It is difficult, however, to believe that the government of Great Britain can seriously think of pushing their pretensions to the extent of a war, while we are confident that our government, in maintaining the rights of America, will see the propriety of discussing them with moderation as well as firmness, doing no act to provoke, and sedulously abstaining from even the appearance of disregarding the obligation of treaties. But while it does this, it has also a duty to perform to Americans. It is time that the insolence of Englishmen, now become almost habitual, were rebuked. Let us indeed be just; let us appear just; and let England and consequences take care of themselves.

That we may present a concise as well as a just view of the real merits of this question of the Oregon, we shall endeavor to condense into as small a space as possible the grounds, both of fact, and of public law, on which our rights are founded. In doing this we shall strive to omit nothing material to the inquiry.

What are the rules of public law, by which the question of right, in this case, is to be judged? They are these:

1. That in respect to newly discovered countries, the first discoverer has the prior right to occupy, provided he does so within a reasonable time. What is a reasonable time depends upon the nature of the country, the uses to which it may be applied, and the wants of mankind in respect to it. If, for example, it were a rich West India island, the first discoverer could not rightfully prevent other nations from occupying and cultivating it if he did not see fit soon to do so himself. If on the other hand it were a remote barren island, there would be no necessity of immediate occupation.

2. That if the first discoverer does not occupy within this reasonable time, he is deemed to have abandoned his right, and the next discoverer stands as if he had been the first, and so on though any number of discoverers.

3. That the discovery of a river is deemed the discovery of its course and branches, and of the country drained by it.

4. That all treaties and engagements between governments, of an executory nature, are annulled by a subsequent war.

With these rules before us, let us examine the questions of fact. The first settlements in the new world were all made on its eastern shores. The Pacific ocean was discovered by Balboa at Panama in 1513. No person, however, ventured to the north west coast as far as Oregon till 1543, when Ferrelo, a pilot in the service of Spain, penetrated to the latitude of 43. Thirty-six years afterwards, Drake made his famous voyage round the world, and it is maintained by the English government that he sailed as high on this coast as 48; but while one account of his voyage has it 48, the other has it 43; and there is good reason to think that this last account is the true one. The discrepancy in the two accounts destroys their value as evidence, and no reasonable person would think of resting any title upon them. Drake did not land on any part of this coast, and from that period for about two hundred years no Englishman visited it. The Spaniards, however, visited it several times, once more at least during the sixteenth century, twice in the seventeenth, and three times in the eighteenth, before the time of Cook's voyage. In 1778 that great navigator sailed along the coast, particularly examining the upper parts near the 47th and 48th parallels, and stopping at Nootka Sound. Afterwards the coast was frequently visited by the vessels of the different maritime nations. The river remained undiscovered. Vancouver passed along the shore in 1792, examined it and concluded that there was no river. Capt. Gray, an American, in the American ship Columbia, however, discovered it on the 11th of May, 1792, and sailed into it a considerable distance. Its existence had been previously suspected, as we have already mentioned, and Heceta, a Spanish navigator, had in 1775 run along the shore, and on the 15th of August, at six in the evening, arrived opposite a bay in the latitude of 46 degrees 17 minutes, "where the currents and eddies were so strong that notwithstanding a press of sail it was

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difficult to get clear out of the northern cape, towards which the current ran, though its direction was eastward in consequence of the tide being at flood." These eddies and currents caused him "to believe that the place is the mouth of some great river or of some passage to another sea." "Notwithstanding the great difference between the position of this bay and that mentioned by De Fuca," he "had little difficulty in concluding they might be the same." He found it difficult on the following morning to enter, and continued his voyage towards the south. This does not appear to us to be a discovery of the river, or what was equivalent to it.

The other remarkable places on the coast are the Strait of Fuca, and Nootka Sound. The former was discovered by De Fuca, a Greek pilot, in the service of Spain, in 1592: the latter by Perez, also in the Spanish service, in 1774.

The first visits to this country, overland, were made, one by McKenzie, in the English service, from Canada, crossing the Rocky mountains to the north of the head waters of the Columbia, in 1793, and passing to the sea in the parallel of 52 1-2, the other by Lewis and Clarke, in the American service, who traversed the greater part of the Oregon region in 1805, and explored the river from its source to its mouth. So far then as the right of discovery is concerned, it should seem very clear, that the Spanish government had the title to the coasts and the country about Fuca's Straits, and that the American government had the same title to the interior washed by the river Oregon and its tributaries.

As to occupancy. After the American war a considerable trade in fur sprung up on the north-west coast: vessels going there to take in cargoes for the China market. This trade provoked the jealousy of the Spanish government, which all the while claimed the dominion of the coast, so that, in 1788, the Viceroy of Mexico sent two vessels, the Princesa and the San Carlos, to inquire particularly respecting the Russian establishment at Prince William's Sound, and then to explore the coasts southward to California, looking for places convenient for the reception of Spanish colonies. The commanders on their return reported that the Russians had eight settlements on the coast, containing altogether 252 Russian subjects, all west of Prince William's Sound, and that they were informed that two vessels had been sent that summer from Kodiak to form an establishment at Nootka Sound. The Viceroy thereupon despatched vessels early in 1789, with orders, in case any Russian or British vessel should appear at Nootka, to receive her civilly, but to declare the paramount rights of the Crown of Spain. Up to this period, May, 1789, no settlement or establishment whatever had been attempted, for the alleged settlement of Meares at Nootka must be regarded as a mere pretence, and no civilized nation had exercised any jurisdiction in any part of the west coasts of the new world between San Francisco and Prince William's Sound.

Arriving at Nootka, the Spanish Commanders landed materials and built a fort; and afterwards seized two British vessels, which were engaged in the trade of the coasts. For this proceeding the British government demanded reparation; a warm dispute arose between the two governments, that had well nigh ended in war; but finally under the mediation of France it was brought to a close, by a convention, commonly called the Nootka treaty, or the convention of the Escurial; which, as it is important in this controversy, we shall give entire in the course of this article.

The Spaniards also formed another settlement on the south side of the Strait of Fuca: and they continued at Nootka, with some intermissions, until about 1795, when they left it, for no other reason, so far as is known, than that it was useless and expensive. Since then they have had no settlements north of San Francisco.

The first settlement of any kind made by British subjects west of the Rocky Mountains was in 1806, by Simon Fraser, who formed a trading establishment at a small lake, in the 54th parallel of latitude. Neither he nor any other British subject saw any of the waters of the Oregon until five years afterwards, and after Astoria had been founded in the Oregon country itself by American citizens. Before 1810, Mr. Henry, an agent of the Missouri Fur Company, had established a trading post on a branch of the Lewis River, one of the tributaries of the Oregon. The hostility of the Indians, and the want of provisions, led to its abandonment, however, in that year. In the same year, Captain Smith, of the ship Albatross, of Boston, attempted a settlement on the Oregon, about

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forty miles from its mouth. He built a house, and planted a garden; but the site not being good, he left it before the close of the year. Meantime Mr. Astor's expedition had been fitted out, and in March, 1811, Astoria was founded at the mouth of the Oregon. During the war it was captured by the British, but was restored in October, 1818, in pursuance of the stipulations of the treaty of peace.

From that time to the present, the two governments, with few intermissions, have been engaged in negotiations about the title to the country. And it was agreed between them, first in 1818, and afterwards in 1827, it might be temporarily occupied by the people of both nations, without, however, impairing in any way the title of either.* So that none of the discoveries or settlements, of either America or England since that time, can in any manner affect the title.

So far then as occupancy is concerned it appears scarcely disputable that the first settlements were by Spain, the second by America, and the last by England, and that the rights derived from occupancy are held in the same order.

The rights we have been hitherto considering, are those which are derived from discoveries and settlements, on the Pacific Coasts or overland, from the eastern side of the mountains. But there are certain other rights which must not be overlooked; the rights derived from discoveries and settlements on the Atlantic Coasts.

On the first colonization of the new world, the discovery and settlement of the Atlantic border were claimed to give a title across the Continent. The enlarged charter to the first colony of Virginia, for example, granted the country extending along the sea coast four hundred miles, and into the land throughout from sea to sea.

De Soto, a Spaniard, was the discoverer of the Mississippi: but the French from Canada first explored its northern branches, established posts and colonies on their banks, and advancing down the river, finally got possession of the whole valley. Up to the peace of 1763, France claimed and possessed the countries watered by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and their dependencies, under the names of New France and Louisiana; and by the treaty then made, Canada was ceded to Great Britain, and the Mississippi adopted as

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* The conventions between the two countries are as follows:—

CONVENTION OF OCTOBER 20TH, 1818.

*Art. 3rd.*—"It is agreed that any country that may be claimed by either party on the north-west coast of America, westward of the Stony Mountains, shall, together with its harbors, bays, and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free and open for the term of ten years from the date of the signature of the present convention, to the vessels, citizens, and subjects, of the two powers; it being well understood that this agreement is not to be construed to the prejudice of any claim which either of the two high contracting parties may have to any part of the said country, nor shall it be taken to affect the claims of any other power or state to any part of the said country; the only object of the high contracting parties, in that respect, being to prevent disputes and differences among themselves."

CONVENTION OF AUGUST 6TH, 1827.

*Art. 1st.*—"All the provisions of the third article of the convention concluded between the United States of America and his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the 20th of October, 1818, shall be, and they are hereby, further indefinitely extended and continued in force, in the same manner as if all the provisions of the said article were herein specifically recited.

*Art. 2nd.*—"It shall be competent, however, to either of the contracting parties, in case either should think fit, at any time after the 20th of October, 1828, on giving due notice of twelve months to the other contracting party, to annul and abrogate this convention; and it shall, in such case, be accordingly entirely annulled and abrogated, after the expiration of the said term of notice.

*Art. 3rd.*—"Nothing contained in this convention, or in the third article of the convention of the 20th October, 1818, hereby continued in force, shall be construed to impair, or in any manner affect, the claims which either of the contracting parties may have to any part of the country westward of Stony or Rocky Mountains."

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the boundary of their respective territories, on the south.

By the treaty of Utrecht (A. D. 1713), all the Spanish titles to territory in the New World, as they stood in the time of Charles II. of Spain, who died in 1700, had been confirmed and guaranteed by Great Britain. By the treaty of 1763, the treaty of Utrecht was confirmed, and the river Mississippi was irrevocably fixed as the boundary between the English and French possessions. In terms it declares: "In order to re-establish peace on solid and durable foundations, and to remove for ever all subjects of dispute with regard to the limits of the British and French territories on the continent of America, that for the future, the confines between the dominions of his Britannic Majesty in that part of the world, shall be fixed irrevocably by a line drawn along the middle of the river Mississippi, from its source to the river Iberville, and from thence by a line drawn along the middle of this river, and the lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, to the sea." Nothing is said of the western limits of the French possessions, or of any claims of the English in that quarter. Now if England had then any title to the northwest coast, another boundary should have been settled between her and France, on that side. The omission to do so, implies that she had no title, or if she had, that she then renounced it for ever, to all territory west of the Mississippi, and south of its source, or of the 49th parallel.

We have thus explained all the original titles to the country. It remains to trace them to the present claimants, Great Britain and America. Great Britain has no title by cession except what she may have obtained by the Nootka treaty: America has received by formal cession from both France and Spain all their rights: the first by the Louisiana treaty in 1803, the other by the Florida treaty in 1819.

At the peace of 1763, France ceded to Spain "all the country known under the name of Louisiana." In 1800, by a treaty between the Republic of France and the King of Spain, in consideration of the Republic enlarging the territories of the Duke of Parma, Spain ceded to the French Republic "the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent which it now has in the hands of Spain, and which it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be, according to the treaties subsequently made between Spain and other states." And in 1803, the same territory was "ceded to the United States, in the name of the French Republic, for ever, and in full sovereignty, with all its rights and appurtenances, as fully and in the same manner as they have been acquired by the French Republic, in virtue of the above mentioned treaty with his Catholic majesty."

Considerable discussion has been had respecting the proper western boundaries of Louisiana as thus ceded. We are inclined to the opinion that it reached to the South Sea. To us, however, the question appears to be of less importance in its relation to the present controversy, for the reason that it could only concern America and Spain, and that their differences respecting it were settled by a full cession to America by the treaty of Florida. Louisiana might have been greater or less; it might have stopped at the mountains, or have gone to the Pacific, but England, in either case, had no rights there: she had parted with all she had to either France or Spain, at the peace of 1763.

The restitution of Astoria, after the war, is another important fact, by no means to be overlooked in this part of the argument. It will be recollected that the post was surrendered by Great Britain to the government of this country, by a formal act, so late as 1818, and if, as is asserted, there was any reservation in respect to its bearing upon the question of right, there is no evidence that any such reservation accompanied the act of delivery, or was made known to our government. One thing is quite clear, that if Astoria was upon British soil, it was unauthorized, and, having been taken in lawful war, this government had no claim whatever, to its restitution. The act of restitution, therefore, admitted that America had rights in the territory, even so early as the breaking out of the war, and long before the cession by Spain, of her rights by the treaty of Florida.

Between Spain and America, there arose a question after the cession of 1803, respecting the proper limits of Louisiana; which was finally terminated in 1819, by the Florida treaty, by which

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it was agreed, that a line drawn along the 42d parallel of latitude, from the meridian of the sources of the Arkansas, westward to the Pacific, should form the northern boundary of the Spanish possessions, and the southern boundary of the American possessions in that quarter; "His Catholic Majesty ceding to the United States all his rights, claims, and pretensions to any territories north of the said line;" the United States on their part ceding Texas to Spain.

Whatever title, therefore, either France or Spain ever had to the Oregon, except so far as the Nootka treaty may have modified the rights of Spain, has been completely vested in this country. So that, with that exception, which we are about to consider, whether we regard the title acquired by the original discovery of the coast on the Pacific and the Straits of Fuca, or by the Spanish settlements on that Strait, or at Nootka Sound, or that derived from the discovery of the river Oregon, the overland exploration of its stream, and the settlements on its branches, or the title derived from the discoveries and settlements on the Atlantic coasts and on the rivers St. Lawrence and Mississippi, we see them all tend to one point, and united in this country, vesting in us a title, as we believe, not to be shaken.

These titles *all* cover the country as far north as the 49th parallel, embracing the strait of Fuca and the parts adjacent; while the title derived from Gray's discovery extends to the headwaters of the Columbia a little above the parallel of 52, and that derived from the Spanish cession of 1819, extends to the Russian possessions.

The most important grounds on which the British government defend their pretensions, are Drake's voyage, and the Nootka treaty. The evidence, as we have already said of Drake's visit above 43, is too slender for serious argument. Indeed we may say that whatever appearance of right there may be in these pretensions, rests altogether upon the treaty of 1790; and such, we infer, is the view of the British government itself: for there is no other reason for their confining their pretensions to joint occupation and settlement. If any other of their grounds were valid, their title would be exclusive.*

The British government maintain that by virtue of that treaty they acquired a perpetual right to all parts of the north-west coast, "for all purposes of commerce and settlement, the sovereignty remaining in abeyance." The Convention is in these words:

*Article* 1. The buildings and tracts of land situated on the north-west coast of the continent of North America, or on the islands adjacent to that continent, of which the subjects of his Britannic Majesty were dispossessed about the month of April, 1789, by a Spanish officer, shall be restored to the said British subjects.

*Art.* 2. A just reparation shall be made, according to the nature of the case, for all acts of violence or hostility which may have been committed subsequent to the month of April, 1789, by the subjects of either of the contracting parties against the subjects of the other; and in case said respective subjects shall since the same period have been forcibly dispossessed of their lands, buildings, vessels, merchandize, and other property, whatever, on the said continent, or on the seas and islands adjacent, they shall be re-established in the possession thereof, or a just compensation shall be made to them for the losses which they have sustained.

*Art.* 3. In order to strengthen the bonds of friendship, and to preserve in future a perfect harmony and good understanding between the two contracting parties, it is agreed, that their respective subjects shall not be disturbed or molested, either in navigating, or carrying on their fisheries, in the Pacific ocean, or in the South Seas, or in landing on the coasts of those seas in places not already occupied, for the purpose of carrying on their commerce with the natives of the country or of making settlements there; the whole subject, nevertheless, to the restrictions specified in the three following articles.

*Art.* 4. His Britannic Majesty engages

* "Great Britain claims no exclusive sovereignty over any portion of that territory. Her present claim, not in respect to any part, but to the whole, is limited to a right of joint occupancy in common with other States, leaving the right of exclusive dominion in abeyance."—[*British Statement, made by Messrs. Huskisson and Addington in the negotiation of* 1826–'7.]

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to take the most effectual measures to prevent the navigation and the fishery of his subjects in the Pacific Ocean, or in the South Seas, from being made a pretext for illicit trade with the Spanish settlements; and, with this view, it is moreover expressly stipulated that British subjects shall not navigate, or carry on their fishery, in the said seas, within the space of ten sea leagues from any part of the coasts already occupied by Spain.

*Art.* 5. As well in the places which are to be restored to the British subjects by virtue of the first article, as in all other parts of the north-western coasts of North America, or of the islands adjacent situate to the north of the parts of the said coast already occupied by Spain, wherever the subjects of either of the two powers shall have made settlements since the month of April, 1789, or shall hereafter make any, the subjects of the other shall have free access, and shall carry on their trade without any disturbance or molestation.

*Art.* 6. With respect to the eastern and western coasts of South America, and to the Islands adjacent, no settlement shall be formed hereafter by the respective subjects in such part of those coasts as are situated to the south of those parts of the same coasts and of the islands adjacent, which are already occupied by Spain: provided that the said respective subjects shall retain the liberty of landing on the coasts and islands so situated for the purpose of their fishery, and of erecting thereon huts and other temporary buildings, serving only for those purposes.

*Art.* 7. In all cases of complaint or infraction of the articles of the present Convention, the officers of either party, without permitting themselves previously to commit any violence or acts of force, shall be bound to make an exact report of the affair and of its circumstances to their respective courts, which will terminate such differences in an amicable manner.

With respect to this Convention, it is to be observed,

1. That it is an executory agreement, one of that class which is annulled by war; and which lasted therefore only so long as peace was preserved between England and Spain, which was six years.

It is not an acknowledgment of an existing right; but an engagement between the parties, that "their subjects should not be molested, in landing on the coasts, not already occupied for the purpose of carrying on commerce or making settlements;" an engagement of the same class with treaties for the regulation of navigation, tariffs or fisheries.

In the analogous case of the Newfoundland fisheries, Great Britain herself insisted that the liberty given us to fish and land on the coasts of Newfoundland was annulled by the war of 1812, taking occasion at the same time to declare that she "knows of no exception to the rule, that all treaties are put an end to, by a subsequent war between the same parties."*

It has been said indeed on the part of the British government that the engagements of this treaty, even if revoked

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* That our readers may be better able to compare the two conventions, we subjoin the third article of the definitive treaty of peace of 1783—

"It is agreed that the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy unmolested the right to take fish of any kind on the Grand Bank, and on all the other banks of Newfoundland; also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish; and also that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that island), and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen islands, and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unsettled; but so soon as the same or either of them shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such settlement, without a previous agreement with the inhabitants proprietors or possessors of the ground."

The American plenipotentiaries insisted, that these provisions were of perpetual obligation, for the reason, that they were the acknowledgment of a previous right, common to all the persons composing the British Empire before its dismemberment,

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by the war, were renewed by the following stipulation between Spain and England made in 1814, viz: "It is agreed that pending the negotiation of a new treaty of commerce, Great Britain shall be admitted to trade with Spain upon the same conditions as those which existed previously to 1796, all the treaties of commerce which at that period subsisted between the two nations being hereby ratified and confirmed." To this position there are two answers; first, that the liberty to settle on the northwest coasts was not part of a treaty of commerce; and second, that the stipulation obviously related only to the European dominions of Spain.

2. If no war between Spain and Great Britain had intervened, still the engagements of the Nootka treaty were in their nature temporary; intended to provide for a state of things where there were no permanent settlements, and quite unsuited to, indeed incompatible with, a real occupation of the country by permanent civilized communities with an established government, and a system of laws to be administered. The things contemplated by the convention were rather trading posts and a commerce in furs, than any such permanent occupancy as we have been mentioning.

To carry out and perpetuate the treaty, according to the British interpretation, would be to condemn the whole country to eternal waste except for the purpose of hunting and trading with the natives, or to place there side by side, American citizens and British subjects, to cultivate the earth, build towns and carry on a traffic through the Pacific, each class governed by a different system of laws, different sets of magistrates, and owing allegiance to different governments. That surely is a state of things which we should be slow to admit was agreed upon, and slow to submit to.

There are some minor arguments brought forward by each party which we do not think it necessary here to mention. They do not change the aspect of the case as we have presented it. If the main arguments which we have examined do not decide it, the smaller ones will not.

The last propositions between the two parties for the settlement of the controversy were, on the American side, that the line of the 49th parallel, the boundary on this side of the mountains, should be continued to the Pacific: and on the British side, that the line should be continued only to the head waters of the River Oregon and then down that river to the sea, the stream being the boundary and to continue for ever common to the two nations. Whether in the late negotiations different terms have been proposed on either side we are not informed.

Upon the whole matter, we have formed an opinion the most decided, that the American claim is founded in law and justice: and we think we do but declare the decision of the American People when we say that the 49th parallel is a reasonable and proper compromise, and the southernmost limit which America ought to concede.

With respect to the mode of dealing with the British government hereafter we must say, in the first place, that we should be slow to submit to the arbitrament of a European sovereign. There are many reasons of a political nature why a claim of this country to ter-

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and made part and parcel of their partition of territory and of common rights at the peace; but the British plenipotentiaries on the other hand maintained, that they were concessions depending for their continuance upon the continuance of the engagements between the two contracting parties, and revoked by that which revokes all contracts, a subsequent war. So that while the positions then taken by the American government do not contradict those which they now take respecting the Nootka treaty, the British Government then maintained and adhered to a doctrine of public law wholly irreconcilable with their present pretensions.

The reader, who is curious in such matters, will find some observations respecting the kind of conventions which survive a war, in the cases of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel agt. the town of New Haven, in 8 Wheaton's Reports, 464, and Sutton agt. Sutton, 1 Russel and Mylne, 663.

The distinction between what is called by the Publicists *transitory conventions*, and other national compacts, may be illustrated by the distinction somewhat analogous between a conveyance, by which a title is actually vested in a grantee, and a contract, which gives no title, but a claim on the contracting party.

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ritory should not be decided by any potentate. Our rights are now in our own keeping and we prefer that they should remain so; but at the same time, notwithstanding this disinclination to the arbitrament of a foreign prince, we would take that much sooner than incur the chances and calamities of war. We would, moreover, on no compromise, recede from the line of the 49th parallel. That divides the territory into two nearly equal parts: it carries our northern boundary in a straight line from the Lake of the Woods to the South Sea, and it secures to us what we most want, the noble harbors about the Strait of Fuca and the exclusive control of the River Oregon, in its whole course. But we would not close the door upon negotiation. We would endeavor to persuade Great Britain that our rights were perfect, and that we were unanimous in maintaining them. We would not be in haste to close the negotiation, satisfied that every day adds strength to our possession. We would afford protection to our countrymen who may go there to settle or to trade; and for that purpose a law ought immediately to be passed, extending the jurisdiction of our courts over American citizens in that country. So long as there was any hope of an amicable arrangement, we would not terminate the joint occupancy provided by the conventions of 1818 and 1827, believing that to do so would but irritate, and might break off negotiation. But if negotiation does not promise favorable results, and as soon as a reasonable prospect of adjustment by that means were past, we would terminate the joint occupancy, in the mode provided by the conventions, and establish a territorial government. If then, Great Britain chose to resist, we would meet force by force.

If that day should ever come (which may God avert), the consequences of the struggle are beyond the reach of human eyes. Some of them, however, we may reasonably anticipate: and in regard to all our countrymen have no just cause for apprehension.

The final result of the warlike operations would probably be the extinction of British power on this continent. At first, no doubt we should suffer immensely from want of adequate preparation to meet the vast disposable force under the control of Great Britain. It seems a weakness of republican government not to prepare itself for such emergencies. Jealousy of great establishments, especially those which are supported by the state, seems inseparable from popular institutions. Such, at least, has been our experience. Great Britain, on the other hand, is thoroughly prepared: with well disciplined and numerous armies, with ships of war hovering on every sea, with warlike stores and munitions, collected without stint of expense or labor, for many years. She has naval stations on every coast, fortresses and troops, wherever there are islands which she could seize, and a belt of frowning fortresses all round the globe. With these well appointed means at hand, she would strike heavy blows in the first year of the war, inflicting upon us greater sacrifices probably, than it would have cost us to keep adequately prepared for half a century.

But the vigor and elasticity of this people would bear them up against these assaults and losses; their resources, almost boundless, would be developed with greater rapidity than the calm times of peace could have produced: all kinds of manufactures possible to us would take root: and every means which this people could command, would be brought out, to serve the purpose of defence and annoyance. Every element of disaffection in the neighboring provinces would be nourished into rebellion. Republican armies would plant the standard of revolt in their soil. We should offer their inhabitants freedom from the galling colonial yoke: exemption from the swarms of foreign officers who infest their homes: self-government in its best and truest acceptation, and a union with our circle of free states. We should point out to them, if indeed it be not already impressed on their minds, the difference between the two systems, as they appear upon the opposite sides of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. If they did not profit by the lesson and the occasion, they would prove themselves of a different spirit from what we take them to be.

On our southern border, Mexico would probably be stimulated by the offers of England, added to the irritation which she now naturally feels, to join in the war: and the consequences of it would be, that that country would be overrun

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by invaders from the South and Southwest. What means of defence she has on her open frontier, we do not see. A western hunter will carry provisions enough on his back, to subsist him ten days, and by that time, he would place himself in the habitable and fruitful parts of Mexico. All the efforts of England, both at the south and the North, would be exhausted upon the sea coasts. She could make no impression on the interior: and from the interior would be organized forces which, aided by the disaffected population north of us, and the weakness of the races south, would carry American dominion from the ancient seat of the Aztecs to the Arctic sea.

Upon the ocean itself, the contest would be long and bloody: but it is our conviction that it would end in breaking down the maritime superiority of England. We would not underrate English power on the sea. We know it well: but we do not fear it. We know that her mercantile marine is not a third greater than ours: and we believe that in the long run, in a war of many years, as this would be, the armed marine would become proportionate to the commercial. In that case, considering the greater number of possessions which England has to defend, and the larger number of ships to convoy, the two navies would come to something like an equality of disposable force. And if that were to happen, who can doubt the result? We have now, it has been estimated, 200,000 men employed in navigation. If one half of them could be placed in armed vessels, they would constitute a greater force than England has ever had upon the sea.

There are other results of a war between this country and England, perhaps even more important than any operations of arms, which we will briefly glance at. One of them, is the complete and final emancipation of the American mind from English influence. How great this influence even now is we have too often occasion to observe and deplore.

There is among the people of this country an hereditary and undue respect for the name of England, an excessive admiration of her past history, and an exaggerated estimate of her present power. These are the remnants of colonial ideas, which half a century of independence and two bloody wars, one of them long and full of circumstances of exasperation, have not been sufficient to eradicate. The facts of our history have run far ahead of our opinions. With a government of our own choice, and laws of our own making, we receive from abroad the most effective of all laws, laws for the mind. If we do not act as we are commanded, we think much as we are commanded from Europe. From this injurious and disgraceful thraldom, we are gradually emancipating ourselves. A war would do it at once.

Another result would be the purification of our own political atmosphere. "The cankers of a calm world and a long peace" are no fiction. They are undeniable realities. Offices go to those who need, not to those who are needed. Politics become a trade. Lesser qualities have as much appreciable value and are associated with fewer scruples than great ones. But when the state is in danger, patriotism and ability take precedence of selfishness and mediocrity. The first effect of a collision would be to bring the ablest and best men uppermost.

Let us not be misunderstood. For none of these reasons do we desire a war. Far from it. We deprecate it. We would do everything that we could consistently with our obligation and our future safety to avoid it. But if it come, we shall consider it not an unmixed evil.

If this article had not already been extended as far as is reasonable to ask the attention of the reader, we should have gone into some further topics connected with the relations between America and England. We may, perhaps, return to them hereafter. Suffice it at present to add that in what we have said, we desired to keep in view the distinction between the mass of the English people and the government of England. For the former, we have respect and sympathy. They are of our kindred and our flesh. But the latter is a selfish and insolent oligarchy. It strove to oppress us once, and is therefore our hater now. It is that we combat, and their spirit that we detest.

If ever the government of that country becomes so popular as to admit into it the just authority and influence of the people, and there are indications that such a change is coming over the

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spirit of our fatherland, we may reasonably expect to see a corresponding change in our mutual relations. Then we may hope to see England sincerely our friend and fellow. Then, instead of hostile diplomacy and hostile forces, may we have between us only messengers of friendship and of good.*

D. D. F.

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# FURTHER PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AFRICAN CRUIZER.

EDITED BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

*April* 29, 1844.—At 10 A. M., anchored off the Dutch settlement of El Mina. The Governor's lieutenant boarded us in a large canoe, paddled by about a score of blacks. A salute was fired by our ship, and returned from the castle with a degree of splendor quite unexpected; for a portion of the native town, situated beneath the castle-walls, was set on fire by the wad of a cannon, and twenty or thirty houses burnt to the ground. On landing, we received a message, intimating that the Governor would be glad to see us, and consequently called upon him. He is a man of about thirty, who came out in 1832, as a clerk, and has risen to be Governor, with the military rank of lieutenant-colonel. All the civil officers have military titles, and wear the corresponding uniforms, for effect upon the natives; but the Dutch evince their shrewdness by placing practical men of business, rather than soldiers, at the head of their colonial establishments. The only officer of the regular army is a lieutenant, commanding the guard, of one hundred men.

El Mina—the Mine—was built in 1482, or thereabouts, by the Portuguese, whose early navigators have left tokens of their enterprise all along this coast; although the achievements of those adventurous men do but illustrate the nation's present supineness and decay. The settlement was taken by the Dutch about a century after its foundation. The main fortress is extensive, mounting ninety guns, and is capable of withstanding the assault of a large force of regular troops. On an eminence, above the town, is a second fort, apparently strong and in good repair; and two small batteries are placed in commanding situations.

The houses in the town are built of stone, and thatched. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, imparting to the place the air of intricate bewilderment of some of the old European cities. Much of the trade is done in the streets, and entirely by women, who sit with their merchandize on the ground before them, and their gold-scales in their laps, waiting for customers. It would perhaps add to our manliness of character, if at least the minor departments of traffic were resigned to the weaker sex, among ourselves. Crossing a small river, we came to another, and by far the best section, of the town. There are long, wide streets, two of which, meeting at an obtuse angle, form together an extent of nearly a mile. A double row of trees throw their shade over the central walk of this Alameda. At intervals are seated groups of women-traders. The wares of some are

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* There is one particular in which the above article does not exactly accord with the views for which we are willing that the Democratic Review should be regarded as editorially responsible. Our abhorrence of War is too strong to find consolation in any of the mitigating circumstances enumerated; and viewing it at all times as an unmixed evil in its moral influences, we have no faith in any of the supposed incidental benefits on national spirit and character. We have, however, no real apprehension of a war between England and America on such a ground. Our title is clear, and England will never venture to attack us in war to disturb it.—Ed. D. R.

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deposited upon the ground, while pieces of cloth are displayed to advantage upon lines, stretching from tree to tree.

Before returning on board, we bespoke rings and chains of a native goldsmith. The fashions of Africa are less evanescent than those of Europe; and we may expect to see such ornaments as glittered on the bosom of the Queen of Sheba.

*May* 2.—Sailed for Cape Coast Castle with the evening breeze.

3.—At Cape Coast Castle.

The landing is effected in large canoes, which convey passengers close to the rocks, safely and without being drenched, although the surf dashes fifty feet in height. There is a peculiar enjoyment in being raised, by an irresistible power beneath you, upon the tops of the high rollers, and then dropped into the profound hollow of the waves, as if to visit the bottom of the ocean, at whatever depth it might be. We landed at the castle-gate, and were ushered into the castle itself, where the commander of the troops received us in his apartment.

I took the first opportunity to steal away, to look at the burial-place of L. E. L., who died here, after a residence of only two months, and within a year after becoming the wife of Governor McLean. A small, white marble tablet (inserted among the massive grey stones of the castle-wall, where it faces the area of the fort) bears the following inscription:

Hic jacet sepultum
Omne quod mortale fuit
LETITIAE ELISABETHAE McLEAN,
Quam, egregiâ ornatam indole,
Musis unicè amatam,
Omniumque amores secum trahentem,
In ipso aetatis flore,
Mors immatura rapuit,
Die Octobris XV., A. D. MDCCCXXXVIII,
Ætat. 36.

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Quod spectas viator marmor,
Vanum heu doloris monumentum,
Conjux moerens erexit.

The first thought that struck me was the inappropriateness of the spot for a grave, and especially for the grave of a woman, and, most of all, a woman of poetic temperament. In the open area of the fort, at some distance from the castle-wall, the stone pavement had been removed in several spots, and replaced with plain tiles. Here lie buried some of the many British officers who have fallen victims to the deadly atmosphere of this region; and among them rests L. E. L. Her grave is distinguishable by the ten red tiles which cover it. Daily, the tropic sunshine blazes down upon the spot. Daily, at the hour of parade, the peal of military music resounds above her head, and the garrison marches and counter-marches through the area of the fortress, nor shuns to tread upon the ten red tiles, any more than upon the insensible stones of the pavement. It may be well for the fallen commander to be buried at his post, and sleep where the reveillé and roll-call may be heard, and the tramp of his fellow-soldiers echo and re-echo over him. All this is in unison with his profession; the drum and trumpet are his perpetual requiem; the soldier's honorable tread leaves no indignity upon the dead warrior's dust. But who has a right to trample on a woman's breast? And what had L. E. L. to do with warlike parade? And wherefore was she buried beneath this scorching pavement, and not in the retired shadow of a garden, where seldom any footstep would come stealing through the grass, and pause before her tablet? There, her heart, while in one sense it decayed, would burst forth afresh from the sod in a profusion of spontaneous flowers, such as her living fancy lavished throughout the world. But now, no verdure nor blossom will ever grow upon her grave.

If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he yet cared anything about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much, the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. McLean, it may be added, that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumors were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband. All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here, that her death was accidental.

We dined at the castle to-day, and met the officers of a new English brig, the Sea-Lark, among whom I was happy to recognize Lieutenant B——, an acquaintance at Mahon, and a messmate of my friend C——. All these officers are gallant fellows; and the commencement of our acquaintance promises to place them and ourselves on the most cordial terms. The dinner,

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like other English dinners, was rather noisy, but rendered highly agreeable by the perfect good feeling that prevailed. At eight in the evening, we returned on board, though strongly urged to sleep on shore by the Governor and all our other friends. Such hospitality, though unquestionably sincere, and kindly meant, it was far better to decline than accept; for it was much the same as if Death, in the hearty tone of good-fellowship, had pressed us to quaff another cup and spend the night under his roof. Had we complied, it would probably have cost the lives of more than one of us. Our captain took wisdom by the sad experience of the English brig, which had lost her purser and master by just such a festivity, prolonged to a late hour, and finished by the officers passing the night on shore. The fever of the climate punished their imprudence.

All vessels, except those of our own navy, allow their officers to sleep on shore. They expect to be taken sick, but hope that the first attack of fever will season them. Possibly, this is as wise a course as the British officers could adopt; for, unlike ourselves, they are compelled by duty to trust themselves in pestiferous situations, particularly in the ascent of rivers, where there is scarcely a chance of escaping the deadly influence of the atmosphere. They therefore confront the danger at once, and either fall beneath it, or triumph over it.

4.—Governor McLean, and all the officers of the castle and brig, dined on board. The table was laid on the quarter-deck, and was the scene of much mirth and friendly sentiment. In the evening, the theatre was open, with highly respectable performances; after which came a supper; and the guests took their leave at midnight, apparently well-pleased.

6.—We sailed yesterday from Cape Coast Castle, and anchored to-day at Accara, abreast of the British and Dutch forts.

7.—Early this morning, we were surrounded with canoes, filled with articles for sale. The most remarkable were black monkey-skins. There are seven vessels at anchor here, including our own, and an English war-steamer. Three of the seven, a barque, brig, and schooner, are from the United States. Landing in a canoe, we were met on the beach by the Governor and some of his gentlemen, and escorted to the castle. Thence we went to the residence of Mr. Bannerman. He is the great man of Accra, wealthy, liberally educated in England, and a gentleman, although with a deep tinge of African blood in his cheeks. But when native blood is associated with gentlemanly characteristics and liberal acquirements, it becomes, instead of a stigma of dishonor, an additional title to the respect of the world; since it implies that many obstacles have been overcome, in order to place the man where we find him. This, however, is a view not often taken by those who labor under the misfortune (for such it is, if they so consider it) of having African blood in their veins.

8.—A missionary, on his way to the Gaboon, and two American merchant-captains, Hunt and Dayley, dined with us in the ward-room. The latter are respectable men. The missionary, Mr. Burchell, seems much depressed. He has had the fever at Cape Palmas, the effects of which still linger in his constitution; while his companion, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, although but recently from America, has already finished his earthly labors, and gone to his reward. We left them only a month ago at Cape Palmas, in perfect health.

9.—My impressions of Accra are more favorable than of any other place which I have yet seen in Africa. British and Dutch Accra are contiguous. The forts of the two nations are within a mile of each other, situated on ground which, at a little distance, appears not unlike the "bluffs" on our western rivers; level upon the summit, with a precipitous descent, as if the land had "caved in;" from the action of the water. The country round is level, and nearly free from woods as far the rise of the hills some ten miles distant. About three miles to the eastward, Danish Accra shows its neat town and well-kept fortress. I did not visit the place, but learn that it is fully equal to its neighbors. Thus, within a circuit of three or four miles, the traveller may perform no inconsiderable portion of the grand tour, visiting the territory of three different countries of Europe, and observing their military and civil institutions, their modes of business, their national characteristics, and all assimilated by a general modification, resulting from the climate and position in which they are placed. There seems

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to be an exchange of courtesy and social kindness among the three settlements. Seven or eight Europeans reside in the different forts; so that, together with the captains of merchant-vessels in the roads, there are tolerable resources of society.

All the Europeans have native wives, who dress in a modest, but peculiar style, of which the lady of Mr. Bannerman may give an example. She wore a close-fitting muslin chemisette, buttoned to the threat with gold buttons, a black silk tunic extending to the thigh, a colored cotton cloth, fastened round the waist and falling as low as the ancles, black silk stockings and prunella shoes. This lady is jet black, of pleasing countenance, and is a princess of royal blood. In the last great battle between the Europeans on the coast and the powerful King of Ashantee (the same who defeated and slew Sir Charles McCarthy), the native army was put to total rout by the aid of Congreve rockets. The king's camp, with most of his women, fell into the hands of the victors. Three of his daughters were appropriated by the English merchants, here and at Cape Coast, and became their faithful and probably happy wives. One of the three fell to the lot of Mr. Bannerman, and is the lady whom I have described. These women are entrusted with all the property of their husbands, and are sometimes left for months in sole charge, while the merchants visit England. The acting governor of the British fort, Mr. Tropp, departs for that country to-morrow, leaving his native wife at the head of affairs.

Mr. Bannerman is of Scottish blood by paternal descent, but African by the mother's side, and English by education, and is a gentleman in manner and feeling. He is the principal merchant here, and transacts a large business with the natives, who come from two or three hundred miles in the interior, and constantly crowd his yard. There they sit, in almost perfect silence, receiving their goods, and making payment in gold-dust and ivory. Towards us Mr. Bannerman showed himself most hospitable, yet in a perfectly unostentatious manner.

Accra is the land of plenty in Africa. Beef, mutton, turkeys, and chickens abound; and its supply of European necessaries and luxuries is unequalled.

10.—We got under way, yesterday, for the "Islands" a term well understood to mean those of St. Thomas and Prince's. Mr. Bushnell (one of the two missionaries who proposed to take passage with us from Cape Palmas, a month since) is now on board as a passenger to Prince's Island. The other, Mr. Campbell, is dead. He was of a wealthy and influential family in Kentucky, and is said to have been a young man of extraordinary talent and promise.

Yesterday we fired seventeen minute-guns, in obedience to an order from the Navy-Department for the melancholy death of its chief, by the explosion of the Princeton's gun. At twelve o'clock to-day we fired thirteen minute guns, as a tribute of respect to the memory of Commodore Kennon, who fell a victim to the same disastrous accident. Alone on the waters, months after the event, and five thousand miles from the scene of his fate, we have a sailor's requiem to a brave and accomplished officer.

11.—Calm and sunny. Oh, how sunny!—and, alas, how calm!

At Accra, I received a present of an armadillo, or ant-eater, who is certainly a wonderful animal, and well worth studying, in the tedium of a calm between the tropics. The body proper is but about nine inches, but, when stretched at length, he covers an extent of two and a half feet, from head to tail, and is wholly fortified with an impenetrable armor of bony scales. On any occasion of alarm, it is his custom to thrust his long nose between his hind-legs, and roll his body and tail compactly together, so as to appear like the half of a ball, presenting no vulnerable part to an enemy. In this condition he affords an excellent example of a self-involved philosopher, defending himself from the annoyances of the world by a stoical crustiness, and seeking all his enjoyments within his own centre. His muscular strength being great, and especially that of his fore-legs, it is very difficult to unroll him. An attempt being made to force his coil, he sticks his fore-claws into the scales of his head, and holds on with a death-like grip. At night, however, or when all is quiet, he vouchsafes to unbend himself, and waddles awkwardly about on his short legs, in pursuit of cockroaches, weevils and spiders.

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# THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.*

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[A part of this poem was published in the Democratic Review for last September. By an unfortunate accident the remainder, which was to have appeared in the succeeding number, failed to come to hand, having been lost by the way. What adventures the missing packet may have gone through by field and flood, we cannot divine; we only know that, at last, on the 23d of April, after being about nine months on the short journey from Amesbury, Massachusetts, to New York, it made its welcome appearance, safe and sound. The length of time that has elapsed since the publication of the first part induces us therefore now to give the whole at once in unbroken connection. The reprinting of a few pages of Whittier's poetry is what no reader will be disposed to complain of.]—Ed.

We had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country. We had seen
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
Of Winnepiseogee; and had gone,
With sunrise breezes, round the leafy isles
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off water-falls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Resting its bases on the abutting crags,
Sprung its light arch, sun-gilded and serene,
Across the deep abysm. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and, bewildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agioochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills—the far sea of Casco
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken

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* Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of the newly-wedded pair.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*



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By the perpetual beating of the falls
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.
There were five souls of us whom travel's chance
Had thrown together in these wild north hills:—
A city lawyer, for a month escaping
From his dull office, where the weary eye
Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged streets—
Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see
Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take
Its chances all as God sends; and his brother,
Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining
The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,
Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,
In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed
By dust of theologic strife, or breath
Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore;
Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking
The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers,
Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,
Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,
And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in truth, a study,
To mark his spirit, alternating between
A decent and professional gravity
And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often
Laughed in the face of his divinity,
Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined
The oracle, and for the pattern priest
Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,
To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,
Giving the latest news of city stocks
And sales of cotton, had a deeper meaning
Than the great presence of the awful mountains
Glorified by the sunset;—and his daughter,
A delicate flower on whom had blown too long
Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice
And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,
Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts' bay,
With the same breath which stirs Spring's opening leaves
And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,
Poisoning our sea-side atmosphere.

It chanced
That as we turned upon our homeward way,
A drear north-eastern storm came howling up
The valley of the Saco; and that girl
Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,
Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled
In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,
Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the streams
Which lave that giant's feet; whose laugh was heard
Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze
Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green islands,

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Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly drooped
Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn
Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the north,
Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home;
And while the mist hung grey upon the hills,
And the cold wind-driven rain-drops, all day long
Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,
We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm
Went angling down the Saco, and returning,
Recounted his adventures and mishaps;
Gave us the history of his scaly clients
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations
Of barbarous law Latin, passages
From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh
As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire
Where under aged trees the south-west wind
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin white hair
Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,
Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,
His commentaries, articles and creeds
For the fair page of human loveliness—
The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text
Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.
He sang the songs she loved; and in his low,
Deep earnest voice, recited many a page
Of poetry—the holiest, tenderest lines
Of the sad bard of Olney—the sweet songs,
Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,
Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount
Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing
From the green hills, immortal in his lays.
And for myself, obedient to her wish,
I searched our landlord's proffered library:
A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pictures
Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them—
Watts' unmelodious psalms—Astrology's
Last home, a musty file of Almanacs,
And an old chronicle of border wars
And Indian history. And, as I read
A story of the marriage of the Chief
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt
In the old time upon Merrimack,
Our fair one, in the playful exercise
Of her prerogative—the right divine
Of youth and beauty, bade us versify
The legend, and with ready pencil sketched
Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning
To each his part, and barring our excuses
With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers
Whose voices still are heard in the Romance
Of silver-tongued Boccacio, on the banks
Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling
The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled
From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes
To their fair auditor, and shared by turns
Her kind approval and her playful censure.

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It may be that these fragments owe alone
To the fair setting of their circumstances—
The associations of time, scene and audience—
Their place among the pictures which fill up
The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust
That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,
Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,
That our broad land—our sea-like lakes, and mountains
Piled to the clouds,—our rivers overhung
By forests which have known no other change
For ages, than the budding and the fall
Of leaves—our valleys lovelier than those
Which the old poets sang of—should but figure
On the apocryphal chart of speculation
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,
Rights and appurtenances, which make up
A Yankee Paradise—unsung, unknown,
To beautiful tradition; even their names,
Whose melody yet lingers like the last
Vibration of the red man's requiem,
Exchanged for syllables significant
Of cotton-mill and rail-car,—will look kindly
Upon this effort to call up the ghost
Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear
To the responses of the questioned Shade:

### I.—THE MERRIMACK.

Oh, child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,
Leaping grey walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so lone,
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees
Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the breeze:
No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,
And the hills of Pentucket were tasseled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,
Or a mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood
The bark-builded wigwams of Pennacook stood,
There glided the corn-dance—the Council fire shone,
And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines flung;
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid
Wove her many-hued baskets, and bright wampum braid.

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Oh, Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

II.—THE BASHABA.*

Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,
And turning from familiar sight and sound,
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,
Led by the few pale lights, which glimmering round,
That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;
And that which history gives not to the eye,
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,
Let Fancy with her dream-dipped brush supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,
Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,
Tracing many a golden line
On the ample floor within;
Where upon that earth-floor stark,
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,
And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,
Woven of the willow white,
Lent a dimly-chequered light,
And the night-stars glimmered down,
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,
Slowly through an opening broke,
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,
By the solemn pine-wood made;
Through the rugged palisade,
In the open fore-ground planted,
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,
Stir of leaves and wild flowers blowing,
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,
In the sun-light slanted.

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* This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook.—*Mass. His. Col.*, vol. iii., pp. 21-2. "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, &c. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devil appeareth more familiarly than to others."—*Winslow's Relation.*

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Here the mighty Bashaba,
Held his long-unquestioned sway,
From the White Hills, far away,
  To the great sea's sounding shore;
Chief of chiefs—his regal word
All the river Sachems heard,
At his call the war-dance stirred,
  Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,
  Lay beside his axe and bow;
And adown the roof-pole hung,
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung
  Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
  O'er the waters still and red;
And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As, with quicker step and lighter,
  From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,
And a Panisee's dark will,
Over powers of good and ill,
  Powers which bless and powers which ban—
Wizard lord of Pennacook,
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,
When they met the steady look
  Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the grey squaw told,
When the winter night-wind cold
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,
  And the fire burned low and small,
Till the very child a-bed,
Drew its bear-skin over head,
Shrinking from the pale lights shed
  On the darkening wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding
Under earth or wave, abiding
In the caverned rock, or riding
  Misty clouds or morning breeze;
Every dark intelligence,
Secret soul, and influence
Of all things which outward sense
  Feels or hears or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,
At his bidding banned or blessed,
Stormful woke or lulled to rest
  Wind and cloud, and fire and flood;
Burned for him the drifted snow,
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,
And the leaves of summer grow
  Over winter's wood!

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Not untrue that tale of old!
Now, as then, the wise and bold
All the powers of Nature hold
  Subject to their kingly will;
From the wondering crowds ashore,
Treading Life's wild waters o'er,
As upon a marble floor,
  Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements
With their sterner laws dispense,
And the chain of consequence
  Broken in their pathway lies;
Time and change their vassals making,
Flowers from icy pillows waking,
Tresses of the sunrise shaking
  Over midnight skies.

Still, to earnest souls, the sun
Rests on towered Gibeon,
And the moon of Ajalon
  Lights the battle-grounds of life;
To his aid the strong reverses
Hidden powers and giant forces,
And the high stars in their courses
  Mingle in his strife!

III.—THE DAUGHTER.

The soot-black brows of men—the yell
  Of women thronging round the bed—
The tinkling charm of ring and shell—
  The Powah whispering o'er the dead!—
All these the Sachem's home had known,
  When, on her journey long and wild
To the dim World of Souls, alone,
In her young beauty passed the mother of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling
  They laid her in the walnut shade,
Where a green hillock gently swelling
  Her fitting mound of burial made.
There trailed the vine in Summer hours—
  The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell—
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold—
  It closes darkly o'er its care,
And, formed in Nature's sternest mould,
  Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,
  Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,
And, still in battle or in chase,
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath his foremost tread.

Yet, when her name was heard no more,
  And when the robe her mother gave,
And small, light mocasin she wore,
  Had slowly wasted on her grave,

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Unmarked of him the dark maids sped
  Their sunset dance and moon-lit play;
No other shared his lonely bed,
No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes
  The tempest-smitten tree receives
From one small root the sap which climbs
  Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,
So from his child the Sachem drew
  A life of Love and Hope, and felt
His cold and rugged nature through
The softness and the warmth of her young being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang
  Bemocking April's gladdest bird—
A light and graceful form which sprang
  To meet him when his step was heard—
Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,
  Small fingers stringing bead and shell,
Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—
With these the household-god* had graced his wigwam well.

Child of the Forest!—strong and free;
  Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,
  Or struck the flying bird in air.
O'er the heaped drifts of Winter's moon
  Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way;
And dazzling in the Summer noon
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of spray!

Unknown to her the rigid rule,
  The dull restraint, the chiding frown,
The weary torture of the school,
  The taming of wild nature down.
Her only lore, the legends told
  Around the hunter's fire at night;
Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,
Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell, unquestioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill
  With which the artist-eye can trace
In rock and tree and lake and hill
  The outlines of divinest grace;
Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest
  Which sees, admires, yet yearns alway;
Too closely on her mother's breast
To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be
  Of common, natural things a part,
To feel with bird and stream and tree
  The pulses of the same great heart;
But we, from Nature long exiled
  In our cold homes of Art and Thought,
Grieve like the stranger-tended child,
Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels them not.

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* "The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

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The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air,
To cloud the light of Fashion's room
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew
The sweet-briar on the hill-side shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue,
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose!

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo
Their mingling shades of joy and ill
The instincts of her nature threw,—
The savage was a woman still.
'Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,
Heart-colored auguries of life,
Rose on the ground of her young dreams
The light of a new home—the lover and the wife!

IV.—THE WEDDING.

Cool and dark fell the Autumn night
But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with light,
For down from its roof by green withes hung
Flaring and smoking the pine-knots swung.

And along the river great wood fires
Shot into the night their long red spires,
Showing behind the tall, dark wood
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer and shade,
Now high, now low, that fire-light played,
On tree-leaves wet with evening dews
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook,
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,
Saw over the marshes and through the pine,
And down on the river the dance-lights shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,
And lay at her father's feet that night
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far South East
The river Sagamores came to the feast;
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds shook.
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of rock,
From the snowy sources of Snooganock,
And from rough Coos whose thick woods shake
Their pine-cones in Umbagog lake.

From Ammonoosuck's mountain pass
Wild as his home came Chepewass;
And the Keenomps of the hills which throw
Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

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With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,
Glowing with paint came old and young,
In wampum and furs and feathers arrayed
To the dance and feast the Bashaba made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,
All which the woods and waters yield,
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,
And salmon spear'd in the Contoocook;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic,
And small wild hens in reed-snares caught
From the banks of Sondagardee brought;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken,
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot bog
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog:

And, drawn from that great stone vase which stands
In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,*
In white parched pile, or thick suppawn,
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the field,
All which the woods and the waters yield,
Furnished in that olden day
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,
With the squaws' shrill stave, and deeper hum
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp locks flowing,
And red arms tossing and black eyes glowing,
Now in the light and now in the shade
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more shrill,
And the beat of the small drums louder still,
Whenever within the circle drew
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed
Their snow upon that chieftain's head,
And toil and care, and battle's chance,
Had seamed his hard dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim—
Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,
In whose cold look is naught beside
The triumph of a sullen pride?

* There are rocks in the River at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which tradition says the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

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Ask why the graceful grape entwines
The rough oak with her arm of vines;
And why the grey rock's rugged cheek
The soft lips of the mosses seek:

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems
To harmonize her wide extremes,
Linking the stronger with the weak
The haughty with the soft and meek!

### V.—THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked with firs,
Roughening the bleak horizon's northern edge,
Steep, cavernous hill-sides, where black hemlock spurs
And sharp, grey splinters of the wind-swept ledge
Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling rose,
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,
Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day
Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea;
And faint with distance came the stifled roar,
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling smokes,
No laugh of children wrestling in the snow,
No camp-fire blazing through the hill-side oaks,
No fishers kneeling on the ice below;
Yet midst all desolate things of sound and view,
Through the long winter moons smiled dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home; and freshly all
Its beautiful affections overgrew
Their rugged prop. As o'er some granite wall
Soft vine leaves open to the moistening dew,
And warm bright sun, the love of that young wife,
Found on a hard cold breast the dew and warmth of life.

The steep bleak hills, the melancholy shore,
The long dead level of the marsh between,
A coloring of unreal beauty wore
Through the soft golden mist of young love seen.
For o'er those hills and from that dreary plain,
Nightly she welcomed home her hunter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst of feeling,
Repaid her welcoming smile, and parting kiss,
No fond and playful dalliance half concealing,
Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness;
But, in their stead, the warrior's settled pride,
And vanity's pleased smile with homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side;
That he whose fame to her young ear had flown,
Now looked upon her proudly as his bride;
That he whose name the Mohawk trembling heard
Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look or word.

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For she had learned the maxims of her race
Which teach the woman to become a slave,
And feel herself the pardonless disgrace
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave—
The scandal and the shame which they incur,
Who give to woman all which man requires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at last
Broke link by link the frost-chain of the rills;
And the warm breathings of the southwest passed
Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills;
The grey and desolate marsh grew green once more,
And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,
With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief;
Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,
That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,
The song of birds, the warm breeze and the rain,
Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely sire again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,
And a grave council in his wigwam met,
Solemn and brief in words, considering whether
The rigid rules of forest etiquette
Permitted Weetamoo once more to look,
Upon her father's face and green-banked Pennacook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong water,
The forest sages pondered, and at length,
Concluded in a body to escort her
Up to her father's home of pride and strength,
Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense,
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeeteamit's* hand
A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,
Over high breezy hills and meadow land,
Yellow with flowers, the wild procession went,
Till rolling down its wooded banks between,
A broad, clear, mountain stream, the Merrimack was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow undrawn—
The fishers lounging on the pebbled shores,
Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-corn,
Young children peering through the wigwam doors,
Saw with delight, surrounded by her train
Of painted Saugus braves, their Weetamoo again.

### VI.—AT PENNACOOK.

The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet,
Are ever those at which our young lips drank
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank:

'Midst the cold dreary night-watch, Home's hearth-light
Shines round the helmsman plunging through the night;
And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees
In close, dark, stranger streets his native trees.

* The Spring God. *See Roger Williams. Key, &c.*

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The home-sick dreamer's brow is nightly fanned
By breezes whispering of his native land;
And, on the stranger's dim and dying eye
The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood lie!

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once more
A child upon her father's wigwam floor!
Once more with her old fondness to beguile
From his cold eye the strange light of a smile.

The long bright days of Summer swiftly passed,
The dry leaves whirled in Autumn's rising blast,
And evening cloud and whitening sunrise rime
Told of the coming of the winter time.

But vainly looked, the while, young Weetamoo,
Down the dark river for her chief's canoe;
No dusky messenger from Saugus brought,
The grateful tidings which the young wife sought.

At length a runner from her father sent,
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam went:
"Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods thy dove,
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside
In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride;
"I bore her as became a chieftain's daughter,
Up to her home beside the gliding water.

"If now no more a mat for her is found
Of all which line her father's wigwam round,
Let Pennacook call out his warrior train
And send her back with wampum gifts again."

The dusky runner turned upon his track,
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.
"Dog of the Marsh!" cried Pennacook, "no more
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam floor.

"Go—let him seek some meaner squaw to spread
The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed:
Son of a fish-hawk!—let him dig his claws
For some vile daughter of the Agawaws,

"Or coward Nipmucks!—may his scalp dry black
In Mohawk smoke, before I send her back."
He shook his clenched hand towards the ocean wave,
While hoarse assent his listening council gave.

Alas poor bride!—can thy grim sire impart
His iron hardness to thy woman's heart?
Or cold, self-torturing pride like his atone
For love denied and life's warm beauty flown?

On Autumn's grey and mournful grave, the snow
Hung its white wreaths; with stilled voice and low
The river crept, by one vast bridge o'ercrossed,
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

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And many a Moon in beauty newly born
Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,
Or, from the east, across her azure field
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not. On the mat
Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat,
And he, the while, in Western woods afar—
Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief!
Waste not on him the sacredness of grief,
Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,
His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,
The storm-worn watcher through long hunting nights,
Cold, crafty, proud, of woman's weak distress,
Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness?

### VII.—THE DEPARTURE.

The wild March rains had fallen fast and long
The snowy mountains of the North among,
Making each vale a water-course—each hill
Bright with the cascade of some new made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimack
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat
Guided by one weak hand was seen to float,
Evil the fate which loosed it from the shore,
Too early voyager with too frail an oar!

Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper moistening his moose's meat
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled stream—
Slept he, or waked he?—was it truth or dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,
The small hand clenching on the useless oar,
The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the water—
He knew them all—wo for the Sachem's daughter!

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,
Heedless of peril, the still faithful wife
Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sere leaf whirled,
On the sharp rocks and piled up ices hurled,
Empty and broken, circled the canoe
In the vexed pool below—but where was Weetamoo?

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SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

The Dark Eye has left us,
  The Spring-bird has flown;
On the pathway of spirits
  She wanders alone.
The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!**—we hear it no more!

Oh, dark water Spirit!
  We cast on thy wave
These furs which may never
  Hang over her grave;
Bear down to the lost one the robes which she wore;
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

Of the strange land she walks in
  No Powah has told:
It may burn with the sunshine,
  Or freeze with the cold.
Let us give to our lost one the robes which she wore,
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

The path she is treading
  Shall soon be our own;
Each gliding in shadow
  Unseen and alone!—
In vain shall we call on the souls gone before—
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—they hear us no more!

Oh mighty Sowanna!†
  Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
  Lift curtains of gold!
Take home the poor spirit whose journey is o'er—
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

So sang the children of the Leaves beside
The broad, dark river's coldly-flowing tide,
Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause and swell
On the high wind their voices rose and fell.
Nature's wild music—sounds of wind-swept trees,
The scream of birds, the wailing of the breeze,
The roar of waters, steady, deep and strong,
Mingled and murmured in that farewell song.

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* "Mat wonck kunna-monee." We shall see thee or her no more.—*Vide Roger Williams' "Key to the Indian language."*

† "The Great South West God." *See R. Williams' "Observations, &c."*

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# THE TRAVELS AND WRITINGS OF HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

The rapidity with which new names are constantly appearing upon our fast thickening roll of literary and scientific men must ultimately overlay many whose original reputation was due chiefly to the fact that they were among the pioneers of our early literature; and that their writings were acceptable to our countrymen when the general literary taste was unformed and crude. Among these pioneers, however, there is a class of writers who contributing to the *materials* rather than the *form* of literature, must ever be identified by their labors with the progress of letters among us. The man who builds a painted shingle palace in some new settlement, is for the time being one of the most noted in the hamlet; but as such ornamental tenements increase with the thrift of place, we recur to those who *located* the first log cabins in the "clearing," as the real fathers of the village; and we cherish the traces of their adventurous though clumsy labors with far more interest than we regard the ambitious "improvements" of their comfortably established successors. Nay! when we are brought in a way to realize the difficulties which the former class had to contend with in effecting a lodgment in the wilderness, we are disposed to enroll them as a class by themselves; or ticket their names and put them away as belonging to a set of worthies, who have done the land such service in their day, that not even "the march of mind" is to disturb their honorable repose by awaking new inquiry as to their merits judged by more modern standards of thought and action.

Mr. Schoolcraft (we doubt whether he will thank us for the illustration), in a literary point of view, many years ago became identified in our minds with this memorable class of pioneer citizens and genuine "old settlers" on the Indian tract of literature. We saw his name indeed occasionally attached to some scrap of poetry, or giving circulation to some literary address; but it was as the geographical explorer or Indian linguist and collector that it came from the far West to these Atlantic shores with most weight and meaning. As the mere votary of taste and elegant letters, if he were indeed really so, he seemed to us wonderfully out of place where he was. A man trifling with fowling-piece and trouting-rod where he ought to be hewing trees and burning "fallow," and getting his "location" ready for a crop, could not be more uselessly ornamental. But if these essays and poems were only a social diversion, and his real energies were devoted to developing, grasping, and subduing to the uses of science and literature, the abundant inert material around him, he was a very different character; a man who could estimate both the advantages and disadvantages of his position, and, without sighing over the bearing of the latter upon mere literary culture, seize upon the former to interweave his name with the very fibre of his country's literature. Whether accident or force of character, whether failure as a pretty poet and polite essayist, or predetermined intention to throw the real force of his powers into one sphere of literary labor may have determined the result we are unable to say; but Mr. S. stands now before the public equally peculiar and firmly based in his reputation as an author. "Schoolcraft's Indian Miscellany" will be at some future day quoted and referred to alike by poet and historian, as a standard book of reference in every well selected library. His "Algic Researches," his "Oneota," his contributions to the North American and other Reviews, and his various books of travel among the Aborigines, must all ultimately take this form. For the usages, traditions, and peculiarities of the Red man, form alike the staple of interest and value in all; and while the present deficiency in our libraries *must* be supplied by some collection which shall be authority on these subjects, Schoolcraft is the only author who comprises the necessary varieties of information in the writings of one man.

The literary career of Mr. Schoolcraft dates from the year 1809, when he began to publish some essays upon Natural History, in the periodicals of the day. But he was first known as an author, by a little work entitled "Vitreology," which appeared in 1817.

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The design of this treatise was to exhibit the application of Chemistry in the fusion of Siliceous and Alkaline bodies and the production of enamels, glasses, &c. In July of the ensuing year, we find from the sketches of his own wanderings in "Oneota," he was engaged in exploring the lead mines of the district of Missouri, and examining generally, the mineralogical and geological structure of that region of country. He at the same time explored the elevated and broken ranges of high lands, called the Ozark Mountains. While in Missouri, he drew up a description of the mines, which was published in New York, in 1819. This, Prof. Silliman says, in the American Journal of Science, is the first formal account of a mining district in the United States. Its publication procured for the author much literary notice. He was immediately made an honorary member of the New York Historical Society (of which Dr. Hosack was at that time President), and a corresponding member of the New York Lyceum of Natural History. Mineralogy had then just begun to attract great attention in this country, and the large collections which Mr. S. had brought home from the other side of the Mississippi attracted the votaries of this science around him. Among these was De-Witt Clinton, who became instantly interested in the western explorer, invited him to his table, gave him books and counsel, and by letters of introduction to eminent men in other parts of the Union, sent him forth on fresh rambles, under the best auspices.

In 1820, Mr. Schoolcraft accordingly repaired to Washington, with a plan for organizing the Western mines, a proposal which brought him under the notice of Mr. Calhoun, who soon afterwards sent him to the North-west to join Governor Cass, and explore Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi. Of this expedition, Mr. Schoolcraft drew up the narrative, which was eagerly read by the whole country. In 1821, came out his fourth publication, and this, illustrated with a sketch or two by Inman, who already was giving promise of his present fame as an artist, was so rapidly sold and favorably noticed, that Mr. Schoolcraft was at once fairly enrolled upon the then meagre list of American authors. It is entitled "Travels in the central portion of the Mississippi Valley," and covers the intermediate ground of that which he had journalized upon in his two intermediate tours.

These themes were then new and full of interest to our countrymen, and the zeal with which Mr. S. had acquitted himself in bringing them before the public recommended him to the notice of President Monroe, by whom, in 1822, he was commissioned as Agent of Indian Affairs, on the extreme north-western frontiers of our territory. His instructions were to proceed to Sault Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, and open an intercourse with the great family of the Chippewas, in that quarter, which had previously been exclusively in the British interest.

To establish these new Indian relations upon a proper basis, Mr. S. made repeated tours among the wild tribes of those then desolate regions. In 1825, we find him holding a convocation of various aboriginal nations at Prairie Du Chien, on the Upper Mississippi. In 1826, he holds another at Fond Du Lac, at the head of Lake Superior. In 1827, a third at Buttes de Mort, on Fox River, Wisconsin. His agency being now fully established, he accepted a seat in the territorial legislature of Michigan, which he retained for four years in succession; and during this time he formed and had incorporated the Michigan Historical Society, and delivered several public lectures at Detroit. It was during this influential period of his life that, guided alike by patriotism and good taste, Mr. Schoolcraft took a successful stand in that region of country against the absurd nomenclature which has elsewhere made such geographical confusion, by repeating over and over again, throughout the country, the names of places borrowed in the first instance from Europe, giving us any quantity of "Yorks," "Manchesters," and "Birminghams" in the wilderness. He submitted to the legislature a system of county and township names based upon the Indian Vocabularies, with which he was familiar, and found the historical names of "Pontiac," "Tecumseh," &c., at least as well received by his colleagues as are those of "Hannibal," "Scipio" and "Camillus" by the pedagogue-ridden people of this state.

In 1831, "The Algic Society," a literary and benevolent institution of Michigan, was organized through the exertions



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of Mr. Schoolcraft, and before this body he delivered Philological lectures upon the aboriginal dialects, and a poem upon Indian character. The labors of this association were, we believe, at one time enriched by the aid of Major Whiting, and other cultivated officers of the army, at that time in garrison at Detroit. But the Indian disturbances between the northwest tribes, which broke out the same year, gave to all parties more serious occupation. Schoolcraft was directed by Government to accompany a military force sufficient to over-awe the Indians, and see what could be done to establish peace among them; an object which was ultimately effected after a toilsome march to the Sioux and Chippewa country. On his return from this expedition, Mr. S. came down the Mississippi to Fever River, and reached his post by the way of Fort Winnebago, Green Bay, &c., an account of which appeared subsequently in an American Periodical.

In 1832, the small-pox made its appearance among the western Indians. In carrying the vaccine matter among them, as became his official duty, Mr. S. did not forget the interests of geographical science. In visiting the most remote northern tribes of his agency, he seized the occasion to trace up the Mississippi above the point where Pike stopped in 1807, and Cass in 1820, to its actual source in Itasca Lake. His account of this "Expedition to Itasca Lake" was published by the Harpers in 1834. From it we learn that the long-sought head of the river was discovered July 13th, 1832. At Meridian this day, Mr. Schoolcraft entered upon the Lake in his batteaux, and planted the United States flag upon its only island, just 149 years after La Salle had reached the mouth of the river (Schoolcraft's Island —Vide Nicollett's Hydros' Map and Report). The Blackhawk war broke out on the Border while Mr. S. was in the wilderness, but with his hardy associate, Lieut. Allen of the Infantry, he slipped through its dangers below St. Anthony's Falls, and reached home in safety. The general results of this expedition attracted much interest throughout the country, while the philological contributions upon the aboriginal dialects, which Mr. Schoolcraft introduced in the appendix to his account of the discovery, procured him the notice of Du. Ponceau and Gallatin, not to mention other less eminent philologians and ethnologists.

In 1836, Mr. S. was appointed commissioner to negotiate with the Chippewas and Otawas, and succeeded in effecting a treaty by which these tribes ceded to the United States some nine millions of acres between Grand River of Lake Michigan and Chocolate River of Lake Superior (or Lake Algoma, as Mr. Schoolcraft terms the latter water). In the same year he effected other treaties with the Saginaw, the Swan Creek, and Black River bands. In January, 1837, he negotiated successfully another Indian treaty at Detroit, and in the following December still another at Flint River; while, in the same and following year, he took measures for the removal of the bands remaining in Ohio, and some of those who had ceded their possessions in Michigan. In 1839, the Department of War transferred to Mr. S. the additional duties of principal disbursing agent for the northern department, which agency had formerly been in the charge of a field-officer of the United States Army. "For these *quadruple* and highly responsible duties," says Mr. Schoolcraft in his appeal to the government, "all extra compensation has been withheld till the present moment—a mere Agent's Salary being all that was ever received."

In 1841, Mr. Schoolcraft issued proposals for an Indian Cyclopedia, geographical, historical, philological, &c., only one number of which, we believe, ever appeared, owing to the difficulty of finding a publisher to carry on a work necessarily so expensive in character. In the next year, he visited England, France, Germany, Prussia and Holland, chiefly with the intention of attracting notice to his proposed great work, and with the hope of getting some European publishing-house to undertake it. While in England, he read several scientific papers before different learned bodies. Since his return, Mr. Schoolcraft has still made another tour to the west, for the sake of exploring the antiquities of some of the great mounds, regarding which he communicated a paper to the Royal Geographical Society of Denmark, of which, many years ago, he was made an honorary member. His chief literary labor since then, has been the task of editing his various MS. journals, relating to the history, poetry, traditions,

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customs, picture writing, &c., of the Red Race in America. This collection appears in numbers, under the title of Oneota. Its materials are invaluable to the future literature of the country. They are frequently rough, and always loosely arranged, but as it would require the leisure of years to digest these into ordinary *book* shape, and as the MSS. were too precious to be allowed to remain mouldering in the drawers of their zealous collector, we cannot too much commend his patriotic determination to give them almost in their primitive form to the public. These notes at once confirm and illustrate one of the most characteristic and interesting discoveries ever made with regard to the mind of the Red Man of America, namely, the existence of oral legends, and a rich and ever varying poetic mythology among our different tribes of aborigines. It is from the indigenous aliment thus supplied by him to the poetic mind of his country, that we are persuaded "Mr. S. has interwoven his name with the very fibre of her literature."

From the sketch of his life commenced in Oneota, to which we are indebted for many of the foregoing particulars, we learn that Schoolcraft was born in Albany county, New York; in the Valley of the Towasentha, a stream that rises among the Helderberg Mountains, and enters the Hudson a few miles below Albany. His first ancestor in this country, James Calcraft, came from England in the military service of the crown in the reign of George II., and settled in what is now Schoharie county, where in old age he taught the first English school in that part of "old Tryon;" an occupation which not unnaturally in the country round had the effect of changing his name from Calcraft into Schoolcraft. One of the grand-daughters of this old soldier, who crossed his blood with that of the German "Residenters" of the Mohawk, married the famous Ethan Allen, of Vermont, and his grand-son, Lawrence, the father of the author, joined the Revolutionary army at seventeen, and participated in the movements under Montgomery and Schuyler, and the heroic defence of Fort Stanwix, under Gansevoort. Our author, after his visit to England, made an attempt to revive his old family name of Calcraft in his own person, but soon very wisely abandoned it for the better known and really American name of Schoolcraft; a cognomen begotten upon his native soil, and made historical alike upon a Revolutionary muster-roll and through his own literary labors.

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# THE FARO-TABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMANN.

Pyrmont was more than usually resorted to in the summer of 18—. A crowd of distinguished wealthy strangers flocked thither, daily increasing the rage for every species of excitement. The keepers of the faro-bank heaped up the glittering gold to allure, experienced hunters that they were, the noblest game by the bait.

Who knows not the attractive, irresistible charm of play at a summer watering-place, where every one steps out of his accustomed habit of living and resigns himself with forethought to the freer leisure, the sense-dissipating pleasures of the place? People enough may be found, who on other occasions would not touch a card, deeply immersed in the game, and as for the fashionable world of good society, it plays and loses its money every evening.

Of this irresistible charm, of this canon of good society, a young German Baron—whom we will call Siegfried, alone appeared to take no notice. All hastened to the gaming table, while he, finding himself cut off from every means and prospect of amusing himself intellectually in society, preferred to abandon himself to the play of his fancy in a solitary walk, take up a book in his room, or employ his time in original, practical, or scientific composition.

Siegfried was young, rich, independent, of a noble figure, courageous spirit,

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so that it could not fail that he should be highly treasured and loved by the men, and that his fortune with the women should be decisive. In whatever he would undertake, in whatever he would only commence, a peculiar fortunate star appeared to rule over him. People talked of his various adventurous love affairs, which fairly obtruded themselves upon him, and which, disastrous as in all probability they would have proved to any one else, he freed himself from, lightly and happily, in some incredible way of his own. The old men of the Baron's acquaintance were accustomed to tell many stories of his good luck, and in particular one of a watch which he had worn in his youth.

It happened that Siegfried, while yet under guardianship, while on a journey unexpectedly felt the want of money, and for the sake of getting forward was obliged to part with this richly jewelled gold watch. He was willing enough to sell it for a small sum, but a young nobleman in the very hotel where he was staying, wanting precisely such a jewel, gave him more for it than its real value. A year passed by, Siegfried became his own master, and one day at another place, reading in the newspaper that a watch was to be gambled for, took a share and won the jewelled gold watch he had sold. Not long afterwards he exchanged it for a costly ring. He went for a short time into the service of Prince Von G—, and the latter sent to him at his leave-taking, as a remembrance of his well-wishing, this very gold watch, set with brilliants.

From these stories, and the obstinacy of Siegfried, who would not touch a card, though he had the greatest inducement in his decisive luck, it came to be generally considered that the Baron, notwithstanding his other qualities, must be a niggard, much too careful, much too illiberal to expose himself to the smallest loss. It was in vain that the conduct of the Baron quite decisively contradicted every suspicion of avarice—the world followed its own custom. It invented a scandal and then swore to it. The world was highly rejoiced at this interpretation of Siegfried's aversion from play.

The comment soon came to Siegfried's ears, and he, high-spirited, liberal, hating nothing more than niggardliness, determined to put down the calumniators, disgusting as play might be to him, and buy himself free with a couple of hundred louis-d'ors or even more, from the base suspicion. He found himself at the bank with the firm intention of losing the considerable sum he had placed in his pocket, but even in play the fortune which stood him in stead in whatever he undertook, would not be untrue. Every card which he turned up won. The cabalistic calculations of the experienced knowing ones were frustrated by the play of the Baron. He might change the cards, he might play them over, his luck was the same. The Baron illustrated the peculiar phenomenon of a player indignant with himself at his good luck, outraged with the success of his cards. Easily as this conduct might have been accounted for, he was regarded with thoughtful countenances and warned of the danger of frenzy, for frenzied they thought the player must be who exhibited terror at his good fortune.

The fact that he had won a considerable sum obliged the baron to play on in the hope of losing what he had already gained, but with no success; for the decisive luck of the Baron remained the same.

Concealed from his own knowledge, a fondness for faro playing (fatal in its simplicity without the zest of excitement) was more and more aroused in the breast of the Baron.

He was no longer content with his fortune. Play captivated his attention, and held him almost the whole night through as if impelled by the love of play, not merely of gain, influenced by the strange magic of which his friends spoke, and which he throughout would not allow.

One night just as the banker had ended a deal, casting up his eyes, he perceived an elderly man who had placed himself opposite to him, and had directed his sad earnest look unchangeably upon him. Once when the Baron looked up from play, his glance had met the mournful eye of the stranger. He could not repress an intrusive, uneasy sensation. The first man, when the play ended, the stranger left the hall. On the following night, he stood again opposite to the Baron, and stared at him ceaselessly with gloomy ghostlike eyes. The Baron still restrained himself; but on the third night when the stranger again presented himself, with

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a consuming fire in his eyes staring upon the Baron, the latter complained to him that he constrained his play and begged him to choose another place.

The stranger bowed, smiled painfully, and left the gaming table and the saloon without saying a word.

The following night again the stranger stood opposite to the Baron, piercing him through with his darkly gleaming eyes.

The Baron burst out scornfully as on the previous night. "Sir, if you make a jest at staring at me, I beg you to choose another time and another place for it, but in this instant—"

A movement with the hand towards the door supplied the place of the hard words the Baron was about to utter.

As on the previous night, with the self-same painful smile and submissive bow he left the hall.

Excited by play, the wine he had drunk, by the scene itself with the stranger, Siegfried could not sleep. The morning already dawned as the complete figure of the stranger passed before his eyes. He saw the significant, sharply-furrowed, grief-harassed face, the deep gloomy eyes which stared upon him, he remarked the noble bearing betraying the man of fine education in spite of his mean attire—and now the mournful resignation with which the stranger received the hard words and the struggle with the bitterest feeling as he left the hall. "Yes," cried Siegfried, "I did him wrong, grievous wrong! am I the man to bellow out like a coarse fellow of common ill-breeding, to offend people without the least pretext."

The Baron convinced himself that the man had stared upon him, impressed by the most painful sense of the cutting contrast of wealth and poverty—that while he, the Baron, heaped up gold upon gold, the other was perhaps contending with the bitterest need. He determined, early the following morning, to seek out the stranger and arrange the affair.

Accident determined that precisely the first person the Baron, walking in the park, should meet was the stranger.

The Baron addressed him, earnestly excusing his demeanor on the previous night, and besought pardon. The stranger had nothing to forgive; great allowance was to be made for a player earnestly engaged in the game, and he had himself drawn down the harshness by stubbornly remaining upon a spot in which he must annoy the Baron.

The Baron went further. He reminded him that frequently in life a momentary perplexity would disturb the man of the most refinement, and intimated that he was ready to give him the gold he had won and more, if he could assist him.

"Dear sir," replied the stranger, "you take me for a necessitous person, which I am not precisely, for, more poor than rich, I have yet as much as my simple manner of life demands. You must see yourself that I, could I accept the reparation which you propose for an injury, could not be a man of honor."

"I believe I understand you," replied the Baron puzzled, "and am ready to give you satisfaction as you demand."

"In Heaven's name," proceeded the stranger, "how unequal would a combat between us two be! I am convinced that you, as well as myself, do not hold the duel as child's play, and by no means think that a couple of drops of blood, flowing perhaps from the little finger, can wash polluted honor pure. There are many occasions to render it impossible that two men should exist near each other on the globe, and live, the one on Caucasus, the other on the Tiber, there would be no reparation while thought of the existence of the hated one survives. Here is the duel necessary to decide the point, who shall yield the other a place upon this earth. Between us two, the duel would be, as I said, unequal, for my life is in no ways worth as much as yours. If I thrust you through, I kill an entire world of the fairest hopes; if I fall, you have ended a ruined life full of grief, of the bitterest tormenting remembrances. I do not consider myself at all offended. You bade me go and I went!"

The stranger spoke the last words in a tone which betrayed a heartfelt grief. Ground enough had the Baron to excuse himself from the fact that, for whatever reason this glance of the old man might be directed upon him, to his innermost heart—he could not bear it.

"Would that my glance had penetrated actually to your heart," said the stranger, "to arouse a thought of the pressing danger which hangs over you

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—with merry heart, with youthful unconcern, you are standing on the edge of a precipice, one single movement and you are thrown down without salvation. You are about to become a passionate gamester and ruin yourself."

The Baron replied that the stranger entirely erred. He related minutely the circumstances of his coming to the gaming table, declared that he had nothing of the gambler's peculiar infatuation for play, that he only desired to lose a couple of hundred louis-d'ors, and when he had attained this he would cease to play. Hitherto his fortune had been most favorable.

"Ah!" cried the stranger, "this very luck is the wickedest, knavish enticement of the fiend-like Might—this very luck with which you play, Baron! the entire manner in which you have come to the table, nay, your entire existence in play only too clearly shows how completely your heart is wrapped up in it. All, all reminds me only too vividly of the wretched fate of an Unfortunate, who, equal to you in every respect, commenced even like yourself. It was on this account that I could not turn my eyes from you, that I could scarce refrain from saying in words, what my glance should have let you discover. See, see the demons stretch out their claw fists, to tear you down to Orcus! Thus could I have cried out. I wished to make your acquaintance—that has at least succeeded—to tell you the story of the Unfortunate whom I mentioned; perhaps to persuade you that it is from no empty chimera that I regard you in the deepest danger, and warn you."

The stranger and the baron took their seats upon a solitary bench, and the stranger began in the following manner.

"The same brilliant qualities, which you, Baron, display, gained for the Chevalier Menars the esteem and wonder of the men, and rendered him the favorite of the women. Only so far as wealth was concerned, had fortune not favored him as yourself. He was almost needy, and only by the most systematic method of life, could he appear in the station, his rank as the descendant of a family of consequence demanded. It was on this account, feeling sensibly that the smallest loss would destroy entirely his whole plans of life, that he did not allow himself to engage in play, and indeed he had no desire to play, and made no sacrifice in avoiding it. Everything that he undertook succeeded with him, and the luck of the Chevalier Menars became a byword.

"Contrary to his custom, one night he suffered himself to be persuaded to visit a gaming-house. The friends who went with him soon engaged in play.

"Without participation in the game, deep in other thoughts, the Chevalier now walked up and down the hall, now stared upon the table where the banker's gold upon gold streamed forth on all sides. An old Colonel suddenly observed the Chevalier, and cried aloud—'The devil! there is the Chevalier among us with his luck, and we can win nothing, since he has declared neither for the banker nor the players, but that shall no longer be—he shall play for me!'

"The Chevalier might excuse himself as he would with his awkwardness, with his lack of all experience, the Colonel would receive nothing—the Chevalier must sit down at the gaming table.

"Just as with you, Herr Baron, it went with the Chevalier. Every card turned out well for him, so that he had soon won a considerable sum for the Colonel, who could not enough rejoice at the happy accident of having demanded the tried fortune of the Chevalier Menars.

"Upon the Chevalier himself his luck, which set every one wondering, made not the least impression; nay, he himself knew not how it happened; his opposition to play still more increased, so that on the following morning, as he felt the consequences of his exertions in the wakeful night, in mental and bodily weakness, he earnestly resolved never again on any pretence to visit a gaming house.

"This resolution was still further strengthened by the conduct of the old Colonel who, whenever he touched a card, met with decided ill luck, and attributed his ill fortune to the Chevalier. He earnestly begged that the Chevalier should play for him or at least stand by him when he played, to banish by his presence the bad demon who thrust in his hands the cards which never succeeded. It is well known that superstition is nowhere more prevalent than amongst gamesters. It was only by the greatest seriousness, by the declaration that he would rather fight with him than play for him, that the Chevalier could keep the Colonel (no friend to duels) off. The Chevalier cursed his complacency towards the old fool.

"However it could not fail, that the

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story of the remarkably fortunate play of the Baron fled from mouth to mouth, and that all manner of mysterious circumstances should be told of it, all of which exhibited the Chevalier as a man in alliance with the Higher Powers. But the circumstance that the Chevalier, notwithstanding his luck, did not touch cards, was calculated to give the highest idea of the firmness of his character and increase the esteem in which he stood.

"A year may have elapsed when the Chevalier, through unexpected failure of the small sum from which he paid his usual expenditure, was thrown into the most urgent painful perplexity. He was obliged to disclose his situation to his truest friend, who without hesitation helped him to what he needed, but immediately upbraided him as the most foolish fellow who had ever lived.

"'Destiny,' said he, 'gives us a wink in what way we shall seek and find our welfare; it only lies in our indolence, if we take no notice of, if we do not comprehend these winks. The Higher Might which governs us has whispered very plainly into your ear—"wilt thou gain gold and wealth, go and play; else thou remainest poor, necessitous, dependent for ever.'

"The thought now first occurred how remarkably fortunate he had been at the faro-bank; dreaming and waking, he saw cards, he heard the peculiar sounds —*gagne—perd* of the Bankers, the clicking of the gold pieces!

"It is true, said he to himself, one single night like that raises me out of necessity, places me above the pressing perplexity of falling upon my friends: it is a duty to follow the Wink of Destiny.

"The friend who advised him to play, gave him twenty louis-d'ors to commence without anxiety, and accompanied him to the table. If the Chevalier had formerly played brilliantly for the Colonel, he now transcended himself. Blindly, without choice, he drew the cards which he seized; but not he, the invisible hand of the Higher Power which confides in accident, or rather is itself what we call accident, appeared to govern the game. When the play ended, he had won a thousand louis-d'ors. He awoke the next morning in a state of stupefaction. The gold pieces he had won lay poured out near him on the table. He thought at the first moment he dreamt, he rubbed his eyes, he seized the table and drew it nearer to him. When he recollected what had happened, as he wallowed in the gold pieces, as he again counted and recounted them, there ran for the first time through his whole being a baleful Poison breath, the lust of vile mammon. In that moment was lost the purity of soul he had so long preserved.

"He could scarcely await the night to take him to the gaming table. His fortune remained the same; so that in a few weeks, during which he had played every night, he had won an immense sum.

"There are two kinds of players. To many, play itself as play, without regard to winning, presents an indescribable mysterious pleasure. In the strange concatenation of accident alternating in the mysterious game, the government of the Higher Power steps visibly out, and it is even this which urges on our spirit to stir and essay its wings whether it may not soar to the dark kingdom, the fateful workshop of that Power to spy out its labors. I have known a man, the day, the night long, in his chamber make a bank and mark himself the game. He was the genuine gamester. Others have only the winning before their eyes, and pursue the game as a means of speedily enriching themselves. The Chevalier proved that the true, deep taste for play is part of the individual nature, must be born with a man.

"The circle in which the Ponteur moved, soon became too narrow for him. With the very considerable sums which he gained at play, he established a bank, and here also the same luck favored him, so that in a short time his bank was the richest in all Paris. As was to be expected the greatest number of players flocked to the richest, most fortunate Banker.

"This wild, waste life of the gamester extripated soon all the mental and personal accomplishments which had formerly gained the Chevalier love and esteem. He ceased to be a true friend, an unprejudiced, serene companion, a knightly, gallant worshipper of the ladies. Extinguished was his taste for science and art, gone all his effort to advance in becoming knowledge. In his death-pale countenance, in his gloomy, dimly burning eyes, lay the full expression of the ruinous passion which held him

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bound—not gaming, no, it was the most hateful avarice with which Satan himself had inflamed his heart. In one word, he was the most consummate of all gaming Bankers.

"One night, it happened to the chevalier without his having, exactly, lost a large sum, that his luck had been less favorable than formerly. A small, old, withered man, meanly clad, of an almost repulsive face, stepped to the gaming table, took a card with trembling hand and put upon it one gold piece. Many of the gamesters glanced at the old man with deep astonishment, and treated him even with striking contempt without his changing countenance, much less uttering a word of complaint.

"The old man lost, lost one stake after another; but the higher his loss so much the other players applauded. Yes, as the old man, ever doubling his stake, once placed upon a card five hundred louis-d'ors and lost them on the very instant, one cried out in the midst of laughter, 'Well done, well done, Signor Vertua, dont give up, go on, go on, you will break the bank yet at this immense rate!'

"The old man cast a basilisk look at the jester and ran immediately out, but entered again in only half an hour, his pockets filled with gold. With the last deal all was at an end; he had again played away all the gold he had brought to the spot.

"The Chevalier, who, notwithstanding the infamy of his doings, yet supported a certain demeanor which must be preserved at his bank, was displeased in the highest degree at the scorn, the contempt with which the old man had been treated. There was ground enough when the play was ended, and the old man had withdrawn, to call to account the jester as well as two others whose disgraceful conduct to the old man had been most evident.

"'Ah,' cried one, 'you do not know old Francisco Vertua, Chevalier, or you would not complain of us and our conduct, but call it rather entirely praiseworthy. Learn, that this Vertua, a Neapolitan by birth, for the last fifteen years in Paris, is the lowest, foulest, wickedest miser and usurer living. Every manly feeling is a stranger to him; he could see his own brother writhe in the death agony at his feet, and it would be in vain to ask him to yield a single louis-d'or if it could bring him to life again. The curses and imprecations of a multitude of men, of whole families plunged into the deepest ruin through his satanic speculations, press heavily upon him. He is bitterly hated by all who know him; every one wishes that the Revenge for all the evil that he does would grasp him and end his guilt-spotted life. He has never played, at least so long as he has been at Paris, and after all that, you need not wonder at the astonishment in which we were thrown as the old miser stepped to the table. We must needs rejoice over his excessive ill fortune; for wrong, entirely wrong would it have been if fortune had favored the wicked wight. It is only too certain that the riches of your bank, Chevalier, blinded the old fool. He thought of plucking you and lost his own feathers. But it is yet inconceivable to know how Vertua, contrary to the peculiar nature of avarice, could resolve upon such high play. He will not come again, we have got rid of him.'

"This conjecture, however, was by no means successful, for on the following night Vertua appeared again at the bank of the Chevalier, staking and losing much more largely than the day before. There he remained, calmly laughing at times with bitter irony, as if with a certain prescience of the reverse of his ill luck. But as an avalanche, grew quicker and quicker on each succeeding night, the loss of the old man; so that it was at last reckoned he had paid to the bank thirty thousand louis-d'ors. He came there again, but long after the game had commenced, deadly pale, with a disturbed eye, placed himself far away from the gaming table, directing his eyes firmly at the cards which the Chevalier threw out. Finally, when the Chevalier had shuffled the cards, suffered them to be cut and was about to begin to deal, the old man cried out in a shrieking voice—'Stop,' arresting the attention of the company. The old man pressed through, closely up to the chevalier, and spoke in a low voice in his ear—Chevalier! my house in the Rue St. Honoré together with the entire appurtenances, and my property in silver, gold, and jewels, are valued at eighty thousand francs, will you

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take the stake?' 'Good,' answered the Chevalier, coolly, and without looking at the old man, began the deal.

"'The Queen,' cried the old man, and at the next drawing the Queen had lost. The old man recoiled and leant upon the wall passionless and motionless, like a rigid statue. No one troubled himself further about him. The game was ended, the players dispersed, the Chevalier with his croupiers packed the gold won in his chest; the old Vertua wavered forth as a ghost out of the corner before the Chevalier, and said, in a dead hollow tone—'Yet one word, chevalier—one single word.'

"'What's the matter now?' replied the Chevalier, as he drew the key from the chest, and with contempt measured the old man from head to foot.

"'All my wealth,' proceeded the old man, 'I lost at your bank. Chevalier, nothing, nothing remains to me further. I know not where I shall lay down my head to-morrow; with what I shall still my hunger. To you, Chevalier, I have recourse. Lend me the tenth part of the sum you have won from me. With it I begin again my business, and raise myself out of the deepest need.'

"'What think you, Signor Vertua?' answers the Chevalier, 'know you not that a banker never dare lend from his winnings? That runs contrary to the old rule from which I do not turn aside—'

"'You are right, Chevalier,' spoke Vertua further. 'My demand was frantic—excessive—the tenth part!—no! lend me the twentieth part!'

"'I tell you, verily,' answered the Chevalier, fretfully, 'that I never lend from my winnings!'

"'It is true,' spoke Vertua, while his countenance grew even paler, his glance even more staring and fixed. 'You are right in lending nothing. It was not my habit either. But, give an alms for the beggar, give him from the riches blind fortune has thrown to you to-day, a hundred louis-d'ors.'

"'Now in truth,' pursued the Chevalier, cheerfully, 'you understand how to tease people, Signor Vertua. I tell you, not a hundred, not fifty—not twenty—not one single louis-d'or do you get from me. Mad must I be, to give you only the least assistance, that with it you may begin anew your scandalous craft. Fate has trodden you down in the dust as a venomous worm, and it were sacrilegious to raise you up again. Go out and perish as you deserve!'

"Vertua drew both hands before his face and sank with a deep sigh. The Chevalier commanded the servants to bring the chest out to the coach, and asked, in a loud tone, 'When do you deliver me your house, your effects, Signor Vertua?'

"Vertua gathered himself up from the ground, and said with a firmer voice, 'Immediately, this very instant, Chevalier! come with me!'

"'Good,' replied the Chevalier. 'You can go with me to your house, that you must quit for ever, to-morrow.'

"Neither Vertua nor the Chevalier spoke a single word the whole way. When they arrived at the house in the *Rue St. Honoré*, Vertua rang the bell. An old matron opened the door and cried, as she perceived Vertua—'Oh, Saviour of the world, it is you at last, Signor Vertua. Angela has fretted herself half dead for your sake'—

"'Be silent,' answered Vertua, 'pray heaven that Angela has not heard the unlucky bell. She shall not know that I have returned.'

"And with that he took from the hand of the petrified old woman, the candlestick with the burning wax candle, and lighted the Chevalier forward into the chamber.

"'I am prepared for everything,' said Vertua. 'You hate, you despise me, Chevalier! You ruined me, you and others for pleasure, but you know me not. Learn then that I formerly was a gamester like yourself, that to me capricious luck was prodigal as to you, that I travelled over half of Europe, tarried everywhere, where high play, the hope of high winnings allured me, that gold incessantly heaped itself in my bank as in yours. I had a fair, true wife, whom I neglected, who was miserable in the midst of the most brilliant wealth. It happened that as I once in Geneva set up my bank, a young Roman lost all his rich inheritance at my table. As I have requested you to day, he begged me to lend him money at least enough to travel back to Rome. I refused him with scornful laughter, and in the frenzied madness of despair, he thrust a dagger, which he carried with him, deep in my breast. The physicians succeeded in saving me with difficulty, but my sick bed was tedious and painful. My wife

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nursed me, comforted me, held me upright when I sank under pain, and with my recovery there dawned upon me a feeling and gained the mastery of me which I had never before known. The gambler becomes estranged from every manly emotion; thus it was that I knew not love, the true attachment of a wife. The thought burned deep in my soul that my unthankful heart owed so much to my wife, and that I had sacrificed her to such an impious calling. Like tormenting spirits of revenge appeared to me all those whose happiness in life, whose whole existence I had considered with wicked indifference, and I heard their deep, hoarse, death voices, reproach me with all the guilt, all the crime whose seeds I had implanted; only my wife could banish the nameless grief, the terror which then seized me! —I made a vow never to touch a card more. I drew myself back, I tore myself loose from the bonds which held me fast. I withstood the entreaties of my croupiers, who would not relinquish me and my luck. A small country-seat near Rome, which I purchased, was the place, whither, as soon as I had perfectly recovered, I fled with my wife. Alas! only for one single year fell to my lot a calm, a happiness, a joy—I had never anticipated! My wife here bore me a daughter and died a few weeks afterwards. I was thrown into despair. I accused heaven, I cursed then myself, my wretched life, which the Everlasting Might had avenged, in taking from me my wife who had saved me from destruction, the only being who afforded me hope and comfort. As a criminal, who fears the terrors of solitude, I drove myself forth from my country-seat here to Paris. Angela grew up, the sweet image of her mother; upon her hung my whole heart, for her I determined not only to provide a large property but ever to increase it. It is true I lent money at high interest—an infamous calumniation is it, if they upbraid me as a cheating usurer. And who are these accusers? Light-minded people who restlessly harass me till I lend them money which they squander as a thing without worth, and then will almost run mad when I would collect with inexorable severity the money which belonged not to me, no, to my daughter, the steward of whose property I regarded myself. Not long is it since I rescued a young man from shame, from destruction, by advancing to him a considerable sum. Not a syllable did I mention of the demand, for he, as I knew, was miserably poor, till he acquired a rich inheritance. I asked him for the debt. Think you, Chevalier, that the frivolous wretch, who had owed his whole existence to me, denied the debt, that he reproached me as a base usurer, since he had to pay me the debt by force of law? I could relate to you many similar occurrences which have made me hard and unfeeling where I meet with frivolity, with baseness. Enough!—I could tell you that I dried up many bitter tears, that many a prayer for myself and my Angela rose to heaven, yet you would take it for false ostentation and think nothing of it, for you are a gamester! —I thought that the Everlasting Might had been avenged—it was only a delusion! then the Devil was permitted to blind me in the same wretched manner as before—I heard of your fortune, Chevalier! Every day I learnt that this one, that that one had been reduced to a beggar at your bank; there came to me the thought that I was appointed to stake my gaming luck which never had forsaken me against yours, that it lay in my hand to put an end to your calling, and this thought, which only a strange delusion could have engendered, left me no rest, no quiet more. So I came to your bank, I forsook not my wretched infatuation until my—my Angela's property was yours! It is now over.—Will you permit my daughter to take her wardrobe with her?'

"'The wardrobe of your daughter,' replied the Chevalier, 'is worth nothing to me. You can take your beds and necessary household furniture with you. What should I do with the old lumber? —yet take care that nothing of any value that has fallen to me slip in with it.'

"The old Vertua stared at the Chevalier a few moments speechless, then a flood of tears rushed from his eyes; entirely overpowered, full of grief and despair, he sank down before the Chevalier and cried with uplifted hands:— "Chevalier, have you no manly feeling in your heart—be pitiful!—pitiful!— Not myself, my daughter, my Angela, the innocent angel-child you thrust into destruction!—be pitiful to her. Lend her, her, my Angela, the twentieth part

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of her property, that you have robbed her of!—I know it—you relent—O Angela—my daughter!'

"The old man sobbed—lamented—groaned—cried out in heart-cutting tones the name of his child.

"'The flat theatrical scene begins to be tedious to me,' said the Chevalier indifferently and fretfully; but in the same instant the door sprang open and a maiden in white night-garments, with loosened hair, death in her countenance, rushed to the old Vertua, raised him up, seized him in her arms and cried—'Oh, my father—my father—I heard—I know all. Have you then lost all? all? Have you not your Angela? What could gold or property do if Angela did not nourish you, cherish you? O father, degrade yourself no longer before this unmanly despicable man. We do not, it is he who remains poor and miserable in his abundant base wealth—there leave him in dread, comfortless solitude—no living heart is there on the wide earth to cling to his breast, to unbosom itself to him when, alone, by himself, he shall despair of life!—Come, my father—leave this house with me, let us hasten away that this wretched man may not entertain himself with your grief!'

"Vertua sank half powerless in an armchair. Angela knelt down before him, seized his hands, kissed, caressed him, reckoned in childlike babbling all the accomplishments, all the talents which were at her command and by which she could abundantly maintain her father, conjured him, with scalding tears, to renounce all grief; that now life, if she could only, not for pleasure, no, for her father, embroider, sew, sing, play on the guitar, would for the first time be worth preserving.

"Who, what hardened sinner, could remain indifferent to the sight of Angela, blooming in full heavenly beauty, as with such lovely tones she comforted her old father, as out of her deepest heart flowed the purest love and the most childlike virtue?

"It was otherwise with the Chevalier. An entire hell, full of pain and anguish of conscience, awoke in his heart. Angela appeared to him the rebuking angel of God, before whose glance the misty veil of criminal delusion disappeared, so that he saw with horror his miserable Self in loathsome nakedness.

"In the midst of this hell, whose flames raged in the Chevalier's heart, arose a pure, Godlike beam whose light was the sweetest rapture and bliss of heaven; but by the light of this beam his nameless grief became only the more unendurable.

"The Chevalier had never yet loved. As he looked at Angela there was a moment in which he was seized by the most vehement passion, and immediately by the despairing grief of entire hopelessness. A man truly could have no hope who appeared to the pure heaven's child, the sweet Angela, as the Chevalier.

"The Chevalier essayed to speak; he could not; a cramp, as it were,' lamed his tongue. Finally he collected himself with effort, and stammered in a trembling voice, 'Signor Vertua—hear me! I have now nothing from you, truly nothing—there is my chest—it is your's—no! I must pay you yet more—I am your debtor—take it—take it'—

"'O my daughter,' cried Vertua, but Angela rose up, stepped before the Chevalier, beamed upon him with a proud glance, 'Chevalier, learn that there is something higher than gold and wealth. Sentiments, strange to you, which fill our souls with the comfort of heaven, return your gifts, your favor with contempt. Keep the Mammon upon which a curse abides which follows you, a heartless, abandoned gamester."

"'Yes!' cried the Chevalier, quite out of himself with a wild look, in a wretched tone, 'yes, cursed—cursed will I be, cast down into the deepest hell if ever again this hand touches a card!—And if you thrust me from you, Angela! thus you bring upon me remediless destruction—oh, you know not—you understand me not—wandering must you think me—but you will feel, you will know all when I lie before you a suicide.—Angela is death or life! Farewell!'

"The Chevalier rushed forth in the deepest despair. Vertua entirely understood him, he knew what was passing in him and sought to make intelligible to the sweet Angela, that there might occur certain circumstances, to lead to the necessity of receiving the Chevalier's gifts. Angela suddered when she understood her father. She saw not how it was possible to meet the Chevalier otherwise than with contempt. The destiny which forms itself out of the deepest depth of the manly heart, uncon-

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sciously to itself, brought that to pass which had not been thought of, had not been foreseen.

"The Chevalier, as if suddenly awaked from a frightful dream, saw himself now on the edge of a hell-precipice, and stretched out his arms in vain to the glancing heavenly form which appeared to him, not to save him—no! to remind him of his damnation.

"To the astonishment of all Paris, the Bank of the Chevalier Menars disappeared from the gaming-house, he himself was seen no more, and the most various and wonderful reports were abroad, of which one was only more lying than another. The Chevalier avoided all company, his love expressed itself in the deepest, most indigestible grief. It happened that he met old Vertua and his daughter suddenly in one of the solitary and darkest passages of the gardens at Malmaison.

"Angela, who believed she could not look upon the Chevalier otherwise than with loathing and contempt, felt herself strangely moved as she saw him before her, troubled and deadly pale, scarcely taking courage, in his bashful reserve, to raise his eyes. She knew well that the Chevalier, since that fatal night, had entirely abandoned play, that he had changed his whole course of life. She, she alone had accomplished all this, she had saved the Chevalier from destruction. Could the vanity of woman be further flattered?

"As Vertua exchanged the usual salutations with the Chevalier, Angela asked with a tone of the softest, kindest sympathy:—'What has disturbed you, Chevalier Menars? you appear ill. In truth you should confide yourself to a physician.'

"It may be supposed that Angela's words beamed through the Chevalier with comforting hope. On the instant he was no longer the same. He raised his head, he was able to utter those words springing forth from the deepest soul, which formerly opened to him all hearts. Vertua reminded him to take possession of the house he had won.

"'Yes, Signor Vertua,' said the Chevalier enthusiastically, 'that will I!—I come to you to-morrow. But, with your permission, we shall consult right carefully on the conditions, should it take a month.'

"'Be it so. It seems to me,' replied Vertua, smiling, 'many things at the time might come into discourse, of which we cannot think at present.' It could not fail that the Chevalier, comforted at heart, should revive anew all the love-worthiness, once peculiar to him before confused, ruinous passion had carried him away. His visits to old Signor Vertua became ever more frequent, ever more affectionate Angela became to him, whose guardian angel she had been, until she finally believed that she loved him truly from her very heart, and promised to give him her hand to the great joy of old Vertua, who looked upon the affair with reference to his prosperity as fully compensated.

"Angela, the happy bride of the Chevalier Menars, sat one day at the window, absorbed in various thoughts of love, delight, and bliss, as is quite usual with brides. A rifle regiment marched by with merry trumpet-sound, destined for the campaign in Spain. Angela regarded with interest those who were devoted to death in the unhappy war. A young man in the lustihood of youth looked up at Angela, as his mettlesome horse turned on the spot, and she sank powerless back in her chair.

"Ah, no one else was the rifleman who marched to bloody death, than the young Duvernet, the son of a neighbor, who had grown up with her, been almost daily in the house, and who first stayed away since the Chevalier appeared.

"In the severely reproachful look of the young man (the bitterness of death itself lay in it), knew Angela for the first time not only how unspeakably he had loved her—nay, how boundlessly she herself had loved him, without having been conscious of it, while she was only fooled and dazzled by the brilliance the Chevalier ever diffused around him. Now first she understood the young man's anxious sighs, his quiet, unassuming wooing; now first understood her own confused heart, knew what had moved her unquiet breast when Duvernet came, when she heard his voice.

"'It is too late, he is lost to me!' So spake Angela in her heart. She had the courage to combat down the comfortless feeling which would tear her heart, and because she had the courage to do it, she succeeded. Yet that something disturbing must have come to pass, could not escape the acuteness of

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the Chevalier; he thought indeed delicately enough, not to unriddle a secret, which he believed Angela must conceal from him, but he contented himself to deprive that threatening fiend of all power by hastening the marriage day, a festival he wished to arrange with his fine tact, with his peculiar taste for the occasion and humor of the sweet bride, that she might anew perceive the high love-worthiness of her husband.

"The Chevalier conducted himself towards Angela with a readiness for her least wish, with sincere esteem; for it sprang from the purest love, and the thought of Duvernet became thus entirely extinguished in her mind. The first cloud-shadow which fell upon her serene life was the sickness and death of old Vertua.

"Since that night in which he had lost his entire property at the bank of the Chevalier, he had never touched a card, but at the last instant of life, play appeared entirely to have taken possession of his soul. While the priest who came to afford him the consolation of the church at his departure, spoke to him of ghostly things, he lay there with locked eyes, murmured between his teeth — perd — gagne — made in the death agony the movement of dealing, of drawing the cards. In vain Angela and the Chevalier bent over him, called him with the tenderest names; he seemed to know nothing more, to discern nothing more. With a hearty sigh—*perd*— he gave up the ghost.

"In the deepest grief, Angela could not resist an uneasy dread at the manner of the old man's departure. The picture of that terrible night in which she first saw the Chevalier as a hardened, abandoned gamester, appeared vividly before her eyes, and the fearful thought came to her soul that the Chevalier would throw away the Angel's mask and mock her in his original Devil's character—that he would begin again his old life.

"Only too true soon became Angela's frightful presentiment.

"The Chevalier, in turn, at the dying scene of old Francisco Vertua, scorning in his last death need the comfort of the church, could not cease from thoughts of his early sinful life. It was yet from the very terror he experienced, he himself knew not how, that play again vividly as before came into his mind, so that nightly in his dreams he sat at the bank and heaped up new riches.

"In the same degree that Angela grasped that recollection of the Chevalier's former appearance, embarrassed, as if it were impossible for her to retain that loving, confiding disposition with which she had once regarded him, in even that degree came mistrust in the Chevalier's heart towards Angela, whose embarrassment he ascribed to that secret which had formerly disturbed Angela's calmness, and which he had left undiscovered. In this strange agitation of feeling, the thought of the unhappy Duvernet revived in Angela's heart, and with it the cheerless sense of utterly violated love, the fairest flower springing from the young heart. Even higher rose the uneasiness of both, till it went so far that the Chevalier found his entirely simple life tedious and tasteless, and longed, with all his strength, for the world.

"The Chevalier's evil star began to rule. What inner discontent, deep disquiet, commenced, a profligate man, a former croupier at the Chevalier's bank, completed. By his wicked discourse he brought the Chevalier to think his actions childish and laughable. He could not understand how, for the sake of a wife, he could forget the world, which alone appeared to him worth living for.

"It was not long before the rich gold-bank glanced splendidly as ever. Fortune had not left him, victim after victim fell, and heaped up his riches. But ruined, fearfully disturbed, was Angela's happiness, which resembled a brief fair dream. The Chevalier treated her with indifference, nay, with contempt. She often saw him not for a week, a month. An old house-keeper took charge of the household affairs; the servants were changed at the humor of the Chevalier, so that Angela, a stranger in her own house, nowhere found comfort. Often, when she passed a sleepless night, as the Chevalier's carriage stopped before the house, as the heavy chest labored slowly out, as the Chevalier threw himself about with brief harsh words, and the doors of the distant chamber would be driven to with a clash, then burst a stream of bitter tears from her eyes. In the deepest heart-cutting grief, she called a hundred times the name of Duvernet, implored that the Everlasting Might would end her miserable grief-disturbed life.

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"It happened that a youth of good family, after he had lost his property at the Chevalier's bank, in the gaming-house, and even in the very room where the Chevalier's bank was established, blew out his brains, so that the blood and brains sprinkled the gamesters, who, in their terror, were scattered on all sides. The Chevalier, only, remained indifferent, and asked, as all were withdrawing, whether it were the rule and custom to give up all conduct in play, for the sake of a fool, and leave the bank before the appointed hour.

"The affair made a great noise. The most experienced, hardened gamesters were indignant at the conduct of the Chevalier. They were all active against him. The police broke up the Chevalier's bank. They upbraided him with false play; his unheard of success spoke for the truth of the accusation. He could not clear himself; the fine he had to pay robbed him of a considerable portion of his wealth. He saw himself disgraced, despised—he came back to the arms of his wife, whom he had ill-treated, and who willingly received him repentant, for the thought of her father, who was reclaimed from the delicious gaming life, let a glimmer of hope dawn upon her, that the Chevalier's return, since he had become older, would really be permanent.

"The Chevalier left Paris with his wife, and betook himself to Geneva, Angela's birth-place.

"Here the Chevalier lived for a time, quite reclaimed. But it was in vain to expect a continuance of that state of quiet domesticity with Angela, which his bad demon had overthrown. It did not long endure; his heart-felt discontent so increased and drove him forth from the house in restless inconstancy. His bad reputation had followed him from Paris to Geneva; he dared not venture to establish his bank, notwithstanding he was impelled to it with irresistible power.

"At that time, a French Colonel, who had been incapacitated by serious wounds for the service of war, kept the richest bank in Geneva. The Chevalier, with envy and the deepest hate at his heart, drew to this bank, thinking his accustomed luck would soon enable him to destroy his rival. The Colonel cried to the Chevalier, with a pleasant humor which was not usual with him, that 'now play, for the first time, was worth while, since the Chevalier Menars had entered with his luck, for now there was a conflict which alone made play interesting.'

"Indeed, at the first deal, the cards were thrown to the Chevalier, as formerly. But as, trusting to his inconquerable luck, he finally cried *Va banque*, he had at one throw lost an important sum.

"The Colonel, formerly the same in good or ill fortune, drew in the gold with every vivid demonstration of the most extravagant joy. In one instant, fortune entirely and for ever abandoned the Chevalier.

"He played every night, lost every night, until his property had diminished to the sum of a couple of thousand ducats which he held in paper.

"The Chevalier wandered about the whole day; he exchanged his paper for specie, and came home late in the evening. At the setting in of night as he was going forth, the last gold piece in his pocket, Angela met him in the way; she well knew what was passing, threw herself before his feet while a flow of tears poured from her eyes, besought him by the Virgin and all the holy saints, to desist from his bad pursuit, not to thrust themselves in need and misery.

"The Chevalier raised her up, drew her with passionate grief to his heart, and spoke in a deep tone, 'Angela, my sweet love, Angela, it is only for this time, I must do, what I cannot resist. But to-morrow—to-morrow is all your care over, for by the everlasting destiny which rules over us, I swear, I play to-day for the last time. Be calm, my sweet child—sleep—dream of the blissful day, of the better life to which you are going—that will bring us luck!'

"With that the Chevalier kissed his wife and ran out.

"Two deals and the Chevalier had lost all—all!

"Motionless he remained, standing near the Colonel, and stared in deep senselessness upon the gaming table.

"'You play no more, Chevalier?' said the Colonel, while he mixed the cards for a new deal.

"'I have lost all,' replied the Chevalier, with a violently forced calmness.

"'Have you then, nothing more?' said the Colonel, at the next deal.

"'I am a beggar!' cried the Cheva-

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lier, in a voice trembling between rage and courage, staring ever forward on the gaming table, and not marking that the player constantly gained the advantage over the banker.

"The Colonel played calmly again.

"'But you have a beautiful wife,' said the Colonel lightly, without looking at the Chevalier, as he mingled the cards for the following deal.

"'What do you mean by that?' proceeded the Chevalier scornfully. The Colonel turned away without answering the Chevalier.

"'Ten thousand ducats, or—Angela' said the Colonel, half aside, while he suffered the cards to be cut.

"'You are mad,' cried the Chevalier, who now come to himself, began to perceive that the Colonel continually lost and lost.

"'Twenty thousand ducats against Angela,' said the Colonel lightly, whilst he paused a moment in mingling the cards.

"The Chevalier was silent, the Colonel played again and distributed almost all the cards to the players.

"'It is done!' spoke the Chevalier into the ear of the Colonel, as he began the new deal and put the Queen upon the table.

"At the next drawing the Queen had lost.

"Gnashing his teeth, the Chevalier drew back, and leant, with despair and death in his white countenance, against the window.

"The play was ended; with a contemptuous 'Now, what farther?' the colonel stepped before the Chevalier.

"'Ha!" cried the Chevalier entirely out of himself. "You have made me a beggar, but you must be crazy to imagine you have won my wife. Are we on the islands, is my wife a slave, has she become the prize, the base pleasure of a cursed man, that he may sell her, game her away? But it is true. You must have paid me twenty thousand ducats if the game had won, and so I have lost the right of that protestation, if my wife will leave me and follow you. Come with me and despair, if my wife drives you back with loathing, who should follow you as an abandoned mistress!'

"'Despair yourself, Chevalier,' replied the Colonel, scornfully laughing; 'if Angela abhor you, you the impious sinner, who have made her miserable, and with love and delight press me to her arms; despair yourself, when you learn that the blessing of the Church binds us, that fortune crowns our dearest wishes! You call me crazy! Ho, ho! I would only win the right to demand her—your wife was certain to me! Ho, ho! Chevalier, learn that your wife, I know it, loves me, me, unspeakably—learn that I am that Duvernet, the neighbor's son, brought up with Angela, bound with her by the most vehement love, which you destroyed with your devil's arts. Ah, when first I went forth to the war, Angela knew what I was to her, I knew all. It was too late! The gloomy thought occurred to me that I could destroy you by play; on this account I gave myself up to play—followed you to Genoa—I have succeeded! Forth now to your wife."

"The Chevalier stood annihilated, struck by a thousand gloomy thunderbolts. That fatal secret lay open before him—now for the first time he saw the full mass of misery he had brought upon poor Angela. 'Must I separate from Angela, my wife?' spake he in a deep tone, and followed the Colonel, who rushed forward.

"When they were in the house, as the Colonel seized the bell of Angela's chamber, the Chevalier drew him back and said, 'My wife sleeps, will you awake her from the sweet sleep?'

"'How,' replied the Colonel, 'has Angela ever fallen into sweet sleep since you prepared for her her nameless misery.'

"The Colonel would advance to the chamber—the Chevalier rushed before his feet, and cried in clear despair, 'Be pitiful—hear me, whom you have made a beggar—my wife!'

"'So lay the old Vertua before you, a friendless wretch, and could not move your stony heart. For this, the revenge of heaven is upon you!"

"So spake the Colonel, and stepped anew towards Angela's chamber.

"The Chevalier sprang to the door, tore it open, rushed to the bed where his wife lay, drew the curtains apart, cried 'Angela, Angela!' bent over her, seized her hand, shook as in a sudden death agony, cried with a fearful voice, 'Lo! you have won the dead body of my wife!' The Colonel stept terrified to the bed—there were no traces of life—Angela was dead—dead.

"The Colonel clenched his hands

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towards heaven, moaned deeply and rushed forth. He has never more been heard of."

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So ended the stranger, and left the bench quietly, before the deeply affected Baron could speak.

A few days after the stranger was found stricken of a nervous disorder in his chamber. He remained speechless till his death, which followed in a few hours. His papers showed that he who had simply called himself Baudasson, was no other than that unfortunate Chevalier Menars.

The Baron perceived the warning of heaven, that had sent, as he neared the precipice, the Chevalier Menars in the way for his rescue; and vowed to withstand the enticement of a thousand gaming successes.

Hitherto he has kept his word.

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## RETURNED.

All welcome to my heart,
  My own sweet bird,
Thou'lt ne'er again depart,
  My first preferred!
I bade, through all thy flight,
  Love's beacon burn,
And called, the weary night,
  Return! Return!

'Twas gloomy all the day,
  While thou wast flown,
And voiceless things would say
  Alone! Alone!
When sad I op'd the door
  And gazed around,
Where cheerily before,
  I thee had found.

All desolate our cot,
  The silent hearth
Its busy blaze forgot,
  And all its mirth.
And often did I trace
  Our flowery walk,
But ah, the chiefest grace
  Had left its stalk;

The simple little flower,
  I loved so well,
In some far distant bower
  Was gone to dwell;
I could not trace thy track,
  But prayed a prayer
Some breeze might waft thee back,
  My flower, my fair!

Now thou again art home,
  My own blue bell,
My own sweet bird is come,
  I loved so well,
And long the day shall be
  Ere thou wilt part,
To roam again so free,
  From my fond heart.

R. H.

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## MRS. CHILD'S LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.—SECOND SERIES.*

WHENEVER Mrs. Child appears before us with a Romance, a Poem, or a Book of an educational or a culinary complexion, we shall take some pains to subject her to the tests of criticism: and to determine by what right she has labored in these directions, and how far she has complied with the requirements of art or fact.

But in this present volume she makes her approach under cover of so many agreeable circumstances: takes advantage, so artlessly and happily, of a certain softness and credulity in our nature: and gives her book so much the shape and color of a friendly communication to us individually, that we hold ourselves at liberty to review it only with the pencil; laying aside the pen to the other occasions we have referred to. It is true, we might examine these letters from New York with some sternness, as embodying views and theories of life and society with which we cannot altogether agree: but we are willing to take Mrs. Child in her own way, and, as we are confident, she would like to be taken—as a musical note, or key, in the scale of society, not presuming to overtop its other expounders, but as helping, when kept and played in place, to harmonize the great social instrument. We would not have had Mrs. Child write about New York in any other than her own way. We would learn how this great city affects her when she comes to write about it; and we are pleased to find that she acknowledges and yields to it as the great centre and focus of the country.

"I am often asked, 'How *can* you live contentedly in New York? You who are so deeply enamored of nature, and who love all forms of beauty, with such "passionate intuition?"' The answer is in the question; for an earnest love of beauty always feeds itself. You know it is told of a rustic poet, in the ancient time, that his envious master shut him up in a chest; but the bees came to him, and fed him with the meal and dew of flowers, so that within the walls of his narrow prison he passed a pleasant time. Nature never forgets the soul that loves her, but ever sends winged missionaries, to feed it with the dew of flowers.

"Instead of quarrelling with New York for what it is not, I thankfully accept it for what it is; a beautiful city, every year increasing in beauty. Between the North and the East rivers, twelve noble avenues already stretch out their long arms into the woods of Harlem and Bloomingdale. These avenues are spacious and airy, and large handsome houses shoot up on them, as if by the magic of Aladdin's lamp. It refreshes the eye to see an increasing taste for stone or lead color, rather than the hateful red of bricks. Verandahs are likewise more and more in fashion, and have an exceedingly pleasant effect, with their light oriental open-work, like Valenciennes lace in cast iron. If you pass along one of these avenues, in the cool hours of the afternoon, you may see troops and troops of children, jumping rope, and chasing hoop round the fountain of Union Park; and if the sun is setting brilliantly, rainbows dodge about on the spray, as if playing bo-peep with the happy little ones.

"On another of the avenues, dwells a lady, whom my heart blesses every time I pass her house. She has embowered it with vines, almost to the chimney-top; flowers peep through the open fence; and from the arches of the piazza she has suspended vases of Otaheitan geraniums, and other pendant vines. A person whose dwelling thus smiles upon the world, is a benefactor to the human race, and I feel grateful, as I do to one who wears a sunny face, and speaks in cheerful tones.

"Among the many attractions of this handsome city, there are none so universally enjoyed as those furnished by Croton water. We not only have the three large fountains, to refresh us with their graceful motions and cooling sound, but in various gardens and inclosures, public and private, little marble nymphs, tritons, and dolphins, are playing prettily with finely spun showers. I have often thought whether or not the clepsydra of the ancient Greeks could be introduced, in which minutes were marked by falling water-drops, as by sand in the modern

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hour-glass. If the public could count time by these liquid diamonds, it would be a graceful invention. One thing, the people really need; and munificent Croton could give it as well as not. We have no free public baths. The wealthy can introduce water into their chambers, or float on the bosom of the tide, in the pleasant baths at the Battery; but for the innumerable poor, this is a luxury that can seldom, if ever, be enjoyed. Open bathing around the wharves is of course prohibited; and the laboring man has to walk three or four miles to obtain a privilege so necessary to health. If the city would provide a huge covered basin, with a sprinkling fountain in the centre, for a shower-bath, it would be a noble donation to the poor. True, the water-tax already falls heavily on the rich; but this would not greatly increase it. Luckily, our wealthy citizens did not foresee the expense of introducing Croton, or they would probably have been frightened from the undertaking. The highest estimate was four millions, and it has cost over fourteen millions. Voted for by thousands who have no property, and paid for by a tax on property, it is a pretty powerful application of practical democracy; but the blessings are so great to all classes, that there is very little murmuring among the capitalists.

"To me, there is something extremely beautiful in the idea of that little river, lying so many years unnoticed among the hills; her great powers as little appreciated as Shakspeare's were by his contemporaries, and, like him, all unconscious of her future fame; and now, like his genius, brought to all the people, a perpetual fountain of refreshment. If ever man deserved a monument, it is he who first devised the plan of bringing Croton river into the city. His statue ought to be crowned with water-lilies, by Hygeia, and its feet be washed by the Naiades, from their flowing urns. But it so happens, that his name is as uncertain as the birth-place of Homer. No matter. If his soul is as large as his deed, he will care little for the credit of it.

"The prettiest of the small fountains about the city, is at the Alhamra. This is a place for refreshment, in Broadway, gaily fitted up in the Moorish style, with lace-work lattices, gilded crescents, alcoves painted with hills and streams, and a tasteful collection of small statuary, among shrubs and vines. Under a canopy in the centre, Hebe pours water from her vase, into an open-work basket of gilded wire. A hollow gilded ball in the basket is kept in perpetual motion by the column of water, as if tossed by a Chinese juggler. The effect is very pleasing. A band of musicians play at the Alhamra, every summer evening. They must be difficult to please, who are not satisfied to eat delicious ice-cream, with so many agreeable accompaniments of sight and sound.

"Facilities for hearing music constitute the greatest attraction of the city to me. The Philharmonic Society give four concerts a year; and even your Boston critics admit that some of the best productions of the art are brought forward with superior talent and skill. It is no business of mine to settle the claims of rival cities. I am satisfied to enjoy, without comparing. I have sometimes thought too restlessly of woods and fields, in the presence of bricks and pavement; but the brilliant warblings of Kyle's flute have done much to reconcile me to the absence of the birds.

"The Italian Opera is the most patrician of our places of amusement. It is an extremely pretty little building, elegantly fitted up with gilded ornaments, and gaily-colored medallions. No degraded corner is reserved for unveiled vice, and the musical dramas are never adapted to a polluted imagination, or a vulgar taste. Of all desecration of outward symbols, nothing pains me more than winged melodies gliding through impure words, like angels among unclean beasts. Some of the best productions of modern genius are brought out at the Opera, and the influence cannot be otherwise than favorable to the improvement of musical taste.

"During all the summer evenings, the admirable brass band plays at Castle Garden. Its beautiful situation on the Battery, overhanging the bay, and commanding a view of the neighboring islands, renders it peculiarly pleasant to sit there and listen to music;

> 'While the fair waters look as if they lay
> Their cheek against the sound, and so went kissed away.'

However sultry the day may be, there is always a refreshing breeze on the Battery, in the evening. Indeed, this remark is true of the city in general, and is doubtless one great reason why there is so little sickness among such a dense population. The natural healthiness of New York cannot be destroyed by the most negligent police. Thus the vigorous constitution of youth will throw off a great deal of disease; and the United States, strong in her extent of soil, and unbounded resources, has remained prosperous under an amount of corrupt government, which, in half the time, would have ruined the richest nation of Europe.

"At Niblo's, too, there is always an excellent orchestra; and it is extremely agreeable to step out of the dusty streets,

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into its fairy-land garden, with brilliant lights, shell fountains, and oriental shrubbery.

"Vauxhall is less artificial and showy, and being in the Bowery, it is out of the walk of fashionables, who probably ignore its existence, as they do most places for the entertainment of the people at large. They who think exclusive gentility worth the fetters it imposes, are welcome to wear them. I find quite enough of conventional shackles, that cannot be slipped off, without assuming any unnecessary ones. The child cares little where she gathers her flowers, or blows her rainbow bubbles. Everywhere, the smile of the sunshine makes them beautiful.

"There are some noble old trees at Vauxhall, which rustle right pleasantly in the evening breeze. Colored lamps, arranged in stars and circles, light up the shrubbery with a fairy glimmer, and harmonies come down from a band of musicians among the boughs. I love to sit on one of the rustic benches, and gaze up into the foliage of the tall trees, like the dome of a dimly lighted cathedral.

'It is a lofty feeling, yet a kind,
Thus to be topped with leaves. And kind and great
Are all the conquering wishes it inspires—
Love of things lasting, love of the tall woods,
Love of love's self, and ardor for a state
Of natural good, befitting such desires;
Towns without gain, and haunted solitudes.'

"Zeal for horticulture was damped by the pecuniary embarrassments so universally felt a few years ago, but it is reviving. There are many pretty gardens in and about the city. I went to one of these last week, to see, for the first time, the Night-blooming Cereus, or Cactus Grandiflora. It was the most alive thing I ever saw. The vine from which it sprung seemed dry as an old rope, and the bud was like a little tuft of tow; but the flower looked in my face with such vigor and earnestness of expression, that I could hardly believe it to be a vegetable. It was as large as a pint bowl; its calyx, or outer circle of leaves, of an orange brown tinge; the petals double as a pond-lily, white as the drifted snow, and transparent as rice paper. The feathery tufted stamens were likewise of the purest white; but deep down in its bosom was a delicate tinge of lively green, faint as the reflection of an emerald on a snow wreath. It is marvellous indeed, that such prodigality of beauty and vigor should be sent forth in the night time, and for a few hours only. Nature and genius are ever heedless of their jewels, and throw them forth in the very playfulness of profusion. This superb blossom happened to open on Sunday evening, and therefore some people lost the sight of it, from conscientious scruples; but I thought if there was anything wrong in coming out on Sunday, the flower would have known about it.

"Scruples of this kind by no means characterize the population of New York. It differs very observably from New England cities, in the universal locomotion on Sundays. Being the only leisure day with laborers, the temptation is strong to take their families into the country, for fresh air, and a sight of green fields. The huge Harlem omnibusses, with upper and lower decks, like a steamboat, are loaded to overflowing. It is a cheerful sight to see them returning at sunset, with green boughs and boquets of flowers. To Hoboken, the boats are crowded all day. The average number that go over every pleasant Sunday, in summer, is over ten thousand; though this is only one of the numerous outlets from the great city. If the influence of groves and streams were all they sought, it would be well; but unfortunately, drink and cigars abound at Hoboken, and sounds are heard there, not at all resembling the worship of the heart in the stillness of nature. Indians have encamped there of late, and out of respect to the day, it was proposed that they should substitute some of their religious ceremonies, for the war-dancing, boat-racing, and arrow-shooting of week days. Whether this was productive of greater benefit to the populace, than would have been derived from some more civilized performances, I am unable to say. These Indians are on their way to Europe, for exhibition. The Ojibbeways, who lately went there to lay some grievances before the British government, prove a profitable speculation; and Barnum, of our American Museum, who is now in England, immediately sent over orders to catch the wildest specimens that could be found, and forward them by steam. So White Cloud, and Walk-in-the-Rain, and other chiefs from Iowa, are going to shoot pennies for Victoria's amusement. This Barnum is a genuine Yankee, for contrivance and perseverance. He will circumnavigate the globe, to catch a monstrosity of any kind for his museum. Giants, dwarfs, double-headed calves, no matter what, so that it be something out of nature. He would mount Phæton's car to catch the comet with seven tails, plunge into Symmes's Hole for a dog with two heads, and go down the Maelstrom for a sea-serpent. Where on earth he picks up the 'accomplished contortionist, with his learned dog Billy,' and the 'most astonishing dwarf in creation,' and all the odd characters that walk like steam engines, and buzz like musquitoes, and have mouths like a ribbon-loom, it is difficult

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to imagine. When one stops to reflect what an important part popular amusements perform in the education of the people, this ingenious prodigality of grotesqueness becomes somewhat serious.

"The theatres, of which there are four, are obliged to resort to similar contrivances to keep from bankruptcy. None of them are fashionable, though the Park theatre retains a sort of vanishing likeness of gentility. The Bowery lays itself out to gain the hearts of the million, by gorgeous decorations, fantastic tricks, terrific ascensions, and performances full of fire, blood, and thunder. The national feeling at the Bowery is prodigiously expansive. Some patriots presented a great, fierce, gilded eagle, that used to look as if he could clutch almost anything in his talons, from Indian babies to Mexican candlesticks. He was burnt, when the building took fire; but his spirit still speaks in vaunting drama and boastful song, and works up the patriotism of the audience, till they feel a comfortable assurance that every American can 'whip his weight in wild cats.' If a philosopher wishes to observe the ultimate product of civilisation, and has strong nerves, and senses not over-delicate, he may do well to take a seat in the pit of the Bowery, for once. It would be an excellent place for the Texans to send to for recruits; though their emissaries might suffer some inconvenience from the fact that the police have two peeping-holes, from which they can reconnoitre the assemblage, revealed in the full blaze of the lamps. There are always plenty of idlers and loafing lads, who are ready for any sport. 'Let us have fun to-night, come what may to-morrow,' is their reckless maxim. These characters assist the play with a great deal of improvised merriment, and now and then get up a gratuitous battle, more lively than those on the stage. One of the stockholders of this theatre has made a fortune by furnishing excellent provisions at his victualling shop. Being present on one of these disturbed occasions, after trying every means he could think of to pacify the rioters, he called out, in despair, 'Gentlemen, what *will* you have?' 'Roast beef,' cried one; 'stewed oysters,' shouted another. This facetiousness proved a safety-valve to their turbulent spirits. Their steam all went off in roars of laughter, and they broke no lamps or scenery that night. Plutarch gives similar specimens of Attic merriment. Demos is the same good-natured, harum-scarum creature, whether in the theatres of New York or Athens.

"I speak playfully, yet the low, unsatisfactory, and demoralizing character of popular amusements is painful to me. Only by cultivation of the higher qualities of our nature, can sensual stimulus and fierce excitement be rendered unattractive. What is society doing to kindle the divine spark, which lies smouldering in the breast of every little vagabond of this city? We have watch-houses and prisons, but where is our Redemption Institute, like that blessed asylum at Hamburg, of which Horace Mann tells us, in his admirable Report on Education?

"In those places so appropriately called pits, there are terrible unwritten epics of sin and sorrow,—of sin and sorrow growing out of the very passions and energies, which, in a right order of things, might have made those men kings and priests of humanity, by the only divine right, that of wisdom and holiness. The admitted truthfulness of Byron's jest, 'What a pity is it, that sin is pleasure, and pleasure is sin,' betrays a state of society painfully unnatural and inharmonious. Will there ever come a time, when all men shall be wisely cheerful, and innocently gay? A time when all the instincts, passions, and sentiments of our nature, shall find free, innocent, and healthy exercise?

"If I were superstitious, I might think an answer was vouchsafed to me from the sky. As I write, the sun is setting. High houses between me and the west intercept his rays, so that only one bright gleam falls on the gilded cross of a neighboring Catholic church, while the building is in the shadow of twilight. It stands there in beautiful distinctness, a radiant cross of fire, on a back-ground of dark and heavy cloud-masses. I gratefully accept the omen."

And for another sketch, a wayside picture, take the following:

"Near the Park is stationed a man, who spends his life repeating, 'Four cents! any article on this board for four cents! Four cents! Only four cents!' Think of an immortal soul making its advent into the body, for a vocation like this! If he could live without food, and be wound up, like a barrel organ, it would be a decided improvement.

"Another man, as universally known, perhaps, as any person in the city, may often be seen mounted on a block in the vicinity of Wall-Street, proclaiming, all day long, the wonderful virtues of Hillman and Smith's razor straps. His extempore orations are odd specimens of eloquence. The other day, pausing a moment to listen, I heard him address the crowd thus: 'Now, my friends, let me advise you to buy one of these here strops. You needn't think I stands here in the cold, by the hour together, from selfish reasons. No such thing. My

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profits is very small. The best part of my pay is the gratitude I know men must feel toward me, as soon as they try this very superior strop. I am willing to stand here, day after day, jest to keep my fellow-beings from hurting themselves, and their wives and children from crying at sight of their bleeding faces, all for want of a good razor strop. When I think of fathers of families being obliged to whet their razors on a bad strop, and the cross humor it puts 'em in, and the unhappy consequences to their wives and children, I feel as if I was a benefactor to the public, in being able to offer them such a strop as this here. I've known men that have made themselves miserable, and made their families miserable, for years and years; and they didn't none on 'em know what was the matter. Their wives and children thought it was a nervous disease, or a wicked heart; but it was all owing to a bad razor strop. The world will thank me for bringing before it such a strop as this here. In my estimation, it is better calculated to bring comfort to yourself, and joy in the bosom of your family, than anything else I knows of. It will drive bad temper and heart-burnings from the family circle, and instead of gall and bitterness, you will have honey and sugar; and all owing to this very superior strop, which I offers for two shillings.'

"It is as amusing as a comedy, to observe the crowd of men and boys that always gather round this street orator. Some are in a perfect roar of laughter, some looking on with a quiet expression of sly waggery, and some have their eyebrows arched in amazement, as if they could not rightly make out whether he and his razor strops did indeed drop down from the beneficent heavens, in mercy to a suffering world, or whether he was reeling off his long speeches merely for fun.

"He himself never smiles. He repeats his story with endless variations, in the most earnest and solemn manner, as if he really considered himself a disinterested agent, sent on a philanthropic mission to mankind. This imperturbable seriousness, and the fact that the article he sells is generally considered worth the price he asks, secure him respectful treatment; but there is no end to the droll responses he receives from the passing populace. Report says that he has accumulated $7000 by his itinerant eloquence; and in addition to this, the proprietor in Troy has taken him into partnership, as a reward for the fame he has conferred on his articles of merchandise. He is likewise an efficient Temperance lecturer, and has equal knack at making people sign the pledge, or buy a razor strop.

"After listening to his discourse, and hearing his history, I suggested to my companion that Luck and Knack would form a good subject for a facetious lecture. Like most individuals not distinguished for money-making knack, I professed more faith in luck; and asserted that it was the more dignified of the two, being something transcendental, something altogether above and beyond us. In proof whereof, I quoted Emerson's remark, 'We only row, we are *steered* by fate.' My companion said he could turn a boat round from the point to which it was steered, by a single oar skilfully used. I admitted this ought to settle the relative superiority of knack and luck. Still I had great respect for luck; for it was unconscious, and therefore great; whereas knack was perpetually conscious of striving for an end. Besides, the two questions merged in one; for it was grnat luck to *have* knack. Luck was necessity, and knack free will; and who did not know that free will was always bound round by necessity? In the same jocose vein, we imagined pictures of knack and luck. I proposed a shower of puddings, one of them falling into Luck's laughing mouth. My friend would have Knack represented as having built a channel from the top of his house, to conduct the puddings into his pan."

We do not sympathize with all Mrs. Child's notions of Reform. She leans toward Charity (so called), too often, at the cost of Justice, the supremely regulating power of the universe: but we appreciate fully the purpose of passages like these where she takes society to task for its blind dealings with the young heart and the ignorantly-erring conscience of tenderness and inexperience. A blessing on any one, Jew or Gentile, Democrat or Whig, layman or pulpitman, whose eye follows in dark places the suffering children whom the great motions of the world pass, unheeded, uncared for!

"Few are aware how imperfectly most criminals understand the process by which they are condemned, and how very far it is from impressing them as a moral lesson. A young girl of seventeen was condemned to the State Prison for three years, on charge of being accomplice in a theft. Her trial occupied but one hour, and she had no counsel. The account she gave me of this brief legal performance, touched my heart most deeply.

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'They carried me into another room,' said she, 'and there were a great many strange faces; and one gentleman said something to me, but I did not understand what he meant; and another gentleman talked a good deal. It seemed to be all against me. They did not ask me anything, and nobody said anything for me; and then they told me I must go to Sing Sing for three years.' Do half the criminals understand the proceedings against them any better than this? That certain things are punished, they indeed know very well; but this seems to them a mere arbitrary exercise of power, to be avoided by cunning; for early education, and the social influences around them, have confounded the distinctions between right and wrong."

"In connection with this subject, I would most urgently entreat all who will listen to me, to be very cautious how they treat a first crime, in any person. I have known young girls of sixteen sent to Blackwell's Island, for stealing property valued at twenty-five cents. Once there, seen by visitors in company with prostitutes and thieves, haunted by a continual sense of degradation, is their future course likely to be other than a downward one? To employers, who take such harsh measures with erring domestics, instead of friendly exhortation, and Christian interest in the welfare of a human soul, I always want to say, Ah, if she were thy own daughter, dependent on the kindness and forbearance of strangers, is it *thus* you would have them treat her? If she once had a mother, who watched her cradle tenderly, and folded her warmly to a loving heart, treat her gently for that mother's sake. If her childhood was unnurtured, and uncheered by the voice of love, then treat her *more* gently, for that very reason; and remember the saying, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"I would likewise entreat those who happen to know of some delinquency in a fellow-being, to keep the secret faithfully, so long as his life gives assurance of sincere amendment. A very young man, who is now in Sing Sing, when tried for his second offence, told a story at the bar, which was in substance as follows: 'My first offence was committed more in thoughtlessness, than with deliberate wickedness. But I felt that I was to blame, and was willing to bear the penalty like a man. In prison, I formed the strongest resolutions to atone for my fault by a life of honest usefulness. When my time was out, I succeeded, after a good deal of difficulty, in obtaining employment. I did my best to gain the confidence of my employer, and succeeded. Every day I felt my manhood grow stronger. But at last a person came into the store, who eyed me keenly, and I turned pale under his gaze. He told my employer that he had seen me among the convicts at Sing Sing; and I was sternly dismissed from his service. I went to Philadelphia to seek for any honest employment I could find; but a man, who saw me there, told me if I did not quit the city in twenty-four hours, he would expose me. I came back disheartened to New York. I had spent my last dollar. Christians would not give me a home; gamblers and thieves would; and here I am again on my way to Sing Sing.'"

New York is indeed a city upon a hill: and whoever lifts to that summit any fact or truth does the country at large good service. It is here that life takes on a reality and vehemence which make it worth watching. It is here that every incident (the algebraic exponent of a long series of foregone prompters) has a vast significance. Here lies the law of the land in its first beginnings. Here the first pulses of Revolutionary and Reforming doctrines beat. Here the pulpit sounds its first alarms; and here the drama utters, for the first, its various voices from all lands. The press here begins its work of organization, improvement and progress; and from this hive take wing, with newer and broader scope every year, the bee-like pages that wound or gladden the world. And here, by the way, as Mrs. Child reminds us again, should Art lift her fair face, and smile in every street and park and public ground.

"This Art Union, originally called the Apollo Association, appears to me to be a most excellent institution; and I marvel much that it does not receive more liberal patronage. The genius of our government is adverse to such munificent encouragement of art, as was bestowed in the olden time. On this side of the Atlantic, we shall never have, I trust, such patrons as Charles V., or the House of Medici; but we can foster art in a style better suited to the freedom and equality of republican institutions.

"One of the leading objects of this association is to scatter abroad works of native art among the masses of people, who are not able to pay such high prices as the rich can afford. To say nothing of the pleasure thus given, it is not easy to calculate the refining influence that may thus be brought to bear on a nation too exclusively devoted to the practical, and

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far too eager in pursuit of gain. It is wise to guard against the grovelling tendencies of such pursuits, by the earnest cultivation of music, painting, and sculpture. While we welcome all foreign excellence, let us give these plants, of divine origin, a genial soil and a balmy atmosphere in our own favored land.

"Another object of the association is to encourage artists of merit in their early efforts. It is a singular fact, and one that reveals how little the popular taste is yet formed for works of art, that every picture sold, for the two last years, from the National Gallery of Design, in this city, has been purchased by the Art Union.

"The practical operation of this institution is to encourage the first aspirations of genius, to enable talent to find its own level, without the certainty of starvation in the process. Some object to subscribe to it, on the ground that the annual distribution of prizes is too much like a lottery. But I think this objection is founded on misapprehension. It does not resemble a lottery, because it is not a plan to enrich a few at the expense of many. It is a combination of small means, to encourage art by some degree of the patronage once bestowed by popes and princes. It is by the people, and for the people; strictly democratic in its plan, and in its modes of operation. It is not like a lottery; for though the prizes are few, there are no blanks. Every subscriber is sure to receive an engraving, if he is not lucky enough to draw a picture or a statue; and the engraving alone is worth his subscription. The pictures purchased from artists are annually distributed among the subscribers by lot. Some go to Rhode Island, some to Georgia, some to Ohio, and some to every nook of the Union. By this process, a public taste is being gradually formed, which will increase the demand for works of art, and stimulate genius to higher efforts; for even the true artist is excited and helped by the sympathy and appreciation of his fellow-beings.

"The annual subscription of five dollars entitles a person to all the privileges of membership. The subscribers do not yet number fifteen hundred; and strange to say, not more than three hundred belong to this populous and wealthy city. It must be that people are not generally aware of the existence in their midst of an institution so honorable to New York, so truly republican in its principles, and so extensively beneficial in its influence.

"The Art Union of New York is the first and only association of the kind in the United States. There was one incorporated in Philadelphia, two years ago, but it has never gone inte operation. They were first established in Dresden and Dusseldorf, and afterward in Edinburgh, London, and Dublin; in France, Bavaria, Holland, and Belgium. Reports from these various institutions indicate increase of pecuniary means, and improving taste for the Arts among the people. The London Society has been most successful. It does not distribute pictures, but money, which must be expended in the purchase of original British paintings. In this way, it distributed last year more than $60,000 among their native artists.

"In this country, where so many causes combine to infect everything with the spirit of trade, and where there is less to balance the tendency, than in older countries, we peculiarly need the quieting and refining influence of the arts. If we would avoid becoming a nation of office-hunters, stock-jobbers, and pedlars, we ought to encourage all efforts to excite American genius, and improve the popular taste.

"Of the capabilities of our people we have sufficient indication, in the talent that has already struggled upward into the sunlight of fame. Sculpture especially seems to favor republics. The earnest expression and classic grace of Crawford's Orpheus would have done credit to the best days of Greece. No artist in the old world competes with Powers, I believe. But there is one in New York, as yet comparatively unknown, and contending with adverse circumstances, who I think will as fairly claim the laurel crown. In Horace Kneeland's bust of Ericsson, there is at least large promise of this. The character and expression of the celebrated mechanician are remarkably well preserved; the lips are singularly flexible, and the minute delineation of swelling veins and muscular indentations give it that look of genuine flesh, for which the busts of Powers are so remarkable. We need not always wait for the foreign stamp to be put on American genius before we ourselves acknowledge its excellence."

Her mention of CRAWFORD prompts us to ask why that artist, so lately returned from his ten years' absence in Europe; and who, by patient study and a faithful devotion to his art, has aimed with his best faculty to serve the country; has not been engaged in the embellishment of our squares and fountains? We speak of him, particularly, because his genius is happily adapted to the public necessities in this respect, and because we know the attention he has given to labors of this kind em-

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powers him to accomplish, at brief prompting, such an object.

New York, apropos to these letters from New York, is Mr. Crawford's birthplace, and we would like to make trial of him here upon the spot, and provide ourselves with some evidence of what he can do, in the face of the rivalry in his art which springs up and is springing up on every side. To know that we have a great sculptor would add to our metropolitan force, and give us not a little satisfaction in a contest—for that seems to be the complexion of the case—with the sculptural genius of the country.

Lured by some snatches of

"Music for the leaves to dance to;
Music such as sunbeams glance to,"

whose airy wanderings Mrs. Child loves so well to follow, she acknowledges the peculiarity of her temperament, which is the key to our gracious treatment of her work.

"I assure you, I never go hunting after such analogies. They come to me, whether I will or no. Let me start from what point I may, an invisible air-line, like that which guides the bee to her cell, brings me into music. Perhaps it will remind you of the close of a collegiate theme—'May we all land at last in the great ocean of eternity.' For assuredly, the attempt to follow spiritual significations of music to their end, is very singular, in its results, to the landing one would be likely to find in the vast interminable ocean.

"But you will pardon my vagaries, because you know very well that they are the unaffected utterance of my mood of mind. In good truth, I can seldom write a letter without making myself liable to the Vagrant Act. A witty Englishman once said to me, 'Madam, your countrymen dance as if they did it by act of the legislature.' My pen has no such gift. It paces or whirls, bounds or waltzes, steps in the slow minuet, or capers in the fantastic fandango, according to the tune within."

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## HOW TO PURCHASE OLD ITALIAN PAINTINGS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

It is amusing to see Americans and Englishmen buy paintings in Italy. People seem to have about the same idea of its pictures, that they have of its sky. Those who have spent their lives in the United States, without even exclaiming as they looked up through our spiritually clear atmosphere to the bright heavens that overarch them, never tire of praising the blue skies of Italy. The sky *must* be blue, and the atmosphere pure, because it is Italy. So a painting must be good, because it is an old Italian one. Cheese and wine are better for being old, but a painting *not*, unless it was good at the outset. Brokers in paintings, meet you at every turn, and there are more Salvator Rosas and Claudes and Titians and Raphaels and Corrèggios and Domenichinos and Murillos, etc., in these shops (that is if you will take the word of the broker for it), than in all the galleries of Italy put together. A countryman shows you a painting, and asks your opinion; perhaps you say "it is a so-so-sort of a thing." "Why" he replies, "it is an old Italian painting!" "Exactly, and the older the worse." There are some tens of thousands of pictures in the United States, that, two hundred years hence, will be quite *old* and—quite poor. Still we imagine some valuable pictures now and then turn up, but they are snatched up almost immediately by Englishmen, or the government of the province in which they are found. Some galleries are broken up and sold by the descendant of a noble house for the sake of the ready cash, and advertised for auction; but before the day of public sale arrives, every valuable painting has been disposed of to private purchasers. We saw a gallery of a Roman Duke thus advertised all over the south of Italy, and having reached Rome a short time before the day of public auction, went to it with a catalogue in our hand which we had marked to guide us in our examination of the

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pictures, and not one of those we had drawn our pencil around, remained unsold. I said that sometimes a valuable picture turned up. I have no doubt there are many covered with rubbish in different parts of Italy, that will yet see the light. The best statuary of Rome has thus been dug up from the earth, where it has lain buried for years. The whole country round Rome is the grave of art, and much more would be done to retrieve its lost forms of beauty, were it not for the niggardly spirit of the government. For twenty-four dollars, one can purchase the right to dig over a certain space in the outskirts of Rome, and have all he finds. But if he should be so fortunate as to uncover a really valuable statue, the government quietly takes it from him and puts it in one of the public galleries. A man is a fool who will spend his time and money in digging up beautiful things for the Pope of Rome.

A large painting is now hanging in the Pitti gallery, of Florence, said to be the work of Salvator Rosa, simply because it is just as easy to give a child of doubtful parentage a distinguished father, as a disreputable one. It was found amid some old rubbish and sold for ten dollars. After being brushed up and varnished, it was sold again for a hundred dollars. Having by this time attracted the notice of a connoisseur, he gave a thousand for it, and now at last it has found its way to the gallery of the Duke, who gave, I have been told, ten thousand dollars for it. I will not vouch for the truth of this last statement, but I do not think ten thousand would buy it. But this is one prize in a lottery among a hundred thousand blanks. The best thing a traveller can do who wishes to carry back with him a choice collection of paintings, is to purchase fine copies of the old Masters. The rage of some men for old paintings, forces them to purchase old things so faded and obscure, that it needs a first rate magnifying glass to bring out the figures. Having obtained a little smattering of the arts, and having a profound admiration for the "Chiaro Oscuro," they think the darker and more indistinct a painting is, the greater the merit. The beauty of the figures is in proportion to the difficulty in making them out. They seem wholly ignorant that figures poorly colored always retire from the canvas with time, till they become "oscuro" enough, though it is not so easy to tell where the "chiaro" lies.

The prices a traveller is made to pay for these old daubs must furnish a vast deal of amusement to the shrewd dealer. I once met an American in Italy with a perfect mania of this kind. Every room in his house was covered with paintings, of the age of which there cannot be the least doubt, which we would not absolutely pay the duty on in New York, if given us and shipped for nothing. Being once in his room when a regular sharper, that had been Jewing him for a month, came in with a picture, I took the liberty of telling him he was outrageously cheated. The painting the fellow had brought was arranged in the best possible light, and its virtues descanted on in the most beautiful Italian. At length he wound up his long eulogy by saying, that he was willing to sacrifice this valuable painting, as he was in great need of ready money. He designed to keep it for his own use, but he had been unfortunate, and must "per forsa" part with it, and would take the small sum of 200 francs for it (about 40 dollars). The gentleman asked me in English, what I thought of it. I told him that if he really wished it, though it was hardly worth the buying, that perhaps he would be safe in offering twenty francs, or about five dollars. He did so. Oh, you should have seen the astonished, indignant look of the Italian. He drew himself up haughtily, and remarked very emphatically that he did not come there to be insulted, and, taking up his picture, walked off. We had hardly finished our laugh over his dignified take-off before the servant opened the door, and there stood the picture-dealer, bowing and scraping, all smiles and civility, saying, that as he was very much pressed just then for money, he had concluded to take the sum signore had offered. But the signore, having got his eyes a little opened to the deception practised on him, very coolly replied that he had concluded not to take it even at that price. This sent the rascal off in a perfect fury, and he went off making the r's roll and rattle in his Italian, till everything rung again, like a true Roman. You must know that when an Italian swears in anger, he rolls his r's three times as much as usual, and it is "per-r-r-r-r-r-r sacr-r-r-r-r-r-r-mento," till the tongue seems as if it would fly to pieces in its rapid motion. This reminds us,

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by the way, of a very good story we have been told of a rich, yet ignorant, New York merchant, who, having suddenly acquired an immense fortune by speculation, determined to make the Continental tour. Visiting Powers' studio one day and looking round on the different works of art, he asked, pointing to the Greek slave, "What do you call that ere naked boy there ?"

"It is a Greek slave," replied Mr. Powers.

"And what might be the price of it ?" continued our New York traveller.

"Three thousand dollars is the price I have put upon it."

"Is it possible ? why I had thought of buying something of the kind, but I had no *idee* they cost so much. *Stateara is ris*, hasn't it."

I have seen paintings sold in New York at auction for Salvator Rosas at seventy dollars a-piece, that I actually would not allow to be hung up in my parlor, unless as mere substitutes for plain panels. Of the hundreds of old Italian paintings sold every year in New York, there are scarcely a dozen that are good for anything. But if a man will buy these "chiaro oscuros" in Italy, let him learn to beat down the seller till he gets them for a mere bagatelle, their true value.

The purchase of a miserable unbound copy of an Italian translation of Virgil, by my friend in Genoa, is a fair example to follow by those who would buy paintings. Taking up the Virgil from a stall in the streets, he asked the man what he wanted for it. "Twenty-two francs," said he promptly, and with the utmost gravity. My friend smiled and asked him if he thought he could find anybody so big a fool as to give that price for it. "Certe," was the reply. My friend laid down the book, and was about walking away, when the man quietly asked him what he was willing to give for it ? "Well," said he, "two francs possibly." "La prende, la prende—take it, take it," said he. Something of a falling off.

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## HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHT-MARE ABBEY.

The revival of the two novels Headlong Hall and Night-Mare Abbey in Wiley and Putnam's library of Choice Reading, has set on foot an inquiry for the author, and those incidental personal circumstances which enter into the composition of every book, though generally of less consequence to the reader than in the present instance. When a man undertakes to satirize us, we very reasonably desire to know who and what he is ; when he speaks from himself, we want to know the momentum of character and education which is to give force to his words. The author of Headlong Hall has stood his test of a quarter of a century, and may challenge this investigation. Though not a popular man, that is to say one living in the full blaze of fashionable notoriety, he has been all along well enough known among the friends and readers with whom such knowledge was most desirable to him. That he was the intimate friend of the poet Shelley affords the most satisfactory evidence of the worth of his character, for Shelley practised purity always in himself and sought it in others ; we can fancy no attachment springing up with him, where there was not worth on the side of the comer. It is equally creditable to our author's candor and breadth of mind, that being the friend he could also be the playful satirist of some of his friend's extravagant notions. In Nightmare Abbey, under the character of Scythrop, will be found certain palpable hits at a young man, smitten with a prospect for regenerating society at a blow, quite out with the world and very fond of metaphysics, "most musical, most melancholy," in the very gloomy abbey in the fens of Lincolnshire. This was Shelley innocently caricatured. One of the poet's letters addressed to our author by his initials T. L. P. (Thomas Love Peacock) in the volume of "Essays, Letters from Abroad, &c.," has the

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following allusion to the book. It is dated Milan, in an accession of metaphysical blue devils, converting the simple pleasure we derive from the past into a study of pain. "I often revisit Marlow in thought. The curse of this life is, that whatever is once known, can never be unkmown. You inhabit a spot, which before you inhabit it, is as indifferent to you as any other spot on the earth, and when, persuaded by some necessity, you think to leave it, you leave it not; it clings to you, and with memories of things, which, in your experience of them, gave no such promise, revenges your desertion. Time flows on, places are changed; friends who were with us, are no longer with us; yet what has been seems yet to be, but barren and stripped of life. See, I have sent you a study for Nightmare Abbey." Mr. Peacock is also spoken of as the author of some sketches of Shelley's University life, which appeared some time since in the New Monthly Magazine. He is a liberal in politics, and has been, we believe, a contributor to the Westminster Review. Occasionally, in his novels, which are generally constructed on a highly unprejudiced system of justice, the man (in a foot note) gets the better of the artist, as in the following bitter mention of Burke and Southey, growing out of an allusion in the text to the philosopher's "graduated scale of the sublime," by which "astonishment, though not in itself fear, is nevertheless a good stage towards it, and is, indeed, as it were, the half way house between respect and terror." "There must be some mistake in this, for the whole honorable band of gentlemen pensioners has resolved unanimously, that Mr. Burke was a very sublime person, particularly after he had prostituted his own soul, and betrayed his country and mankind, for 1200*l.* a year: yet he does not appear to have been a very terrible personage, and certainly went off with a very small portion of human respect, though he contrived to excite, in a great degree, the astonishment of all honest men. Our immaculate laureate (who gives us to understand that, if he had not been purified by holy matrimony into a mystical type, he would have died a virgin), is another sublime gentleman of the same genus; he very much astonished some persons when he sold his birthright for a pot of sack; but not even his *Sosia* has a grain of respect for him, though, doubtless, he thinks his name very terrible to the enemy, when he flourishes his critico-poetico-political tomahawk, and sets up his Indian yell for the blood of his old friends: but, at best, he is a mere political scarecrow, a man of straw, ridiculous to all who know of what materials he is made; and to none more so, than to those who have stuffed him, and set him up, as the Priapus of the garden of the golden apples of corruption."

Passages like this are not common, though where they do occur they are not unwelcome. They come in to relieve the balanced and somewhat formal and mathematical adjustment of argument in the text, of which we proceed now to give the reader some idea.

Headlong Hall and Night-Mare Abbey belong to a class of fictions which have their great prototype in Rabelais, though we are very far from comparing the productions of our author for a moment, in point of either invention, wit or humor with the great Pantagruelian laugher. But in the general design and complexion of the works, there are points of resemblance. The story of Garagantua is a satire on the age in which it was written; it is a highly intellectual and learned work, with a sound conservative moral in the midst of its apparent destructiveness. The series of tales commencing with Headlong Hall are also satirical, abound in all sorts of knowledge, with a less evident moral, proportioned to the inferior depth of character in the book of the nineteenth century. Rabelais was shaking society itself; Headlong Hall is, in the comparison, a mere coquetting with the opinions floating on the surface. Coleridge used to say that Swift was the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place; substitute Swift for Rabelais, and the remark may be made of our author. He is at least two removes in literature from the great original. Mr. Peacock does not grapple with human nature like the great Dean—he cannot overthrow deeply rooted institutions of society like the priest of Meudon, by one vast blast of laughter. It is well perhaps, in this rashly daring age, that no man has such power, that error itself is not too hastily overthrown, that we relinquish

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evil with reluctance, with some respect for its attendant good, that in the multitude of agitators there is safety, that we have a thousand reforms and no revolutions.

Headlong Hall is a book of society, of the drawing-room, reflecting the whims, humors, opinions of the notorious men of the day. It has little of the novel in the ordinary acceptation of the word, just enough to attract common readers and well satisfy those who are content to let the plot off if the subject matter be new and abundant. Every reader now cries out for the plot, is the plot good, and a critic commonly thinks the matter decided if the plot of a book of fiction is unexceptionable. But when we come to look into the matter, how very few plots there are even in our standard literature, which will bear the test on all sides. Scott is found deficient, Dickens they say cannot create a plot, Cooper, it is notorious, is a sad hand at it, and these are all of the first class of novelists. Between the best stories those of Othello and Tom Jones, and those which are more read perhaps, the novels of Mr. James, the reader may be content with a writer in whom the plot is subordinate to the matter. In a work of the class of Headlong Hall, it is sufficient if the plot hold the book together: we need a vehicle to introduce to us certain personages, and the story is of no more importance after this is done, than the spokesman who introduces to us the orator at a public lecture.

There are six tales of the Headlong Hall series, including Night-Mare Abbey, Crotchet Castle, Maid Marian, and the Misfortunes of Elphin, and they all turn upon pretty much the same incidents. The first proposition, the end and aim of the whole thing, is that certain personages must talk through at least half a dozen chapters. There is no other way of developing themselves; they are men of notions and opinions who have no adventures, and there is no occasion for incident, but in a climate like that of England they need shelter; they cannot meet in the open air like an Indian pow-wow or walk under plane-trees like the ancient peripatetics. Hence a castle, an abbey, or a country seat is devised, and a second desirable ingredient, if not the indispensable one, of good conversation must also be looked after—a good dinner. Mr. Peacock's heroes vary on all abstract subjects: no two of them entertain the same opinions; but on one practical point they are all agreed, in their appreciation and enjoyment of a good dinner, which is always sure to be amply provided. After the company have satisfied their souls with the roast and the boiled, they take to the Madeira, apparently Mr. Peacock's favorite beverage, as Burgundy was Sydney Smith's, and as brandy and water is Mr. Dickens', if we may be allowed to judge from their writings. They talk, they gesticulate, they are satirical and impudent, and get to be very irascible, but they reconcile all differences in a bumper. This is the grand solvent. A novelist is not after all so restricted who has for his field the range of an old English castle, with its halls, galleries, library, drawing-room and grounds. An immense deal can be done even in the way of plot at the dinner-table alone; and the soft nothings said at the piano are in reality more seductive and develope more marriages than all the runaway horsemanship of Dr. Lever, the river incidents of Mr. James, or the moonlight serenades of Guy Mannering. Theodore Hook said he had no idea, till his attention was called to the subject, how often he had employed the dinner-table as the great instrument of developing his stories. There is scarcely a work of his in which this is not the case. His dinner scenes are famous, and they never disappoint. There is always sure to be something good on the table if not before it. Poor humanity never tires where its palate is concerned. It is so in real life. Hazlitt says the great enjoyment of travelling is to talk about what you are going to get at the next inn; it is so in novels, witness besides the examples we have given—the skimmings of Sancho at Camache's wedding; it is so on the stage, witness the gusto with which Placide, in one of his old fashioned parts, cracks his egg at a breakfast table. But Power was the man to sit down to the table with tea and toast, and throw off his good things to the landladies and the servants even, if there were no better ears in waiting. Who can forget, that has seen it, his breakfast in the Man of Nerve on his way to the Estate? It is a thing to be remembered—it never failed of a third round from the house, the old Joe Miller, particu-

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larly of the landlady, among her other accomplishments of good housekeeping, as brewing her own beer, raising her own mutton—laying her own eggs. That we have not overstated our author's liberal provision for the necessities of conversation, the following enumeration of the good things with which Haedlong Hall, like a castle, was victualled for the campaign, will prove. "Multitudes of packages had arrived, by land and water, from London, and Liverpool, and Chester, and Manchester, and Birmingham, and various other parts of the mountains: books, wine, cheese, globes, mathematical instruments, turkeys, telescopes, hams, tongues, microscopes, quadrants, sextants, fiddles, flutes, tea, sugar, electrical machines, pigs, spices, air pumps, soda water, chemical apparatus, eggs, French horns, drawing books, palettes, oils and colors, bottled ale and porter, scenery for a private theatre, pickles and fish sauce, patent lamps and chandeliers, barrels of oysters, sofas, chairs, tables, carpets, beds, looking glasses, pictures, fruits and confectioneries, nuts, oranges, lemons, packages of salt salmon, and jars of Portugal grapes."

The dramatis personæ, who discuss this magnificent bill of fare, are Squire Headlong, the host (an actual original existed for him in Wales), an impulsive, energetic man, with the impetuosity of a waterfall, who lets nothing stop with him, not even the bottle; and for the guests, a perfectibilian, a deteriorationist, a statu-quo-ite, a conservative divine, a landscape gardener, by the name of Milestone (from an idea thrown out in one of the publications of the day, of putting the arms of the neighboring family on the milestones), a phrenologist called Cranium, two profound critics, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle, and two bad poets, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel, to say nothing of Mr. Chromatic, musical, of course, and the ladies. The characters are named, and pursue their humors on the plan of their similar brethren in Ben Jonson. It is a work capable of being made very entertaining, but it is not the highest species of wit or humor.

We will introduce a few of these personages in character, and first, Mr. Escot, the deteriorationist, excited at a magnificent round of beef on the breakfast table, which brings up the argument pro and con for a Vegetable Diet.

"'The natural and original man,' said he, 'lived in the woods: the roots and fruits of the earth supplied his simple nutriment: he had few desires, and no diseases. But, when he began to sacrifice victims on the altar of superstition, to pursue the goat and the deer, and, by the pernicious invention of fire, to pervert their flesh into food, luxury, disease, and premature death, were let loose upon the world. Such is clearly the correct interpretation of the fable of Prometheus, which is a symbolical portraiture of that disastrous epoch when man first applied fire to culinary purposes, and thereby surrendered his liver to the vulture of disease. From that period the stature of mankind has been in a state of gradual diminution, and I have not the least doubt that it will continue to grow *small by degrees, and lamentably less*, till the whole race will vanish imperceptibly from the face of the earth.'

"'I cannot agree,' said Mr. Foster, 'in the consequences being so very disastrous. I admit, that in some respects the use of animal food retards, though it cannot materially inhibit, the perfectibility of the species. But the use of fire was indispensably necessary, as Æschylus and Virgil expressly assert, to give being to the various arts of life, which in their rapid and interminable progress, will finally conduct every individual of the race to the philosophic pinnacle of pure and perfect felicity.'

"'In the controversy concerning animal and vegetable food,' said Mr. Jenkison, 'there is much to be said on both sides; and the question being in equipoise, I content myself with a mixed diet, and make a point of eating whatever is placed before me, provided it be good in its kind.'

"In this opinion his two brother philosophers practically coincided, though they both ran down the theory as highly detrimental to the best interests of man.

"'I am really astonished,' said the Reverend Doctor Gaster, gracefully picking off the supernal fragments of an egg he had just cracked, and clearing away a space at the top for the reception of a small piece of butter—'I am really astonished, gentlemen, at the very heterodox opinions I have heard you deliver: since nothing can be more obvious than that all animals were created solely and exclusively for the use of man.'

"'Even the tiger that devours him?' said Mr. Escot.

"'Certainly,' said Dr. Gaster.

"'How do you prove it?' said Mr. Escot.

"'It requires no proof,' said Dr. Gaster: 'it is a point of doctrine. It is written, therefore it is so.'

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"'Nothing can be more logical,' said Mr. Jenkison. 'It has been said,' continued he, 'that the ox was expressly made to be eaten by man: it may be said, by a parity of reasoning, that man was expressly made to be eaten by the tiger: but as wild oxen exist where there are no men, and men where there are no tigers, it would seem that in these instances they do not properly answer the ends of their creation.'

"'It is a mystery,' said Dr. Gaster.

"'Not to launch into the question of final causes," said Mr. Escot, helping himself at the same time to a slice of beef, 'concerning which I will candidly acknowledge I am as profoundly ignorant as the most dogmatical theologian possibly can be, I just wish to observe, that the pure and peaceful manners which Homer ascribes to the Lotophagi, and which at this day characterize many nations (the Hindoos, for example, who subsist exclusively on the fruits of the earth), depose very strongly in favor of a vegetable regimen.'

"'It may be said, on the contrary,' said Mr. Foster, 'that animal food acts on the mind as manure does on flowers, forcing them into a degree of expansion they would not otherwise have attained. If we can imagine a philosophical auricula falling into a train of theoretical meditation on its original and natural nutriment, till it should work itself up into a profound abomination of bullock's blood, sugar-baker's scum, and other *unnatural* ingredients of that rich composition of soil which had brought it to perfection,* and insist on being planted in common earth, it would have all the advantage of natural theory on its side, that the most strenuous advocate of the vegetable system could desire; but it would soon discover the practical error of its retrograde experiment by its lamentable inferiority in strength and beauty to all the auriculas around it. I am afraid, in some instances at least, that this analogy holds true in respect to mind. No one will make a comparison in point of mental power, between the Hindoos and ancient Greeks.'

"'The anatomy of the human stomach,' said Mr. Escot, 'and the formation of the teeth, clearly place man in the class of frugivorous animals.'

"'Many anatomists,' said Mr. Foster, 'are of a different opinion, and agree in discerning the characteristics of the carnivorous classes.'

"'I am no anatomist,' said Mr. Jenkison,' 'and cannot decide where doctors disagree; in the mean time, I conclude that man is omnivorous, and on that conclusion I act.'

"'Your conclusion is truly orthodox,' said the Reverend Doctor Gaster: "indeed the loaves and fishes are typical of a mixed diet; and the practice of the Church in all ages shows ——'

"'That it never loses sight of the loaves and fishes,' said Mr. Escot."

Take another passage between these philosophers, with the favorite illustration of the sailor.

"'As a partizan of the system of the moral perfectibility of the human race,' said Mr. Escot, who was always for considering things on a large scale, and whose thoughts immediately wandered foom the lake to the ocean, from a little boat to a ship of the line,—'you will probably be able to point out to me the degree of improvement that you suppose to have taken place in the character of a sailor, from the days when Jason sailed through the Cyanean Symplegades, or Noah moored his ark on the summit of Ararat.'

"'If you talk to me,' said Mr. Foster, 'of mythological personages, of course I cannot meet you on fair grounds.'

"'We will begin, if you please, then,' said Mr. Escot, 'no further back than the battle of Salamis; and I will ask you if you think the mariners of England are, in any one respect, morally or intellectually, superior to those who then preserved the liberties of Greece under the direction of Themistocles?'

"'I will venture to assert,' said Mr. Foster, 'that, considered merely as sailors, which is the only fair mode of judging them, they are as far superior to the Athenians, as the structure of our ships is superior to that of theirs. Would not one English seventy-four, think you, have been sufficient to have sunk, burned, and put to flight, all the Persian and Grecian vessels in that memorable bay? Contemplate the progress of naval architecture, and the slow but immense succession of concatenated intelligence by which it has gradually attained its present stage of perfectibility. In this, as in all other branches of art and science, every generation possesses all the knowledge of the preceding, and adds to it its own discoveries in a progression to which there seems no limit. The skill requisite to direct these immense machines is proportionate to their magnitude and complicated mechanism; and, therefore, the English sailor, considered merely as a sailor, is vastly superior to the ancient Greek.'

"'You make a distinction, of course,' said Mr. Escot, 'between scientific and moral perfectibility.'

* See Emmerton on the Auricula.

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"'I conceive,' said Mr. Foster, 'that men are virtuous in proportion as they are enlightened; and that, as every generation increases in knowledge, it also increases in virtue.'

"'I wish it were so,' said Mr. Escot; 'but to me the very reverse appears to be the fact. The progress of knowledge is not general: it is confined to a chosen few of every age. How far these are better than their neighbors, we may examine by and bye. The mass of mankind is composed of beasts of burden, mere clods, and tools of their superiors. By enlarging and complicating your machines, you degrade, not exalt, the human animals you employ to direct them. When the boatswain of a seventy-four pipes all hands to the main-tack, and flourishes the rope's end over the shoulders of the poor fellows who are tugging at the ropes, do you perceive so dignified, so gratifying a picture as Ulysses exhorting his dear friends, his ΕΡΙΗΡΕΣ ΈΤΑΙΡΟΙ, to ply their oars with energy? You will say, Ulysses was a fabulous character. But the economy of his vessel is drawn from nature. Every man on board has a character and a will of his own. He talks to them, argues with them, convinces them; and they obey him, because they love him, and know the reason of his orders. Now, as I have said before, all singleness of character is lost. We divide men into herds like cattle: an individual man, if you strip him of all that is extraneous to himself, is the most wretched and contemptible creature on the face of the earth. The sciences advance. True. A few years of study put a modern mathematician in possession of more than Newton knew, and leave him at leisure to add new discoveries of his own. Agreed. But does this make him a Newton? Does it put him in possession of that range of intellect, that grasp of mind, from which the discoveries of Newton sprang? It is mental power that I look to: if you can demonstrate the increase of that, I will give up the field. Energy—independence—individuality—disinterested virtue—active benevolence—self-oblivion—universal philanthropy—these are the qualities I desire to find, and of which I contend that every succeeding age produces fewer examples. I repeat it; there is scarcely such a thing to be found as a single individual man: a few classes compose the whole frame of society, and when you know one of a class you know the whole of it. Give me the wild man of the woods; the original, unthinking, unscientific, unlogical savage: in him there is at least some good; but, in a civilized, sophisticated, cold-blooded, mechanical, calculating slave of Mammon and the world, there is none—absolutely none. Sir, if I fall into a river, an unsophisticated man will jump in and bring me out; but a philosopher will look on with the utmost calmness, and consider me in the light of a projectile, and, making a calculation of the degree of force with which I have impinged on the surface, the resistance of the fluid, the velocity of the current and the depth of the water in that particular place, he will ascertain with the greatest nicety in what part of the mud at the bottom I may probably be found, at any given distance of time from the moment of my first immersion.'"

This is the staple of conversation on these topics in all companies. It is all included here in a nut-shell, just as in the following passage, the argument on the abuse of periodical literature is embraced in Mr. Escot's last paragraph.

"*Mr. Foster.* Virtue is independent of external circumstances. The exalted understanding looks into the truth of things, and, in its own peaceful contemplations, rises superior to the world. No philosopher would resign his mental acquisitions for the purchase of any terrestrial good.

"*Mr. Escot.* In other words, no man whatever would resign his identity, which is nothing more than the consciousness of his perceptions, as the price of any acquisition. But every man, without exception, would willingly effect a very material change in his relative situation to other individuals. Unluckily for the rest of your argument, the understanding of literary people is for the most part *exalted*, as you express it, not so much by the love of truth and virtue, as by arrogance and self-sufficiency; and there is, perhaps, less disinterestedness, less liberality, less general benevolence, and more envy, hatred, and uncharitableness among them, than among any other description of men.

"(*The eye of Mr. Escot, as he pronounced these words, rested very innocently and unintentionally on Mr. Gall.*)

"*Mr. Gall.* You allude, sir, I presume, to my review.

"*Mr. Escot.* Pardon me, sir. You will be convinced it is impossible I can allude to your review, when I assure you that I have never read a single page of it.

"*Mr. Gall, Mr. Treacle, Mr. Nightshade, and Mr. Mac Laurel.* Never read our review!!!

"*Mr. Escot.* Never. I look on periodical criticism in general to be a species of shop where panegyric and defamation are sold, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. I am not inclined to be a purcha-

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ser of these commodities, or encourage a trade which I consider pregnant with mischief.

"*Mr. Mac Laurel.* I can readily conceive, sir, ye wou'd na wullinly encoorage ony dealer in panegeeric: but, frae the manner in which ye speak o' the first creetics an' scholars o' the age, I shou'd think ye wou'd hae a leetle mair predilaction for deefamation.

"*Mr. Escot.* I have no predilection for defamation. I make a point of speaking the truth on all occasions; and it seldom happens that the truth can be spoken without some stricken deer pronouncing it a libel.

"*Mr. Nightshade.* You are perhaps, sir, an enemy to literature in general?

"*Mr. Escot.* If I were, sir, I should be a better friend to periodical critics.

"*Squire Headlong.* Buz!

"*Mr. Treacle.* May I simply take the liberty to inquire into the basis of your objection?

"*Mr. Escot.* I conceive that periodical criticism disseminates superficial knowledge, and its perpetual adjunct, vanity; that it checks in the youthful mind the habit of thinking for itself; that it delivers partial opinions, and thereby misleads the judgment; that it is never conducted with a view to the general interests of literature, but to serve the interested ends of individuals, and the miserable purposes of party.

"*Mr. Mac Laurel.* Ye ken, sir, a mon mun leeve."

In such wise our author echoes the opinions of the world. His book is a Spirit of the Age, secondary only to that of Hazlitt, who has drawn some of the same characters depicted in this volume. Coleridge, for instance, the transcendental Mr. Flosky of Night-Mare Abbey, and Southey, Roderick Sackbut. Due allowance should be made for the novelist and the satirist. Hazlitt is the more sincere of the two. His errors, springing out of the inseparable strength and weakness of his character, may be easily taken into the account; they are on the surface, and he was a foe to his own prejudices, doing Burke, for instance, the over measure of justice as an author, which he withheld from him as a politician. It should be remembered, in the satire of Coleridge in Night-Mare Abbey, that the author lays aside his own responsibility, and is simply pursuing a metaphysician's hobby till he runs it down, and demonstrates that the last estate of the unbalanced philosophic mind is utter obscurity, indifference, and selfishness.

Headlong Hall and Night-Mare Abbey are books capable of furnishing a great deal of enjoyment to readers of cultivated, speculative minds; they have the same interest in the skilfully adjusted conflicts of the characters, which we take in a game of chess. Victory hangs on the nicest intellectual balance—a weighty argument or a feathered jest may turn the scale which has been equally suspended from the beginning of the world, while men have disputed on their favorite topics—while some have loved music, and others painting, while some follow the romantic, others the classic, while one class is of opinion that we are in an age of iron, and another, with equal keenness, sees in the same present, the opening glories of the millenium.

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# THE TEA-FAIRY.

## A CHINESE LEGEND.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

An ancient chronicle, written long before barbarous foreign nations had penetrated into the celestial empire, records an adventure of one who afterwards became famous in Chinese history. My father—it begins abruptly—and we shall imitate the simplicity of the chronicle, giving it in the hero's own words—lived on a little estate upon the Yellow River. Two only remained of all his children; my sister and myself. When I reflect how little time or pains were bestowed on my education, I marvel that I did not grow up a barbarian. My father was too much absorbed in the pursuits of learning, to attend to the affairs of his family. His condition may be imagined, when it is known that, at his death, he left an encyclopedia of his own compiling—of no fewer than a hundred volumes. My sister and I were of very different characters; I loved an active life; she was fond of repose. She was a beauty, as many of our family had been; and celebrated for a singularly long, delicate white nail on the little finger of her left hand. As this nail grew, her reputation as a belle increased, and suitors flocked around her.

I had reached my eighteenth year, and longed to travel, and see something of the world. My father dismissed me for this purpose, with many sage counsels, and but little money. I went to Pekin, and resolved to seek out an old friend of his. The great city, with its multitude of streets and thoroughfares, and its ever busy crowds, bewildered me; and my ignorance and simplicity were so evident, that I became the sport of idlers in the street. Now one would call out to me to look at something new and curious; another would cry—"There comes the Emperor!" and then all would join in the laugh at my confusion. At length, driven out of patience by the malice of my persecutors, who were by this time innumerable, I pulled the slipper from my foot, and laid about me, wherever I could see a face grinning at my disasters. This had some effect at first; but it provoked my tormentors to haunt me, and I had little rest.

One day, as I was thus engaged, one against many, I saw, coming through the crowd, a little, but distinguished looking man, dressed from head to foot in green atlas. He had a strangely shaped long nose, the tip of which was brilliantly green. This prominent feature threw into insignificance all the others; so that his forehead, eyes and mouth could hardly be seen at all. This mandarin, for such he undoubtedly was, having a number of servants in his train, came towards me; and at his approach the crowd fell back. He beckoned me to step into his litter, where he first seated himself. When I had done so the litter was set in motion; we were carried out of the city, into the suburbs, and, to my surprise, into a deep wood, which terminated in a rich and beautiful tract of country—bordered by a river,—where the mandarin had his country-seat. During all this time, the little man had been surveying me keenly with his small deep-set eyes; and seemed not dissatisfied, though he spoke not a word. As we alighted from the litter, he pointed to the stately dwelling. "Look, my son," said he, "at yon beautiful palace, the roof and dome of which are hung with myriads of little balls, that make sweet music whenever the wind caresses their metal cheeks! All is mine! And yet I was once a poor, worthless lad like thee, wandering a stranger in the great city. By talent and industry I have become the possessor of the largest tea plantation in China, which brings me a princely income. I stand high in the Emperor's favor. I supply the world with tea. But what rejoices me most of all, is, that I have destroyed the business of my former friend, who

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is also a rival tea merchant. You may see his wretched hut yonder. He once possessed a palace, even more splendid than mine; but, thanks to the great Fo! my efforts have ruined him! See—he is looking at us, over the wall! How pale he is! how hollow-eyed! Envy has blighted him."

I looked, and saw a man leaning over the wall of a little garden, with a thoughtful and melancholy face, which, in spite of my worldly heart, interested me by its expression of sorrow and of gentleness. He was poorly dressed, but there was something about him that commanded my respect.

To be brief—I entered the service of Tim-li-tim, and was ere long advanced to the post of his first secretary. I had enough to do, to make the daily packages, and sales, with the name and residence of the tea merchants who purchased of my master. I found the occupation something tedious, but labored for the succeeding year with the utmost diligence, having the example of my patron's fortune before me. I dared not, however, hope for success like his, for I believed him gifted with supernatural powers.

My conjectures on this point were verified in a singular manner—by the most surprising event of my life. I had observed, that on a certain day in every month, my master shut himself up, and refused to admit visitors. I soon ascertained that he retired to a remote turret chamber in his castle, where he remained some time alone. Impelled by curiosity, I resolved at length to discover the secret. On the morning of one of the days, I hid myself in a large pagoda, that stood in a corner of the mysterious apartment. I had not waited long, before Tim-li-tim entered, carefully closing the door behind him. He then opened a cupboard, and took from it a small silver bell, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. The cup of the bell was wrought to resemble a tulip, and ornamented with colored stripes of enamel: the clapper was shaped like a golden bee. My master gently shook the bell, the bee moved to and fro as if instinct with life; and I heard a soft musical humming, like a swarm of the insects gathered round the blossoms of a linden tree. This fine humming was presently changed into a louder and more complaining murmur, and at last into a continued roar, hoarse, wild and mournful, like the surging of a storm through the forest. It grew still louder, till I had nearly lost my senses with terror, and, trembling, crowded down in my hiding-place. In a few moments the strange noise diminished, and I distinguished sounds like a musical tinkling—and a sweet soft voice blending its melody with the roar, till it ceased entirely. I now had courage to look forth again. The cup of the bell was filled with a rosy mist: it spread, and at the same time seemed to grow thicker, till I saw standing on the floor a female figure, about the size of a child eight years old—fantastically dressed, and wearing a garland of small white flowers twined in its luxuriant hair.

I saw Tim-li-tim bend in a profound obeisance before this strange and beautiful apparition; and at the same moment saw that the figure, with an expression of petulant resentment, struck him in the face with her small white hand, with such force that his mighty nose actually quivered. "Have I not told thee, monster!" cried the sweet voice,—"that I wish never to see thy hideous visage again! Why hast thou called me? Is it not enough that I am a prisoner in this place by thy wicked sinning? wherefore torment me with thy suit?"

"Sweet fairy!" cried the mandarin, kneeling down before her: "what am I profited by the power and wealth thou hast given me, if thou withholdest love? Renounce thy black favorite and turn thy regards on me!"

"Never!" exclaimed the fairy, indignantly—and with another blow, which Tim-li-tim avoided.

"What would'st thou have me do?" at length he asked, seemingly troubled at her displeasure.

"Release me," was the quick reply.

"That I may be ruined, and my rival made rich and happy? By my beard—but—"

"Undo the spell! Break the ball!" cried the lovely prisoner—"and my eternal gratitude shall be thine."

"What would thy gratitude avail me?"

"Monster!"

"Be silent; if I am to hear nothing but reproaches, I will shut thee up again."

"Do so! far better my dungeon than thy presence."

My master, incensed, seized the ball, and held it over the fair head of the child-

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like figure. It seemed to melt round her like a veil of silver tissue. As this faded and vanished, the maiden was gone; and an indescribably delicious aroma of tea filled the apartment.

The great Fo, who looks into all our hearts, saw the weakness of mine, and the wild conflict excited in my breast by the sight of the beautiful fairy. He sent me no succor. I grew absent and moody; I neglected my business. I was tortured by an inflexible longing, which at length formed itself into a settled resolution. I watched my opportunity when Tim-li-tim had left home on a journey for some days. As soon as I could steal away unobserved, I hastened to the mysterious chamber. I took the bell in my trembling hands, rang it, and after the same sounds as before, the apparition stood before me. She gazed at me in visible astonishment.

"Who has called me?" said her musical voice. "I behold only a handsome young man. Where is the green-nosed monster?"

"Think no more of him, fairest lady," I replied. "I am come to do you a service—to set you free! I will this instant, at your bidding, break the bell in which you are imprisoned."

She looked at me with a melancholy smile. "Alas! my friend," she answered, "thy hand is powerless for my release. The spell can be broken only by him who is the author of my thraldom."

I was grieved beyond measure to hear this. Nevertheless, thought I, though unable to give her freedom, I may yet do something to render her captivity less irksome. And I ventured to express this hope.

After a pause the fairy said, "I will trust thee, excellent youth, and speak openly; for thou hast been generous in offering aid to one of whom thou knewest no more than that she was unhappy. Know me now for one of those beings who are appointed to preside over the different beverages used by the human race. I am the youngest of four sisters. The eldest is a brunette, and has the ardent temperament bestowed by the burning skies under which she was born: she is passionate, but lively and entertaining, and on that account a favorite with the ladies. She presides over coffee. The second, to whom the care of the chocolate plant is committed, is the fairest and gentlest of all, but lacking the winning arts of the oldest is less prized, and often has to betake herself to the company of the old and dull. My third sister rules the delicious sherbet of the east; and seldom leaves the region where her infancy was passed. My department is the tea. Flatterers tell me I am the poet's friend; and that I unite the good qualities of my sisters, without their faults. Be that as it may, I am satisfied with my domain. I have but one brother, a wild, headstrong young fellow; he presides over wine, and we see him but seldom; for his mad humor has little communion with our gentle, feminine natures. Our oldest sister alone has some little influence over him.

"My melancholy story is a short one. Many weary years have passed since I first revealed myself to man. I was floating in freedom and happiness over the bosom of earth, when my eyes fell on a tall and slender stripling, in whose countenance I read poetic fancy and feeling. It was the same dark, melancholy man thou hast seen. He was then owner of a small patrimony, which he endeavored to render more valuable by cultivation. But his success was small; for he was, like all poets, of an organization too delicate for gross manual labor. I loved him as I looked; I fixed my abode with him. I scattered my seeds of plenty over his little piece of ground; I made him wealthy and happy; the envy of all who knew of his unrivalled good fortune. I was careless who discovered our mutual attachment; alas! there lay my error. Tim-li-tim saw and envied our happiness. He was then only an artizan, and poor: but he knew how to acquire power over beings of my nature. By accident he had become possessed of that volume of the Encyclopedia of Zoroaster, which treats of the fairies in China and Mongolia. He studied this, and availing himself of its science, constructed that magic bell, which is now my prison. No one except himself can set me free; and as it is through me he has risen to prosperity, I have little hope that he will consent to release me, so long as it is for his interest to keep me in durance."

"But can he not be compelled?" cried I, interested in the story.

"Listen!" answered the fairy. "this may be done—by poisoning the tea in which he deals."

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"Poisoning the tea!" I repeated; "how may that be?"—

"There is nothing easier," said the child-like figure. "I myself can do no harm to the plant which is consecrated to me, and which I love so well, else I had long since destroyed the possession of my tormentor. He must do the mischief himself. Hast thou never observed a singular greenish light playing about his face?"

I answered that I had indeed often noticed and wondered at it.

"That greenish glimmer is nothing less than a subtle poison, which pervades his whole system. He inherits it through his descent from an old metal king, who once reigned in China. The legitimate descendants of this ancient monarch have gold and silver in their bodies; but those whose blood is tainted, or corrupted by vicious alliances, copper, iron, tin, and other inferior metals. My tormentor is baseborn, as were his ancestors; and the copper he derives from them mingling with his impure blood, has generated a bitter poison, which renders even his caresses baneful. His breath distils venom; his eyes invest objects with a sickly greenish hue; and his tears poison the ground on which they fall. Thou hast not failed to observe, whenever he works among the tea plants, how carefully he covers his hands and face, that no noxious breath may touch the precious leaves! —If thou couldst only manage, while the plants are in bloom, to make him approach them without his mask! The subtle poison will quickly spread over the whole plantation. He can find no help for what will ensue. Canst thou do this, he will be forced to set me at liberty."

"It shall be done, beautiful fairy!" I cried, resolved to devote myself to her service.

Ere the moon had changed, I had redeemed my promise. Tim-li-tim was one day at work in his plantation—the young plants were in bloom. I came up behind him with stealthy step, threw myself suddenly upon him, and tore the mask from his face, with the covering he always wore over his shoulders. He fell down among the plants, and I saw the white flowers close over his head. A disagreeable brassy odor diffused itself around the spot, and a greenish mist spread through the air. The mandarin raised himself quickly, and felt for his handkerchief; but I had fled with that also. His rage and despair were indescribable: tears fell from his eyes, and the ground drank the poisonous moisture. The deleterious influence diffused itself far and wide. The delicate blossoms and leaves imbibed it; and exhibited that peculiar green color, and that sharp metallic taste observable to this day in what is called *green tea.*

Language would fail to depict the despair of Tim-li-tim, as he saw the mischief thus wrought. His plants immediately sank more than half in value; for nobody cared to drink his green tea. It was rumored that the tea of the mandarin Tim-li-tim was poisoned. The unhappy man saw nothing but ruin and imprisonment, perhaps death, before him. In his extremity, as the fairy had foreseen, he promised her instant freedom if she would remove the curse. The lovely prisoner consented to undertake it. One bright moonlight night, the wide fields of his plantation might have been seen covered with a white veil, as of silvery mist. Under this dewy and shining covering, millions of little winged sprites were floating and at work. They hung on the white flowers and sucked the poison from their delicate cups. The greenish hue with which they had been tainted, grew paler and paler, but did not vanish entirely. The little sprites performed their task so faithfully, sucking the poison, that some of them perished on the spot; others reeled away giddily and sick; in short, the work of restoration could be but half done. The mandarin, however, was obliged to keep his word; he broke the bell, and the liberated fairy returned to her former poet-love. Her blessing, as before, soon made his fields plenteous; and the black tea that was sent forth to the world after the reunion of the pair, was pronounced the most delicious that had ever been tasted. But as this same world often prefers the piquant and unnatural even to the wholesome and genial—it will not be wondered at that the wicked Tim-li-tim did not fall into bankruptcy. He found purchasers for his crops—who thought his deleterious green tea even more delightful than the fresh, innocent beverage blessed by the loving and happy fairy. All those, however, whose tastes were not vitiated, and who prized health and cheerfulness, adhered to the black tea, and found their reward in doing so.

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The chronicle further mentions, that the narrator of the above adventure escaped the wrath of the mandarin, and returned home loaded with gifts from the grateful fairy. His sister, the belle with the long nail, was married. He often visited the tea merchant who was beloved by the fairy, and witnessed his prosperity. The chronicle ends with a wish that all enemies of the Celestial Empire may drink nothing but green tea.

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## EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

BY A DISCIPLE.

"The highest office of the intellect is the discovery of essential unity under the semblances of difference."—COLERIDGE.

"Surprising, indeed, on whatever side we look is the revival of the individual consciousness of a living relation with the All Good. Our literature is every day more deeply tinged with a sense of the mysterious power which animates existence, and governs all events."—W. H. CHANNING.

It has been said that "the office of criticism is to bridge over the waters that separate the prophet from the people—to compass the distance that divides the understanding in the auditor from the intuition of the utterer,"—an office more easily indicated than fulfilled; and one which few persons have attempted to perform, for one of the most profound thinkers and inspired seers of our time: perhaps because the partition waters were too wide—the intervening gulf too deep.

Carlyle, who has lovingly unfolded to his countrymen the pure and cloistral genius of Novalis, the profound significance of Goethe and the intricate opulence of Jean Paul, has, in presenting them with the evangel of our western prophet, left them to solve the problem as they may.

His preface to the English edition of the Essays, imports that the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson is not entirely unknown in England. Distinguished travellers, he says, "have carried thither tidings of such a man—fractions of his writings have found their way into the hands of the curious: fitful hints that there is, in New England, some spiritual notability, called Emerson, glide through Reviews and Magazines." For himself, he finds that "*the words of this man, such words as he finds it good to speak, are worth attending to*, and that by degrees, a small circle of living souls, eager to hear, are gathered." And in these few words, he has, perhaps, said all that the critic can effectually say in his office of Mediator between the prophet and the people. He cannot induct his readers with the "*aura*" of an author's genius, he can only point them to the source from which it emanates. He may say much that will be received with delight by those who are already the participators or recipients of the new revelation, but he cannot construct any bridge or thoroughfare by which "understanding of the populace shall pass to the intuition of the Seer." No mechanical aids can avail us here. The wings of love and faith can alone bear us to those serene heights whence the prophet overlooks the universe.

Authority decides in the circle of the sciences, but intuition alone, a fine inner sense assumed by all, and possessed by few, judges of the true and the beautiful, of poetry and philosophy, the two foci in the intellectual ellipse." For the highest act of philosophy also, is a divination—an intuition and not an inference.

Bulwer, in his preface to the translations from Schiller, says that the chief aim of the poet, with that of the orator on the husting, should be to make himself intelligible to the multitude; but Bulwer has little insight of the subject on which he writes; else would he know that the poet never troubles himself with thoughts like these. He sings as the bird sings, because his soul is o'erburthened with love and beauty. He casts the fertilizing flower-dust of his heart to the winds of heaven, nor asks if they have borne it to a fitting receptacle.

The most profound thinker cannot de-

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fend his faith in the inner world, nor the poet his vision thereof from the vapid gain-saying of the scoffer. Not the Seer, but the Savant is honored of the world. Spinoza had not a single follower in the age in which he lived, and it has been said that there are not at any time ten men on the earth who read Plato.

The great philosopher and poet is he, who understands the spirit of his age. To do this, he must transcend the existing order of things, overlooking it from a point of view above the level of his contemporaries, and attainable as a common standpoint, only to succeeding generations; and just in proportion as he transcends the popular level, is his speech an enigma or a reproach to the multitude, who, regarding their own minds as the normal measure of human intelligence, oppose themselves with sullen determination to the new revelation, and groan, like the mandrake, when a new idea threatens to uproot them from the soil in which they vegetate.

There is no paradox so absurd, no heresy so dangerous, that men will not sooner forgive it than a truth prematurely enunciated. And no man excites such pious horror, such unmitigated reprobation, as the promulgator of such truth. The effect of a resisting medium becomes perceptible only as the planet approaches its perihelion.

The world, unwillingly aroused from its slumbers, thinks, like the silly housemaids in Æsop, by wringing the neck of poor Chanticleer to retard the dawn!

"Beware," says Emerson, "when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet, then all things are at risk—the very hopes of man, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the Divinity into the mind." But to see things under this new law, they must be seen from the same level, and through the same medium. The results of the synthetic intellect cannot be reached through any critical or analytical process.

A man of Emerson's large faith and intuitive reason, who has drunk deep at the fontal truths of being, and sent his plummet to the ocean-depths of thought, cannot accommodate his free unchartered utterance to the limited apprehension of men who, engrossed by the narrow arts of detail, have no capacity for the wisdom of the complex. Yet, perhaps few persons could so command the rapt attention of a popular audience, to thoughts so abstruse, expressed in language so delphic and poetic. The charm of his presence is pervasive, like music. He commands the attention of his audience, and constrains their sympathy by a power which they cannot analyze, by a spell that transcends their knowledge.

Severe truthfulness characterizes every look, tone, and gesture. He speaks from the commanding and regal attitude of one who reposes firmly on his convictions. Those earnest eyes seem to hold commune with *soul*, and regardless of the world's penalties and rewards, make their direct appeal to the inner tribunal of the conscience. Their look of profound repose, or concentrate thought deepening at times beneath a frown (severe, yet beautiful in its passionless, rebuke) which can hardly fail to remind one of the austere majesty in the countenance of the angel sent to expel Heliodorus from the temple, one of the finest of Raphael's inimitable heads. At such moments our prophet might, with Heraclitus, be compared to the Sybil, who "speaking with inspired mouth, inornate and severe, pierces through centuries by the power of the God."

The spell of his immediate influence is felt and acknowledged by the most uncultivated audience, yet we hear a constant reference to his obscurity and vagueness. Men complain that no intelligible ideas have been gained, no definite notions acquired. They were charmed while they listened, but when they seek to explain and seize the charm, its secret escapes them. They cannot analyze it—they cannot appropriate it. It is a fairy gift that turns to dross in the handling. In return for their time and money, they have brought away nothing positive and available—nothing that can be weighed and measured and turned to useful account.

But what went ye forth for to see? A partizan? a polemic? an exponent of creeds and doctrines? a propounder of articles of faith, and theories of civil polity? Verily ye have sought in vain! Yet somewhat have ye heard that stirred your stagnant souls, but what, ye know not. A wild, mysterious music, as of the winds of paradise, mur-

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muring afar off through the Tree of Life. An improvisation, as it were, of the central laws of being. The oracular enunciation of a mystic and sublime Theosophy. Ye hear the sound thereof, yet know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. It is as the heavenly manna which cannot be heaped or hoarded, but which refreshes the pilgrim on his weary life-path, and imparts new strength to bear the burthen of the way.

Emerson's speech is affirmative and oracular. We must be satisfied to receive from him the enunciation of the idea, we cannot hope to hear it demonstrated, or explained. We find no attempt at a formal, scientific statement of truth, but rather an oriental dogmatism, an apostolic yea and nay. His mind betrays a quick apprehension of logical sequence, yet he renders no account of the actual process by which he arrives at results. He attacks no creed, convinces no sceptic, but he gives adequate and beautiful expression to the most profound and cherished convictions —to the most earnest and devout aspirations of the age. To some of the loftiest minds and purest spirits of the nineteenth century, his voice is as "the voice of their own souls, heard in the calm of thought."

His novel statements of the most familiar phenomena of life, have often a strange force and directness, and startle us by their simple verity, like the naive cadences of a child's voice heard amid the falsetto tones of the conventicle or the theatre.

No man is better adapted than Emerson to comprehend the spirit of the age and to interpret its mission. His insight is marvellously clear, and though less conversant than many others with concrete, special instances, he yields to none in the synthetic grasp of his intellect, and in a comprehensive and generic classification of the facts of experience. He looks not so much at that aspect of things, often partial, trivial and grotesque, which they bear to time, as at that solemn and serene, which faces eternity. The earth is to him not one of Gardiner's globes, mapped off into petty divisions of province and empire, state and territory, but one of the more recent planets of our system, moving on its destined path through space and harmoniously fulfilling its part in the grand diapason of the universe. He sees not so much the things in which man differs from man as those grand features common to humanity.

Life is viewed by him from no parish belfry, but from an "exceeding high mountain, from whence he can behold all the kingdoms of the world and the glories thereof." Seen from these serene altitudes, all conventional distinctions fade into insignificance, and Satan cannot tempt the soul even to a momentary deviation from its worship of essential truth and beauty.

With the same synthetic glance, he looks at inanimate nature; and, with Novalis, studies her not in her isolated phenomena, but in her essential unity. To him she is not the chance playmate of an hour, but the fair bride of the spirit, and its destined companion through eternity,—reflecting back from her loving and gentle eyes all that the soul hopes or fears, enjoys or suffers. He lives with her in sweet and intimate communion, as one who has won from her the "heart of her mystery," and divined the last word of her secret, or rather as one who has learned that she has no "last word," but like the fair *raconteur* of the Arabian tale, improvises from day to day, from year to year, from age to age, an interminable romance—a series of inventions, the last of which has still some mysterious connection with the first, elucidating and carrying forward but never ending her wondrous story. "To the intelligent Nature converts herself into an infinite promise."

Nor is this view of Nature, as the inseparable companion and counterpart of spirit, contradictory to the Berkeleyan idealism which frequently manifests itself in Emerson's writings, particularly in the earlier Essays. For in proportion as matter is divested of its rigid positiveness and substantial objectivity, do we the more readily conceive of it as a permanent mode of existence, capable of infinite adaptation to the wants of the spiritual intelligences that are associated with it. "The vast picture which God paints on the instant eternity of the soul." The inferences of modern science in relation to this subject are pregnant with results of the highest importance to spiritual and mental philosophy. But while science is slowly collecting facts, inducting theories and deducing results, the poet, with a surer instinct, suggests the true idea of nature, divines her mission and

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indicates her method. His sentient and mobile being faithfully transmits all her influences. In all her aspects and changes, he perceives a significant beauty and a mysterious sympathy with humanity. In her presence he feels not weariness, nor fears satiety: he knows that her resources are inexhaustible, and that, elastic, ductile, and permeable to spirit, she reforms herself for ever in conformity with the soul's infinitely expanding ideal.

Like Gray, Emerson delights to hear the gnarled and hoary forest-trees droning out their old stories to the storm. He listens to the song of the winds in the pine-tree and

> "Hears within their cadent pauses
> The charms of the ancient causes—
> Heeds the old oracles,—ponders the spells
> Song wakes in their pinnacles when the wind swells,"

and responds to these sylvan melodies in "wood-notes" not less wild and Orphic than their own.

We find in him always that uniform repose and serenity of mind that affects us somewhat like the aspect of nature itself,

> "Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains."

There is an absence of that vivid sense of personality—that intense individualism which so often manifests itself in the morbid and jealous sensitiveness, peculiar to what is called the "temperament of genius." Instead of this, we find a cheerful, inflexible courage, an Oriental quietude. We might fancy him dreaming away his life with the Sacontala, among the Lotus flowers that border the Ganges, or like the starry Magian evoking from night and silence their eternal mysteries. The words of Plotinus in relation to the supersensual portion of the triune soul, might aptly be applied to him—"Remaining free from all solicitude, not seeking to modify the world in accordance with the discursive reason, nor to transform anything in its own nature, but by the vision of that which is prior to itself informing the world with an infinite beauty."

This severity has been termed by his critics, "a vice of temperament," "an undue preponderance of the intellectual faculty," "a want of harmonious development," of "generous sympathy with humanity." I do not so understand it, nor can I assent to the criticism of a rare contemporary genius when, in speaking of these essays, he says—"They are truly noble, reporting a wisdom akin to that which the great and good of all time have lived and spoken; yet the author neither warms nor inspires me: he writes always from the intellect to the intellect, and hence some abatement from the depth of his insight, purchased always at the cost of vital integrity. But this is the tax on all pure intellect."

Can we then so separate the functions and faculties of our nature, as to believe that an intellect whose product is "a wisdom akin to that which the great and good of all times have lived and spoken," is developed at the cost of vital integrity? A sufficiency of life—a true vital integrity—would enable us to transcend these pernicious distinctions, and to see that love and wisdom are inseparable. Can the contemplation of eternal verities leave the heart cold and void? Is not the holy energy of true love ever sagacious, far-sighted and prophetic? Truth is not isolated: it is not a part, but the whole. It is love, and beauty, and joy. The wise man does not believe and opine, but he knows and *is* the very truth which he utters. His thought is action: his knowledge is love.

It is very common to hear persons speak of the mind as if reason, imagination and sensibility constituted different and distinct portions of it, though the consciousness speaks, *ex cathedrâ*, of a living unity. This is in part attributable to the popular empirical psychology which bears the same relation to the true, as the Grecian Theology to the Mosaic. And as the Hellenic deities make war upon each other, so in the popular psychology the faculties are represented as antagonistic, as a profound intellect and a loving heart. Yet, all great philosophers and theosophists have been devout and good men—else were their theories as profitless as their lives. Do not the bard and the prophet offer sacrifice at the same altar? Must the laurel crown extinguish the pure flame of the saintly aureole? The greatest thinker of modern Europe, who united the poetic insight of Plato with the exact method of Aristotle,

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says, "*Voluntas et intellectus unum idemque sunt.*" Nay, more: *that we know the right through the very attraction which it possesses for us.* "Quod quisque ex legibus naturæ suæ (rationalis) necessario appetit et adversatur id bonum vel malum hujus naturæ est." —*Spinoza, Ethic., pars II.*

This doctrine, that the soul, in its entire, unperverted action, instinctively seeks its highest good—a doctrine which lies at the foundation of all pure ethics—is held by Emerson with a cheerful, invincible faith, based on his knowledge of an infinite and divine life instant in the finite.

Of the *soul* he would say what Dr. Pusey says of the *Church*—"Our duty is not to reform it, or take away from it, but to *obey* it."

"For to the soul, in her pure action, all the virtues are natural and not painfully acquired." We want, then, not so much self-denial as self-knowledge and self-trust.

And as that friendship only is sweet to us which is won without any concession or compromise of our own individuality, so those virtues only are gracious and beautiful in which the whole nature transpires.

"People," says Emerson, "represent virtue as a struggle, and take to themselves great airs on their attainments, and the question is everywhere vexed, when a noble nature is commended, whether the man is not better who strives with temptation?" And here the most acute casuists are often at fault, and are fain to confess with honest Geoffrey Chaucer—

> "For me, I cannot bolt it to the bran
> As can the holy Doctor Augustin."

Carlyle, who, with all the dazzling lights and electric splendors of his cometic genius, seldom sees a truth with that calm and steadfast glance with which Emerson transfixes and holds it, in his review of Diderot loses himself in what he calls the "eternal ravelment" of the subject; asks if virtue is indeed synonymous with pleasure? —if Paul the apostle was not virtuous, and if virtue was its own reward when *his* approving conscience told him that he was the chief of sinners?—gets warm at the self-complacent tone in which the poor encyclopedist speaks of the delights of "*vertu, honnêteté, grandeur de l'ame,*" &c., and piously adjures him in the Devil and his grandmother's name, to *be* virtuous and say no more about it:—predicts, nevertheless, that the ascetic system will not soon recover its exclusive dominancy, and admits that the close observer may discern filaments of a nobler system, wherein this of self-denial and duty may be included as one harmonious element. Yet again relapsing into his doubts, asks how tolerance for the wrong can co-exist with an ever-present conviction that the right stands related to it as a God to a Devil?"

Here, then, lies the grand difficulty—the radical error of the popular creed—as of the Kantian ethics which closely approximate to it. Kant makes the highest morality to consist in the strength of a man's will—a power to conform his life to an idea of duty. Yet that which reason or conscience imposes as "the right" neither wins his credent love by its beauty, nor brings with it blessedness and joy. Its rewards are referred to a distant period and an exoteric source. Kant has been not unjustly charged with dislocating and subdividing the faculties of the human mind. He puts far apart knowledge and power, being and doing, wisdom and love. In like manner he divides the universe into antagonistic parts and principles, as matter and spirit, God and nature, good and evil, &c. Yet, not until men saw this opposition projected in a strong light, did they feel its inadequacy, and seek to restore the great idea of essential unity in a system adapted to the wants and culture of the age. Jacobi was one of the first to call attention to the vital defects of the Kantian philosophy, which sees nothing in Christianity but a code of duties, and represents the Creator of the universe as a mere Supreme Being—"*Deus extramundanus*"—apart from the creation and from man. In referring all action to a sense of obligation, in defining duty, as an antagonistic principle, Kant leaves the subject involved in that "eternal ravelment" from which few men know how to disengage it.

But these difficulties lie not in Emerson's path. He dwells ever in that clear and serene region where neither Loke nor Ahriman, Typhon nor Devil, interfere to divide with God the empire of the universe. With the great thinkers of all time, he sees that no evil is pure;

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that the principle of good enters into all things. "There is no pure lie, no pure malignity in nature—the belief in depravity is the last profligacy and profanation—there is no scepticism, no atheism but that." The malevolent man is he who holds all things as evil; and hence his destructive propensity. Sir Thomas Brown, on the other hand, who was incapable of forming strong conceptions of evil, says, he could never bring himself heartily to hate the Devil. Emerson seems, with the Platonists, to regard evil as a defect, a privation, a deviation from subsistence. He sees that God imparts to all things good, and to each that quantity of good which it is qualified to obtain. This faith cannot subsist with any purely dualistic philosophy where wrong stands opposed to right, as a Devil to a God rather than as Negation to Being; but in proportion as we free ourselves more and more from a false, fragmentary and superficial life, the soul more distinctly articulates her gospel of peace and love; we then not only believe, but know, that all evil is relative, all being progressive, all life an emanation from the Divine.

It is this beautiful soul-trust, and not self-trust, as some would render it, that Emerson inculcates from a faith so sweet and inward, that the scoffer is silenced and the caviller rebuked.

I have dwelt longer on this subject, because it forms so intimate and essential a part of the entire view of life which I find in these volumes—a view so pregnant and suggestive, that an expansive and liberal theory of morals must necessarily grow out of it.

Although Emerson claims no consistency for the speculations here presented to us, I do not find in the whole range of modern literature a mind that overlooks life from a point of view so high and commanding—that arrives so surely, by an induction so rapid and unerring, at the last results from the speculative reason. And moreover, notwithstanding (or I might rather say in consequence of) the large and free scope of his intellect, I find everywhere a pervasive consistency, a living unity of thought, which is never violated.

He has in truth no affinity with that class of thinkers described by Novalis who construct a theory in order to free themselves from the weariness of thought, nor, on the other hand, with that barren Eclecticism, which, consisting only of a fortuitous collection of ideas and having no internal principle of growth, is, like fossil substances, capable of enlargement only by accretion. For whenever thought is genuine, proceeding from a true inner life, its most spontaneous and unpremeditated enunciation manifests something of that formative energy, that harmonious adaptation of parts which marks the development of organic structure.

We are told by one of Mr. Emerson's most discerning readers, that "it may be said of him that he has never written one good work if such a work be one where the whole commands more admiration than the parts—where, after an accumulation of materials, fire enough be applied to fuse the whole into one new substance." The Essays are said to resemble "a string of mosaics, or a house built of medals."

It may be so; yet will I say of them as Andrew Marvell of his flower garden—

"What Rome, Greece, Palestine e'er said,
I, in this light Mosaic, read."

They are in truth Sibylline leaves, whose price decreases not with their want of completeness in number or arrangement. They have the unity of nature, where the whole reappears in all its parts.

"Out of these scattered Sibyl leaves
Strange prophecies my spirit weaves."

A single aphorism often suggests the whole economy of being, and unlocks to us the secret passages of things. To me they breathe a harmony so pure and responsive that I recognize therein no jarring element.

They are faithful transcripts of thought, as it evolves itself in a mind of the ripest and most harmonious development, fragmentary only in so far as the view which every man takes of life must be fragmentary, and, as are the oldest and most costly scriptures, for life itself, as read or readable by man, is but a fragment—a "*Werden*," and not a "*Seyn*."

In addition to his alleged want of unity and explicitness, we are told of his contra statements on every great question. His report is so faithful, he gives us so impartially all the aspects of things, that his meaning escapes us—

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"We get now one idea and then another, but seldom such a permanent and final result." Men prefer to have the bolted wheat prepared and garnered for their use. Yet always these antitheses, these apparent contradictions are coordinates of a single law, and spanned by a central principle. Through conscious dualism only do we pass to conscious unity.

The great truth to which all Emerson's affirmations point is Absolute Identity—the unity of all things in God. This is the "*mot d'enigme*" to his whole philosophy—it lies at the foundation of his entire theory of life, and is the secret alike of his singleness and his universality.

In giving such prominence to this idea he has shown himself an apt representative of the philosophical character of his age, a philosophy standing as yet far in advance of its popular and prosaic character, yet destined ultimately to determine, as it has already indicated, the point of view from which science, art, religion, law and social polity are to be contemplated.

The idea of Absolute Identity furnishes the type, in conformity with which thought developes itself in all the master spirits of the time. It suggested to Swedenborg his doctrine of correspondences—to Fourier his theory of "universal unity" and "universal analogy"—and to Schelling the parallelism that exists between the laws of nature and the laws of thought—or as Hegel has more intensively expressed it—*Die Absolute Einheit des Begriffs und der Objectivitat*—"the absolute oneness of thought and its object." It inspired St. Simon with his devout conception of the collective life of humanity, and revealed to him its harmonious and progressive development, thereby imparting to history an epic character which ennobles every phase of its progress. Under its influence science itself seems rapidly outgrowing its purely empirical limits, and approximating to a more large and poetic conception of the generic unity and dynamic power of nature. Perhaps, without falling back on the abhorrent theory of the materialists, we shall yet find that the mind has its physique and nature her Psyche. If the same law prevails in the natural as in the moral world—if the same primal energy informs them, then science becomes at once mystic and devout,—a portal through which we have access to the penetralia of that beautiful temple of nature, of which Heraclitus said, "*Enter, for here too are Gods.*"

The Pythagoreans taught that if the essence of all things admits of cognition, it is only in so far as the things of which the world consists, partake of it. With equal truth might we say, that if the things of which the world consists admit of cognition, it is only in so far as they partake of the essence of all things—"*Deus immundanus.*" Only through our oneness with actual being can we assume the possibility of actual knowledge.

An able writer in the Westminster Review, in analyzing this great doctrine of Spinoza, says, "No believer in Ontology, as a possible science, can resist the all-embracing dialectic of Spinoza, but it is our strength that we reject all metaphysics as frivolous. Men can never arrive at a knowledge of things as they are in themselves. Turn it which way you will there is nothing in the consciousness but the consciousness itself—to know more would involve the necessity to be more." Aye, verily!—but this identical fact of *being more* is that on which the believer in absolute cognition grounds his faith. No philosophy can explain the relation of thought to its object, which conceives of man as an isolated and detached particle of the great *whole* (a belief which we cannot even state without a paradox). But a more profound observation shows us the manifold, living and essential union which inwardly and invisibly unites all individuals with each other and with nature. Only through "a mystical union of all things resting in God" can we explain the most familiar facts of experience—far less the subtle mysteries of those evanescent and abnormal states in which the soul, transcending the limits of time and space, holds commune with the invisible world, recalls the past and foresees the future—moods when

> "We ebb into a former life, or seem
> To lapse far back in a confused dream
> To states of mystical similitude."

The new Platonists, who regarded this class of phenomena as a kind of natural magic or divination, based the possibility of such powers on the essential connection and dependence of all things.

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The great idea then which has exercised so vast an influence on the literature of the age is the *unity of being*, or as a recent critic on the "Teutonic Metaphysics or American Transcendentalism," has satirically expressed it, "everything is everything, and everything else is everything, and everything is everything else." We cannot be surprised at the vagueness and folly which this writer finds in a Philosophy which he vainly attempts to grasp. The same plant will not grow in every soil. Yet is this "Each in all" philosophy no mere "Hall of Phantasy," no "Blind man's Holiday" or "Fool's Paradise," but a sure ground of holiest love, of sternest courage, of serenest patience, and above all of unfailing charity. Old as thought itself, it is necessarily modified by the psychical and physical culture of the ages in which it manifests itself. Dimly foreshadowed in the vast and gloomy Pantheism of India, it has shed a shimmering glory on the vistas of all the Poets of antiquity from Orpheus to Virgil. On the secret shrine of the Cabirii, it cast a lurid and fitful gleam, flashed through the night of Egyptian darkness, and shot back a pale and reflex ray from the pages of the Talmud. In the mediæval age it illumined the dream of the mystic and the theory of the naturalist, while in our own it animates and cheers with its full solar beam the whole hemisphere of thought. Receiving from the adamantine logic of Spinoza a scientific statement invulnerable to criticism, it remained for a long time without any perceptible influence on the literature and philosophy of the age. Spinoza gave to the theory of identity a complete anatomical structure, but it waited for Schelling to breathe into it the breath of life, to unfold the profound significance that was involved in it as a system that at once infused life into nature, while it recognized in humanity the control of laws as beneficent and inevitable as those which obtain in the natural world.

At the period immediately preceding his enunciation of this philosophy, society was evidently in a subversive or transition state.

Empiricism had done its work well, and proved a vigilant vassal in the temple of science, but it knew not how to avail itself of the stores it had aggregated with such tireless industry. It was overwhelmed with its own wealth, and waited for the hand of a master to dispose of its treasures. Not until philosophy had learned, like Deucalion, to cast behind it these stones of the earth could they become living forms. The Tree of Knowledge was heavy with golden fruit, but a flaming sword still barred the way to the Tree of Life.

Kant was but the precursor and not (as is sometimes thought) the founder of the recent philosophy, for he left untouched the great idea of the essential union of God with Humanity, and regarding the reason as strictly subjective, he desired all knowledge of absolute truth, and analyzed the laws of mind only as subjective phenomena. His method was therefore purely experimental. Yet it must be confessed that he gave to empiricism the noblest character of which it is susceptible, and sought to arrange for it an honorable compromise with idealism. Nor can it be denied that he proved himself an able diplomatist; but he could not succeed in satisfying the large demands of the intellect, which asks nothing less than absolute cognition.

The Manichæan hypothesis which had been reaffirmed by Bayle, and against which Leibnitz composed his Théodicée, had still many advocates. The ghost of Gnostic heresy (the belief in two principles) still walked the earth. The time was full of discord, and waited for the atonement, or reunion. The age of indeterminate although of healthful and impulsive action had long since yielded to an era of blind, unquestioning faith. With the introduction of Printing, this blind faith of the middle ages was at an end, and the sceptical, critical, self-conscious life commenced. The development of new powers and the consciousness of new wants involved the age in moral and political conflicts. With inquiry came doubt and denial, speculation and negation. All the learning and intellect of the eighteenth century was unequal to the solution of the great controversial questions that had been transmitted to it. While it examined and tested all creeds and opinions, it regarded none as worthy of belief. The work of destruction was the only work to which it seemed appointed, and faithfully did it perform its mission.

Man had eaten to satiety of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and had

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become familiar with change and death. All things seemed shadowy and unreal. Human life was a mere point in time compared to the vast periods of history —the endless æons of science. The researches of the historian had opened interminable vistas into the twilight realms of mythical and traditionary story. Every spot of earth was hallowed by the footsteps of the departed, every city was a mausoleum of the dead.

The literature of the period, enriched with countless accessions from the distant and the past, and presenting such varied modes of apprehending life and nature, was calculated to stimulate to their highest action the reflective faculties, and particularly the faculty of comparison, thereby tending to induce that critical, self-conscious character which then began to distinguish it, and which Carlyle denounces as the unpardonable sin. Man had now learned that he must find repose in clear and adequate ideas of being, or find it not at all. Not by any grace of manner, any play of fancy, or novelty of incident, could he be lapt into forgetfulness of himself,—of his own mysterious being. For him there was no self-oblivion. He cannot be amused—he will not be deceived.

Literature was no longer an heroic song or a devotional anthem. It was introspective, self-involved, and meditative.

> "Its sweetest songs were those
> That told of saddest thought."

The poet no longer dwelt with God in the garden of innocence, where the fruits and flowers of existence proffered their willing treasures, but was driven forth to delve wearily, and often ineffectually, for the "bread of life" in the thorny fields of the intellect.

In his eloquent lament we see only the fact that an ideal was unfolding to his awakened thought, to which he could as yet in no way conform the real —the soul meanwhile awaiting in bitter travail the birth of the new conceptions that had sprung to life within it.

In reviewing this period of the history of modern literature, we seem to stand with the immortal Florentine, looking down from the brink of an abyss "that receives the thunder of infinite lamentations."

> "Vero e che in su la proda mi trovai
> Della valle d'abisso dolorosa,
> Che tuono accoglie d'infiniti quai."
> *Inferno, Canto IV.*

The heart of man was riven asunder with fierce conflicts; perplexed with inexplicable contradictions. The Sphinx had fixed on him her evil eye, torturing him with questions which he must answer or die. The aggregated treasures of science and learning seemed to mock the imperious demands of the restless intellect with their unavailing hoards; while History unrolled her vast scroll but to threaten or to warn, "for within and without it was written with lamentations, and mourning, and wo." From the wide Orient echoed the cry of desolation and despair—from Judea was the wail borne onward, "the wail of multitudinous Egypt"—Greece and Rome swelled with their choral voices the ancient burden, till all articulate sounds were lost in the sullen boom of a cathedral bell, heard solemnly tolling throughout the long and dismal night of the dark ages. No beneficent purpose was yet detected in the annals of the race—the development of no inherent law, either recognized or divined therein—far less that plenary inspiration now claimed for the entire record of Humanity.

The old Gods had deserted the earth —Priests and lawgivers had lost their sanctity. Man listened in vain for the spheral harmonies—no voice, no tone from those eternal depths. The song of the stars was drowned in the Babel clamor of sophists and sciolists.

At the close of the eighteenth century there was no theory too visionary, no opinion too paradoxical, to find its advocates and disciples. Pyrrhonism and Materialism, Epecurianism and Stoicism had their successive culminations. The gay and mercurial, like Diderot and Voltaire, laughed and made merry with "the great humbug of the Universe," and sought only, like Aristippus, to win from the passing hour its full complement of pleasure. Amusement was their only aim—annihilation their only hope.

The severe and saturnine, affecting the masculine virtues and indomitable volitions of the Stoics, found a congenial system in the imperious ethics of Fichte, and in his pure and proud faith in the omnipotence of the will, a pre-

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tence and a paradigm for their self-complacent egotism. Both Sybarite and Stoic expressing, under opposite forms, the extremes of sublimated self-seeking.

From this Chaos of partial and opposing systems, Schelling freed himself by a daring and sublime hypothesis, a bold affirmation of ontological truth, which affected not to justify itself by any laborious psychological analysis, but to the elucidation of which all recent discoveries in mental and physical science indubitably tend.

The fatal defect of the Kantian philosophy, the difficulty of imputing validity to our subjective conceptions, is here supplied by assuming the identity of that which knows, with that which is known; thus integrating all antagonisms, even the great antagonism of matter and spirit, the insuperable problem in every dualistic system.

In the philosophy of Schelling, the real and the ideal are equally represented. God and nature no longer appear as two conceptions fundamentally and essentially distinct, but all things are living and instinct with a divine energy. The idea of progress as the gradual development in Humanity of this inherent energy was now for the first time intelligibly and distinctly stated. Only recently have men begun to know that the destiny of the race is onward, for ever onward. The successive forms, laws, creeds and institutions of society are no longer regarded as ultimate, and it is seen that any attempt to perpetuate the same beyond the time when they represent the average intelligence of society, can only lead to stagnation and paralysis. We have learned the significance of the proverb that says the new wine cannot be kept in the old bottles.

Intimately associated with the belief in progress, is that recognition of the true value of the present, which is so prominent a feature of our time.

In this despised present, men begin doubtfully to acknowledge a divinity—the last messenger of God to man—in whose bosom lies treasured the hoarded wealth of the past, and the possibilities of the infinite future.

To live well and happily in the moment is our perfect wisdom. "Five minutes to-day," says Emerson, "are as much as five minutes in the next millenium."

An abandonment to this serene, instinctive and trustful life, is a virtue of our age, and a legitimate product of its philosophy. Jesus also taught men to live in the moment without anxiety or fear, but his disciples failed to imbibe his cheerful faith.

The Greek philosophers, almost without an exception, represented life under a gloomy aspect. Endurance and submission, rather than love and joy, were the virtues of their age.

The Germans, who have been the enunciators of so many great truths, were the first to give emphasis to the idea that man's immediate duty and true mission is to conform the present to his ever expanding ideal. If God is the "Life of the world," if he is in the process as well as in the form, then is he in every phase of the process, and every moment has its message and its import.

"Surprising, indeed, on whatever side we look" (says one of the young, Heaven-taught seers of our day), "is that revival of the individual consciousness of a living relationship with the All-Good. Our literature is every day more deeply tinged with the sense of the mysterious power which animates existence and governs all events."

This philosophy of identity, under which are included all those views and opinions which are generally in New England classed under the name of Transcendentalism, perhaps we can nowhere find so pure and poetic an expression of these ideas, from which the intellect has derived at once inspiration and repose, as in the writings of Emerson. Yet, although the truths which inform his pages are essentially the same with those of the new German school, he seems to hold them rather after the manner of the Neo-Platonists than of the modern Germans. Plotinus and Proclus, Plutarch and Marcus Antoninus are evidently greater favorites with him than Schelling and Hegel. If I were inclined to look for a flaw in Emerson's crystalline intellect, I should probably find it in a want of that due appreciation of the real, the eternal and necessary correlative of the ideal, which constitutes one of the distinguishing merits of Schelling's system. Not the less true is it that the Essays contain the essential oil and expressed perfume of those truths which have infused a new spirit into the life and literature of

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the nineteenth century, while in their author we see a striking example of that serenity of soul which is a necessary result of his philosophy. "Beholding identity and eternal causation, the soul is raised above passion, and becomes a tranquillity out of the knowledge that all things go well."

Goethe also tells us that he derived from the theory of identity, as he obtained it from Spinoza, the serenity which pervaded his maturer life. "After seeking in vain for a means of interpreting my strange moral being, I found in the Ethics of Spinoza a calm to my passions, a wide free view over the sensuous and moral world."

By superficial observers, Emerson is often compared to Carlyle; but in Carlyle this all harmonizing sense of the unity of being (the distinguishing characteristic of Emerson's intellect), is manifestly wanting; and notwithstanding his frequent allusions to the new German philosophy, as containing the secret of a higher revelation for those who are capable of receiving it, yet it is evident that the struggle of man with destiny entirely possesses and absorbs him. The mountain of reality presses heavily on his giant heart, and its Titanic throes cannot shake off the superincumbent weight. A fierce unrest consumes him. His incessant calls to labor sound in our ears like the dismal knell of the "work-house clock" summoning a benighted race to their hopeless toil. "For, man's highest blessedness," he tells us, "is that he toil and knows not what to toil at." We recognize in him vast energies, impetuous volitions, a wit emanating from the consciousness of dissonance and disruption; a mirthfulness that makes us weep or shudder, but never do we see in him "the level glance, serene and steadfast, that marks the God."

Carlyle is still struggling with destiny, still overwhelmed and saddened by the contemplation of the "void and formless infinite," perplexed by the fearful antagonisms of good and evil, life and death, time and eternity.

The editor of the Boston Quarterly has been sometimes classed among the New England disciples or teachers of Transcendentalism, and he has, in fact, from time to time exhibited some predilections for its doctrines, as diluted by Cousin, but he has never found that point of view, from which alone these truths can be seen and comprehended as one harmonious system. He has by turns affirmed and denied the great truth of man's knowledge of the absolute, through the mystical union of God with humanity. Yesterday he believed in the impersonality of the reason; to-day to deny its *personality*, is to deny our own. In laboring to define human personality, and to demonstrate the exact nature and scope of its powers of cognition, will, &c., he involves himself in endless contradictions and inextricable difficulties, thus furnishing another evidence that nature abhors limitation, overflowing all our landmarks and annulling all our distinctions. In one of those aphorisms of Novalis, where a profound truth is often expressed under the form of a bold and startling paradox, he says, "men think it a vulgar error to represent God as a person, but we have yet to learn that man is not less impersonal than God." When we attempt to separate man from his life in God, we have nothing left but Mr. Brownson's "simple faculty of cognition," or the "*Tabula rasa*" of Locke. In his denial of the impersonal reason, in his review of Charles Elwood, April, 1842, Mr. Brownson seems already to have forgotten "that life which is the light of the world, and in which we live, and move, and have our being," a gospel, which in 1841, he quoted ascontaining the only intelligible solution of these problems.

Like a comet moving in a narrow ellipse, he sweeps athwart our hemisphere "with fear of change perplexing nations"—darts towards the central orb of truth, and is off again ere we can say "*Ecce Venit*" to the regions of outer darkness.

Carlyle, too, is to many readers but one of those nebulous meteors that hide in their rapid and eccentric course the very stars of heaven from our bewildered gaze. But with Carlyle a sincere faith lies behind this apparent scepticism—and when a calm telescopic glance is turned upon this blazing glory—this mighty mass of phosphorescent splendor, through the very centre of its burning heart, these constant stars may be seen shining afar off in the serene depths of ether.

The fact that Schelling himself has apostatized from the large faith of his philosophic creed, which has exercised

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so vast an influence on his age, does not in any way affect the truth of his doctrines and need not excite our surprise. Few men, says Menzel, are able to maintain themselves in a position so central, of such perfect equipoise and impartiality—and a wiser than Menzel has said an index or mercury of intellectual proficiency is the perception of identity.

Schelling's theory of a God immanent in Nature and in Humanity, on which he rested the possibility of absolute cognition, was, as we have seen, but a sublime hypothesis, and the sceptic still proposes to the idealist, although in fainter tones, the eternal question respecting the validity of his intuitions. "How will you demonstrate, how legitimate the truth of these eternal truths?"

As well might we ask the seer to demonstrate his apocalyptic vision of the future—the poet his fine sense of beauty and of love! Can a soul not beautiful, asks Plotinus, attain to an intuition of beauty?

The error seems to lie in the assumption, that all true conceptions and adequate ideas are capable of being immediately demonstrated as such to all minds. Unquestionably all the possibilities of humanity are latent in every individual of the race, but the degrees of actual development differ more than men are disposed to admit. No man can construct or accept a philosophy which transcends the level of his actual life. "The spring cannot rise higher than its source." *Alle philosophie musse geliebt und gelebt werden.*"

Although true being is everywhere present, it is, as Plotinus has said, more or less present in proportion to our ability of receiving it.

According to Sir James Mackintosh, who is indeed no other than an agreeable Philistine, the theories of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, are so many attempts to fix the absolute as a positive in knowledge, while the absolute, like the water in the sieve of the Danaides, has run through as a negative into the abyss of nothing——

If we could arrest and appropriate it, it would no longer be the absolute. The individual intellect is in truth a sieve through which it *passes*, but in which it can never be arrested or contained.

Plato, who was disposed to seek the essence of our knowledge in ideas alone, did not attempt to enumerate these ideas, as if he shrank from subjecting them to a profane analysis. Schelling, as we have said, took his stand with Plato in the region of supra-sensible truths, where no partial results of observation could either confirm or refute him in his reasoning; yet his sublime hypothesis, in so far as it rests on the assumption of absolute identity, strictly coincides with the rigid deductions of experimental science.

Every new discovery in physics teaches that all difference is phenomenal. The integrity of being is detected under manifold disguises. The farther we push our inquiries into the different departments of science, the more obvious are the analogies subsisting between them. In nature all the lines blend and converge towards a common centre. The moment we attempt to distinguish and define, to draw lines and affix boundaries, we are perplexed and baffled by her fluidity and sameness. In the crystal we already detect a paradigm of vegetable forms, in the vegetable an approach to the sentient instinct, while sensation and volition present strange and subtle analogies with electricity.

The discovery of the dependance of the chemical affinities of bodies on their electric states—the detection of electric forces in magnetic phenomena—the close analogies subsisting between light, heat, and sound, all point to one primal energy in nature, the agent in all natural phenomena, as in the mind that perceives them—for mind itself, in so far as we are acquainted with its mode of being, is but a subtle force vibrating to the impulsion of other forces external to itself.

And what then is the omnipresent energy which determines alike the regular form of a crystal, the symmetrical structure of a flower, and the cyclic motions of a planet;—perhaps even the mysterious concords and harmonies of a human soul?—What is this invisible power, itself intangible and imponderable, from which all this bright apocalypse of visible nature is evolved?—which under certain ascertained conditions originates life in inanimate matter (see Vestiges of Creation, page 141), which dissolves into airy nothing the substance of the most solid mountains, which makes and unmakes all things.

"Nature," says Emerson, "is the incarnation of a thought and turns to a thought again." Paradoxical as this

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may seem, it is the affirmation of a simple fact. Berkeley, after all, was perhaps nearer the truth than has been imagined. For the question between him and his opponents was not whether the objects of perception have a *real* existence out of the mind, but simply whether they have a solid substantial existence—whether the things which affect us from without be matter or spirit ?

When Berkeley says that these objects and qualities are but the immediate effects of the ever present Deity, he assumes a sublime truth in strict accordance with the results to which all modern researches into the internal structure and equilibrium of matter evidently point.

All that we know of matter may be comprised in a statement of the laws by which certain forces emanating from certain centres act upon each other. None of our senses ever go behind these forces, and we are unable to determine whether they have a substantial basis or proceed simply from an ideal centre.

Since Leibnitz rejected the Newtonian theory of hard, impenetrable, insoluble atoms, and introduced his own hypothesis of monads, or simple, spiritual, inextended units, essentially possessed of attractive and repulsive forces, science has been slowly but surely approximating to a more spiritual apprehension of the material world and of the laws by which it is governed,—to a theory which should remove the great stumbling-block of matter which has proved so formidable an obstacle in the path of the cosmogonist, and which the Manicheans and their modern disciples have elevated into the rival and adversary of Deity.

This theory of Leibnitz, when presented in a more finished state by Boscovitch, very generally superseded that of Newton. His idea that the properties of bodies depend on certain forces emanating from geometric points, or points bearing certain relations to each other in space, has subsequently received a striking confirmation from the discovery that the chemical affinities of bodies depend on their electric states ; and the physical philosopher already confidently anticipates the time when the chemical problem shall be changed into a mechanical problem—a question of forces, distance and time.

" But what, then," asks the materialist, " are these ultimate atoms—these inextended points—or, as Exley has recently more correctly designated them, these ' spheres of force ?'—in what do the powers and properties that pertain to them inhere ? "

To this question science has returned no positive answer. All our inquiries into the laws of sensation and the phenomena which induce sensation have revealed to us only " an elastic fluid (?) vibrating to the impulsion of elastic media."

" The intellect ignores matter." " Solidity is an illusion of the senses."

May we not then reasonably assume that the latent, yet immediate and inherent principle of the forces which represent matter is the great " caused entity " of Spinoza, which manifests itself under the two modes or attributes of " extension and thought." The life of " the world ? " Thus are we again brought back to the great fact of unity in diversity—to the primal manifestation of that mysterious law of polarity which comprehends all phenomena—to that absolute identity which is the starting point and result of all philosophy. And thus is the mystic God-lore of an earlier age elucidated and justified by the scientific researches of our own.

Let us not decry the age in which we live—it is rich in good gifts and instinct with an infinite hope. Though conversant in all prudential and practical arts, it is not deserted of the ancient wisdom. It is mystic and devout, yet patient and diligent in investigation and research. An age in which mighty secrets have been won from nature by the ceaseless questioning of her solitary votaries, in which science seems about to restore to us all that the imagination has from time to time surrendered to the narrow scepticism of the understanding. Already she has whispered to us the secret law of Nature's boldest miracles,—she has imparted to us a spell by which we may restore the oracles of the past, and has initiated us into the possible modes and conditions of a more spiritual and sublimated existence.

The limits of human knowledge, so accurately defined in the Augustan age of French literature, are now removed beyond even the range of conjecture.

But yesterday man pondered in blank over the origin of worlds; to-day we read the secrets of creation in the cavernous depths below and in the starry



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vaults above. We not only weigh the massive bulk of Jupiter or Saturn as in a balance with unerring precision, but by the sublime induction of La Place, we have ascended from investigations concerning the size, figure and motion of planets, to an intelligible theory of their birth. We see worlds in every stage of formation slowly evolving from an imponderable ether, and by the aid of the subtle process of analysis, invented by Newton and Leibnitz, are enabled to map out the bright pathway of the stars on the vast blank of the unrecorded past and illimitable future! Science in these latter days has wonderfully enlarged our perspective.

Our range of observation both in space and time is infinitely expanded. The reflecting man is no longer in danger of mistaking his garden wall for the boundary line of the universe, nor the nineteenth century for the hour of doom.

The old fountains from which the great and good of past ages drank wisdom and power are reopened, and their sacred and long sealed waters flow freely beside the dusty highways of life. Even the silent tombs of Etruria and the desolate temples of Egypt yield up their jealous secrets, and teach through their eloquent anaglyphs the universality of our own mythology. The torch of science gleams athwart fretted altars and graven obelisks, and the old stones become vocal beneath its ray, and pour forth a Memnonian music. Yet in the very presence of the mighty past, men aspire to a future that shall confirm the great idea of unlimited progress. Everywhere they recognize a progressive life, a beneficent law; and know that to place themselves in harmony with these laws, to "fall into the divine circuits," is to find both freedom and repose.

"Though baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its laboring heart,
Throb thine with nature's throbbing breast
And all is clear from east to west."

*Essays—2d Series.*

In asserting that the fontal idea of Emerson's writings, as of the philosophy of the age, is absolute identity, I have not been careful to avert from them the imputation of Pantheism, Platonism, Spinozism, &c., &c. It matters little how we designate this manner of interpreting the phenomena of being, since it contains an inherent vitality which alike survives neglect and defies ridicule.

Superficial and timid men may decry these ideas as unintelligible or profane; but what rational ground of faith is left to him who doubts that God is over all and in all, that evil is but the absence and privation of good, and that all apparent evil must give way before a fuller development of the life that is within us? Only when the knowledge that the highest dwells ever with us becomes "a sweet enveloping thought," shall we be enabled to lead a single and trustful life, "to live in thoughts and act with energies that are immortal."

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## THE POWER OF WORDS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

*Oinos.*—Pardon, Agathos, the weakness of a spirit new-fledged with immortality!

*Agathos.*—You have spoken nothing, my Oinos, for which pardon is to be demanded. Not even here is knowledge a thing of intuition. For wisdom ask of the angels freely, that it may be given!

*Oinos.*—But in this existence, I dreamed that I should be at once cognizant of all things, and thus at once happy in being cognizant of all.

*Agathos.*—Ah, not in knowledge is happiness, but in the acquisition of knowledge! In for ever knowing, we are for ever blessed; but to know all were the curse of a fiend.

*Oinos.*—But does not The Most High know all?

*Agathos.*—*That* (since he is The Most Happy) must be still the *one* thing unknown even to Him.

*Oinos.*—But, since we grow hourly in knowledge, must not *at last* all things be known?

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*Agathos.*—Look down into the abysmal distances!—attempt to force the gaze down the multitudinous vistas of the stars, as we sweep slowly through them thus—and thus—and thus! Even the keen spiritual vision, is it not at all points arrested by the continuous golden walls of the universe?—the walls of the myriads of the shining bodies that mere number has appeared to blend into unity?

*Oinos.*—I clearly perceive that the infinity of matter is no dream.

*Agathos.*—There are *no* dreams in Aidenn—but it is here whispered that, of this infinity of matter, the *sole* purpose is to afford infinite springs, at which the soul may allay the thirst *to know* which is for ever unquenchable within it—since to quench it would be to extinguish the soul's self. Question me then, my Oinos, freely and without fear. Come! we will leave to the left the loud harmony of the Pleiades, and swoop outward from the throne into the starry meadows beyond Orion, where, for pansies and violets, and heart's-ease, are the beds of the triplicate and triple-tinted suns.

*Oinos.*—And now, Agathos, as we proceed, instruct me! speak to me in the earth's familiar tones! I understood not what you hinted to me, just now, of the modes or of the methods of what, during mortality, we were accustomed to call Creation. Do you mean to say that the Creator is not God?

*Agathos.*—I mean to say that the Deity does not create.

*Oinos.*—Explain!

*Agathos.*—In the beginning *only*, he created. The seeming creatures which are now, throughout the universe, so perpetually springing into being, can only be considered as the mediate or indirect, not as the direct or immediate results of the Divine creative power.

*Oinos.*—Among men, my Agathos, this idea would be considered heretical in the extreme.

*Agathos.*—Among angels, my Oinos, it is seen to be simply true.

*Oinos.*—I can comprehend you thus far—that certain operations of what we term Nature, or the natural laws, will, under certain conditions, give rise to that which has all the *appearance* of creation. Shortly before the final overthrow of the earth, there were, I well remember, many very successful experiments in what some philosophers were weak enough to denominate the creation of animalculæ.

*Agathos.*—The cases of which you speak were, in fact, instances of the secondary creation—and of the *only* species of creation which has ever been, since the first word spoke into existence the first law.

*Oinos.*—Are not the starry worlds that, from the abyss of nonentity, burst hourly forth into the heavens—are not these stars, Agathos, the immediate handiwork of the King?

*Agathos.*—Let me endeavor, my Oinos, to lead you, step by step, to the conception I intend. You are well aware that, as no thought can perish, so no act is without infinite result. We moved our hands, for example, when we were dwellers on the earth, and, in so doing, we gave vibration to the atmosphere which engirdled it. This vibration was indefinitely extended, till it gave impulse to every particle of the earth's air, which thenceforward, *and for ever*, was actuated by the one movement of the hand. This fact the mathematicians of our globe well knew. They made the special effects, indeed, wrought in the fluid by special impulses, the subject of exact calculation—so that it became easy to determine in what precise period an impulse of given extent would engirdle the orb, and impress (for ever) every atom of the atmosphere circumambient. Retrograding, they found no difficulty, from a given effect, under given conditions, in determining the value of the original impulse. Now the mathematicians who saw that the results of any given impulse were absolutely endless—and who saw that a portion of these results were accurately traceable through the agency of algebraic analysis—who saw, too, the facility of the retrogradation—these men saw, at the same time, that this species of analysis itself, had within itself a capacity for indefinite progress—that there were no bounds conceivable to its advancement and applicability, except within the intellect of him who advanced or applied it. But at this point our mathematicians paused.

*Oinos*—And why, Agathos, should they have proceeded?

*Agathos.*—Because there were some considerations of deep interest, beyond. It was deducible from what they knew, that to a being of infinite understanding—to one whom the *perfection* of the al-

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gebraic analysis lay unfolded—there could be no difficulty in tracing every impulse given the air—and the ether through the air—to the remotest consequences at any even infinitely remote epoch of time. It is indeed demonstrable that every such impulse *given the air* must, *in the end*, impress every individual thing that exists *within the universe*;—and the being of infinite understanding—the being whom we have imagined—might trace the remote undulations of the impulse—trace them upward and onward in their influences upon all particles of all matter—upward and onward for ever in their modifications of old forms—or in other words, *in their creation of new*—until he found them reflected—unimpressive *at last*—back from the throne of the Godhead. And not only could such a being do this, but at any epoch, should a given result be afforded him—should one of these numberless *nebulæ*, for example, be presented to his inspection,—he could have no difficulty in determining, by the analytic retrogradation, to what original impulse it was due. This power of retrogradation in its absolute fulness and perfection—this faculty of referring at *all* epochs, *all* effects to *all* causes—is of course the prerogative of the Deity alone—but in every variety of degree, short of the absolute perfection, is the power itself exercised by the whole host of the Angelic Intelligences.

*Oinos.*—But you speak merely of impulses upon the air.

*Agathos.*—In speaking of the air, I referred only to the earth:—but the general proposition has reference to impulses upon the ether—which, since it pervades, and alone pervades all space, is thus the great medium of *creation*.

*Oinos.*—Then all motion, of whatever nature, creates.

*Agathos.*—It must: but a true philosophy has long taught that the source of all motion is thought—and the source of all thought is—

*Oinos.*—God.

*Agathos.*—I have spoken to you, Oinos, as to a child of the fair Earth which lately perished—of impulses upon the atmosphere of the Earth.

*Oinos.*—You did.

*Agathos.*—And while I thus spoke, did there not cross your mind some thought of the *physical power of words*? Is not every word an impulse on the air?

*Oinos.*—But why, Agathos, do you weep?—and why—oh why do your wings droop as we hover above this fair star—which is the greenest and yet most terrible of all we have encountered in our flight? Its brilliant flowers look like a faëry dream—but its fierce volcanoes like the passions of a turbulent heart.

*Agathos.*—They *are!*—they *are!* This wild star—it is now three centuries since with clasped hand, and with streaming eyes at the feet of my beloved—I spoke it—with a few passionate sentences—into birth! Its brilliant flowers *are* the dearest of all unfulfilled dreams, and its raging volcanoes *are* the passions of the most turbulent and unhallowed of hearts.

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## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

Since the date of our last, the markets have been affected to a very great extent by political causes, growing out of our relations with Mexico, and the unexpected manner in which remarks, relative to Oregon, contained in the inaugural of the President of the United States, were received in Parliament. The movement in England seemed to have been entirely the effect of misapprehension, and of an undignified jumping at a conclusion by the rulers of England. Succeeding advices from this side of the water, showing no excitement here on the subject, operated powerfully to allay the uneasiness which had been created. The funds which had fallen recovered themselves, and cotton, which had risen, again declined. The movement of the great staple is quite as good a barometer for the political atmosphere as are the funds, because its importance to the welfare of the British people is greater even than the price of stocks. A fall

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in the value of government securities, consequent upon a war, does not, as long as the interest continues to be paid, affect individuals materially. But a rise in cotton, consequent upon a war, is indicative of the fearful fact, that the supply of an article indispensable to the livelihood of 1,500,000 inhabitants of the British Islands, is about to be cut off. The decline in the nominal price of the funds, or the repudiation of the whole debt, would affect directly less than one-fourth the number of persons who would be ruined by losing their supply of cotton. Thus the number of persons who own the British debt has officially been reported at 279,751, and the number of those who labor on cotton is 1,500,000, while the produce of that labor employs an immense number of shopkeepers, merchants, brokers, traders, &c., who would lose their business by a cessation of the manufacture, consequent upon a long war with the United States. In order to estimate the extent to which this influence has increased since the last war, we have compiled from Parliamentary tables the following statement of the exports of cotton goods to each part of the world at different periods, with the weight of cotton bought of the United States, and the value of the exported goods.

YARDS OF COTTON GOODS EXPORTED FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

| To | 1815. | 1820. | 1828. | 1840. | 1842. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| France, | 91,038 | 9,329 | 75,240 | 546,091 | 1,499,203 | 1,001,022 |
| Belgium, | | | | 559,631 | 855,408 | 4,417,823 |
| Holland, | 8,680,644 | 5,791,860 | 7,004,508 | 12,416,460 | 13,768,030 | 14,043,486 |
| Hanover, | | | | 4,185 | 9,150 | 57,688 |
| Hansetowns, | 10,208,343 | 15,467,778 | 20,494,613 | 12,528,471 | 14,569,103 | 19,347,067 |
| Russia, | 359,424 | 9,754,160 | 4,039,135 | 1,314,279 | 1,621,753 | 938,315 |
| Sweden and Norway, | | | | 111,871 | 948,816 | 942,486 |
| Prussia, | 2,499,896 | 1,317,957 | 488,388 | | 973 | 3,206 |
| Denmark, | | | | 15,270 | 144,544 | 841,406 |
| Total (white), | 21,839,275 | 32,341,384 | 32,101,884 | 27,496,168 | 33,416,989 | 41,592,699 |
| " (dyed), | 30,016,123 | 38,153,179 | 33,176,687 | 44,314,903 | 37,812,726 | 56,725,760 |
| Total (yards N. of Europe), | 51,845,398 | 70,494,563 | 65,278,571 | 71,811,071 | 71,229,715 | 98,318,459 |
| " (All other places), | 185,103,503 | 163,459,182 | 325,977,148 | 488,805,581 | 533,522,063 | 787,651,360 |
| Total of exported yards, | 236,949,901 | 233,953,745 | 391,255,719 | 560,616,652 | 604,751,778 | 885,969,819 |

These aggregates will compare as follows, distinguishing the North of Europe from the rest of the world.

| | Yds. exported to N. of Europe. | other ports. | Total. | yarn, lb. North of Europe. | all others. | Total. | declared value cotton goods. | lbs. cotton imported. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1815 | 51,845,398 | 185,103,500 | 236,949,903 | 7,923,561 | 1,317,986 | 9,241,547 | 20,905,138 | 98,790,698 |
| 1820 | 70,494,563 | 163,459,182 | 233,953,745 | 20,919,994 | 2,112,397 | 23,032,325 | 16,783,895 | 149,322,869 |
| 1828 | 65,278,571 | 325,977,148 | 391,255,719 | 39,802,894 | 10,702,857 | 50,505,751 | 16,130,584 | 225,713,403 |
| 1840 | 71,811,071 | 488,805,381 | 560,616,652 | 73,632,845 | 36,700,439 | 110,333,284 | 24,668,618 | 592,965,504 |
| 1842 | 71,229,715 | 533,522,063 | 604,751,778 | 97,210,589 | 41,299,205 | 138,509,794 | 21,662,850 | 477,717,632 |
| 1844 | 98,318,459 | 787,651,360 | 885,969,819 | 81,386,719 | 48,446,233 | 129,832,952 | 25,831,586 | 558,015,248 |

These figures indicate the growth of an immense branch of industry in the British Islands, dependent entirely upon the United States for its maintenance. The increased exports of goods to the north of Europe up to 1842 amounted to but 5 per cent. of the whole increase of exports. This was far less owing to the extension of manufactures on the Continent, than to the fact that England bought but little of the products of those sections. Hence her sales could not increase. In 1838-39, however, two causes began to operate in favor of an extension of trade in that direction. These were the formation of the Zollverein, which, by consolidating the business of 18 German states, gave a great impulse to the consumption of goods. The removal of internal restrictions upon trade not only produced a greater increase in the demand for German products, but also those of foreign origin. This disposition to increased intercourse was further promoted by the fact that in 1838 the short harvests of England compelled her to buy agricultural produce of Europe. This business progressed as follows :

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IMPORT OF FOREIGN GRAIN INTO ENGLAND.

| | 1836. | 1839. | 1841. | 1842. | 1843. | 1844. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, qrs.. | 19,554 | 2,521,527 | 2,300,088 | 2,607,944 | 940,120 | 1,100,305 |
| Barley .... | 110,021 | 594,301 | 222,825 | 49,969 | 179,280 | 1,021,987 |
| Oats ..... | 97,184 | 862,424 | 20,850 | 282,543 | 84,323 | 302,091 |
| Rye ..... | 18 | 152,582 | 518 | 28,515 | 4,872 | 26,591 |
| Beans..... | 87,795 | 123,597 | 267,698 | 43,279 | 47,984 | 154,562 |
| Peas..... | 80,928 | 170,271 | 132,857 | 80,451 | 48,303 | 109,178 |
| Corn..... | | | | | 517 | 37,089 |
| Total qrs. | 435,490 | 4,424,702 | 2,945,636 | 3,052,701 | 1,305,399 | 2,781,823 |

Up to 1838 this trade scarcely existed, and it began in 1838–9 by large purchases, which necessarily were paid for in money. Such a trade could not however continue. Its first effect was to drain England of coin, and by so doing to reduce prices to an exceedingly low level. From that time goods took the place of the precious metals in the payment of the continued large import of grain, and the trade continued on the healthy basis of a mutual exchange of the produce of industry. Now it appears that among the goods taken by the North of Europe in payment for her grain were an increase per annum of 27,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, from 1842 to 1844. England has reached a point where her wants of grain exceed her own means of supply, and she is dependent upon Europe for the deficit, and to pay for that surplus, cotton forms an important item. Thus increasing to a great degree her dependence upon the United States for that article. The consideration of these facts, which have all come into existence since the last war, places the idea of a rupture between the two countries at a great distance, more especially when the risk of a short harvest is taken into the account. The commercial community on both sides of the water have a firm dependence on this mutual interest in the preservation of peace throughout the world. A dependence which has grown up with international intercourse in spite of the restrictions adopted by governments for some fancied good that may be derived from them. While this positive dependence of England upon foreign commerce and the trade of her citizens, has served to ensure the confidence of mercantile men in both hemispheres, in the continuance of a good understanding, in the face of the little display of the English ministry, the absence of such a state of things in the Republic of Mexico has manifestly enhanced the danger of ill-advised movements on the part of that country. An indolent, uneducated, non-commercial and passionate people, ruled by ambitious military men, are not to be restrained by principles either of philanthropy or commerce when induced by the sophistry of interested parties to believe that they have been wronged. These considerations have given greater influence to the Mexican question, and it has lain heavily upon the markets for many weeks. Towards the close of the month, however, the apprehensions subsided, as successive arrivals from that quarter gave no advice of any strong popular movement on the subject, and rather a moderate tone in the Mexican Congress. Apart from these political questions the general state of commercial affairs has improved. The imports have been much less this spring than last, while the advance in the general articles of farm produce has given greater means to the farmer to pay up, and the excess of payments being largely in favor of the city, the returns of the New York Banks show an increase of specie on hand over the February returns. The general progress of business down to April 1st is evinced in the following table of United States revenues:

QUARTERLY REVENUES OF THE UNITED STATES.

| *Quarter ending* | *Customs.* | *Lands.* | *Miscel.* | *Loans.* | *Total.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sept. 30, 1843 .... | 6,132,272 | 388,870 | 26,871 | 66,000 | 6,614,013 |
| Dec. 31, " .... | 3,904,938 | 731,227 | 129,283 | 857,350 | 5,712,793 |
| Mar. 31, 1844 .... | 7,675,366 | 449,333 | 105,254 | 929,831 | 9,159,785 |
| June 30, " .... | 8,471,000 | 500,500 | 50,000 | 25,000 | 9,046,500 |
| Sept. 30, " .... | 10,750,000 | 450,000 | 25,500 | | 11,225,500 |
| Dec. 31, " .... | 4,100,360 | 600,000 | 45,000 | | 4,745,360 |
| Mar. 31, 1845 .... | 6,375,575 | 485,532 | 20,000 | | 6,881,108 |

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The customs revenues for the quarter ending March 31st this year are about 20 per cent. less than for the corresponding quarter of last year, and the receipts which have accrued at the New York and Boston Custom Houses, thus far, show that the customs for the quarter closing with the fiscal year June 30, will be less than during the same quarter of last year, in the same ratio, or equal to a diminution of $3,300,000 in the customs for the last half of the fiscal year 1845. This represents a diminution of $10,000,000 in the amount of dutiable goods imported—an important item in the demand for sterling bills at a season of the year when the supply is usually the smallest. From causes, also, which we indicated in our last number, the exports of United States produce are considerably increased, affording an improved supply of bills of a general nature, while the price of cotton continues firm, notwithstanding that the receipts of the article at all the ports are now in excess of any former year, and that the crop of 1844–5 will prove the largest ever yet sent to market. All these are elements in the maintenance of a healthy condition of the exchanges for the coming year, if they do not induce a renewed import of the precious metals. By a healthy state of exchanges we mean their repose at a point so near the actual par as not to permit either an import or an export of coin. A derangement of commercial intercourse is indicated as much by excessive imports of specie as by its export, although the former movement is looked upon generally with popular favor. The trade of nations is essentially one of barter, and wherever large movements of coin are observable the fact is indicative only of a state of things unfavorable to commerce.

Another circumstance, of a nature not only favorable to the exchanges, but also indicative of strong confidence in high quarters, of an uninterrupted intercourse between this country and England, as well as of a returning faith in the honor of our State governments, has been the consummation of the long-pending negotiation for the Illinois loan of $1,600,000 for the completion of the canal of that State. In our April number we gave a synopsis of the law then just passed in amendment of the original law. It appears that some doubts were entertained as to the manner in which that law would be received by the London creditor, in as much as that it was not such, in all its terms, as they required as the condition of the loan. The return of the steamer, however, brought its confirmation, even amidst the Oregon panic which prevailed in London. When we consider that two of the members of the principal subscribing houses are members of the present government of England, the fact of the loan is indicative of no very warlike intentions. In accordance with the law, therefore, Governor Ford issued a proclamation for an election for trustees, to be held on the 27th May, in New York city, under the direction of a United States District Judge. The first instalment of the funds will be immediately drawn for, and the work progress under the direction of the trustees. The work will undoubtedly greatly promote the settlement of Illinois, and contribute largely to the development of her resources.

Thus the general surface of affairs presents an increase of prosperity which has been delayed in the last two years only by the fitful action of laws, Federal and State, with their consequences. The violent vacillations of the foreign trade presented in the tables of customs receipts were the undoubted results of commercial legislation of Congress, which, by imposing sudden and onerous burdens on imports, caused the trade in 1843 to be less than in any year since the war; and, as a consequence, money to become very abundant. This surplus of money, acting upon a scarcity of goods, produced unusual imports in 1844, and a reaction is taking place in this year. We have in former numbers alluded to the embarrassments and failures that grew out of the extreme depression of agricultural produce last year, and the probability that advancing prices would remedy the evil. The pernicious system of creating false money by the issue of bank notes, has been the means of promoting speculation, and has led to the failure of the Bank of St. Clair, Michigan, involving the discredit of four other banks, three in Ohio—concerns which, from their fatal privilege of issuing promises to circulate as money, have formed a nucleus of speculative ramifications, the failure of which involves severe losses and great distress among the innocent holders of the mis-

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called money. This occurrence is now, fortunately, an isolated fact, inasmuch as Banks are, as compared with former years, small in number, and the proportion their issues bear to the general currency is very small. Hence the circumstances which produced the failure are local, although developing effects which are inherent in the paper system. It is gratifying that the explosion has taken place thus early, before the extension of over issues had involved other banks, and induced a national disaster similar to that which exploded in former years. The capital of the broken bank is about $100,000 only, yet its issues are supposed to have exceeded $500,000, circulating mostly in Ohio, where they were made payable at the offices of individual brokers.

The citizens of Ohio, after having suffered in former years to a very great extent from excessive banking, have, at the late session of their Legislature, authorized a new creation of banks. This was effected under the influence of the dominant party, which took advantage of the want of currency within the State, at a time when the issues of the banks had been withdrawn from circulation in consequence of the failure or liquidation of the issues, and before the course of trade had resupplied the channels of trade with the constitutional currency, to urge the necessity of bank paper as a circulating medium. The popular prejudice against banks was overcome by a complication of requirements, the effect of which, it was alleged, would prevent the dangers inherent in the system. This resulted in authorizing two modes of banking, one on the old system of chartered rights, and the other in imitation of the New York free banking law. The law, as if in distrust of the creatures it brings into existence, limits the capital and circulation to specified sums. Thus there are in existence twelve old banks with a capital of $3,792,240, which are allowed to continue business, and in addition sixty-three new banks are authorized with an aggregate capital of $6,150,000, making together a capital of $9,942,-240, to be employed in banking in Ohio. These banks may circulate their promises as money to the extent of $16,675,-000. This precise amount is assumed by the law to be safe and no more. Notwithstanding that, it is larger by near $7,000,000 than the highest amount ever circulated in that State, and which resulted in such ruinous revulsions. It is very clear to a reasonable mind, that if the currency so furnished is sound, it is useless to limit it. If it is not sound, it should not exist at all. No government ever attempted to limit the quantity of the precious metals which should circulate, for the obvious reason that they can never accumulate in any state or country beyond the actual wants of its trade, and we are told that paper convertible into the precious metals is every way equal to them as a currency and preferable for daily use. When, however, the people discover by sad experience the dangers of paper, it is proposed to avoid the danger by arbitrarily limiting the amount. The design of this parade of caution is apparently to deceive the unwary, and to induce the belief that legislative restrictions can make that safe which of its nature is fraught with danger to the community. The Ohio law is composed of seventy-five sections of great length, all professing to regulate banking—that simple business, which is conducted by individuals in New York as well as other large commercial cities of the world, entirely independent of all law, without danger to the community, and eminently in aid of commerce. The "regulations," however, apply almost entirely to issues of paper as money, by which means the banker becomes a borrower instead of a lender. Nearly all the disasters and losses that have attended banking in the United States have grown out of this fact, that it is not what the bankers have loaned, but what they have borrowed of the people by means of their paper issues that involved their failure. The seventy-five sections of the Ohio law are occupied almost exclusively with detailing the manner in which banks may borrow of the people; not a word is said of the manner in which the people may borrow of the banks. The first method of issuing notes is for seven banks or more to associate and appoint each an agent. These agents assemble at Columbus and become incorporated as the "State Bank of Ohio," each bank which sends an agent being a branch of the bank, and charged with the salary and expenses of its agent, who is supposed to exercise a supervisory power over the bank that appoints and pays him, and he has a vote in the board for every $50,-

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000 of circulation that the institution he represents may have outstanding at the time of his vote. The duties of this board of control seem to be confined entirely to the preparing of notes to be issued by the banks that employ them. When a bank requires notes for circulation, it is required to deposite in Ohio, in United States stock or specie, ten per cent. of the amount with the board of control to constitute a safety fund. The notes are then signed by the president of the board of control, registered and delivered to the banks, by the cashier of which they are countersigned and ready for circulation. In putting them out, however, the bank is required to retain on hand thirty per cent. of the amount in cash funds, of which one-half shall be specie. Therefore, one-half or fifteen per cent. of the circulation is required to be "specie funds." This phrase is usually applied to bank notes on hand, and the amount seldom or never, in the course of business, falls below fifteen per cent.: thus the returns of the New York banks showed a circulation of $18,365,031, and of bank notes on hand $3,148,213 or about seventeen per cent, being more than the requirement of the Ohio law. There is then required fifteen per cent. gold or silver to be kept on hand, yet the fifty-fifth section provides that "sight drafts" on New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Baltimore, shall be "deemed gold and silver wherever these terms are used in this act." Hence "gold and silver" can be manufactured at a moment's notice. Paying out bills for a "kite" on a New York agent will provide any amount of *legal* "gold and silver." Thus, long sections of the law containing fancied restrictions, are neutralized by other long sections explaining away the restrictions, and the whole matter rests precisely as under the old law. In plain matter of fact, an Ohio bank of $100,000 capital may issue $200,000 of circulation, by merely paying away part of it for Ohio stocks to deposite with the clerks of all the banks associated under the name of a "Board of Control." Several banks have already been organized under this law, and unless it is promptly repealed that State will yet undergo losses compared to which the failure of the St. Clair bank will be as nothing. It is to be hoped that this latter occurrence will so operate upon the citizens as to deprive the banks of the ability to obtain too extended a circulation before a repeal of the law takes place.

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## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church.* By the late SYDNEY SMITH. 4th edition. London: Longmans: 1845. 8vo., pp. 32.

IT seems that Sydney Smith, at the time of his death, was engaged on an unfinished paper on the affairs of Ireland; one of those neatly couched pamphlets which he sent forth from time to time, at some opportune moment when he could readily get the public ear, and discharge his memory of the good things he had said and meditated since the last. This we conjecture to have been the method of Sydney Smith's publications. He was never a very regular or methodical author; he sat down with no enthusiasm to write books; he handled a subject delicately, and despatched it for ever; his writings were writings of the occasion. Yet he managed to put a great deal in them that is permanent, drawing his arguments and illustrations out of the imperishable world of good nature and good sense. They will live, for he threw himself into them, the style, force and manner of a witty, pungent, straightforward gentleman. Sydney Smith knew himself thoroughly. He knew when to speak, and when to be silent: he never frustrated a good thing by coming forward with it too soon or lingering over it too late. We may suspect from the nicety of his works, and the skilful disposition of the different portions of his writings, with an eye to reputation, that he understood something of the practical conduct of life, and the proceedings at Doctor's Commons, since his death, have left us in no doubt upon the subject. It appears from his will that he died worth about eighty thousand pounds; yet he has passed all his life for an abandoned mitre-less Whig, who sacrificed his fortune for his principles; who preferred poverty to To-

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ryism, and might have signed his pamphlets Cincinnatus without any one disputing the resemblance. Four hundred thousand dollars in the coffers of Sydney Smith throw a somewhat lurid reflection on his writings. He was a bit of a humbug after all. His pathetic advice to Brother Jonathan, on the subject of taxation, in the Edinburgh Review, which is circulated in our school-books, was not altogether the imagination of a man crossing the Atlantic for an object of benevolence. He felt it all at home when every sovereign sweated under the infliction. Hence his love for the security of a good government, and his defence of the punishment of death, and the keenness of his jest on the topic of repudiation, a wonderful example, as one of the English papers remarked, of a tremendous explosion from a very small quantity of gunpowder, the celebrated investment in the Philadelphia Bonds not reaching after all more than two or three hundred pounds. Can it be that Sydney Smith was avaricious? A man's character, like a well-erected edifice, must have a few unsightly but tenacious iron clamps in it somewhere, it cannot be all pasty crust and goodness; pure benevolence would fall to pieces of its own imbecility, and Sydney Smith—we all make the compromise somehow—took for his fortifier—the love of Lucre. Very considerable jesters like Lord Eldon have been very fond of money—it will be enough for posterity to know that Sydney Smith was the prince of wits in his day.

His last pamphlet, wisely given to the world by his executors, will sustain his reputation. It throws very little new light on the situation of Ireland, or the Irish church; it will scarcely be quoted in Parliament on the Maynooth question, but it spies out a few practical absurdities, and makes endless mirth of them. The solecism of a church without a congregation is his first blow. He sees the absurdity of a Protestant Establishment in Ireland, where three-fourths of the population are Catholics. He has, he says, "no admiration of Protestant hassocks on which there are no knees, nor of seats on which there is no superincumbent Protestant pressure, nor of whole acres of tenantless Protestant pews, in which no human being of the 500 sects of Christians is ever seen." "I have no passion," he proceeds in the intense Sydneyan vein, "for sacred emptiness or pious vacuity;" and he tells a story to illustrate his point, and like all his "leetle anecdotes," it is happily introduced, terse, epigrammatic and conclusive. "There is a story in the Leinster family which passes under the name of '*She is not well*.' A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighborhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man the Duke of Leinster. He had been staying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said, 'We shall meet tomorrow at breakfast.'—'Not so (said our Milesian Protestant); your hour, my Lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church.' The Duke was pleased with the very proper excuses of his guest, and they separated for the night;—his Grace, perhaps, deeming his palace more safe from all the evils of life for containing in its bosom such an exemplary son of the Church. The first person, however, whom the Duke saw in the morning upon entering the breakfast room was our punctual Protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg, and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. 'Delighted to see you, my dear vicar,' said the Duke; 'but I must say as much surprised as delighted.'—'Oh, don't you know what has happened?' said the sacred breakfaster,—'*She is not well*.' 'Who is not well?' said the Duke: 'you are not married—you have no sister living—I'm quite uneasy; tell me who is not well.' 'Why the fact is, my Lord Duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now the sexton's wife is in very delicate health; when she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the rubric; and we have, therefore, no service on that day. The good woman had a cold and sore throat this morning, and, as I had breakfasted but slightly, I thought I might as well hurry back to the regular family dejeuner.'"

Sydney Smith's remedy promulgated in the "Fragment," is to pay a stipend for the Roman Catholic priests, an inadequate remedy, as we may argue from the admissions of the Reverend pamphleteer himself, who devotes several pages to the exhibition of the ordinary workings of human nature, and affairs which would overcome the modesty and self-respect of the priests, and drive them into the bargain by sheer necessity. A measure which depends for its success upon the wreck of the better feelings of the recipient cannot be legitimate; it is evidently unworthy a bench of Christian Bishops. From one of the jottings down of the uncompleted passages left by Sydney Smith, he was prepared to go farther. One of these sentences reads "England should cast off its connexion with the Irish Church."

Sydney Smith addresses O'Connell, deprecates repeal, and thinking the topic unfit for argument, hands it over to the

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soldiery—"It is to be met only with round and grape—to be discussed in hollow squares, and refuted by battalions four deep; to be put down by the *ultima ratio* of that armed Aristotle, the Duke of Wellington."

Here is a genuine touch of the "picked man" of words—"I want to see Patricks in the loom; cotton and silk factories springing up in the bogs; Ireland a rich, happy, quiet country!—scribbling, carding, cleaning, and making calico, *as if mankind had only a few days more allotted to them for making clothes, and were ever after to remain stark naked.*"

Sydney Smith's mode of dealing with fanatics is candid in the statement and practical in the thing itself. "The way is not to reason with them, but to ask them to dinner. They are armed against logic and remonstrance, but they are puzzled in a labyrinth of wines, disarmed by facilities and concessions, introduced to a new world, come away thinking more of hot and cold, and dry and sweet, than of Newman, Keble, and Pusey. So mouldered away Hannibal's army at Capua! So the primitive and perpendicular prig of Puseyism is softened into practical wisdom, and coaxed into common sense!"

With a definition of Government, we leave this witty fragment with many a jest and aphorism still untouched—"What is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel." This is the commentary of civilisation on the pursuit of happiness.

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*The Waif: a Collection of Poems.* Cambridge: John Owen. 1845. 18mo., pp. 144.

A LITTLE volume of most acceptable poems, gathered from the by-corners and unfrequented nooks, where men of genius are apt to leave their treasures out of the world's sight, and introduced by a simple prelude of great beauty in unison with the meditative summer-feeling of the rest, from the pen of the gatherer, Professor Longfellow. All this, and more, might have been said by the Democratic some time since, when the book first appeared, but there is no harm in saying it now—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." We have been reminded of the "Waif," by seeing one of the poems,—the song attributed to Churchyard, in an old volume of the London Literary Gazette, published as original poetry. It is stated to be from a correspondent, and is headed, "Believed not to be generally known, and written by Thomas Carew, the author of 'He that loves a rosie cheeke,'" and it is pretended is derived "from the fly leaf of a book once in the possession of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in that nobleman's writing, the heading is, 'A ryghte pythie songe, by T. C.,' probably the Earl's own opinion, his literary disposition being well known. There is, I believe, however, no other reason, besides the initials, for attributing it to Carew, than its similarity to the above-mentioned lyrics in tone and feeling: it might have been the production of Thomas Churchyard, an earlier poet. At all events it is manifestly a very old song." This is in the Literary Gazette of 1828. In "Songs of England and Scotland" published in 1835, we find six stanzas out of the ten of the poem, printed without comment, and given to Carew. Professor Longfellow probably obtained it from the periodical, and choosing between the two authors, gave the song to Churchyard—for whom it is entirely too modern and musical. The presumption now is, that the poem is an imitation of the style of Carew, and no older than 1828. It should be set down anonymous in Prof. Longfellow's collection. To interest the reader in this dry matter, we give the poem itself.

"A SONG.

"It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

"Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips, that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tambling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed,—

"A blooming pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

"These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
Full oft he perisheth on them.

"And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft,
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good!

"Eyes can with baleful ardor burn,
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

"For crystal brows, there's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

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"Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find;—

"One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose;—

"My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That, when my spirit won above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy."

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*Poems.* By WILLIAM W. LORD. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 18mo., pp. 158.

THERE is a certain vein of commonplace enthusiasm in this volume, none the less commonplace for being borrowed from the language of poets, with little or nothing of genuine poetry, that is if poetry be necessarily, as we have always been accustomed to regard it, in some sense a creation. We find here no exercises of the imagination or the fancy or any distinctive sentiment, rare qualities all of them indeed, which we should not ask for in every writer of verses, and certainly never should think of in the present instance, did not the author pertinaciously thrust the inquiry upon us, by the presumption and confidence of his attempts. He writes, if we may believe the contents, Odes to England, Niagara, the Present Crisis (which?); Songs; Ballad Fantasies; Sonnets; Sacred Hymns and Satire—and talks everywhere of his vocation as a poet. In one of the sets of verses which betrays the most hesitation as to his powers, he still says—

"Howe'er it be—I have assumed the part
Of one who in the heart of Nature lives,
And, in the tuneful oracles of Art,
Unto her sweet thoughts their utterance gives."

In these quiet retirements of nature you will as often now-a-days hear a bray as an oracle. Nature repudiates such private secretaries and never acknowledges the notes they utter.

If we were disposed we might go through this volume with paper-knife and pencil, tracing the footmarks of those twin companions, weakness and audacity. If the audacity exhibited itself in rudeness, clumsiness, or a merely careless style, and were yet accompanied with vigor, we would gladly hail the merit in a young writer as a promise for the future. But in this case the author pleads everywhere against himself. He knocks at every gate of the temple of the Muses, and is rejected at all. If he had simply failed in the expansiveness of the ode, we might have charitably desired to see how he might be controlled by the limitations of the sonnet; or having proved his inefficiency in both he might possibly make his time in a third heat on the beaten highway of blank verse. He has taken care to mock his readers no longer with vain expectations. The volume might be dedicated to all lovers of good poetry in Appalachia; but if we might be allowed to suggest a motto, it should be taken from Dante—the inscription on the portal of the Inferno—

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

In the Ode to England there is a passage which we are frequently reminded of in the subsequent portions of the volume—

"It is not, England, that the day and night
Thy empire, in their equal reign, divide,—
It is not that the world's embattled might
Quails at thy steadfast eye of pride,—
It is not, Island-daughter of the sea!
Mother of navies! that, self-deified,
Thou, proud to reign where all by right is free,
Dost grasp the trident in the realm of storms!—
Nor is it, England, that the blood that warms
The heart within me had its source in thee,
Nor that my country brings her birth-right thence;
*But thou, my soul, hast peopled with bright forms!—*
*And vision hast bestowed those forms to see,—*
Beings, whose presence wakes its earth of sense,
A heaven of thought and thought-created things,—
Conceptions, memories, imaginings,
High fancies, dreams, and god-like shapes, that dwell
In such complexity of being, there,
So equal-beauteous, that I scarce can tell
Them that created from theis creatures fair—"

We can understand the author's perplexity. He has yearned and fed at the breasts of the English muse, till what with memories, dreams and complexities, memories particularly, he may reasonably doubt his own identity. This waiting upon England will never make an American poet. "Saint Mary's Gift," one of the largest in the present volume, is just such a poem as Keats's valet might have written. The imitation is close, but the difference between the two is infinite. In the Eve of St. Agnes, it will be remembered, a maiden, after observing her purifying penances, retires to her couch, and, according to the old superstition, sees her lover in her dreams. In St. Mary's Gift a mother prays to the Virgin for the life of her son, and promises if he is restored,

"That he should wed the maid that at her shrine
Knelt earliest at morn, befal him joy or tine."

The *transmogrification*, to use a bastard term suited to this bastard occasion, consists here in a slight alteration of the parties. The lady, of course, makes her appearance in the morning, and the son

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thinks well enough of her, but, "though with pain for her beauty," being a capricious sort of fellow, goes off on his travels, and stays away till it can no longer be observed without comment. The lady thinks she is in the way, adopts the Shakspearian expedient of counterfeiting death by a drug, and goes to the tomb *pro tempore*. The news of her death awakes the son's slumbering love and penitence, and he seeks the tomb. The poet is visited with one of his English "complexities of being," and utterly forgets whether he is himself, Keats or Shakespeare, or a combination, scarcely, indeed, "equal beauteous," of all three. The lady in the tomb is the "counterfeit presentment" of Madeline asleep in her chamber. Listen to a few stanzas from each. Here is Keats:

"A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes.
As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

"Full on this casement, shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon:
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair, a glory like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel newly drest,
Save wings for heaven."

Here is Lord.

"And there within an open tomb was laid,
With lighted tapers at her head and feet,
That flickered in the blast, a lovely maid,
Whose youthful innocence and beauty sweet
Kept the flowers fresh upon the winding-sheet,
And as the gusty wind did rise and fall,
From old armorial tombs with knights displayed,
Armed shadows seemed to threat upon the wall,
As if to guard from harm her slumbers virginal.

"He on his knees sank awed and tremblingly
Before that image of fair maidenhed,
While life and death changed looks dissemblingly;
For such a paleness in his features spread,
That she the live might seem, and he the dead;
And all around the shadows toward the maid
And flamy tapers bended semblably,
While he, with arms upon his sword-hilt stayed
And fixed and marble look, bent forward half affrayed."

Keats describes his Porphyro in one line—the germ of the last stanza.

"*Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth sculptured stone.*"

The "flamy tapers" is a bad copy of one of the most exquisite of Shakspeare's, originals in Cymbeline, the picture of the sleeping Imogen.

"'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus:—*the flame o' the taper
Bows towards her.*"

And the writer substitutes for this, "flamy tapers bended semblably." Truly, as Leigh Hunt says in his Imagination and Fancy, "whenever beauties are stolen by such a writer, they are sure to be spoiled; just as when a great writer borrows, he improves." In which short sentence is included the whole question of Plagiarism so frequently thrust upon our attention by the American Coleridges, the American Tennysons, the American Scotts misstyled by Mr. Griswold and others, the American Poets.

In the present state of puffatory criticism, it may be worth while to state that the Democratic Review has no intention of singling out Mr. Lord as a victim, while his faults are as much, perhaps, attributable to the prevalent systems as to himself. The style of criticism which has prevailed, the newspaper and magazine articles, the collections of poetry, have fostered the false spirit, in which Mr. Lord writes, by their extravagant panegyric, and the premium they have set upon pretence and false literary efforts. A newspaper before us of good authority, allows him to be spoken of, not only in the same breath with Shakspeare, Coleridge, and others of the elder deities, but certified as the future Shakspeare, Coleridge and so forth of this country. Every art and encouragement of publishers is given to the undertaking; the fashionable luxury of type and paper is called in; influential names in society are appealed to for a fortnight's excitement. The matter, to be sure, will end at that time, so far as that book is concerned, but there is the *system* continued. The next writer will not submit to the discipline of his powers, will not tax his own soul and wait in modesty for the result, but will inflate himself like the ox in the fable, rush to the publisher in Broadway, invoke respectabilities, call in the press, annoy the public, and provide a new precedent in turn for his successor. What a numerous class of poets might produce under another dispensation, what an humble and reverent submission to that labor, without which, men of genius seldom, men of talent never, attain excellence, what self-knowledge might do for them they give us feeble opportunity of judging. They have mostly right feeling, but right feeling is a cheap commodity in these days of external propriety, and universal philanthropy. If they would really serve their country, and she needs the help of all right-minded men in litera-

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ture, it must needs be by a different course from that which they have taken. They must not be led away by their appreciation of English models into the imitation of them, or mistake the plaudits of newspapers in a crisis, for a poetic stamp on Odes to American Statesmen; they must not talk too much of vocation and mission; they must not seek to anticipate the honest growth of a reputation; they must needs respect a public opinion which in its purity is the *vox dei*—the echo of truth and justice.

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*The French in Algiers. I. The Soldiers of the Foreign Legion. II. The Prisoners of Abd-el-Kader.* Translated from the German and French, by Lady Duff-Gordon. 16mo. pp. 178. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, No. VIII.

The latest book of travels from the English press, with the interest of a complete, though incidentally given, picture of the locality and nature of the conflict going on in Africa. We have here the whole story, told by two soldiers from the camp. It is an instructive commentary on the paragraph of "Algiers" news by the very last steamer, which reads thus: "*Algeria.*—Marshal Bugeaud has postponed his plans for carrying fire and sword into those districts of Algeria which are inhabited by the Kabyles, the descendants of the ancient Numidians, in consequence of the re-appearance of the unconquerable Abd-el-Kader on the south-west frontier of the province of Oran. That formidable chief has got together a considerable force, principally composed of Arabs of the desert tribes, and is again threatening the advanced posts of the French." The expeditions, the forages, the encampments, the deserts, the walled towns on Plateaus, all figure in Lady Duff Gordon's book. The first half of the volume is the story of a German adventurer, who sets out from home to fight under Espartero in Spain, but, finding the war ended, turns his attention to the infidels in Africa. After two years' hard campaigning in the Foreign Legion, he returns to Germany to "shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won," or, to speak in less antiquated style, to be pumped by the booksellers and manufactured into a celebrity. He is a man of observation and some humor; is short and pithy as a man may be supposed to be in his stories who is likely to be called off at any moment by the tap of the drum, or the footfall of a predatory Arab. This book is a good reflection of a soldier's life. The sketch of the oily comforts of the Coffee House Keeper, Hassan, contrasts with the horrors of a Kabyle "engagement." We have the fountains tumbling to the sea, under the plane trees on the slopes of Algiers, and the thirsty hardships of the deserts and mountain ranges in the interior. The second part is the experience of one of Abd-el-Kader's captives, a lieutenant in the French Navy. His account of that formidable chieftain is sufficiently novel. "Abd-el-Kader is twenty-eight years of age (this was in 1836), and very small; his face is long and deadly pale, his large black eyes are soft and languishing, his mouth small and delicate, and his nose rather aquiline; his beard is thin but jet black, and he wears a small moustache, which gives a martial character to his soft and delicate face, and becomes him vastly. His hands are small and exquisitely formed, and his feet equally beautiful; *the care he takes of them is quite coquettish; he is constantly washing them, and paring and filing his nails with a small knife with a beautifully-carved mother-of-pearl handle, which he holds all the while as he sits crouching on his cushions, with his toes clasped between his fingers.*"

A word for the fair Translator. Lady Duff Gordon is the translator of the Amber Witch, to which the last Quarterly alludes. "The quaint, striking, semi-real 'Amber-witch' ('the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known') rose like a star out of darkness; translated by a young writer whose hereditary claim to distinction in the path of German literature all England will gratefully acknowledge." In consulting the Peerage, we find the lady's maiden name was Austen: of course she is the daughter of Sarah Austen, the translator of Goethe's Memoirs, Ranke, and the author of many valuable commentaries of her own on her admired originals.

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## LITERARY BULLETIN.

### NEW AMERICAN WORKS.

J. & H. G. LANGLEY, 8 Astor House, have in immediate preparation Von Raumer's Letters from America. It will be translated and published in advance, by an arrangement with the author.

Mr. Willis has nearly ready for the press a series of Sketches heretofore published in the weeklies and magazines, with the new name of "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil." The first number of this new work is now nearly ready for delivery. It contains one small novel written in sketches (not generally known), called "Leaves from the Heart-Book of Ernest Clay," and several other tales of English and American life, forming a volume (uniform with the Mirror Library), of over a hundred pages. Two other numbers will form a complete collection of all the narrative prose of the author.

The new book of Cornelius Mathews, "Big Abel and Little Manhattan," a fanciful and picturesque tale of New York City, will soon be issued by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam.

Mr. Poe's Tales will be issued immediately by the same publishers. The collection includes The Gold Bug; William Wilson; The Murders in the Rue Morgue; Marie Roget; The Purloined Letter; The House of Usher; The Premature Burial, and numerous others.

Messrs. W. & P. also have in press "Letters from Italy," by J. T. Headley, and "The Journal of a Cruizer on the West Coast of Africa," by an Officer of the Navy—edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Mr. Parke Godwin has just completed a new collection and translation of the Tales, Domestic, Humorous and Historical, of Heinrich Zschokke for early publication in several numbers of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

Mr. Henry B. Hirst has in the Boston press and will shortly issue, "The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time, and other Poems."

Rev. Ralph Hoyt is about to publish the second part of "The Chaunt of Life and other Poems."

A new enlarged and revised edition of R. W. Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America is nearly ready.

Harper & Brothers have in press The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, by Charles Anthon, LL. D.; Zenophon's Anabasis, by the same editor; A Key to Latin Versification, by Professor Anthon; Life of the Rev. Dr. Proudfit, by the Rev. Dr. Forsyth; A New Work by Epes Sargeant; The American Shepherd, by L. A. Morrell; New Greek and English Lexicon, including Liddell and Scott's enlarged translation of Passow's Greek and German Lexicon: under the supervision of Henry Drisler, A. M.; Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones, new edition; A Treatise on Domestic Economy, by Catharine E. Beecher; The Duty of American Women to their Country, by the same Authoress; The American Housekeeper's Receipt Book, by the same Authoress.

Messrs. Carey & Hart, Philad., announce American Naval Biography, or Lives of Distinguished Naval Officers, by James Fennimore Cooper, Vol. I., nearly ready.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe, by Henry W. Longfellow—in one volume royal 8vo. (uniform with the Poets of America and Poets of England).

Longfellow's Poetical Works. Illustrated from original designs, by D. Huntington. 1 vol., royal 8vo.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, Philad., announce Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of St. James, from 1819 to 1823, by Richard Rush—supplementary to the former volume under the same title.

A History of the War of 1812, by Charles Jared Ingersoll.

Graham's Colonial History, with Notes by Quincy, Sparks and Prescott.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just issued Vols. I. and II. of the octavo edition of the "Narrative of the Exploring Expedition." by Capt. Wilkes.

Plato against the Atheists; or the tenth book of the Dialogue on Laws, accompanied with Critical Notes and followed by extended dissertations on

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some of the main points of the Platonic Philosophy and Theology, especially as compared with the Holy Scriptures. By Taylor Lewis, LL. D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the University in the City of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 12mo., pp. 378.

A System of Latin Versification, in a Series of Progressive Exercises, including Specimens of Translation from English and German Poetry into Latin Verse, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1845. 12mo., pp. 327.

The Blind Girl; with other Tales. By Emma C. Embury. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1845. 18mo., pp. 222.

Never Too Late. By Charles Burdett, Author of "Emma, or the Lost Found" —"The Adopted Child," &c. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1845. 18mo., pp. 180.

Saul. A Mystery. By the Author of "Christian Ballads," "Athanasius," &c. (A. Cleveland Coxe). New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1845. 12mo., pp. 297.

Poems. By William W. Lord. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1845. 18mo., pp. 158.

History of the Oregon Territory: it being a demonstration of the title of these United States to the same—accompanied by a Map. By Thos. J. Farnham. Second Edition. William Taylor, 2 Astor House.

Greenhow's History of Oregon and California, and the other Territory on the North West Coast of North America. Second Edition, revised, corrected and enlarged. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 510. Boston, 1845.

Wyoming. A Tale. New York: Harper and Brothers. Library of Select Novels, No. 53. 8vo., pp. 123.

Life of Ramon Monsalvatge, a converted Spanish Monk. Written by himself. With an introduction by Rev. R. Baird, D.D.

Human Physiology, for the use of Elementary Schools and Academies. By Charles A. Lee, M.D., late Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence, in the University of the City of New York. Fourth Edition.

The Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine, with the fallacies of the faculty. By Samuel Dickson, M.D., of London, with an introduction and notes, by William Turner, M.D., late Health Commissioner of the City and County of New York.

A Charitable Judgment of the Opinion and Conduct of Others, recommended, being the last Sermon of Rev. Jas. Milner, D.D., late rector of St. George's Church. New York: Stanford and Swords. 8vo.

The Big Bear of Arkansas, and other Tales, illustrative of characters and incidents in the South West. Edited by W. T. Porter, with 10 original engravings from designs by Darley. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

Popular Lectures on Science and Art; delivered in the principal cities and towns of the United States, by Dionysius Lardner, Doctor of Civil Law, &c. New York: Greeley and McElrath. 1845. Parts 1 and 2, 8vo., pp. 208.

Recollections of the United States Army. A series of thrilling tales and sketches by an American Soldier. 18mo., pp. 167.

Life of the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, LL.D., Member of Congress during Washington's Administration. By S. H. Morrison. Boston: Little and Brown. 8vo., pp. 524, with portrait.

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REPUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have in immediate preparation, to appear in the Library of Choice Reading, Professor Wilson's Work (Christopher North), The Life, Genius and Character of Burns; The Indicator, by Leigh Hunt; Hazlitt's Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth and the Crescent and the Cross—a companion to Eöthen, by Eliot Warburton.

Messrs. Harpers announce, Memoirs of Celebrated Statesmen of the English Commonwealth. By John Forster. Edited by Rev. J. O. Choules, A.M.; The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By Henry Hallam; The Travels of Marco Polo, with Notes. By Hugh Murray. [Just ready]; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. From the new improved Edition; Practical Astronomy. By Thomas Dick, LL.D.; A New Anatomical Atlas. From the French; The Life of John Marten. A Sequel to

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Henry Milner. By Mrs. Sherwood; Praise and Principle. By the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," &c.; Self. A Novel. By the Author of "Cecil." [Just ready]; A New Work on Insanity. By Dr. Galt; The Smuggler. By G. P. R. James, Esq.; An Illustrated Edition of the Wandering Jew; Mrs. Loudon's Lady's Country Companion, and Farming for Ladies; Miss Bremer's New Work, Dalekarlein; De Rohan; or, The Court Conspirator. By Eugene Sue. [Just ready]; The Book of the Farm. By Stephens; Illustrated Common Prayer. Embellished with about 700 fine Engravings; Book of Common Prayer. Standard Edition revised, under the Superintendence of Drs. Wainwright and Cox. In thirty varieties of size and binding.

John W. Moore, 138 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has just published an American edition of Gray's Elegy, written in a country church-yard, with thirty-three illustrations, engraved on wood after English artists, by R. S. Gilbert. The original designs are by G. Barret, Copley Fielding, J. Constable, G. Cattermole, T. Stothard, P. Dewint, W. Boxall, S. A. Hart, Thomas Landseer, Frank Howard, W. Westall, A. W. Callcott, J. H. Nixon, A. Cooper, W. Mulready, J. W. Wright, Charles Landseer, J. J. Chalon, H. Howard, R. Westall, Thales Fielding, C. A. Stanley, W. Collins.

Indications of the Creator. By William Whewell, D. D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1845. 12mo., pp. 86.

The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay. By John Wilson. Boston: Saxton & Kelt. 1845. 12mo., pp. 264.

Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind, by Jonathan Dymond, author of "An Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity, etc.," 4th thousand. New York: Collins, Brother & Co. 1845. 12mo., pp, 576.

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## MISCELLANY.

### A LIBRARY FOR REFERENCE.

One of the necessities of the times in the city is a public library, freely open to the citizens, and provided with the necessary facilities for reading and writing, with a permanent collection of books in the different departments. The two largest libraries—the Society Library and the Mercantile Library—are chiefly on the plan of the old circulating libraries. There is some slight provision made, more particularly in the latter, for consulting a few dictionaries, encyclopædias, &c.; but in both cases this is entirely inadequate to the wants of the public. In neither library can you find, at any one time, an unbroken set of periodicals, volumes which it is desirable frequently to refer to, and which it is impossible for the wealthiest student to collect. A set of the Edinburgh Review, alone, fills a parlor book-case.

In a city like New York, assembling daily so vast a number of strangers —where information is constantly sought by travellers from the interior, on every topic of Science, Literature and Art, which it is impossible for them to obtain in their village homes—where the growing demands of the city itself are so important—it is time this matter should be seriously looked after. Here are a few examples which may happen every day. A country clergyman comes to New York to gather donations for the building of a new church, and desires at the same time to pick up a few ideas on architecture and get some notion of a proper model for its construction. There is a small library of such books alone published—the very volumes he ought to consult. Where is he to find them? He sees one or two at the counter of the importing bookseller, which perhaps refer him to a third—the very book he wants. He cannot find it, and could not purchase it if it were to be had. He goes to the libraries and finds the collection on Church Architecture very meagre on the catalogue, and next to nothing on the shelves. As it is a circulating library, the only book purchased is likely to be of a very general and popular character, and that, of course, is out. If it were in, and the book wanted, he would find extremely slight inducements to stay and consult it, because no institution in the city makes provision for the necessary attendants and conveniences for such objects.



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Again, a mechanic comes to the city with a new invention in his head, which may lead him to great toil and expense, and turn out, after all, an old one. A good library of reference would be of some use to him.

The interests of the newspaper press alone in the city require such an institution, liberally conducted, with complete series of the leading foreign and home journals, in good order; collections of statistical works in every department; the writers on Government, Political Economy, &c., &c. The certainty of finding the right book at any moment is indispensable to the usefulness of the library.

Another important point. Books can never be well kept, or in any decent order, unless they are guarded on the spot. A circulating library book is a greasy and unwholesome affair. The little relish it may get from being handled by the fingers of beauty in the boudoir is more than compensated by its odious transit back to the library again between the fingers of the scullion. It is notorious, too, that library books, as well as others, are not exempt from the perils of the nursery, that they come back mutilated of their plates (though sometimes, on the contrary, enhanced by the gorgeous hues of the infantine paint-box), and sometimes do not come back at all. There is very little motive in purchasing the best editions of books for a circulating library.

There is one of the institutions in the city which can afford to adopt this improvement—the Society Library. Its position and the character of its members demand the change. The Reading Room for the newspapers and periodicals of the month is, already, the most valued department of the Institution. Could not provision be made, at least gradually, for its conversion into a permanent Library of Reference, to be conducted on the plan of the British Museum—which is simply to provide *complete* collections of books on different subjects, attendants to furnish them, and suitable desks and tables, with pens and ink? One of the upper rooms of the building would provide the requisite accommodations. The catalogue would be there for consultation, and any one wanting a volume would furnish the attendant with the name of the volume, press mark, &c., and his own signature on a slip of paper. The book would be preserved, and the signature, in the nature of a receipt, kept till the volume was handed back. The attendants would be continually passing backwards and forwards, and no book would be readily mutilated; if it were, the ticket would point out the offender.

There can be very little dignity or character in the Library till the circulating library feature is abolished. It promotes a demand for the poor novels and fugitive light literature of the day—to attend to which would engross the whole time of the Librarian. The books are continually suffering injury and loss, and the best books are not purchased. Besides, *no one will make a donation of valuable books to a circulating library*, an important consideration in the prosperity of such an institution.

The library of the Historical Society is constructed on different principles—as a Library of Reference. It is daily consulted for its particular branch of learning, and receives costly donations monthly. We are not aware of any important donations having been made, of late years, to the Society Library. As there is no annual report printed, an unfortunate omission, we have no means of exact information on the subject.

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### PEN AND INK SKETCHES BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

During the last month several papers under this title have appeared in the Boston Atlas and been generally copied by the newspapers, being everywhere well received as a pleasant and plausible account of the literary men in England. They are eminently readable from the style and the subject matter, the one colored and flowing, the other including those personalities, the interest of which, relating to personages who have before interested us by their greater deeds, is almost inexhaustible. Any writer who can tell us a new anecdote about Byron, or Scott, or Coleridge, will be welcome. Our pen and ink sketcher, however, while we give him credit for his agreeable qualities, sometimes carries the thing too far in his zeal to please. He writes a little after the model of Silk Buckingham in his lectures, who thought there was nothing which could not be predicated of the ignorance of his audience. The Pen and Ink Sketcher opened with a very agreeable sketch of Sydney Smith, with a new anecdote of the Philadelphia Bonds, which he had himself listened to. It was well done. Who could be the writer was the question in literary circles. It must be Mr. Grattan, the Consul—but Mr. Grattan, on being appealed to, had not even seen the papers. It was then attributed to Mr. Choules, but there were some incidents soon set forth, of which Mr. Choules could have been no partaker—or any one else for that matter, for they were exceedingly apocryphal.

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